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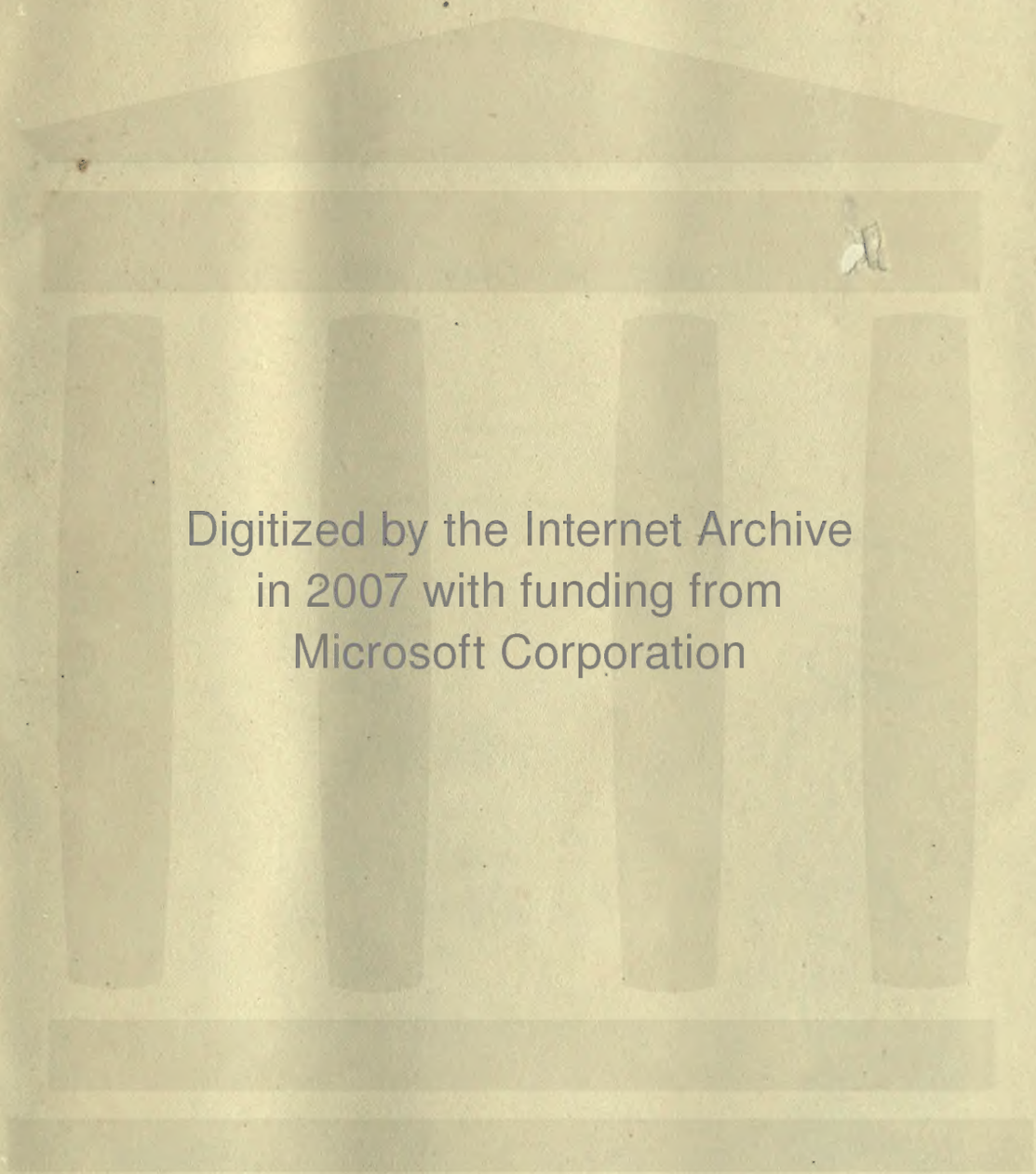

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The Maritime Review

Candide et Secure

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 170. FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1907. Threepence.

THE NAUTICAL MARTYR.

The Skipper (between his wriggles): "One of these days, I'll win freedom, and then————!"

NOTICES.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the **PUBLISHERS,** or through **NEWSAGENTS.**

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to **THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD.** together with all **BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS,** must be addressed to **CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.** Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE NAUTICAL MARTYR	1
MARITIME MURMURS	2
JAPAN AS A SHIPPING COMPETITOR	5
THE AMERICAN WHEAT CROP SHORTAGE—AND ITS LESSONS	6
PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND	8
SAME OLD NIP!	9
THE RAILWAY ROCKET	10
MORE PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND	11
TROUBLE "OUT EAST"	12
THE GERMAN NAVY LEAGUE	13
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	14
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	15
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	16

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MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

"ALONE of all the newspapers in the country"! That is how an up-town contemporary lets itself go for publishing that which, at the first glance, a nautical man would be inclined to consider a Whitsuntide leg-pulling, concerning the ambiguity which is now spoken of as the "Imperial Mail route!" Precisely why our journalistic friend published the "glad tidings" before any one else thought fit to, is not explained, and reasons for the stupendous "scoop" might be many and varied. Unkind folk might suggest that the main reason for the enterprise expressed, lays in the notion that the "news" leaked out after the London papers had been printed and were *en route* for South Wales, and elsewhere. In that case, it shows that on occasion, it might help one to be slow—in going to press! Other unkind folk might remark that as the suggested scheme is only in the embryo stage (very much so) and has so little to recommend its serious discussion, that it would have been just as well to wait until after the Conference had given it its hall-mark—if only to be able to put the blame therefor on that Conference. However, we have no wish to go into the "scoopyness" of the information. That will avail nobody. What we are concerned with, is its feasibility, and the date when it is likely to be in existence, as a going concern.

THEORETICALLY, the suggested "fast line" would be a desirable affair, and this has been recognised for such a length of time, that it comes up for discussion with monotonous regularity, and has done so for very many years past. There is absolutely nothing new in Sir Wilfred Laurier's parting shot—save in its name. Erstwhile, the arrangement was known as the "Canadian Fast Line," and we have written reams concerning its latent and other beauties. Possibly that is one of the reasons why our "scoopy" friend affects to be so well-posted on the matter? At the same time, it takes more than the solonesque piff-niff of the general practitioner to materialise a parting piece of prattle into a really efficient steamer line. As our enterprising contemporary remarks, "The all-important thing is to make speed and to save time." Personally, we shouldn't have written it quite in that fashion, because we are nautical folk, and know something about the subject. In a seagoing consideration, when a person (or vessel) makes speed, they invariably save time, and thereby act differently to many 'longshoremen who, all too frequently, emphasise the truth of "more haste less speed!" All the same, you have to admit that the "all-important thing is to make speed and to save time," haven't you?

AND in the matter of making speed, and thus saving time, our up-town "expert" declares that "Wales will watch with close interest the development of the scheme," and thereby shows that he is a sanguine sort of kritter. That is to say, he believes that the scheme will develop—possibly because he had the felicity of reporting it first? Now, we hate to appear pessimistic, or to seem to be throwing a douche of cold water on praiseworthy enterprise (if only of a paper kind); but if the schemists are going to waste their time and substance on a steamer line that will footle around with Halifax as one of the jumping-off places, then, you may write it all down as piff-niff. You won't "make speed and save time" while dodging across the Pond to Halifax, and that's a fact. Red funnel lines—no, all-red lines—are splendid arrangements for the consolidation of Empire, but they aren't of much use unless they get water to run in, and moderately clear atmosphere in which to spread their smoke. In the vicinity of Halifax, neither of the items mentioned are unduly in evidence, for in the summer, fog abounds, and in the winter, there is altogether too much ice on tap, for the making of speed and the saving of time. It's funny how that "axiom" anent speed and time haunts us!

AND in another burst of self-complacency, our up-town friend gets off on the Fishguard idea. Quotha: "With the fast expresses now connecting Fishguard with London, it should be possible to do the journey from London to Halifax in a remarkably small space of time"—and at great speed? It should, our friend—but will it? Of course, opinions as to the precise meaning of "a remark-

ably small space of time" might be varied—and variegated? No doubt they are, and as old "alone I did it" doesn't deign to particularise in this direction, we must, perforce, leave the matter an open question. But something will surely come of it all, for as a tag in our friend's boot-lace, so to speak, we read this huge item: "We venture to say that the interests of Fishguard as the port of arrival and departure in this country should be prominently pushed forward." Do "we?" And if anybody takes you seriously, and starts pushing Fishguard forward over the landscape, what will the Great Western Railway Company have to say of such vandalism in connection with their property? We admire a pushing atom, but if the trait is used alongside of Fishguard, will the G.W.R. stand idly by, or will they get an injunction on the pusher?

AGAIN, is it essential to the success of this alone-we-reported-it scheme that Fishguard be pushed forward? On a push—as we are out upon a pushing séance—couldn't you stoop to conquer, and back it out into due prominence? We wish to be clear on the matter, and in view of the fact that our enterprising contemporary has seldom been unduly noted for an exhibition of shipping skill, we might appear to be somewhat insistent on the subject. Personally, we should love to see that all-red shipping line an accomplished fact; but, woe is us, if we don't get a headache until that time has arrived, then we shall consider ourselves the favoured of the gods. As a bit of Whitsuntide wit, the scheme is good enough, and has potentialities; but as sane shipping folk, we have to submit that the whole thing is too immature to win any encomiums from us. Why, they haven't said one word about a torpedo-boat-fog-teaser; of the mosquito-fleet that will be essential to point the exact position of Halifax; of—of—of the thousand-and-one items that will be necssary, if that "fast line" is ever to leave the land of nod, and get into the land of being. Previous "schemes" have usually supplied the necessary "tips"—and yet they fizzled out: what chance is there for this immature arrangement to come up smiling?

AND don't forget that Sir Wilfred Laurier is a man with a hobby, or that the hobby is a "fast line" to Canada. For years past, he has cultivated "fast line" schemes, much as other people cultivate the passion for golf, or for the raising of orchids. Judging by results so far—and results are best, after all?—the "fast line" cultivation has been as commercially successful, as has been the golf or orchid craze in others. This naturally sounds unkind on our part, but we hate to see an enterprising—though essentially provincial—newspaper letting itself go without any apparent cause. Being somewhat expert on shipping matters, we realise that between the reporting of a breach of promise case, or the latest football match, and a really important shipping deal, a wide gulf is fixed. Taken in a figurative sense, the gulf is wider than that which divides Halifax from Fishguard, and yet everybody will admit that even in the latter, there is ample scope for a tyro to get out of his length? For this reason, *Western Mail*, we implore you to go slow. Let those nasty wicked Cockney ha'porths go in on "scoops," dear, for the trait might not be so dangerous in their case. They haven't any real shipping papers handy, and they are, therefore, to be excused. But in your case—well, everybody knows that you have only to ring up "1019 Cardiff," when you may obtain the real bed-rock facts of these nautical notions. Either ring up as suggested, or send one of your youths to the Free Library where, by an intelligent perusal of the bound volumes of THE MARITIME REVIEW, he might annex much information of a valuable kind.

"WHEN in doubt, play a trump." The phrase is supposed to contain sterling advice to those who are finniggling with the bits of pasteboard so dear to the—but never mind. That would be giving away certain good people who reside forninst us, and it is a poor policy to "give away" your neighbours, however remote! But the phrase occurred to us after perusing the manly efforts of the Colonial Premiers, to justify their time and trouble in "coming home" to assist in squaring up the Imperial idea. As their conferential pow-wow dragged its weary length along, it evidently became clear to them that Imperialism as taught in school-books, was not of the kind affected by the Government of this Imperial Empire; and as a consequence, those Premiers kept the trump card until practically the end of the game. We have already discussed Sir Wilfred Laurier's trump card; let us now review that which has been dealt by Mr. Deakin—Australian Naval Defence. Rightly or wrongly, the friend "down under" has been inclined to jib at paying out a million and a half in Naval hire to the old country, and yet have nothing to show for it. We are not quite sure that he has much to growl about, for the taxpayer at home pays out annually, sums ranging at anything between £35,000,000 and £40,000,000—and he has little other than nucleus-crewed ships, and paper strength to show for the money.

STILL, a growl is, after all, merely a matter of opinion, and if the Australian feels that he has been "had" through spending a million and a half in some ten or twelve years, while the home taxpayer is easy about it although spending, say, thirty times that amount per annum, there is little use in flogging the question. And coming back to the Deakinesque trump card, that whole-souled patriot has put it on record that the future of Imperialism depends upon a partnership, rather than on a hiring-agreement. For that reason, the old agreement has been cancelled, and Australia is going in for a Navy of her own. True, as a commencement, it won't amount to a very great deal as these things are understood in Europe. The effort has been stigmatised as a "mosquito fleet," but even so, the mosquito is a bad bed-fellow, and as long as there are enough of him about, he will successfully banish all ideas of peaceful sleep. Indeed, we have seen the little beast so persistently busy, that he has bunged up the eyes of his antagonist, and made it essential for that same antagonist to hie him off to hospital. Short of sudden death, a lion could do no more? Very well.

ANYHOW, the cancellation of the 1902 agreement between Australia and the Admiralty means Imperial partnership, for the results will be that, little by little, the Australian will have to build a war fleet which, ultimately, will chip in on behalf of the Old Country, whenever the need arises. Meanwhile, the greatest share of the work will devolve upon Britain, for it is not to be expected that a young country can raise a Fleet inside of ten or fifteen years. In the interval, the Old Country will have the privilege of warning off all cowans and intruders—while, if they neglect the warning, the proverbial thick ear will have to be presented. We have an idea that the man in the street at home will have no objection, and as he is the one who finds the money, his verdict should be binding. But the Premiers, while homeward bound, will have plenty of opportunity to think up the claims made by jealous rivals anent the effete condition of the old land! Those Premiers have made it abundantly clear that they have no intention of being relegated to the position of branch-office managers; that they mean to play a fair share in the national game;

and a sane Government would naturally hold out the hand of friendship, ere it was too late. But as experts assure us that all hands are mad on at least one point—what will you? Simply be proud to think that a number of us are not mad on all points?

THE constitution of the Colonial Shipping Conference appears to have troubled Lord Muskerry, of "guild" fame. His Lordship recently complained that although shipowners were fully represented at the Conference, ships' officers had no representation, and therefore, nothing to gain. We are wondering if this complaint was on behalf of the double-balance-sheeted affair of which his lordship is so distinguished a member—if only in an *ex officio* degree? For our part, we should think that the noble lord would decline any business with guild, until it had given a satisfactory public explanation of the balance sheets which were reproduced in these columns a fortnight ago. However, in replying to the complaint referred to, the Earl of Granard disagreed with the noble lord's statement. Captain Chalmers, who acted for the Board of Trade, had spent the greater part of his life at sea; and Mr. Havelock Wilson who attended on Mr. Lloyd-George's nomination—were both members of the Conference. Justice is justice, and although we do not accept any representation from either guild, or its Lord Muskerry, we yet are of opinion that among the 30,000-odd certificated men in the Mercantile Marine, an officer more in touch with modern requirements than either Captain Chalmers, or 'Aavelock Wilson could be found.

WHEN all is said on this subject, it is nonsensical to suppose that Captain Chalmers as representing the Board of Trade, or Wilson as Mr. Lloyd-George's nominee and representing a moribund sailor's "union," would be of much use to the British certificated officer. Rightly or wrongly, that officer looks upon the Board of Trade as his hereditary enemy, the "union" boss views the officer in the same light. But the lack of representation is all the officer's own fault. He choses to belong to organisations which are either little better than mutual admiration societies, or are altogether discredited. and as a natural consequence, he finds himself shelved at every turn in the game. The Earl of Granard quoted for the information of Lord Muskerry, the resolution which we reproduced some weeks ago, and which read: "That no person shall be employed as an officer on board any British ship registered in Australia or New Zealand or engaged in the coasting trade of those countries unless he is a British subject and thoroughly conversant with the English language." For our part, we quite fail to see where any advantage will accrue to the Briton from that particular resolution.

WE are willing to admit that the noble lords present on that occasion, were graciously pleased to accord the reading of the resolution already quoted, a "Hear, hear." Possibly for the reason that, having no personal interest in the matter, they were inclined to think that the Australian proviso was a sort of Magna Charta to the sons of the sea? As a matter of fact, it is nothing at all of the sort, and it leaves the door open for the advent of the alien navigator, equally as for the alien forecastle hand. When a "square-head" may obtain supposedly British nationality on payment of a six-shilling fee, it naturally follows that anything in pants may chip in and undercut the home product. In fact, that is precisely what is being done, and at no very distant date, the noble lords will have to "Hear, hear" to a different tune. This is really the "invasion" which will undo the British Empire in the end. The patriots are so intent on looking for militant invaders, that they have neither time nor opportunity to recognise the insidious sneaker-in. But once the latter has cornered the food supply of this country, all hands—including their lordships—will see where "invasion" really comes into the game. There is no necessity for an armed invasion on the part of Germany, for by the time her big Naval Bill is an accomplished fact, she will merely need to pass the word to her patriots who will be then in charge of British vessels, when all the food supplies will be cut off, and never a shot fired. With that accomplished, nothing will stand between Germany and her desires for a world empire. The pity of it all!

DEAR, dear, what an awful amount of "exclusivity" there is about in cheap journalism at the moment! Here is London's *Express* exclusively announcing "the great concentration of German torpedo craft that is to be made at Wilhelmshaven and Emden"—someday, soon; and it is fluttering its little ha'penny pulse in consequence. Does anybody care a tuppenny toss as to how many German torpedo boats "concentrate" anywhere? May not the German Admiralty flap away the good marks supplied by its taxpayers, without having to run the exclusive gamut of a ha'penny morning paper? It's simply scandalous—not to say ridiculous. "Mastery of the North Sea," forsooth! One of these days, the Government should send out a few *Express* scribes, so that they may know what North Sea salt water really is like, and then there'll be trouble!

"WHY ENGLISHMEN STARVE" is another silly headline in the same sheet. As if everybody didn't know why Englishmen—and Scots, for that matter—starve. They listen to the words of the fairy-tale weaver, give him a vote in payment, and then find they have lost their birthright. It's easy enough, when you come to look at it. The War Secretary meets a deputation of out-of-works; he can help them nothing; so gives them advice. What is it? Simply emigrate. Good advice, too. There's any amount of room abroad for those who will not work at home. There is also plenty of work at home, for those who will not roam abroad. There must be, for the country finds room for about 1,000,000 aliens every year, and they don't all go on the rates! Why grumble about it? If the aliens come in too freely, and the powers that be won't keep them out, there's a simple way out of it: Keep the powers that be out of it. Their's isn't a fast pile job. Their nap is evanescent—if you like!

LIKE the poor, the question of "blood money" is ever with us. It is also with the American friend, in accentuated form. From one of our exchanges we note that American shipping masters recently sent an ultimatum to the various steamship agents, to the effect that in future a "$20 bonus" (great wags, those shipping sharks?) would be exacted for each sailor or fireman shipped through their strenuous efforts. But the threat doesn't mean that shipowners will be robbed to the extent indicated! Oh, dear, no! As if we were foolish enough to suppose any such thing. "Blood money" is paid by the seafarer, not by the stay-at-home portions of the crowd who prattle so much about it. If the shipowner were really robbed as suggested, the shipping sharks would have ceased to exist, very many years ago. On frequent occasions, we have touched on this scandal, giving episodes from our own personal experience in connection therewith. At an early date, we shall return to the question.

Japan as a Shipping Competitor.

SO far in the rise of our Eastern Allies to a world-place among the nations, but little notice has been taken of Japanese enterprise in the realms of shipping. Yet all the indications point to the belief that, at no very distant date, the "Britain of the East," will be quite the most serious competitor that the original Britain will have. In like measure, every other shipping nation will have to reckon with the indomitable little fellows who have shown the world what is possible, through self-sacrifice and constant perseverance.

PESSIMISTS at home, are for ever rigging up the German bogey, and yet Japan—in comparison with the very limited time in which her people have been at work in this direction—has hopelessly out-distanced Germany. Not in actual tonnage, of course. Any such a supposition would be ridiculous. But time for time—and without considering the natural difficulties of the case—the Jap has romped ahead in commerce, quite as ably as he lately romped in war. And it will be admitted that he is no slouch at fighting?

THEN as the matter is shaping for the home shipowner, so is it for the Canadian friend with ambitions that way. Indeed, the Canadian will rapidly assimilate the fact that as far as Eastern trade is concerned, the Jap will have it all his own way. The United States is up against the real thing already, and the recent quarrel anent the admission of "yellow" children into "white" schools, was merely the visible token of the bad feeling which has already been engendered by Japanese pushfulness. As a peg on which to hang the spleen, the school jape was good enough.

BUT the real reason of the ill-feeling had little to do with schooling, as generally understood. When the supposedly despised "yellow man" can fill up Pacific seaports with modern tonnage which is prepared to carry say, flour, at rates approximating into a third of what the real American steamer will accept; well, you may easily realise that the Yank isn't going to love the Jap? Indeed, we may accept the human nature side of the undertaking, and suggest that there is hatred about in quite big amounts. Yet there is no genuine reason for this hatred, outside of the human nature referred to.

WHEN all is said, it must be conceded that the Japanese can take away the sea-borne trade from the Pacific Slope, directly he wishes so to do. As yet, the "yellow man" is free from the taint of luxurious living; recognises that his modern history is all in the making; is satisfied with a fair thing in profits; can make his own ships, paying labour prices therefor that would break a Western shipbuilder; is a born sailor—although until recently he didn't appear to know it; and is chock-a-block full of the patriotism which makes a little self-sacrifice possible—all features which are lacking in the vaunted civilisation of most Western peoples.

FURTHERMORE, the Jap can carry freight at rates which pay him, but which would be impossible to a subsidised American ship, say, so what is going to happen to the unsubsidised British vessel in the near future? This might be taken as a plea for the lowering of seamen's wages, but if so, it is beneath notice. We know that quite a number of alleged "experts" declare that at present rates of freight, it is impossible to afford more wages to any grade of seafarer. Also that freight rules wages—a claim which, of course, is bunkum.

TRUE, the Jap is enabled to obtain seamen at lesser rates than apply to the British shipowner; but wages have as little to do with the dividend-earning side of the undertaking, as have freights to do with the rise or fall of wages. If any proof of the latter contention were needed, the observer may have it in full and plenty, by a careful consideration of wages *v.* freights, say, fifteen years ago. At that time, we carried grain from Novorossisk at 32s. 6d. per ton, and seamen's wages were £3 15s. per month.

FREIGHTS elsewhere were naturally on a similar basis—so were wages. At present, a ten shilling rate from the same quarter is considered colossal, but wages are still £3 15s. per month. Thus we see that freight has absolutely nothing to do with wages. We are willing to admit that it should have—but it hasn't, and that is quite all there is in the matter. So far in the struggle for supremacy, the Japanese friend has the cards in his favour. He is starting out with nothing, and we realise that it is easier to double ten ships, than it is to double a thousand.

AT the same time, ship for ship, the cost of carriage should be the same—but it isn't, and in the near future, we shall see the Jap romping off with what we have been taught to believe is our own by Divine right. What is going to happen, then? Shall we go in on the lines which apply with the Canadian friend, and with the American at the moment? That is to say, shall we go in for a quantity of chatter about the heinousness of it all; or shall we emulate the little Jap by "getting up and dust?"

POSSIBLY, our mentors will throw out a number of jeremiads concerning the thusness of the undertaking; and meanwhile, with a sample of the smile that won't come off, our Eastern Ally will go on with his building; with his catching our late traffic; with his all-embracingness: and ultimate over-reaching of all that is white and Western. As far as the Briton is concerned, he hardly has a right to be surprised at the state of affairs maritime. The Briton taught the Jap all he knows, and seeing that he is putting his knowledge to good (for him) use, there is little sense in complaining.

TIME was, that the amiable Briton, after delivering a steamer at Tokio—there or thereabout—came back with side-splitting tales of the hap-hazard manner in which the Jap gentlemen-rope-haulers and engineers took over delivery. At that time, the Briton could see fun in stuff after the following: The Japs took over a steamer and would allow no white men to stay on board. Steam was up, the "yellow" engineer monkeyed with the levers, and ultimately the vessel started ahead. That was alright, and the new vessel was allowed to steam around the Bay.

LATER on, however, the captain and owner suggested that their outing had been sufficiently extended, and orders were accordingly telegraphed below, to stop the engines. But the Japanese engineer, albeit a good hand at starting a "Blair's job," couldn't, for the life of him, decide on the proper quiff to stop it. This was a go! Those engines would either go on for ever, or the ship would be brained on the nearest beach!

WHAT did they do? Well, the tale-tellers assured us that the Jap skipper kept her circling around the Bay until her steam had been used up, and the engines stopped of themselves. That was only a few years ago, and to-day, the Jap is cutting the ground from under the very people who took that steamer out East as a sale job! You can see the moral, of course. But can you apply it? If so, now is the time. By and bye it will be too late, what about it?

The Maritime Review,

FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1907.

THE AMERICAN WHEAT CROP SHORTAGE— AND ITS LESSONS.

IT is an admitted truth that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the "chain" need not necessarily be considered as an adjunct to a steam-crane. For instance, if the said "chain" has to do with the items which are used for the feeding of a nation, then, its weakest link needs to be strong enough for all practical purposes? On this occasion, we are not concerning ourselves with the items which go to make up a successful carrying undertaking, although we might touch on that part of the business farther along. At the moment, we are most concerned with the results of the recent cold weather in America and Canada. That cold weather has played the deuce with this year's grain crop, and incidentally, the misguided belief that Canada is destined to be the "nation's granary," has received a most uncomfortable jar. If the weather could be depended on continually, Canada might easily be considered the granary for the old country; but that is just what the weather may not be. Indeed, the weather in Canada, is exactly as untrustworthy as it is at home, and the sooner the facts of the case are assimilated, the better will it be for all concerned. True, Canadian crops are fairly dependable over a number of years, and as they affect the Canadian, need give ground for no alarm. But if they happen to fail the outsider, say, once in ten years, then, supposing that outsider is depending thereon altogether, the crops might just as well be a fizzle always. It will be admitted that this country may not cease eating for a whole year, merely to oblige the vagaries of the Canadian spring. Therefore, if Canada fails us only once, it naturally follows that a source of supply that will not fail must be sought out, and if possible, supported? It does, and the present uncomfortable showings in connection with American wheat, should emphasise the fact that trans-Atlantic sources are not sufficient for European supplies. For the past decade or so, Russia has been in a position to eke out the shortages in other parts of the world; but every student of the conditions applying must realise that Russia is rapidly becoming as untrustworthy as is America. There is no necessity for us to go into the ethics of the Russian untrustworthiness, it being sufficient at present, to admit facts. These latter are most uncomfortable affairs, and with the passage of years, the shipowner finds ever greater delay in loading his vessels say, at Odessa. It doesn't matter a very great deal, whether that delay is consequent on the advent of big tonnage, on the scarcity of rolling stock, on internal troubles in the country, or in the more probable reason that, with the increase of population, the surplus is yearly becoming less. The great feature is, that where a decade or so ago, a 3,000 tons steamer managed to load and leave Russia inside of a week at most, a 6,000-tonner at present, is singularly fortunate if she gets away inside of a month—twice the quantity, but four times as long to load. Furthermore, the delay in Russian loading is becoming worse instead of better, and as matters are progressing to-day, two cargoes per annum will soon be the generally accepted amount. Of course, we are quite willing to admit that such a poor showing ought not to be allowed, or countenanced by those with most at stake. But then, we have little concern with the "ought to be's" of maritime life, being more interested with the "are's." And these latter give convincing proof that Russia as a chief grain supply is nearly numbered among the things which have been but are not. On numerous occasions, we have traced the rise and progress of the Black Sea trade; commenced with the old sailing ships which dodged around in the vicinity of Belo Poulo for a month at a time; showed how the nimble little tramp steamer made six voyages per annum while the "wind bag" made but one; expatiated on the days when the British ensign fluttered over nine-tenths of the tonnage Bosphorus-bound; and how at last, the same ensign is almost excluded from the running out there. In consequence, we need have nothing to do with those phases at present. The one great point is that Russia is rapidly becoming worked out as far as British shipping is concerned; it will be worse as the years roll on and Russian capital has been invested in Russian ships. As a set-off to this serious re-arrangement of matters maritime, a number of temporary expedients have been wrought up, and chief among them has been the notion that Canada was destined to be the "granary of the Empire." For a year or two, this questionable pronouncement held its own, and the shipping community gave much attention to the type of steamer which would be most suitable for the new track. But now, with one backward spring-time, the whole house of cards is by way of a shattering! Of course, the exponents of the new school have made a quantity of money while the bluff continued; but it isn't so much the money-making side of the undertaking with which we are presently concerned. To make money is a fine thing, we admit; but to attend to the feeding of the millions at home is a very much better. To do this, one must admit that Canada has been very much over-rated as a source of supply to those who are not Canadians. To the latter, the Dominion is, undoubtedly, a land of promise, for if a crop fails occasionally, the next year will, more than likely, make up for the temporary loss: but if the people in the Old Country are kept hungry for one whole year—well, there will be no "next year" for any of them, and that is where the seriousness materialises. Ordinary difficulties in connection with Canadian trade are great enough in all conscience, and by ordinary difficulties we mean ice and snow in winter, and dense fog in summer; when to this is added the uncertainties of "growing weather," it doesn't take a prophet to determine that Canada will never be other than an auxiliary to the national granary. Don't mistake us in our contention. Canada is a fine country, and offers almost limitless possibilities to those who patronise its shores. But as a "national granary," well, it doesn't amount to much, and the sooner the fact is realised, the better will it be for all concerned. Moreover, the grain trade is merely one part of the phase which will keep Canada from being other than an auxiliary source of food-supply to the Old Country. Exactly the same set of conditions surrounds its meat trade. Beef is plentiful enough in the Dominion, and providing a transit scheme therefor could be successfully worked up, the meat trade would long ago have grown out of the experimental stage. But that is the trouble! No satisfactory transit scheme is possible, if Canada is to supply an all-the-year-'round shipping port. As things are at present—and as they ever will be under present conditions—Canada gives us beef when we least need it. During the summer months, that is. Strenuous endeavour is made each summer, to work up a market for Canadian beef, and success invariably

smiles upon the efforts referred to—up to a given point. Needless to say, that point is precisely where the winter frosts make any further shipment impossible. Just when the dealers at home have been convinced that Canadian beef is good, the supply peters out, and as the millions at home must be fed through the winter, other sources of supply are sought, and thus, each spring, the Canadian dealer has to commence *de novo*. For a year or so, past, the country has gradually leaned in the same way on Canadian grain; but with the "cold snap" of the spring of this year, all that "leaning" will inevitably be dispelled. Grain is already labelled as "short," and "short" wheat means enhanced prices—and dear food. If the politician attempts to raise the price of a loaf by one-farthing, he is faced with the "kick out;" but if short-sighted transit-schemes raise the price one penny, the man in the street is inclined to grumble, and ask what it is all about; while if a "cold snap" eventuates—well, of what use is it to kick against the "act of God?" But is it a case of "act of God?" Isn't it rather the act of the spoofer; of the combination of "keen business men" who—if allowed by the masses—will corner everything on earth to their own aggradisement? The said "keen business men" must realise that, sooner or later, the Canadian spring-time will spoil their source of supply; in fact, most of them gamble on the advent of the "cold snap;" so of what use is it to pretend? Personally, we are inclined to view this happening as the workings of the Providence which shapes our ends, and although to the time of writing, no "expert" has awakened to the truth of the situation, after these lines are in print, quite a number thereof will suddenly "remember" that the country has a never-failing granary in Australia. The only trouble is, that the "remembrance" might come too late. For years past, we have called attention to the indubitable fact that the day of the sailing ship is by no means done; that, sooner or later, the country would realise the possibilities of Australia as a grain-supply; and that when the awakening had come, sailers would be rushed through with feverish haste. For it may not be truthfully gainsaid that steam carriage of grain from Australia is impracticable; that the freight would never cover the coal bill—much less incidental expenses. This—we hope—is where Providence will save the Briton from his own folly, for by a redistribution of the food-supply, there will also follow a redistribution of the carrying medium. Obviously, the steamer will not avail, therefore, the sailer must come into being. On several occasions we have been accused of "crying in the wilderness," and by those unfortunate souls who knew but little of the circumstances of the case, while affecting to know a lot. All the same, we kept on at that "cry," and mainly because—having been there to see—we knew of our own personal knowledge that our contention was correct. We also knew that the prophet is for ever without honour in his own country, and thus when we have seen our remarks freely quoted in the columns of our German contemporaries, we accepted that phase of life as our share of the white man's burden. Of course, we were sorry, and as you will now admit, redoubled our efforts in this direction. You see, it is no part of our policy to be enabled to enjoy the doubtful privilege of writing, "we told you so." Ours are loftier ambitions, for we would far rather see that our words were taken to heart in our own country, instead of in a country with which we have little concern. At the same time, it must be admitted that the German is the only one who has kept his house in order in the matter of modern sailers. The Briton appears to take a melancholy pleasure in assuring the world that the day of the sailing ship is done, and that outside of a few freak-ships for training purposes, the type is numbered with the dodo and mostodon. Unless the Briton takes a rapid "tumble," he will find that instead of the day of the sailing ship being done, it is here with redoubled force: but with this difference: Where, in days gone by, the Briton was *facile princeps* in the matter of the white wings that never grew weary, in the immediate future he will be altogether out of it. As usual, instead of letting I dare not wait upon I will, the Teutonic rival will be "there," ready for the altered conditions, and everybody realises that even as possession is nine points of the law, so is the "first man in," likely to remain with a goodly share of the business until the end. It has been frequently remarked that nothing short of a cataclysm will convince the average Briton. Bread at famine prices when, alas, there is no famine—only fat-headedness—should be cataclysmic enough, even for John Bull? And the greatest lesson in connection with the probable shortage in American wheat supplies is, that a mere pretended belief is useless in face of actual fact. In other words, it might give those who are interested in steam tonnage a certain amount of negative joy to declaim anent the passing of the sailer: but such declamation will not necessarily wipe out the reasons for sailing ships. For the matter of that, it will not keep up the demand for steamer tonnage, which at best (and as we have frequently remarked), was merely a temporary affair; a fake to fit the moment. We are not contending that mechanically-propelled vessels will die out; on the contrary, for they will improve as time passes; but we do contend that, come what will, the sailer is as much a fixture in earthly matters, as is the sun and moon. Each of them will suffer eclipse, but only to come out with redoubled splendour when that eclipse has passed. The eclipse of the sailing ship has continued now for about thirty years, and mainly for the reason that circumstances had temporarily made its utility questionable. Still, thirty years in the history of the world is hardly sufficient to justify those smugly complacent ones who aver that the "day of the sailing ship is done?" Certainly not, for when the reciprocating engine is looked down upon with the contempt that will belong to it in face of the improvements that yet will come, the sailer will still be about in goodly numbers; helm's-a-lee, tacks-and-sheets, and main-sail haul will still flutter around on the breeze; and the only question at issue is, whether the words shall be uttered in good Anglo-Saxon, or if rather, by a survival of the fittest, they shall be gutturaled out in Teutonic tones. Judging by present indications, all the betting is on the latter sample, for with wicked persistency, the British sailor has been allowed to die out of the scheme of Creation, and his place has been filled by the alien scum which is so dear to the hearts of sections of shipowning and Governments alike. It has been handed down to us as a classical truth—and was first given currency by one Euripides—that "When a divinity would work evil to a man, first he deprives him of his senses." Surely the Divinity means to work evil with the Briton, or his food-supply would not be in such parlous state; and further proof is accorded by the asinine manner in which the British Mercantile Marine has been allowed to deteriorate until, at present, it is merely a maritime patch-work built out of the rottenest portions of alien humanity extant. Yet in a year or two hence, it will be quite all that will stand between the Briton and annihilation. And accentuating the fact that the responsible Britons have been deprived of their senses in this connection, we have merely to consider the mutual admiration meetings which prattle of training ships, bath-rooms for sailors, fine apprentice-quarters, and the rest of the twaddle, when a rise of five shillings per week in wages would make all the difference: and would obviate training ships, bath-rooms, aye, and bathos! And the rise in wage wouldn't benefit us, you know. We have sworn off the sea for ever, and merely give you the plain truth—which, as usual, is unpalatable!

PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND.

SAME OLD NIP!

WHAT, really, is the net result of the much-talked-of Imperial Conference? Nautically expressed, it was inaugurated for the purpose of changing the nip in the Imperial rope—a nip which was beginning to show sad signs of wear and decay; but the trouble all through has been, that while the over-sea kinsmen have had the advantages which ever surround travel abroad, the stay-at-home portions of the Conference—simply because they are stay-at-home—have expressed a whole-souled desire to discountenance all change. That is to say, they wish to keep the national rope in the same old nip.

THE mere fact that it is worn into dangerous condition has nothing to do with them. They didn't put it in its presently chafing position. It was there—and frayed—when they took office. Bar accidents, it will be there—although perhaps a bit more frayed—when they are turned down. Under the circumstances then, why bother with "conferences?" The Government didn't seek any such moonshiney affair. Like their present greatness, it was thrust upon them, and that—in their united opinion—is all there is about it!

IT is fairly obvious that none of the over-sea Dependencies expected a very great deal from the Colonial Conference—Canada least of all. Still, it was supposed to be the correct thing for the metaphorical branch-officers to visit the equally metaphorical head officers; And true to its Trades Union principles, the present Government said, "Let 'em all come!" For when the truth is admitted, the present powers that be are engineered in true "union" style, and that is their misfortune. They meant well, on taking office, but conditions were against them.

IN other words, if the brainy members of the Government could manage to travel as their consciences dictate, they would assuredly get to the top of the mound of progress—which is a situation reached by various roads. It is not at all essential to travel viâ the Unionist roadway, for the beauties of each road are more a matter of opinion and previous knowledge, than a matter of fact; and ultimately—if either road is seriously pursued—the lofty eminence aimed at will be reached. What, then, has been the trouble? Simply that under a mistaken sense of need, the present Government called all sorts of meretricious aids to their side; made all manner of hurried promises; and now, when they have achieved the possibility of going ahead and winning encomiums from all sides, what is happening?

WELL, to slightly mix the metaphor, their old-time curses against the "other side" have, like chickens, come home to roost. If the machine is put at full-speed on one tack, the alleged supporters of the distressful isle threaten a puncture; if the course is altered to please the irresponsible—but lungy—contingent along comes the Labour gentlemen with a "Hold on! You promised us, you did, and if you don't fulfil that promise—blank, dash, phew, gee—we will." And thus it comes about that after an eighteen months' run, and with every good intention of doing the proper thing for the nation, that Governmental Machine is still dodging around at the bottom of the hill, when, by all the portents, it should now be on the Olympian heights that were the objective in the beginning.

WE make no pretence to political knowledge, and do but view its ramifications as they affect the shipping industry. At the same time, we are human—and honest. Being so, we are of opinion that if the Government had pluck enough to throw their stormy petrels overboard, and make another white man's bid for the country's good opinion under cleansed conditions, then, the country would say, in effect: "All right, sirs. You are doing the square thing, and we'll give you a run for your money. Douse the malcontents; the predatory gentlemen to whom you have recently had to tootle; play the Imperial game as befits the Government of an Imperial country; and we'll see you through."

BUT the good souls referred to appear to lack the courage of their convictions—for quite a number of them believe as we have written in the preceding paragraph; and instead of throwing up an impossible situation; they appear to be more inclined to make a masterful reconnaisance to the rear! Step after step, they are losing ground, when by a manly movement they would win more than yet they have dreamed of. As far as the man in the street is concerned, it doesn't matter unduly who is in power, for honest politicians have ever the same goal in mind—the prosperity of the nation—although they hope to reach it by different routes.

ALL roads lead to Rome, and the same thing applies to national prosperity—providing the various roads are pursued, and not tampered with. For their so-called support at a dubious turn in the political road, the Nationalists and Labour agitators were promised certain things. Events have since shown that the turn in the road was not dubious; they have also emphasised the fact that the support of the two sections named were unnecessary—and impossible, anyhow; so what is wrong with turning away from an eighteen-months'-old mistake? Surely it is better to leave one's mistakes, than to lose one's job because of a misguided hugging-on to those mistakes? For when the job is lost, it doesn't matter unduly whether one hung on to the old-time mistakes, or otherwise?

HOWEVER, the Imperial Conference has done some good, even supposing the present "Party" isn't at all likely to benefit therefrom. With the turning of Time's wheels another "Party" will come into power, and it is highly probable that, remembering the public sympathy that has undoubtedly gone out to the Colonies, the nip will be changed, and the national rope given a further lease of useful life. In the interval, the Colonial friends will sit and listen to the reports of their representatives; will thank heaven that they haven't mussed up their chances in life for an indefinite period, such as applies in the old country; and they will devoutly declare that, never in their lives, will they forsake the substance for the shadow; nor make bargains with anybody, because of a fit of funk which might not be justified by later results.

UNDER the circumstances then, and although the net results of the Conference appear to have been one long round of junketings and free feeds (as befits a free food country), in reality it has paved the way for a better ordering of Imperial matters, once the stormy petrels have been sent to right-about. It might be charitable to give a free stem to any guff-pot who can bull-dose the country into sending him to St. Stephens—but it isn't business. Neither is it conducive to a continuance of the maritime supremacy to which we turn for discussion, when the merits or otherwise of the weather have been worn thread-bare in our conversation.

IF the good people who engineered the Imperial Conference are out for a tag therefor, may we be allowed to suggest the phrase: "Much cry and little wool"? In any case, the phrase fits the situation, beautifully.

THE RAILWAY ROCKET.

"THE better the day, the better the deed," and although the British workman is responsible for missionaryising the whole world outside of Britain, he yet has little objection to go in for commercial pursuits on a Sunday. This, of course, is just as it should be, and exemplifies the fact that the said workman is a slave to nothing—not even to convention! But stay! He is said to be a slave, after all, and for our part, we are disinclined to deny the soft impeachment. The British workman is a slave to his home-made tyrants—the bosses of his alleged "unions?"

WERE it otherwise, our workingmen would scarcely submit to these mass-meeting affairs on the Sabbath, and we have frequently wondered if the main reason for the paucity of good emanating from Trades Union effort, is because of the amiable manner in which the workers thus desecrate the Day of Rest? It is childish to suppose that no other opportunity may be afforded for discussion. There is an evening to every day, and if the downtrodden men really believe that they have a grievance, they should be just as willing to appear straight from work, as from a well-laid table on Sunday.

FOR, regardless of the claims set up by the "leaders," the workingman's table is well-laid on Sunday, while evidences of store-clothes at the meetings should make the uninitiated wonder what all the argument is about. Judging dispassionately, one is justified in believing that the British workingman is making much ado about nothing on the occasions referred to, for indications all point to the belief that he is well-fed, nicely clothed, and generally well-cared-for. Mind you, this might be only on the surface, and might also appear more in evidence to us who have generally had to do with a number of half-starved, ill-clad, and generally-miserable sailormen. We give it all for what it is worth, merely asking the indulgent reader to size the matter up from his own personal observation.

HOWEVER, now that the railway rocket has had time to burst; seeing that the sparks consequent thereon have gone out in blackness; and that the stick which steered it heavenwards is now on its way back to Mother Earth; it will be of interest to consider the "arguments" which abounded on Sunday as ever was. In the first place, we scan over what are alleged to be the "men's demands." Personally, we do not attach too much importance to the phrase, being somewhat inclined to the belief that the men had but little to do with it; that most of the said "demands" were faked up by the men's "leaders."

OF course, that is merely a matter of opinion, but in view of the fact that only a third of the railwaymen of the country are "affiliated" to the society which broke the Sabbath, we submit that we have a quantity of justification therefor. Again, when we remember that Mr. R. Bell, M.P., is so filled with the love of his kind that he spoiled the sailor from getting a vote in the making of the laws which he must obey, we are not altogether clear about the gentleman's right to be considered as a champion for sections of the down-trodden. When a man will haze one portion of the community, merely because he cannot get something specific for his own paymasters—well, we take such a man, hesitatingly.

STILL, the "men's demands" lilted along as:

An eight or ten-hour day, according to class (so all men are not equal?)

A minimum of nine hours' rest before duty (who will enforce that rest?)

Overtime of a rate and a quarter minimum, and

well, we are inclined to think that the foregoing is about all that is worthy of reproduction. In our opinion, the "demands" neutralise each other. For instance, if a working-day is to be chalked off as of eight-hours' duration, and the worker must have a nine hours' spell of rest directly after, where is the overtime to come in? If the railway is hung up awaiting labour for nine hours, may it not just as well go on hung up for another seven hours, when ordinary working time would again commence?

AND why is overtime allowed at all, if, as is claimed, the men are already overworked? If these "leaders" would have pluck enough to say that no overtime should be worked, under any circumstances, we should believe more in their *bona fides*, although perhaps not so much in their sense. But if the "leaders" were to swear off overtime, so that the men could only handle a clear week's ordinary pay, the "union" would be bursted in a week. Therefore, overtime is always dragged in, and must be paid for at fancy rates, notwithstanding the fact that as the worker should be tired with his previous efforts, he must, of necessity, give less return for his "overtime."

OF course, these are the little japes that are glossed over at the meetings, and regardless of the fact that outsiders are in a position to think. It has ever exercised us as to why overtime to a tired man should be paid a higher price than he is likely to receive for his labour when fresh from rest. We have an idea that it has similarly exercised others, for that matter. Also that it takes a quantity of explanation as to why a tired-out worker is worth more than is a "fresh" individual. Indeed, indications all point to the fact that the employers in their own defence, will soon decide on paying no more overtime; that as soon as a trades union day's work has been finished, a fresh man shall be put on to the given job; and then there is going to be trouble.

AT the same time, we are pleased to note that the chairman of the meeting on Sunday last, had such a glowing feeling for himself and cause. Mr. Brace, M.P., the chairman in question, remarked that persecution couldn't destroy a movement such as that of the railwayman. Precisely why the remark should have been made, is somewhat obscure. What persecution has there been—outside of the imagination of the "leaders," we mean? And if there has been no persecution, and the society has been in existence for about thirty-something years, how comes it that, to-date, only a third of the whole are enrolled? Also that the said third are by no means the most influential of that whole?

MIND you, a professional agitator should be loyal to his profession, and therefore, he should work off the properly accredited japes which have been handed down from father to son. But that those same japes are going to delude the man in the street for any considerable length of time, is altogether another matter. Indications all point to the belief that the worker has had about enough of the type of trades unionism which is about to-day. The real article would be for the consolidation of the Empire. But the peculiar sample which has grown up so far, would appear to be all the other way.

So much so, that although the railway rocket of Sunday last, made no end of a fuss in Monday's newspapers, we are half-inclined to believe that it was only the smoke of the bursted charge which called attention. Anyhow, individual railwaymen look askance when questioned as to what they are receiving in return for their weekly subscriptions to "the cause," and when the paymasters look like that, there isn't much to hope for?

Peeps in Welsh Coal Land.

TROUBLE "OUT EAST."

THANKS to the inane jabberings of those misguided people who nickname themselves "humanitarian," the Homeland is up against a very pressing danger, which is politely known as "unrest in India." Those of us who have visited the place, and have kept our eyes and ears open, prefer to write the situation in harsher terms, for when all is said, the "unrest" is merely a play upon the words "red rebellion."

FURTHERMORE, if the said situation is paltered with, that same rebellion will surely cost the old land much blood and treasure, even though the shop-walker sorts of politician profess to be unable to see the matter in its true light. For the matter of that, it is surprising what a number of obvious truths are obscure to the politicians referred to, and one is justified in wondering at times, if cheap votes are really good for a mighty Empire's welfare.

YOU see, cheap votes mean the support of a number of half-educated and cheap persons, and in the result, the supported ones play such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep. One ought not to blame the tricksters. They are victims of a system, and in a humbler rôle of life, they might have been in a position to do some good in their time and generation. When, however, they are "supported" into a position in the nation's Parliament, and are allowed to pose and prattle 'fore all the world as if they knew something about the circumstances with which they concern themselves, then do they cease from being funny, being instead a danger to the commonwealth.

LIKE the poor, these shop-walker politicians are ever with us. Sometimes, they are stigmatised as pro-Boers, anon they meander along to ultimate oblivion under the title of little-Englander, again they are said to be pro-nigger, and at the moment they are pro-coolie. Under no circumstances are they pro-British, for their stock in trade is a pose—and their greatest achievement is to bite the hand that fed them, to disgrace the country which, in a weak moment, affected to take them seriously. Without "serving," these peculiarly-constructed samples of humanity stand about in the gangway, and shout "forward;" hence are they styled shop-walker politicians.

OF the kind alluded to, this free country of ours possesses quite a number. If early demise were apportioned out to them, then, in the words of the immortal song, "They'd none of them be missed," for even their mirth-giving propensities (being as spurious as their other attributes) become cloying in a week; and the good souls who erstwhile "supported" them become ashamed of their handiwork but, owing to the conditions obtaining, may not throw them out until such time as a national upheaval materialises.

HARKING back to the shop-walker politician and sedition in India, the former—being merely a shouter of the word "forward"—cannot understand that as India was won with the sword, it must be maintained with the same weapon. Mr. Shop-walker-politician never having placed his chaste person in any greater danger than is exemplified by the smashing of a stale egg over a political platform, imagines that earth's gravest dangers are constituted by stale eggs, everywhere. The gentleman might have seen a coolie once in a while; but even so, the latter worthy has merely been engaged in hawking a feather fan, or a "sandal wood" handkerchief box; and was the reincarnation of peaceful perseverance in consequence.

THE great trouble is, that these political frauds are taken too much as a matter of course; are allowed a run for their money, and without a careful examination as to whether that money is current coin of the realm, or rather stuff which has been named "snide." Thus it comes about that, imbued with a desire to obtain a modicum of cheap popularity, they emulate the state which was shadowed out by Pope of poetical fame, and thus give an example of the words, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

MEANWHILE, the blessings (or otherwise) of a cheap Press come in, and the meanderings of these traitors to their country are spread about, ultimately reaching India. There, the sedition-monger—although realising to the full the worthlessness of the opinions given—is quick to recognise that his dupes have no appreciation of the worthlessness referred to, so the "opinions" are scattered broadcast o'er the land. For it may be taken for granted that the statements of responsible politicians will not be reproduced in the gutter-rags of India. Such conduct would be idiotic in the extreme.

BUT the vapourings of the traitor who, for purposes of personal aggrandisement, will fulminate upon a subject of which he is grossly ignorant, are reproduced—aye, and in thick type. In the result, the ignorant coolie imagines that he is sure of sterling support in Britain, and when the coolie works up a belief of that sort, then, is he a bad sort of coolie. Mr. Shop-walker-politician—secure in his knowledge that a policeman is ever around to shield him from bodily-harm—struts and wobbles about the land; holds indignation-meetings; talks through his hat: and thus exemplifies the fact that the very men who should be the nation's bulwark, are, instead, its greatest foes.

WHEN an enemy comes at Britain, sword in hand, everybody realises that the joking stage is past; that a sword must meet sword, and that only one of the twain may be allowed to stand. But when a sleek traitor—under the cloak of love for his kind—undertakes to spread watered sedition in the sure and certain knowledge that, later on, it will be hardened up for use against his own people, what should be done? Obviously, Mr. Traitor should be placed in a position where, perforce, he will cease from troubling, and be at rest. Unrest in India is a grave matter, but its greatest gravity commences in St. Stephens, the home of shop-walker politicians.

IN other words, it is useless grappling with the situation "out East," until the traitors at home are laid to rest. Useless, that is, unless it is intended to work the Indian Mutiny act over again, and sacrifice thousands of brave men merely for the purpose of giving a number of cheap "gas bags" a run for their trouble in being elected.

WHEN all is said, what have those "gas bags" at stake? Have they as much as the meanest of those who scratched a cross against their names on Election Day? We think not. Their political work (save the name) is as much a trade, as is that of their namesakes, the shop-walkers of commerce. The latter really fill a need in the national life: the former would better fill a hole in the national bone-yard! We write feelingly on this subject, for having been on the spot, and having attended meetings of the "Brother Lascar" when out for trouble, we know from actual experience, that the traitors at home are the root of all the evils abroad.

To quieten down the unrest in India, it is absolutely essential to put a muzzle on the parroquets in Parliament. There is where the unrest originated; there is where only it may be stilled. Failing that, red rebellion will stalk unchecked over the land, and a modern edition of the Indian Mutiny—with all its rapine, murder, and torture—will be a spot job.

THE GERMAN NAVY LEAGUE.

IN this country, at least, much interest is being worked up around the manifestations of the German Navy League. This, of course, is quite in line with usual procedure, for being treated to an amateurish affair of his own, the Briton is inclined to believe that similar arrangements on foreign soil are equally amateurish. In the result, these combinations which aim at the consolidation of their own country's interests are generally allowed an unhampered run, and in the end, the position attained in consequence, is unassailable.

WHEN it is remembered that the German Navy League at present approximates into a million members—911,293 to be exact—it will be conceded that the "movement" is being fostered with the usually-evident Teutonic wholeheartedness; and compared with its British prototype (if it is worthy the name) of some 20,000 strong—well, there is no comparison. If the British "league" had been a serious undertaking, we are inclined to believe that Naval matters would not have been allowed to so persistently pursue the line of least resistance.

FOR when a million voters have one common aim, it goes without saying that the predatory politician would think twice, before offending such a combination once? But we are of opinion that the British "organisation" has no wish to be taken seriously, as long as enough capital is collected to "pay its way." Now and then, we are treated to some rubbishy literature as to the intentions of the Navy League; are assured that it is doing "great things" with its training scheme; and if the whole fit-out isn't a chunk of heaven-sent administration, then, in view of its own claims to super-excellence, it ought to be.

MEANWHILE, the German rival is romping ahead in style, and where the Briton promises, the Teuton works. So much so, that the need of a German Navy that shall be second-to-none, is believed in implicitly by a majority of Germans. What is going to happen when that German Navy is *nulli secundus*, needs no prophet to determine; for with a Number 1 Army, backed up by a Number 1 Fleet, the shrift of the dallying Briton will be short? And this result will not necessarily mean that ill-feeling is about in any great quantities.

AS a nation, we are prone to assure our own bantlings that the indubitable law of nature is "Get on, or get off," and if the German friend takes the amiable "tip" to himself, are we to express surprise? Not at all, and it would be ever so much better if this country would give over prattling about millennial quiffs, and would deal seriously with those of 1907 and onward. In that event, the British Fleet would be increased in a style that would paralyse the ambitions of the German Navy League, and in the end, its level-headed members would say, "Well, we can't own the earth, let us be satisfied with the by-no-means scanty portions which we have."

To our mind, those Navy Leaguers are similar to the trades union bosses with which this country is blessed—or otherwise. The latter gentlemen commence their work with a gentle nibble. Nothing happens, so they take another nibble. Nothing keeps on happening, and at last they want the whole cake. But if, at the first gentle bite, the employers had said "Drop it, and don't let us have quite so much of your old guff," then the said bosses would have gone off and thought up another quiff.

So with the Navy League people abroad. In the beginning, they assured the world that it was "defence not defiance" they were after, and the world, being busy about other things, believed. At least, if it didn't really believe, it acted a good imitation, and that was about all that the "leaguers" needed. When the German Navy League numbered about 20,000 members, and most of those wore "specs." and chest protectors, the motto of the combination was, then, "defence not defiance."

BUT now that the League has approximated into a million members, and specs.-cum-spats are no more *en evidence* than would apply with the same number of people elsewhere, what do we find? We'll have a look! The finding is interesting to everybody concerned, and should be doubly so to the Briton. The patriotic souls have had a swagger meeting at Cologne—whence comes the sweet-smelling waters of various numbers and degrees of sweetness—and in connection therewith, a banquet was held or given, whichsoever they do in Cologne.

OF course, there was a presiding genius at the banquet, and on this occasion he happened to be known to his comrades as Herr Deichmann. We like to immortalise these patriotic souls, for when all is said, they merely do what we should like to see the Briton doing—giving the world a little bit off the top, as the boy said. Anyhow, Mr. Deichmann passed a number of remarks which, like the flowers that bloom in *tabued* opera-gardens and the Spring, had nothing to do with the case. At the same time, the learned gentleman had quite a lot to say concerning matters that have much to do with the case, and let the fact not be forgotten.

FOR example, he said: "Our dear cousins on the Thames (why on the Thames? Is that the one venue of the British patriot?) have always grudged us a place 'in the sun,' and in recent times those cousinly feelings have undergone no change. This should exhort us to enlarge the German Fleet, regardless of British envy. Every new battleship is a bulwark for the assurance of peace." And right there we feel that we ought to give up quotations. Why is that? Principally for the reason that we are neither turkeys, nor is this the time for a successful attempt at stuffing a body with chestnuts. That is just "why?"

WHEN an amiable Teuton starts out to tell us that he is building battleships to keep us quiet—well, that is precisely when we laugh. We know the Teutonic love of lucre too well to believe that he is going to run when nobody is chasing him; also that he isn't at all inclined to flutter away a hundred million pounds, without having some commercial notion in connection therewith before his mind's eye. If Mr. Deichmann had assured his pals that every additional battleship was a step nearer to wiping the "cousins" aforesaid from off the Thames and other places somewhat more remote, we should have said "Hear, hear." You see, having the courage of most of our own convictions, we like to recognise a similar trait in our friends—or enemies.

We are also willing to believe that the ever great Frederick I. averred that "Power is more important than wealth," and because the one is the corollary of the other. Wealth without power, is much the same as having a pipe but no tobacco? Furthermore, we might easily end up this little consideration of the Navy League's outing, by again quoting the ever-green one who was quoted at the Cologne banquet: "It will be decided on sea whether Germany can or cannot maintain her power." It will, and if the Briton means to take no chances on the verdict, he will set about squaring up his Fleet, his Mercantile Marine, and his toy Army.

TALK is cheap, but it takes well-manned warships to win water-borne wars. *Verb. sat sap.*

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 15, 1907.*

HOLIDAYS, and again holidays, and *encore* holidays. And by the time this present writing is set out in the glories of print, and has gone on its way in a more or less unfeeling world, holidays will be about all that occupies the minds of the strenuous souls who, in off seasons so to say, deal with Cardiff (and other) Coal. Small blame to them, too, for with the beautiful breath of Spring, which is attempting to creep in where we sit grinding away—don't please, or we shall break down!

ANYHOW, and coming back to earth once more, we find that the chief anxiety as usual, is to get the urgent transactions cleared away before the stop. It seems a bit rough on the seafarer, perhaps, but his share of the white man's burden is to hustle away the coals directly before the holidays, and if he growls—well, what will you. The old whale might be down off the Longships by Monday morning, but by that date, some of us will be thinking of where it is best to take Her!

DASH it, we want to keep down to a discussion on coal, but the subject—under existing circumstances—is terribly elusive! Must be in the air! Here goes for another try, and we know that you will be patient with us, for peradventure the microbe has tainted you in precisely the same manner? Very well, then. Coal is—yes, it is coal. For the matter of that, tonnage is tonnage, and taking into consideration the fact that demand is anything but startling, we are inclined to believe that the essential consignments will be packed outside the pier heads in time for a lovely holiday for those who remain behind.

To fine the matter down to actual business, this phase of life is anything but abnormal. Is not at all of the week-before-holidays kind, for demand has eased off in an unaccountably silly manner. Furthermore, the supply of the commodity is in full and plenty, so that no difficulty whatever has been experienced, in filling up the orders which have come to hand. Yes, a mere everyday state of affairs has prevailed during the week, and quite a number of folk are surprised in consequence.

WHAT will happen after the holidays—well, it will be as well to wait until after the holidays, won't it? As for prices, these have undergone no change since last we discussed the subject for your benefit. Indeed, they have been maintained with more or less ease, which is a good job. You see, they might just as easily have slumped, for in quite a number of collieries, the state of stems is anything but inspiring. When stems are that way, you will have noticed that prices are inclined to be wobbly. As they haven't wobbled anything to speak of, it is cause for congratulation.

MIND you, the absence of the wobbly trait might be more because of the absence of temptation, for in the coal trade, as in other and easier-going undertakings, temptation is essential to sin. You can't go out and sin right off the reel, and without any reason therefor, can you? At least, not as a general thing. That, then, is one of the reasons why coal hasn't gone off in price during the past week. Still, you never know, and we will leave the subject, by calling your attention to subjoined list of actual prices:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. 0d.	14s. 0d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s 6d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
Seconds ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	26s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 6d.	28s. 0d.	27s. 0d., 28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 15, 1907.*

THE Market for the past week has been satisfactory, for prices generally have shown no change to those which have been ruling of late. Indeed, they have been well maintained, and with a quickening enquiry for forward shipment, have all the appearance of being upheld for some little time. Stems, all 'round, are satisfactory, with but a few exceptions; but tonnage supplies are keeping rather limited, and this feature is deterring any immediate upward movement. Collieries are, however, keeping fairly well employed, but the approaching holidays have not affected the market—principally for the above reason.

ANTHRACITE COALS show no change in so far as values are concerned, which are much about the same as of late. The enquiry for the better class coals keeps active, but for inferior grades, there is but little improvement, although prices are, if anything, steadier. Other branches of this trade show practically no alteration to the condition in which they were ruling at our last.

STEAMS are hardening, but no actual improvement can be recorded. Stems are satisfactory, but there is no rush for coals. BUNKER COALS are about steady. SMALLS are very firm by reason of a good demand, and scarcity of supplies.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 0d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 0d., 20s 0d.
Seconds do. ...	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 6d	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 6d.	7s. 3d., 7s. 9d.	7s. 6d.
Duff ...	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	5s. 9d., 6s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, May 15, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot. loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Reunion, *Glenlyon*, 12s.
Tsingtau, *Aker*, 22s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *King*, 5,800 tons, 14s. 9d.
Charterhouse, 14s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Chelford*, 4,800 tons, 13s. 9d. late ldg.
Metis, 4,800 tons, 13s. 9d.
Stanfield, reported at 17s. with option 1,300 tons, fuel for Rio Grande at 23s. 6d.
Caledonia, 3,500 tons, 15s. 7½d. fuel.
Teneriffe, *Lord Charlemont*, 4,000 tons, 7s.
Las Palmas, *Tapton*, or sub., 4,900/5,200 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Or Madeira, *Venus*, 4,000 tons, 7s.
Cape Verdes, *Miramichi*, 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Valentia*, 4,000 tons, 14s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Llanishen*, 6,000 tons, 6s.
Jumna or *Foyle*, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Iddesleigh*, 6,100 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Hatfield, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d. (s).
Amphitrite, 3,700 tons, 7s. 6d.
Savona/Spezzia/or Leghorn, *Andreas*, 2,800 tons, 8s. 4½d. coal, 9s. 1½d. coke, (s).
Luigino Accame, 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Lamia, L., 3,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Woglinde, 6,100 tons, 7s. 7½d. (N).
Fede, 2,600 tons, 8s. 500, 6½d. for half cargo,, and 8s. 1½d. with 350 for the balance. (s).
Admiral Derido, 7,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Dunbarmoor, 6,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Naples, *Glitra*, 2,900 tons, 7s. 4½d. 800. (N).
Treglisson, 2,900 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Salerno, *Zeta*, 2,500 tons, 8s.
Venice, *Goyerri*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Diana, 5,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 8s.
Langham, 3,500 tons, 8s. 9d. 400.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, max. 8s. 9d. 400, ppt.
B. Kemeny, 3,200/3,600 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Herman Wedel Jarlsberg, 4,400 tons, 8s. 6d. option Trieste, same rate.
Valencia, *Vigsnaes*, 700 tons, 8s. 9d. (s).
Ancona, 700 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Elorrio, 1,600 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Elantsobe*, 3,200 tons, 8s.
Elfie, 2,400 tons, 8s. 3d.
Coventry, 2,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Algiers, *Amboto Mendi*, 2,750 tons, 8 fcs, (N).
Oporto, *Glenpark*, 1,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Carloforte, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 6s.
Sfax, *Europa*, 2,500 tons, 11 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Porto Ferraio, *Polurrian*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Marseilles, *Amalfi*, 2,700 tons, 8 fcs.
Inchborva, 8 fcs.
Mont Ventoux, 4,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Roda, 3,600 tons, 8 fcs.
Mira, 4,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Piræus, *Trevalgan*, 3,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Trapani and Palermo, *Nethermore*, 2,600 tons, 9s. od. (s).
Beyrout, *Tennyson*, 2,300 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel.
Messina, *Rossetti*, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d. (C. or N.)
Oran, *Beck Freres*, 2,400 tons, 8·25 fcs. coal, 9·25 fcs. fuel, (C./P.T./or S.)
Zea, *Jumna*, 6,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 8s. (s).
Civita Vecchia, *Maria*, 3,750 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Danube, *Brantingham*, 3,800 tons, 7s.
Bari, *Trevanion*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Callao, *Lincolnshire*, (Private terms), (P.T.)
Constantinople, *Lvell*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. (C. or S.)
Trieste, *Quarnero*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Tunis, *Cap Spartel*, 1000 tons, 10 fcs. (N).
Gibraltar, *Capri*, 800 tons, 6s. 9¾d.
Malta, *Kurdistan*, 4,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Onslow, 3,800 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Palestrina, 5,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Portsmouth, 3,000 tons, 5s. nett. (Admiralty).
Lisbon, *Radnor*, or sub., 1,200 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Hansa*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d. (Stevenson's terms), (s)
Wisby, *Eros*, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Earl of Dumfries*, 2,000 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Bernabe, 3,300 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Forest, 2,200 tons, 5·75 fcs. spot. (N).
La Rochelle, *Rocio*, 1,800 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Ingoldsby, 1,600 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Folsjo, 2,000 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Rhio*, 3,500 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Edinburgh, 2,300 tons, 5·37½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Ella*, 2,200 tons, 6·12½ fcs. option Port Talbot loading, same rate.
Ida, 1,750 tons, 6·12½ fcs.
Sigyn, 1,250 tons, 6·12½ fcs. (s).
Cadoxton, 2,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Somorrostro, 2,500 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Advance, 1,750 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Sables, Steamer, 1,250 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Uribitarte*, 2,200 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6·50 fcs. coal, 7 fcs. fuel, (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Londonderry, *Kilcoan*, 500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Portsmouth, *Porthcawl*, 2,300 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Fowey, Steamer, 500 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).
Belfast, *Carricklee*, 380 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Birkenhead, *Ville de Bayonne*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Waterford, *Corporal*, 4s. (N).
St. Malo, *Speedwell*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Cherbourg, *T. W. Stuart*, 260 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Rouen, *Royal Prince*, 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Carn Brea, 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Prudhoe Castle, 1,000 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Vectis, 1,200 tons, 6s.
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Rocheforte, 1,100 tons, 6s.
Caen, *F. C. Anderson*, 750 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Jason, 950 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Stokesley, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (P.T.)
Dieppe, *Boreas*, 600 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Bremerhaven, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 4s. 9d.
Pera, 1,500 tons, 5s.
Westmoreland, 800 tons, 5s.
Ancient Briton, 2,200 tons, 5s.
Havre, *Hedworth*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Enterprise, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Clieveden, 2,250 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt. (N).
Belgica, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Honfleur, *Glynn*, or sub., 1,150 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Stokesley, 1,250 tons, 5s. 3d. spot.
Brest, Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Automaat, 1,400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dundalk, *May*, 240 tons, 4s. (s).
Antwerp, *August Muller*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Swansea, *Lizzie*, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Bilbao to Newport, *Jersey*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Earl of Dumfries, 2,000 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Sigyn*, 1,200 tons, 6s.
Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Llanthony Abbey*, 1,526 n, 5s.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Ragusa*, 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 2, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

8,184/07—DANFORD—***A surf actuated motor.***

This invention relates to a motor adapted to be placed upon a beach in a body of water in which there is a surf, the motor being operated by the receding water. A track is placed on the beach with its lower end in the water. On this track are mounted bearings which are supported upon sheaves, having endless cables passing around them, a plurality of buckets being mounted on the cables. The sheaves are connected by transmission gearing to winding drums and clutch mechanism, whereby the motion imparted to the buckets by the waves may be converted into useful work. The position of the buckets with regard to the waves may be adjusted by adjusting the endless cables.

8,361/06—TILLIER—***Improvements in attaching pick heads and similar tools to their handles.***

According to this invention which relates to means for attaching pick heads to their handles, the tool holder consists of an elongated loop of rectangular section, terminated by a rod fitting into a wooden handle, the flange of the tool being placed in the loop. In this way two tools may be fixed in the loop, the one above the other, the tools being secured by keys and small wooden wedges.

8,538/06—FORBES & CLIFT—***Improvements in and relating to distance and course recording apparatus for ships.***

This invention relates to distance and course recording apparatus for ships of that class in which the open ends of an inverted U tube protrude from the skin of the ship, and are so arranged that during the propulsion of the ship, water flows through the tube and drives a motor connected to indicating apparatus. According to this invention, instead of the U tube, there is provided a tube having an inlet aperture at its lower end, and an aperture above the motor at its upper end. By means of suitable gearing, the tube and its motor may be raised. Also means are provided whereby in the event of the tube becoming bent so that it cannot be raised, the tube can be released from the inside of the ship and discarded outwardly through the aperture in the ship. Also the distance indicator is provided with contact pieces, connected electrically with a counting device, situated in the chart house. By this means, the necessity of employing a continuous length of pipe leading from the motor to the counter can be dispensed with, as with this device, it is only necessary to have a pipe of such length as to extend a short distance above the water line.

11,990/06—FRANCE, BLACK & STOKFELD—***Improvements in mechanism for operating water-tight doors for ships' bulkheads, caissons and the like.***

This invention relates to the attachment of the actuating rope for the locking bolt of water-tight door operating mechanism. The attachment consists of a flat link, having an angularly disposed slot therein, and a hook adapted to engage the bolt, the angularity of the slot being such as to cause the hook to be disengaged from the bolt when the latter has been moved a certain distance. In order that the door may not fall too quickly, an inverted cylinder is fixed at its top end to the bulkhead, and at its lower end to the sliding nut casting. The cylinder is filled with liquid, and is provided with a piston, connected to the door. When the door is falling, the fluid passes from the underside to the upper side through a hole, the speed of falling depending on the size of the hole in the piston.

16,555/06—MCCOMBIE—***Improvements in or connected with coaling, loading or unloading vessels.***

This invention relates to a system of coaling ships at sea. In the side of the vessel to be coaled there is a port closed by a sliding door through which the bags of coal are passed into the vessel. Connected to the port is a bent branch tube. On the collier there is a tube into which the bags of coal are introduced, and between this and the bent tube, is a length of armoured waterproof tubing. When the tubes are fixed in position, the sacks of coal are introduced and fed forwards by plates moving along a rotary threaded shaft disposed below the tube, the base part of the plate having a rack meshing with the shaft. By the force of the sacks being fed into the tube, that of gravitation due to the incline of the tube, and by the action of the tube being towed through the water, the sacks are driven through the coaling port into the ship. When the feed plates arrive at the end of the tube they disconnect themselves from the shaft by a slot provided at its after end with a turn. This causes the slide rack to be moved out of contact with the shaft towards the direction in which the screw is working, so that the plate device falls out of gear.

19,223/06—LIBENSART—***Improvements in or relating to the shape or form of ships.***

The object of this invention is to lessen the resistance which the water offers to the passage of ships. According to this invention, the ship is formed with an outer casing, the sides of which are approximately parallel to the direction of motion, and with a hollow cavity partly projecting above the surface, allowing the water to be lifted and to fall without loss of energy.

20,732/06—MANWELL—***Improvements in the means for illuminating life-buoys and the like.***

This invention relates to apparatus of the "Holmes" class for illuminating life-buoys. The light consists of three chambers, one, a chamber hermetically closed and acting as a float for the light, another, a chamber containing calcium phosphide, and a third, a calcium carbide chamber. The carbide chamber has an aperture at the top closed by a thin lead sheet, to which is soldered a plate, carrying the usual attachments for the top of the light. The phosphide chamber, which is below the carbide chamber, is fitted at the bottom with a tube, closed by a lead plate, to which is soldered the end of a shackle to which a life-buoy is attached, communication is established between the carbide and phosphide chambers by means of short open pipes. When the buoy is thrown into the water, the pull upon the shackle will tear open the seals on the carbide and phosphide chambers and water enters both chambers, generating acetylene, which is lighted by the flame from the phosphide.

These applications for patents, are until June 17, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 171. FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907. Threepence.

IN CLOVER!

British Workman (in the hammock) to seagoing fireman: "Say, Matey, can't you 'work' a fall on the stokehold plates, and then sling a hammock like this?"

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the **PUBLISHERS,** or through **NEWSAGENTS.**

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to **THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD.** together with all **BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS,** must be addressed to **CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.** Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—IN CLOVER	17
MARITIME MURMURS	18
AGAIN, THAT EMPIRE DAY	21
MANŒUVRES—OF SORTS	22
ORIENT R.M.S. AS H.M.S. "OPHIR"	23
"SATAN REPROVING SIN"	25
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	26
NAVY LEAGUE OR MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY?	28
PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND	29
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	30
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	31
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	32

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Friday Afternoon.

OUR frank comments on the administration of the Merchant Service Guild would appear to have put the enterprising souls involved, very much by the ears. So much so, that we have an idea that since our disclosures were printed, those same enterprising ones have had little time to attend to the supposed business of the "guild," being too busy in deciding what to do with our unworthy selves. Now, let us get away from all cant and humbug in this connection. We have no financial interest in "guild." Care nothing personally about its administration, either one way or another. But as public servants, we realise that we have a public duty to perform. Thus when members of the "guild" appeal to us for protection such as we can give—especially when they give us absolute proof of all their statements—we are not inclined to funk our duty. For the past fortnight, we have refrained from commenting on this phase of enterprising endeavour, and mainly for the reason that our remarks are bringing in the shoal of "growls" which we expected. We are in no undue hurry to thresh this matter out. We realise that as "guild" took some fourteen years to get into its present anomalous position; that as the majority of its members are at sea, and may not get their copies of this journal for weeks to come; well, *festina lente* will fit in beautifully.

MEANWHILE, we are fairly-well posted as to all that is going on at the dove-cote. Realise all the turnings and twistings, the threats, and poppycock, generally, that is scattered around our devoted path. But we can still afford to sit tight. You see, the "guild" to us, is merely an episode. To the pushing atoms who run it, it is of supreme importance. The following is a sample of the communications which reach us:

"A few days ago, I had a letter from the captain of a steamer laying at Hull (Capt. ——) — a letter which shows plainly enough, that the writer is not going to be deceived much longer. He stated that back numbers of THE MARITIME REVIEW had just reached him, and he was surprised at the statements *re* M.S.G. contained therein. He had seen that, in effect, the secretary and not the council governed the guild, but he put blind faith in him and thought all was for the best."

That is it, as far as we can see. They "put blind faith" in the matter, instead of giving intelligent attention to the accumulated piles of their own money. However, the "guild" caucus appears to be exercised in mind as to whether our statements are libellous, and have resoluted thereon—resoluted, and lied, although that is beside the question, for on several occasions we have told the "guild" that lies are its *metier* where we are concerned.

FOR instance, it lied to a London "daily" concerning the S.E.A. with which we have identified ourselves; it lied to a private individual on the same count; it lied anent the signatories to the Articles of Association registered by the S.E.A.; and in one or two other particulars with which, at the moment, we have no concern. But getting away from that unsavoury portion of the dodge, why have we had no explanation concerning the faked balance sheet which was printed in these columns three weeks ago? We have a shrewd suspicion that if the members of the "guild," instead of laying these matters before us, would favour the Public Prosecutor therewith, then, some little chance of amelioration would be forthcoming. It is one thing for the caucus to fulminate in the "guild council chamber," it is quite another thing for them to come out in the broad light of day, and either prove their *bona fides* or admit that maladministration is about in quite big lots. We have printed the *facsimile* of an envelope which was given us by Lord Muskerry that we might "approach" the assistant-secretary-that-is on guild affairs, *privately*. We have given you the *facsimile* of a postscript from the assistant secretary which resulted from that nobleman's suggestion of back-stairs work, and which assured us that the "old man" was a bit "touchy" on this class of sneak writing. Also that in writing again, the same private address should be used. Why is not this monkey-work explained?

AND in connection with the double balance sheet, "audited," "passed by the guild," signed by the chairman, and everything apparently *en regle*. Not only passed by the guild in council, but printed from the same forme, as evidenced by the same broken letters and rules in each, and on the same paper. What did it mean? Was there a more than usual amount of mistake in evidence or was the

trick resorted to by way of a questionable joke? We have asked the Board of Trade to look into the matter, and if the members are really anxious to have the thing cleared up, they, as having more interest in the affair than ourselves, should follow suit. When two balance sheets are issued for the same period, and they do not balance to the extent of £1,000, hasn't the recipient a perfect right to ask the hidden meaning of the thing? Especially when absolute evidence of previous back-stairs work is in the possession of that recipient? With Lord Muskerry's envelope, the assistant secretary's letters plus that postscript, and two differentiated balance sheets for the same period in our hands, how, as honest writers, can we refrain from seeking information? Furthermore, we did not commence this crusade. "Guild gazette" of December last, undertook to libel us; blatantly printed what its compilers should have known to be lies; and those lies were sent us from all over the earth, with the request that, in the interests of all concerned, we should reply thereto.

For weeks, we treated the stuff with contempt, and for the reason that we had his lordship's envelope and young Tom's traitorous letter in our possession, so knew the value of the blackguarding to which we had been subjected. But it dawned on us that our friends at sea didn't know all this; that they looked upon The Maritime Review as above reproach, and for that reason carried it to the uttermost ends of the earth; therefore, we demanded the explanations with which our readers are now familiar. To the time of writing those explanations have been denied us, and although we shall go on demanding until a clearing-up is brought about (or until the Public Prosecutor intervenes, whichever happens first), we feel that nothing much short of a miracle will give us the explanation. For in face of the sneaky letters and the dubious balance sheets, what explanation can suffice? Still, we are open to conviction. If "young Tom," or "old John" feel that they have a case, let us hear from them. An explanation (if it is really such) of the accounts will satisfy us; a manly apology for the vapourings and lies in "guild gazette" will meet the other part of the undertaking. We merely defend ourselves from the assassin-like thrusts which have been made behind our backs; and our defence is plunked out in the broad light of day. Between the two methods, we leave the world to judge. Plainly, guild should be reformed, or removed. At present, it is a danger to the Mercantile Marine, and therefore, to the nation.

In our last week's issue, and in connection with the alleged Imperial Conference, we suggested a motto therefor, and it was "Much cry and little wool." That was before our esteemed friends of the "daily" persuasion had been given time to question the gentlemen who helped to form that "Imperial" Conference. Now that time has been allowed in this respect, we are solemnly assured that the words "The Conference a Failure" fits in, and if weeping and gnashing of teeth isn't about in quite large amounts, then it ought to be. Of course, the Conference has been anything but a failure, although notable for much cry and little wool. How can it possibly be a failure? Haven't the Colonial Premiers garnered some very satisfying truths for dissemination among their constituents on arrival home? True, the said "truths" are about all that have been garnered, but material benefit will follow, later on—aye, as surely as the day follows night. The lately finished "Conference" was by way of a preliminary canter. The Colonial people had been guyed into the belief that the word Liberal was to be taken literally, so, naturally enough, they considered that with a Liberal Government in power, the time for forging ahead on a progressive lay had arrived.

With that belief uppermost, each of the self-governing bits of Britain Beyond the Seas undertook to bang many good sixpences, in an endeavour to square the shattered units of Empire up on the lifts and braces, so to put it. They sent their respected representatives across to the old land, and regardless of expense. There were banquets and junketings galore; but mighty little business. Still, the business that was allowed to transpire was all for good. As a result, the Colonies are now aware that the word Liberal in connection with a Government, must only be applied to the headmen of that Government. They are Liberal enough to each other, and there, their Liberality ceases. Like the bosses of a trades union, the bosses of "the Party," are disinclined to believe that there is any merit, in any suggestion, that is worked up by any person, outside the sacred phalanx. The Government has the copyright of all the brains that are about, and the remainder of the world are blighted idiots. The mere fact that with a Liberal Government, the ranks of the unemployed are better filled than ever before, has nothing to do with the case; and that aliens come in to oust home labour at the rate of a million per annum, is quite beside the question.

Moreover, the fact that the country's defences are best expressed by the algebraical formula which is written $-x$, has nothing to do with the case: that parliamentary parroquets are allowed to stultify themselves and the country which they pretend to represent, is a mere detail; that Colonial Empire Builders are put off with free feeds when they really wish to go on with their building propensities—well, all this is nothing. In the midst of it all, the powers have exemplified the fact that they are the powers, and if the patient voter has decided to oust them at the first opportunity—what about it? The gentlemen have "done themselves proud" while the power was vested in themselves, so is anybody justified in growling a growl? Certainly not. It is merely the minority which enters Parliament with the intention of doing something big; the majority intend to cultivate the virtues which are all of a negative kind. The minority sometimes succeeds in bringing off its mission, the majority is always successful. And now let us consider the actual benefits which have accrued from the much-talked-of "Conference." First and foremost, the Colonies will have assimilated the fact that it is useless to expect anything of an Imperial nature, from a Government which is bogged up with parochial matters.

Next, it will be admitted that there is but little use to look for big ideas from little men, or that the successful handling of millions of pounds may be expected from persons who have, heretofore, been satisfied to dole out coppers, on a weekly domestic account. We wish to be just before we are generous, and our wish in this respect, gars us lean to the belief that a Churchill is hardly the sort of man who may be expected to uphold the honour of a trading nation. We single out the Churchill, because he invariably singles out himself; wishes to pose as the prattler of the party; appears to read up his dictionary for the purpose of working off juggling japes of a linguistic character; and yet, he is merely a callow youth who, on a push, could neither forecast a weekly victualling bill for the families which he is supposed to protect; nor has he more than a theoretical knowledge of the cares of family life without which an Empire may not exist. Everybody knows that "old maids' children" are the *ne plus ultra* of babyhood; by the same token, bachelors' domestic wrinkles are of a similar kind. That is the trouble with the present Government. They are theorists, and as long as they practice against each other—being all theorists—nothing happens; but when they have to face men who are practical

to a fault (such as the Colonial Premiers who have assisted at the making of countries out of nothing) the theorists are altogether out of it.

THIS brings us along to the admission that as far as the Government is concerned, the lately finished "Conference" is a twenty-four-horse-power failure; but with regard to the Colonies themselves, it has been a decided success, although of the much-cry-and-little-wool variety. That is to say, the Colonies will not waste their time and money in again approaching a Liberal combination of theorists; on the contrary, rather, for they will wait until practical men hold the reins. Judging by the portents, the Colonial friends will not have to wait for long. The man in the street is inclined to jib at the continued dilly-dally of the men he put into power with an overwhelming majority, and the writing on the wall was put in italics at Wimbledon, the other day. Furthermore, the Colonies are now satisfied that the Homeland is with them, practically to a man; that Preference is a near thing; and that had it not been for the theorists already referred to, the Preference would now be a spot job. So, with the country at one with the Colonies, is it to be supposed that the hands of the clock of progress may be set back indefinitely? Certainly not. Wimbledon proved that fact. As a natural conclusion then, we may expect to see, as the direct outcome of that "Imperial Conference," a modern rendering of "Get on, or get off." The theorists cannot get on; they aren't built that way; *ergo*, they must get off—and that is exactly what they will do, and at an early date. You'll see.

ERE leaving this phase of the subject, it is as well, perhaps, to put on record the straight opinions given by Mr. Deakin. On being questioned as to whether the result of the Conference had equalled the hopes thereof, he said:

> "If you mean by results of resolutions which have been unanimously passed at the Conference, I should be obliged to say no, because on several of the most important subjects we not only failed to induce an acceptance of our proposals, but even to receive a definite approach towards them. Something it is true, was done in nearly every case, *but that something could have been accomplished by correspondence*, and that is why I say that if we judge the Conference by its official resolutions we cannot claim cause for congratulation."

The italics are our own, and we emphasise the words indicated, merely to show that our own expressions of opinion have been in line with the facts all through. The Colonies have been put to much expense and anxiety—for what? Merely to show the world that the British Government of the moment is a swagger affair; that it can bring its children from the ends of the earth; and that having arrived, those children may help to form the triumphal procession which is faked-up to grace the victors of the Poll, who give nothing but free feeds and more or less gracious smiles in return. And this, with a supposedly democratic Government! Isn't it a thousand-fold more autocratic than ever a Russia knew how to be?

OF course, there is another side to the picture, and in admitting it, Mr. Deakin put the matter in these words:

> "YES, if you look to the general, indirect, and the unexpressed results, one is justified in assuming a very different tone. The cordiality with which all the representatives of the self-governing dominions have been met on every hand, the consideration shown them personally in the Conference and out of it, the interest manifested in their official proceedings, and the sympathetic manner in which their utterances have been received, constitute a total effect not to be measured, which I will not attempt to estimate at this stage. At present, speaking for myself, I cannot see the forest for the trees, but I am satisfied that the forest is there."

Of course the forest is there. Presently, the British public will remove the trees, and then our Colonial brethren will have a clearer view of the methods which must be adopted, if Empire Building is to be continued. When the "trees" are of the mistletoe *genus*—depend on outside support, if their tendrils are to be allowed to spread—they are not likely to be very lasting. Mistletoe is good enough for decorative purposes, and as an excuse for promiscuous kissing (and banqueting); but you can't put planks in the ship of State *a la* mistletoe. The crowd is beginning to realise this great truth. With absolute realisation, will come removal—of the mistletoe. You watch!

THERE are great times ahead of the friends of Aberystwith. Lord Charles Beresford has intimated to the local mayor, that on August 1 (bar accidents, of course), six battleships and one cruiser will visit the would-be capital of Wales, and will remain, there (again, bar accidents) until August 5. Thus, for four glorious days, the ships will be open to visitors, and the local municipal people are going to lay themselves out to give the Handy Men a right good time. To put the matter in colloquial language, "The mayor and corporation intend to spare no expense in making the visit an enjoyable one for the officers and crews," and now we are bemoaning the hard fate which debarred us from romping into the Navy at an age when the Admiralty was prepared to engage hands. At the moment—well, it isn't so easy to join the Navy as some would pretend to believe. If a good man ambles along, the inducement is insufficient to allure him to the gangway; if a man who isn't good wishes to bleed for his country in the accepted manner, and is willing to take the meagre payment that is offered—well, in that event, the Admiralty won't have him. Thus, between the two sets of conditions, things are anything but as they should be in the Navy. Still, the boys will have a good time at Aberystwith. Good, even supposing it is short?

WHY is it that most of the country's "cranks" ultimately have a run for their money at Cardiff? The city would appear to be the happy hunting ground for all the good souls who have sinister designs upon the pockets of the ratepayer, and the latest craze is to get the latter to appoint dental gentlemen to examine the teeth of school children. It is claimed that anything up to 96 per cent. of a given crowd of kiddies have "defective mouths," and if the spondulicks were thrown around as they should be, that percentage would be visibly affected. Quite so. The same thing applies with a number of noses. They get awfully red in winter, and mainly because the cuff of the infantile jacket is a bit rough. Why not agitate for a municipal supply of silk handkerchiefs for the bairns? In that event, the patient mothers of the kiddies could save up the "handkeys" until enough had been "made" to form a silk blouse. Some of the poor little mites, too, have sore feet. Couldn't the authorities be persuaded to supply different boots and slippers? Failing all these japes, why not insist on the fathers of the children doing with one "sleever" less *per diem*, the money to be used in defraying the costs of these individual responsibilities? These cranks make us tired. True, they don't really care unduly about the children. To think so would be absurd. The prime reason is to hoist some of their friends into corporation jobs—where the work is notoriously scamped.

DISARMAMENT is about, in great amounts! So much so, that Spain has decided to stretch her Naval Estimates into quite big proportions. This is as it should be, for by those means, the youthful heir to the Spanish throne will then find a decent show of shipping, when he ultimately comes into his own. Disarmament is right enough—in theory. It's also right enough as a pastime for discussion at a Mother's Meeting. But in real life—well, it's bunkum?

Again that Empire Day.

A FEW weeks ago, we reminded you about the approach of Empire Day. Once more we venture to write a few words on the same subject. We note that the Earl of Meath has been interesting himself on the approach of the day, and on the emblem which shall be used in connection therewith. So much so, that a London contemporary has been favoured with a letter on the subject, and although we do not set much store on the emblems and regalias of these affairs, we yet understand that to a number of minds, the outward insignia of authority is a great thing.

His Lordship already referred to, suggests that the flower chosen should obviously be a common one, and within the reach of the very poorest among us. For our part we are not so sure. Personal observation in many lands, has taught us to believe that the masses which will have to support the Empire when the real pinch comes, is somewhat averse to the cheap, and common. They mightn't have much money among them, but they are whole teams in making a struggle, if that struggle is shown to be worthy the making.

Oak-apples are cheap enough, and easily procured in season—or out; yet, we know of the endless japes which have been worked over the peculiarities of what is known as "oak-apple day?" Very well, then. If Empire Day is to be raised into something that is going to do what its founders hope, the blushing daisy isn't calculated to do it. Somehow, or other, we can hardly attach much "self-sacrifice" in the plucking of a daisy, and yet "self-sacrifice" is to be one of the watch-words of the Empire Day movement.

True, you find the gentle daisy in all parts of the world; in places as wide apart as North America and New Zealand, and on the hillsides of India. Because of this all-pervadingness, the daisy certainly teaches a fairly-obvious lesson. But is the lesson conclusive? Will the crowd attach any very great importance to an emblem which is so easily come-by? It is all very well to tell us that the daisy is botanically expressed as a unit of "a genus of plants belonging to the natural order 'Compositoe,'" but the vast number of good souls who will have to uphold the teachings of Empire Day, will not bother unduly about the botanical thusness of the emblem.

Mind you, the daisy does adapt itself readily to various climates and soils, exactly as does the British emigrant who is sacked from Woolwich Arsenal and is then advised to "get," so as to make room for the horde of objectionable aliens who are Governmentally welcomed with open arms. The simile might be a bit low down on the emigrant; but it is essential to keep in mind the grand heritage which Empire Day is meant to consolidate; and this being so, we are willing to oblige by every means in our power.

At the same time, we are quite willing to admit that the daisy isn't the only thing which will adapt itself to various climes and soils. Those aliens already referred to, have emphasised the fact that even if they leave the sunny (but somewhat hungry) shores of Italy, and come to Empire Dayed England—to say nothing of Wales and the other components of the United Kingdom (which term is used for facetiousness)—they can adapt themselves beautifully to the new conditions.

A little search will show you a sample engaged in running ice cream carts, roasted chestnut outfits, "shipping journals," forecastle jobs, and what not. Oh, dear, no, the adaptability is not at all confined to the daisy—nor to the Briton. Indeed, in these go-ahead days, it is possible to find such eminently tropical birds as parroquets naturalised and settled down (as continual nuisances) in Britain. All of which goes to show that there should be no scarcity of choice where an Empire Day emblem is concerned.

For our part, we feel that a daisy would be too humble, and inconspicuous, while a lovely green parroquet, on a yellow ground, would catch the eye of everybody. Why in some instances, the thing might pass for an eagle, exactly as it is doing in other Empire japes! And as long as the bird were kept out of close touch with the crowd, the delusion would continue. However, to please the Earl of Meath, we do not mind asking our readers to wear, on the twenty-fourth day of the present month—that is Empire Day, you know—a nice sample of the daisy.

If that wearing does no particular amount of good, it will do no harm, and it will also enable us to see who is patriotic enough to show his fellows that he does, at least, think of the greatness of the Empire under whose flag he lives, and slaves. True, we are exercised in mind as to how our seafaring friends will get an emblem or so among them. Daisies will not grow in the tops of the derrick-poles of commerce, and since quarter-galleries went out of fashion, the old man has had no time to cultivate window boxes in his sweat-box amidships.

And of course, it is necessary to work up a seagoing reminder that there is an Empire Day on tap. At the best of times, the seaman is an anointed growl—at least, he is a growl, supposing he hasn't been anointed, which, after all, is neither here nor there—and if you leave him out of the reckoning, where is Empire Day to come in, later on? Out of all the masses which linger, more or less, under the British flag, the sailor has most cause to be thankful. Having most cause, he should be enabled to find the necessary emblem on the 24th.

What's that? Why is the seaman so beautifully blessed? Gosh! Can't you see it? He has the best proof that it is a free land for which he works. He is slogging away, cheek by jowl, with anything that can say "God d——;" is on a par with any dago, whether he has paid six shillings towards the up-keep of the country or otherwise; and you can see that such a happening is cause for gratitude? We know British skippers who sail British ships, and who are also married men with families. They live in houses commensurate with their positions as full-blown shipmasters, support home industries, pay municipal rates, and imperial taxes—but haven't a word to say in the making of the laws which assess those taxes.

At the same time, they are being undercut by aliens who have paid that six shilling tax which enables them to pose as British subjects, and therefore, eligible for a certificate of competency. Those aliens are also married men, and fathers of families; they, too, pay municipal rates, and Imperial taxes—but not to a British institution. Oh, dear, no! They pay to der Vaterland, und mid der gold dot they skould vin from der Pritish schipowners, yah. Under the circumstances, then, can't you see that the British navigator needs an emblem?

Suppose you debar him from wearing that old emblem, what is going to happen? Why, his Nibs will surely forget that he is a Briton, and that he owes allegiance to the British flag; so—what are you going to do about it? We have no wish to be insistent, but still, we should like to know exactly what you reckon on doing. It is impossible to keep the Empire going without the Navigator; obviously he cannot depend on a full supply of daisies at any given moment; his gratitude for past and present mercies is an abounding affair: so—once more—what are you going to do about it? We could go on much farther, but, alas, we have used up the space given over to Empire Day on this occasion; so—for the third and last time—what *are* you you going to do about it?

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, MAY 24, 1907.

MANŒUVRES—OF SORTS.

WHEN the "naval expert" is short of a silly season subject, he is in the habit of writing japes concerning the comic opera state of the war fleet owned by one Abdul Hamid. The nation is assured that the Turkish Fleet is merely that in name; that it lays inside the snug security of the Golden Horn, in a glorious state of stripped-outness; and that, from time immemorial, the amiable pashas and bey effendi gentlemen, generally, have to "make" their wages out of pickings from the said "Fleet." In consequence, the engines of the combination have no brasses, or other movable parts; the guns are *in situ* with never a breech-block between them: the bunkers are empty; and the various ammunition magazines are in parlous (and depleted) state. Furthermore, the *personnel* of that same old "fleet" is about on a par with the *materiel* side of the undertaking, and thus it comes about that peculiar bits of navigation are to the fore, on the somewhat remote occasions when one of the vessels is allowed outside, to face a cold, unfeeling world. As an instance of the navigation indulged in on these occasions, we are given (with variations to suit individual cases) the old yarn about the Turkish skipper who was ordered to Malta. As was usual with his fraternity, he knew more about stripping movables from a warship, than he did of navigating the latter from one port to another, and acting on the private tip of a well-wisher, he essayed to follow a British tramp, also bound to Malta. That magnificent sample of British naval architecture was sedulously followed by the Turk, who ported and starboarded as circumstances seemed to warrant, and always with the tramp under the bow. Ultimately, both tramp and warship entered port, and when the medical officer came off, Mr. Turk asked if the good people at Malta were well and happy. "Dunno," tersely replied old Bolus. "Why?" asked Turk. "How should I know anything about the state of the health of the people of Malta—other than in a general way?" demanded the medico. "Well," said Turk, "you ought to know about the health of your own port. This is Malta, isn't it?" "I guess this is New York," proudly declared that medical officer, and the Turk collapsed. He then saw that he had been following the wrong steamer! His first chum had passed, like ships are supposed to do—in the night; and the next morning, the "navigating officer," not being a particular individual, had tailed on behind the first handy vessel that hove in sight. Very well. Let us leave the Turk, and look a bit closer aboard. We do not wish to suppose that the British Fleet is little better than the Turk's sample, for when all is said on the subject, there are different degrees of unpreparedness, even in war fleets. But that the British Fleet is anything but "Ready, aye, ready," the abandonment of this year's manœuvres would appear to demonstrate. A number of "experts" are inclined to the belief that the postponement of those manœuvres, is consequent on the number of quasi-derelicts which appear on the Navy List, and we have an idea that the belief has much to recommend it. At the same time, quasi-derelicts, alone, have not decided the authorities on this head. Of course, if those waiting-to-be-repaired-or-scrapped warships were ruthlessly thrust outside into the world, they would soon show their racketty condition, and that would be bad for the Economists—who do not Economise worth much. The poor old crocks would have to be tinkered up, and that would show remissness somewhere. But if they are nursed a bit, and the expected does happen this year—a change in Government, you know—then the successors will be saddled with a huge repair bill which might come in as party capital on another occasion. The Liberal gentlemen wish to save up as much work as possible for their successors, and that is one of the reasons why the country's ships will have no opportunity given them, to show what they could do, an' they would. From a professional politician's point of view, this is all very well; from the viewpoint of national safety, it is altogether different. Moreover, as it has been shown that warships render a very imperfect account of themselves in ordinary times, it is only fair to suppose that in Naval Manœuvres, the account rendered would be considerably worse? None of us forget the unholy mussing up which resulted in the affair of the *Montagu*. That splendid battleship was thrown away because her head man was tangled up in some very interesting bits of telegraphy. No one seems to realise that it would be far cheaper (and therefore more Economical) to carry out those wireless telegraphic tests through the help of non-Service men, and that when the tests had been safely worked up, it would be quite soon enough to instal the essential apparatus on board warships. Our modern liners carry very complete "wireless" installations; fit-outs which are commercial successes, and which give every satisfaction to all concerned; but who ever heard of a liner being lost through her Old Man fussing around with tests on this head? Nobody, of course. No, the giving up of this year's Naval Manœuvres needs some sort of explanation. The Navy costs "a power of money," and if it isn't good enough to be trusted out to take a hand at mimic warfare, then it will avail the country but little, when Mr. German believes that he has arrived at the doing stage. True, the efforts of the British Fleet last year was disappointing in the extreme. But then, nobody expected otherwise. At least, nobody that knew anything about the subject. As soon as the plan of campaign was made public, we undertook to prophesy the actual results, and as usual, our forecast was correct in every detail. Not because we are any smarter than our friends elsewhere. Rather because we are practical, and have no axe to grind in tootling to any given section. Having served a lifetime among the surroundings with which we are concerned to write, it necessarily follows that our strictures are even those suggested by practical experience. And thus it comes about, that what are supposed to be prophesies on our part, are really nothing at all of the sort. We give a practical opinion, and the bickerers around us wonder that our "prophetics" hit the nail so beautifully! In the foregoing, we have undertaken the forecast-business once again; have suggested that the powers that be will not carry out their proper mission, because they know that by so doing, a terribly big repair bill would result; while if the showing-up is held over until the Opposition of to-day is the Government of a few months hence, much party capital will be worked-up for future use. And in this connection, we have already remarked that there is need for no "nerves," when contemplating the action of the German Naval folk. All the same, there is a moral in that action, for when the German is employing his breathing time in working out a most elaborate series of Naval Manœuvres; is trying his level best to "tune up" his fleet, and to find out its weak spots with never a care for what anybody might think; is it not fair to say that the Premier Naval Power of the world should go one better? Instead of this, she is playing 'possum, and is affecting to show the world that her Fleet is so perfect, that manœuvres are entirely out of the question. In the interval, that world is indulging in a quiet smile, for does it not know of the nucleus crews, of the racketty crocks which await repairs, of the scarcity of suitable seamen both in the Navy and Mercantile Marine, etc., etc., *ad lib*? Certainly it does, and the only ones who are being fooled in the business, are just those persevering souls who put up the essential money—the British taxpayers.

A MEMORABLE STEAMER

ORIENT R.M.S. AS H.M.S. "OPHIR."

With reference to this vessel, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales said at Glasgow, in April, last :

" I may perhaps remind you that we made our long voyage of some 30,000 miles, in 1901, on board that splendid ship, the ' Ophir '."

H.M.S. "OPHIR"—DINING SALOON.

DINING SALOON WITH VIEW OF BAND LOFT.

"SATAN REPROVING SIN?"

TRULY are the ways of mankind of the "white" variety peculiar, although it has been suggested that such happenings may only be found among the Heathen Chinee! Why do we philosophise in this manner? Well, we are in receipt of a "circular" which convincingly shows that some literary bravo has been at work. The "circular" referred to carries neither name nor date: is one of those disgusting anonymous affairs which should raise the gorge of every honest man; and yet, in each line thereof, it attempts to boost the Mercantile Marine Service Association into a stained-glass window position, while it puts the Merchant Service Guild right out into the outer darkness, along with the wailers and the gnashers of teeth.

OF course, the patient reader need not be harassed in soul as to the inward interpretation of the bravo-like production. Especially if we reproduce its choiceness—which is writ sarkastic—herewith. Here, then, is a portion of the unnamed horror:

NAUTICAL MEN will be interested to learn that, with the retirement of Captain Moore, the question of fusion with the Mercantile Marine Service Association is being discussed by those supporters of the Merchant Service Guild who are awake to the illogical position which the latter body holds. For some time there has been a steadily growing feeling amongst Service Members that an amalgamation of interests would be eminently desirable . . . Admirers of the work of the Mercantile Marine Service Association cannot help but contrast the methods of the two Societies. In the Mercantile Marine Service Association we have a Corporate body under its own Charter, contained in a Special Act of Parliament with a properly drawn constitution, offering the best guarantee of a continuity of policy, and an absolute safety to the Association's property. (Heaven help it.)

In the "Guild" we have an unregistered Society, of no legal status, formed just as you would a cricket, tennis, or football club; a Society that cannot sue or be sued, but whose Rules, Bye-laws and constitution may be altered at the will of those controlling it.

Professing to speak on behalf of thousands of Shipmasters and Officers, the opinions given are those of the Chief Officials unconfirmed by the best views of its Members as represented in an experienced Council of Shipmasters such as we have in the Mercantile Marine Service Association. But to carry the contrast still further let us place the chief features of both Societies side by side:—

M. M. S. A.	M. S. G.
Incorporated under its own Royal Charter.	Unincorporated, unregistered, and of no Legal status.
Governed by a responsible Council elected by the Members	Governed by its officials and their supporters.
Subscriptions 21s. and 10s. 6d.	Subscriptions 25s. and 12s. 6d.
Benefits.—Legal Defence in all matters where Certificates are involved, and no restriction as to the amount of costs to be paid.	Legal Defence benefits, but restricted according to rules to £12 12s. in cases abroad.
A Nautical School, free to Members for study, Board of Trade Examinations, &c.	Nil.
A Benevolent Fund to assist unfortunate Members,	Nil.
Large Agencies for the relief of Widows, Pensions and Homes for Aged Mariners, Officers, Seamen and Widows of Seamen.	Nil.
A Provident Branch for Members.	Nil.
Cadet Ship H.M.S. "Conway" for training young Officers.	Nil.
Newsroom, Library, Smoking and Writing Rooms in Liverpool, also Branch Rooms in London and Glasgow.	Newsrooms and Offices in Liverpool only.
Some, hundreds of Members and Widows of Members in distressed circumstances granted small Pensions and other relief.	Nil.
Employment Bureau for Members. Hundreds yearly obtain berths thereby, and demand greater than supply.	Employment found to a limited extent.
A popular and useful Monthly Journal, giving much information to Members, and a medium for communicating their views.	A gazette appearing at irregular periods, filled with "Guild" communications and Officials' Views.
Fifty years' record of good work for the Mercantile Marine.	Fourteen years of cheap advertising of claims out of all proportion to the good accomplished.
Has always been on good terms with Kindred Societies, and heartily co-operated with them in all measures where unanimity was desirable.	Bitterly opposed to all other Societies.
All Accounts strictly audited by Chartered Accountants appointed by the Members.	Accounts audited by two Members without any special qualification for such work.

THERE you are, good sirs, and the words appearing at the head of this writing, occurs to us after reading the prattle which we have immortalised. There was more of it, but it contained so much forecastle-head objurgation—so much stuff unfitting to be viewed as the work of the supposed representatives of gentlemen—that we deny it a place in the unsullied pages of THE MARITIME REVIEW. And now, let us go through the claims of the unknown bravo, seriatim.

WHO is there, outside the ranks of the M.M.S.A. cabal that talks of amalgamation? Is there more than a few "light heads" who believe that to secede from the guild and enter the M.M.S.A. would be other than out of the frying pan into the fire? Coming down to actual fact in this matter, what has the association done for its members? Has it stemmed the tide of degeneracy which has brought the country to the brink of ruin through the dearth of officers?

WITH all its "own Royal Charter" dating from a time when the country had nothing of a mercantile marine worthy the name; with the remnants of the Marine Fund which was handed over to its care; with its impossibly insufficient annual subscription if anything tangible is to result; with its nautical school and cadet ship especially; is it worth the serious attention of latter-day seamen of any grade?

AND is not the whole undertaking in the hands of a few retired skippers, whose exertions generally are nullified by the old womanish tricks of a number of Solons who appear to be satisfied to sit and fiddle while their country burns? "Newsrooms, library, smoking and writing rooms, etc." forsooth! The executive officer cannot eat newsrooms, nor smoking rooms, and a library will not pay his board and lodgings.

LET us have a plain statement of fact in these matters, please. Personally, we are careless as to where the executive officer pins his faith; but we have a very pressing intention to see that, at least, he knows the sheep from the goats; that if he plumps either way, he shall have the truth of the situation before him as he plumps. If the M.M.S.A. is nautical, why doesn't it put a sailor into the secretarial position; throw out the old women who appear to be eating the vitals out of the undertaking; and instal modern men, possessed of modern ideas? Men who will not act as if with their departure from the sea, the last sailor left it.

ON receipt of the circular reproduced in part above, we wrote the secretary of the former "combination," seeking an explanation of the freak-thing. Naturally, we supposed that no one would be asinine enough to go to the expense of such a production without the support of the boomed "show." However, in reply, we were asked why we put the blame or otherwise of the production on to the M.M.S.A. Our answer was that we had traced the printer of the abortion reproduced herewith, and merely asked for a straight expression of fact on the matter. Do you wonder? Our seafaring friends may be silly, but they are surely not silly enough to follow the lead of a cowardly "circular" which is unsigned, undated, carries no printer's imprint, and yet "plumps solid" for the M.M.S.A.?

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WE have ever demonstrated the fact that we like to acknowledge talent, and that we are to be depended on to give it a run whenever we happen upon the thing. For that reason, we are giving you one of the chances of your lives, herewith, and so that you shall not miss it, we have dignified the effusion to a special position in the centre of this page. Don't forget that some of our contemporaries would charge quite a sum of money for such an advertisement; but we are not of that kind!

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No! When we get a good thing, we pass it on to our admirers—especially in "these days of keen competition and strenuous life" when "the various means of money-making are continually changing," what ho! As the touting circular further remarks, "in order to keep up with the times it behoves everybody to be alive to every new method." It does, too, and if this particular method isn't so very new, well, it dates back quite as far as the three-card trick.

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MOREOVER, you shouldn't forget that money, nowadays, is not made entirely by hard work. Successful speculation—of the Aster sort?—comes in as a boon and blessing sometimes; while sometimes, it doesn't? You see, you just pay your money and you take your choice—exactly as do these Aster gentlemen. And now, let us consider the classical aspect of the undertaking. "It is generally believed that to be successful at racing is purely a matter of good luck." But don't you believe any such silly thing. It isn't, for as our mentor remarks in his nicely-printed circular letter——

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WHAT does he remark—or they, as it is a "Co.?" Well, they assure us that "there is a science of numbers which the great philosopher Pythagoras asserted to be at the root of every mundane affair." And Thaggy was right, every time. Still, we don't believe that the same old sport wrote Numbers—not by a long chalk. That, however, is a detail. If Pythagoras didn't write Numbers, Aster and Co. wrote the circular which we are booming, and that is more to the point. Numbers is a sort of back-issue story, these days, and does not especially interest anybody outside of a theological college.

+ + +

Now, is there any truth in the claim of old Thaggy, that the science of numbers is at the root of every mundane event? We believe there is. Let us explain. If you put up your guinea per week to Aster and Co., we are of opinion that the science alluded to will give the worthy gentlemen mentioned, a two to one chance on keeping the money (or the major portion thereof). In view of the thick-typed claim that the Aster "expert" spots fifty per cent. of winners all through, that is our straight opinion. We are not to be drawn off with "recondite" yarns. We frankly believe that the winners are the good souls who have parted with their guineas to the circular people—if there are any such.

+ + +

INDEED, the whole matter is too recondite for us, as we are nearly sure that if we had pre-empted the services of this fifty per cent. man, we should pawn our under-vest and other articles of wearing apparel to keep him going, rather than pass his "snips" out at a guinea a week. That's how we feel about it, and if any of our friends should feel like a flutter, they need not fear that their money will be refused. We have a notion that if a would-be client sends along a guinea for a start and it is accompanied with a reference from his pastor, well, Aster and Co. won't be unduly searching in their inquiries.

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TURNING from the "recondite" into the real and dividend earning investment, let us briefly consider the accounts of the Cardiff Channel Dry Docks and Pontoon Company, Limited. As we are reproducing those accounts *in extenso*, we believe that little need be said on our part. We note that the directors recommend the payment of a further three-and-a-half per cent. (free of tax) on the ordinary shares, making six per cent. for the year. Also, that the carry forward for the ensuing year amounts to £41,301 1s. 10d.—truly a gratifying result at a time when business in the shiprepairing world has been anything but unduly brisk. Our congratulations to Mr. William Jones, the managing director of the Company, for the able manner in which he has marshalled a big combination into paying shape. Particularly, in view of the fact that quite a number of earnest "well-wishers" were dead certain that he would never do anything of the sort. Sometimes, the wish being father to the thought comes off; sometimes, it doesn't. This is surely one of the latter instances?

ASTER & CO.,

82, ———

——— W.

SIR,

In these days of keen competition and strenuous life, the various means of money-making are continually changing, and in order to keep up with the times it behoves everybody to be alive to every new method. Money is not made nowadays entirely by hard work, but also, and perhaps mostly, by successful speculation. Prominent among favourite mediums for securing profits with spare cash, the Turf is to be named as foremost in the list.

It is generally believed that to be successful at racing is purely a matter of good luck. This is not the case. There is a science of Numbers which the great philosopher Pythagoras asserted to be at the root of every mundane event.

We have secured the services of a past-master in this recondite science, and although he acknowledges to know nothing of racing, the results to date have shown no less than **50% of winners. This is our unique position.**

We are open to send a limited number of telegrams giving his daily selections for a subscription of ONE GUINEA per week.

We do not advise our clients as to the extent of their stake on any selection given, but recommend that a uniform amount be invested throughout.

All applications for the ensuing week must reach us not later than the first post of each Saturday morning, and, if not accepted, the money will be returned in full; but on no account do we undertake to execute commissions.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ASTER & CO.

THE CARDIFF CHANNEL DRY DOCKS AND PONTOON COMPANY, LIMITED.

CARDIFF, BARRY, NEWPORT, and SHARPNESS.

BALANCE SHEET, 30TH MARCH, 1907.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Authorised Capital:							By Freehold and Leasehold Dry Docks and Properties, Pontoon Buildings, Plant and Machinery at Cardiff, Barry, Newport, and Sharpness, including cost of Debenture Stock issue	370,120	3	6
17,500 Shares of £10 each	175,000	0	0				,, Loose Tools, Pneumatic Tools, Patterns, etc., as certified by the Managing Director	9,161	3	7
Issued:—							,, Stock of Materials, etc., as certified by Managing Director	13,569	8	11
15,000 Ordinary Shares, fully paid	150,000	0	0				,, Sundry Debtors and Outstandings, after provision for Doubtful Debts, as estimated by Managing Director	44,076	17	9
2,500 5% Cumulative Preference Shares, fully paid	25,000	0	0				,, Investments at Cost	846	17	6
				175,000	0	0	,, Cash and Bills in hand and at Bankers	24,915	16	0
,, First Mortgage 5% Debentures, as at 31st March, 1906	77,500	0	0							
Less Drawn Debentures paid off	2,500	0	0							
	75,000	0	0							
Interest accrued to-date, *less* Tax	593	15	0							
				75,593	15	0				
,, Second "B" Mortgage 5% Debentures, as at 31st March, 1906	30,000	0	0							
Interest accrued to date, *less* Tax	237	10	0							
				30,237	10	0				
,, 5% Debenture Stock, Authorised Issue	100,000	0	0							
Issued as at 31st March, 1906	80,000	0	0							
Less Stock cancelled	2,500	0	0							
	77,500	0	0							
Interest accrued to date, *less* Tax	613	10	10							
				78,113	10	10				
,, First Mortgage Debenture Redemption Account				25,000	0	0				
,, Reserve for Redemption of "B" Debentures				20,000	0	0				
,, 5% Debenture Stock Redemption Account				2,602	16	6				
,, Sundry Trade Creditors and Outstandings				9,592	13	4				
,, Profit and Loss Account:—Balance as per Account annexed				46,551	1	10				
Contingent Liability on Bills under discount, £27,283 2s. 0d.				£462,691	7	3		£462,691	7	3

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH MARCH, 1907.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Dividend on Ordinary Shares at 3% per annum free of Tax	4,500	0	0	By Balance brought forward from 31st March, 1906	37,853	1	7
,, Balance carried down	33,353	1	7				
	£37,853	1	7		£37,853	1	7
To Interim Dividend on Ordinary Shares, at 2½% per annum, paid 27th November, 1906, free of Tax	3,750	0	0	By Balance brought down	33,353	1	7
,, Dividend on Preference Shares for the year, *less* Tax	1,187	10	0	,, Nett Profit for the Year ending 30th March, 1907	18,135	10	3
,, Balance as per Balance Sheet	46,551	1	10				
	£51,488	11	10		£51,488	11	10

We certify that all our requirements as Auditors have been complied with.

We report to the Shareholders that we have examined the Books of the Company, and that the above Balance Sheet is, in our opinion, properly drawn up, so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by the books of the Company.

The freehold and leasehold properties remain at original cost, and no depreciation has been written off the Pontoon, the Buildings, Plant and Machinery, but all sums spent upon Maintenance and provision for the redemption of the First Mortgage Debentures and Debenture Stock have been charged before stating the nett profit for the year.

3, Frederick Place, E.C.,
16th May, 1907.

(Sgd.) PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

NAVY LEAGUE OR MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY?

IN our issue of last week, we considered at length, the circumstances surrounding the German Navy League, and its undoubted power for good as far as Germany is concerned. After our remarks were in print, the British copy of the same undertaking held its meeting—its big meeting, you understand; that of the "annual" persuasion—and trouble came therefrom. We have written "the British copy" and to our mind, the stricture is correct.

FOR when all is said, the "league" which, in some twelve years, can merely show a muster roll containing anything between "twenty and thirty thousand" members, has but little to recommend it. Again, the range in the declared membership is sufficiently large to emphasise the fact that as a serious undertaking, it amounts to but little? Indeed, and in our opinion, the "league" and the "guild" of which we have frequently written, are on a par.

As a snug little means of giving a living to certain favoured "officials," both concerns have potentialities: but as serious combinations of business-like or patriotic men—well, what do you think about it, yourselves? Confining these present remarks to the "league," you will remember that in comparing the British sample with that which is "made in Germany," all the points are in favour of the latter.

IT cannot well be otherwise, for where the precisely-stated membership of the German Navy League stands at 911,293, that of the British "league" contains "probably between twenty and thirty thousand enrolled members." Again, where the German affair is united, and is continually adding to its usefulness, the other arrangement is disunited, is more or less a travesty, and its increase is a negligible quantity.

FURTHERMORE, the British "league," albeit in existence for some twelve years, has yet failed to make its reason of being apparent to its membership. Naturally, then, we have to think that little other than mutual admiration will result therefrom in the future, even as has applied in the past. The "league" has a "constitution" and yet its members are so careless about the subject, that at this late date, they fill up their meetings with declarations of the "You're another" kind, while resignations fill the air!

THE plain issue would appear to be that the good old has-beens have been judged as inept, and the serious-minded among them advocate a "more active policy." In other words, a number of the members are beginning to feel that they are wasting time and money on a moribund concern; wish to put some real life into it; and the ancient contingent object to any such vandal work in their midst. Under those circumstances, resignations are bound to come about.

INDEED, we shall not be at all surprised to learn that, even as applies when a split in a chapel clique occurs, the go-ahead folk have gone off and started a "league" of their own. It's human nature, and as far as we can see, the existing "league" is filled with the trait. Anyhow, at the annual meeting on Wednesday last, an amendment was submitted for the purpose of advocating something resembling life in the erstwhile dry bones of the undertaking, and the Executive Committee—after the manner of their kind, generally—considered that such an amendment was a "reflection" on themselves.

PERSONALLY, we should think that the "reflection was a matter of congratulation. Isn't it about all that has been achieved to-date? Is there any other feature to the credit or otherwise of the said committee? And if not, why growl about achieving a reflection? And in any case, isn't the Navy league a reflection of something better on every count? Of what use is it for the twenty thousand patriots involved, to go mussing around after the fashion of a number of spoiled children? Or, for their Executive Committee to do so, for that matter.

WE note that "it may seem strange that such difference of opinion should not have manifested itself before now in an organisation which has been in existence for twelve years, and an investigation of the circumstances which have led up to the present dispute, if it can be so called, does not furnish a completely satisfactory explanation of the enigma." Of course, not. But why style it an enigma? There is nothing of the enigmatical in the thing, is there? Really, we mean, and without indulging in terminological inexactitudes?

LET us go farther with our quotation: "When it is stated, however, that the controversy is not altogether devoid of issues which wear a personal aspect, sufficient has been said to explain many things." Now, what is exactly meant by the foregoing? Is it that the "league," as such, is merely a cover for something else; are we to understand that portions, at least, of the Executive Committee are such glorified chunks of Satsuma-ware, that every piece of straight-forward and honest criticism is to be taken in the light of a "reflection;" or what are we to believe?

THAT the "reflections" are well-merited, quite a number of well-wishers of the "league" are prepared to state. To-date, what is the precise amount of good which the "league" has manufactured? Is there any such an amount? Outside of the decent salaries supplied to its more-or-less permanent officials, that is? Naturally, it is meritorious to supply those salaries, even supposing a similar—or even a greater—amount of good could be supplied for half the money.

HOWEVER, the movers of the waking-up amendment (also their supporters) have already expressed an intention to go on in their endeavours to infuse some little show of life in "league" affairs; moreover, they count on the support of the majority of the membership, once those latter are "fully apprised of the situation." This, once more reminds us of the "guild" affair. The membership, there, will clear the decks, once they become "fully apprised of the situation."

BUT in connection with either, who is going to carry out the "apprise" act? In connection with "guild" tricks, we are doing yeoman service; will it devolve upon us to enact the rôle of "fairy godfather" to this so-called "league?" In connection with the latter, it is claimed that a majority of its Executive Committee maintain that its work is educational, rather than critical. If this is really the case, it has a fine chance ahead of it, for it will assuredly find that the said education is like charity, in that it should begin at home.

ON the other hand, the minority in that Executive Committee claim that the country cannot be educated on Naval matters, without being told of Naval needs. But when all is said, has the country evidenced any overwhelming desire to be educated as to the Navy or its needs, or is this precious "league" merely a lash-up consisting of a number of self-advertising busy-bodies who are in search of a hobby which shall kill two birds with one stone, so to speak? Supply a hobby, and advertise—gratuitously—the riders thereof. As a serious and actual Navy League, we maintain that the existing combination has little to recommend it.

PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 22, 1907.*

THERE are times when the hollownesses of life appear to the poor coal scribe in greatly accentuated form. This is one of them. "Is that coal report ready?" says he-who-must-be-obeyed, and instead of being "ready," the blessed thing isn't commenced! Who can write a coal screed at a time like the present? And having written it, who is going to read it?

COAL, forsooth! Why every second man we met on 'Change, was spreading himself about the Whitsun "holidays," and about the crass neglectfulness of Providence, in turning things climatorial about in such a disgustingly disappointing manner. Easter like summer, and Whitsuntide—six weeks later into the summer—like winter. Don't talk holidays to the coal man.

IF you do, he'll begin asking why in thunder the law is asinine enough to force a general holiday on the public, at a time when catarrh and influenza is wandering around in quite big groups; when a big coal fire is preferable to a stroll in the bosky dells of the story book; and when, by all the signs and tokens, the British workman needs to put his back into some real, strenuous work, if he would affect some little semblance of keeping himself warm.

HOLIDAYS! There was a cessation from work, of course, and everybody tried to stuff everybody else that each was having a good time. The stuffing was a failure, for if you have a preternaturally-red nose (brought on by a "cold" in the head), and speak in a snuffling tone of voice, you cannot well persuade a friend that you are having a really good time. Can you, now?

TONNAGE? There was quite enough of it about to satisfy those with an interest therein—which wouldn't work up into a great number. Ships! Who cares about the arrival—or non-arrival—of tonnage, when the thermometer is suggesting heavy overcoats and motor caps with ear-flaps, when one had hoped to flip around in summer flannels and Panama's of different grades and prices. (From three-and-six to three guineas!)

PRICES? In actual figures, you will get them in subjoined schedule, but even then, they are a delusion and a snare, and are merely intended to show you what would have been done, if people could have forgotten the cold snap, and its attendant miseries. Why, the courting was "off," altogether, for it would take a lot of superinduced feeling to rise above the cold of Monday, for instance; and when a man is debarred from his proper share of holiday frivolling, he isn't unduly keen on returning to his daily grind, during the same week.

ANYHOW, he hasn't done so, for he has come back to business feeling that he has been defrauded of his proper rights, and when he feels like that, the case is hopeless. Things might be better next week. We hope they will be. For our part, we should like to give all hands another Whitsun holiday next Monday. The weather might be sultry then! You never know, and for our part, we aren't going to pretend to give you anything more about coal, or holidays, or tonnage, or anything else, just now.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	17s 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 0d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.			
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	16s. 9d., 17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.			
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.			
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.			
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 3d	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.			
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.			
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.			
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.			
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d	14s. 6d			
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.			
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.			
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.			
Seconds ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 0d.			
Best Newport ...	10s. 6d	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.			
Seconds ...	10s. 0d	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.			
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 0d	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d			
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.			
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.			
Ordinary ...	26s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.			
Furnace Coke ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.			
Patent Fuel ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.			
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 3d.			

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 22, 1907.*

AT the time of writing there is little of a market left here to report upon, business, as elsewhere, being about *nil*, the holiday feeling being generally prevalent. At the close of last week, prices were left pretty firm throughout, shipments having been brisk, but nevertheless nothing exceptional.

WITH the bulk of collieries stems are fairly comfortable both for the remainder of this and next month, so that when work is properly resumed, there is not likely to be much change in the actual values, which have been steadily maintained of late, and certainly do not tend in a downward direction. In fact, here and there, higher figures are being asked for forward shipment, but there is a reluctance on the part of buyers to operate on anything beyond immediate requirements, sufficient unto the day, etc., being their motto.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—				HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.	QUOTATIONS ONLY NOMINAL.
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 6d.			
Seconds do. ...	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.			
3ig Vein Large ...	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.			
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.			
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.			
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 0d	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 0d.			
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.			
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 6d.	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.			
Duff ...	6s. 0d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.			
Patent Fuel:—	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.			
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 0d.	18s 3d.	18s. 3d			
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 0d	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.			
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d			
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.			

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :–

Week Ending, May 20, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot. loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Singapore, *Amberton,* 10s. 6d.
Massowah, *Bassa,* 10s.
Haida Pasha, *Minterne,* 6s. 6d.
Parana, *Agnes,* 20s. 150.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Guardiana,* 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Kelvindale, 14s. 6d.
Sabang, *Hillglen,* (Private terms).
Las Palmas or Teneriffe, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 7s. 4½d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Rugbeian,* 6,000 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Virent, 6s.
Genoa, *Polymitis,* 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Castlegarth, 3,600 tons, 8s.
Savona or Leghorn, *Meraggio,* 3,300 tons, 8s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Farringford,* 4,400 tons, 6s. 700.
Venice, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Constantinople, *Trefusis,* 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.
Palermo, *Savona,* 1,850 tons, 8s.
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,750 tons, 8s. 3d.
Glenmore, 2,400 tons, 9s. coal, 10s. fuel, ppt. (s).
Leghorn, *Powis,* 2,500 tons, 8s. spot.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 8s. ppt.
Naples, *Bushmills,* 3,500 tons, max. 7s. 3d. 800.
Syra, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6s. 4½d. 800.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Bjorn, 1,750 tons, 5s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

Charente, *Lemnos,* 1,100 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Rosehill,* 2,100 tons, 5·87½ fcs. (N).
Chantenay, *Castleford,* 6 fcs. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Cherbourg, *Hurricane,* 300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Echo,* 500 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
London, *Ancient Briton,* 4s. 3d. (P.T.).
Pembroke, *Pebble,* 500 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Pyrope, 500 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Sheerness, *Greenhill,* 2,000 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Great Yarmouth, *Progress,* 460 tons, 4s. 6d. f.d. (s).
Londonderry, *The Marquis,* 440 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Rotterdam, *Mazeppa,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Maywood,* 1,550 tons, 6s. (s).
G. N. Wilkinson, 900 tons, 6s. (s).
Clonlee, 1,400 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Eleanor, 720 tons, 6s. (s).
Honfleur, *Ouse,* 950 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Brest, *Carn Brea,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Dieppe, *British Empire,* 600 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
St. Malo, *Vanessa,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d. option Havre, same rate, (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Almeria,* 2,900 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Deerhound, 2,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Belgica, 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Forest, 2,200 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Newport, *Pomaron,* 892 n, 4s. 4d.

ORIENT ROYAL MAIL STEAMER "OPHIR" IN COMMERCIAL GUISE.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 9, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

272A/06—TIBBITS—***Improvements in and relating to sectional hooks for use in connection with harness, shipping tackle, hauling tackle and the like.***

This invention relates to safety hooks, and has for its object ease of attachment and detachment. The hook is made in two parts with a central pivot, and has half crews. When the hook is opened by turning it on its pivot, the end link of a chain can be passed through openings in each half of the hook which thus has the end link threaded into its lower half. The end link of a chain can also be connected to the upper crew by passing the link under the one half of the upper crew and then under the other half, so that the pulling strain constantly tends to hold the two halves together.

9030/06—GLOYSTEIN—***Apparatus for recording signals given by a ship's engine-room telegraph and for recording the motion of the propeller in connection therewith.***

This invention relates to apparatus for recording automatically any engine orders on steam ships together with the exact time when the order was received and when it was executed. The apparatus consists of a drum rotated by a clock and at the same time moved sideways, carrying a blank sheet provided with divisions for hours, minutes and seconds. Below the drum is a printing apparatus influenced by the ship's telegraph and causing an impression on the sheet on each successive command. At the same time by the revolution of the engine impulses are conducted into a second recording apparatus for the verification of the execution of the orders, the dies of this apparatus being so arranged by the side of the dies printing the commands that the characters are printed side by side on the record sheet.

9603/06—INGERSOLL RAND CO.—***Improvements in coal cutting machines.***

The object of this invention is to provide an automatic governor for coal cutting machines which are operated by reciprocating columns of air, whereby the strokes of the piston when the cutter is not striking coal may be reduced. The cylinder of the cutting machine is connected by flexible air tubes to the cylinder of an air presser driven by an electric motor. The governor consists of a plunger working in a cylinder and having a spring yieldingly holding the plunger in position thus leaving the main front port open. A port leads from the front of the work cylinder to the front of the plunger whereby the excessive forward movement of the piston will cause the air to force the plunger back into position to close the main front port, and thus reduce the supply of air to the piston.

11666/06—KATTNER—***Improvements in apparatus for steering ships.***

This invention relates to a steering apparatus for ships in which by the deflection of a compass needle forming a contact of an electric circuit the current is closed upon a motor operating the steering engine, which is started in one direction or the other according to the deflection of the needle. According to this invention the compass needle is hollow and consists of two steel shells soldered together, and having wings for damping the oscillations of the needle. The needle casing is filled with a buoyant liquid which enables the weight of the needle to be increased. Upon one of the points of the needle is provided a contact device consisting of two forks mounted on an insulating handle. Upon the deflection of the needle these forks come into contact with contact pieces provided in the wall of the casing connected to conductors leading to a relay in the engine room to which high power conductors are connected, for the operating motor of the steering engine, in such a manner that the motor may be started in either direction by the relay, moving the rudder to right or left.

18,376/06—GRANT—***Improvements in ship's and analagous telegraphic apparatus.***

This invention relates to that class of apparatus for communicating between one part of a ship and another in which the transmission of orders is effected by means of shafts and toothed gearing. According to this invention provision is made for the transmission of two sets of orders within one structure. The transmitter carries two actuating wheels, and two sets of bevel wheels and transmission shafting. Driven by this shafting are two pointers working on two dials marked with the orders. The pointers are adapted to be moved suddenly from one order to another by means of "Geneva stop" mechanism, which receives only a fractional amount of the movement of the actuating wheel spindle.

These applications for patents, are until June 15, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on May 15, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending June 15.

Class 4—Including coal.

YOULA—285,167—Raw or partly prepared animal and vegetable fibres, included in this class. William Youlten, 158, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, Architect.—8th August, 1906.

DALLINETTE—287,893—Deutsche Gluhstoff-Gesellschaft. M.B.H. a company incorporated under the German law. 46, Plauenischestrasse, Lobtau, Dresden, and 27, Milton Street, London, E.C.—November 14th, 1906. (To be associated Sec. 24).

Class 8—Including Nautical Instruments.

The device of two enlarged Z's crossing at an angle of 45 degrees.

291,652—All goods included in this class. Societe Anonyme Le Carbone, a Joint Stock Company, organized under the Laws of France, 12-33, Rue de Lorraine, Levallois-Perret, (Seine) near Paris, France; Manufacturers.—March 26th, 1907. Address for Service in the United Kingdom is c/o Haseltine, Lake & Co., 7 and 8, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

DICTAPHONE—291,808—Philosophical instruments, Scientific Instruments, and apparatus for useful purposes. Instruments and apparatus for teaching. Columbia Phonograph Company General (incorporated under the laws of the State of West Virginia, U.S.A.), Tribune Buildings, Nassau Street, New York; and 65 and 66, Oxford Street, London, W.; Manufacturers.—April 3rd, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

CANDIDE ET SECURE

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 172. FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1907. Threepence.

THE CALIFORNIAN SPARRING MATCH!

THE WORLD LOOKS ON, AND WONDERS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—The Californian Sparring Match	33
Maritime Murmurs	34
Jubilant Miners' Agents!	37
"The Economists" and Naval "Secrets"	38
No Case—Curse!	39
The German Critic	40
Peeps from a Norway Cruise	41
The Dearth of Seamen	43
The Wingless Petrel	44
Peeps in Welsh Coal Land	45
Cardiff (and other) Coal	46
Coal Freights and Fixtures	47
Patents and Trade Marks	48

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

"First she would, and then she wouldn't, then she smiled and said—she'd like to!" is the variant of an old song which occurs to us with regard to Herr Ballin's lovely advertisement for the Hamburg-America line of steamers. Lovely free advertisement, you understand, and when the question as to whether that German steamer line will or will not sail out of Liverpool is definitely settled, quite a number of people who had never previously heard of the Teutonic steamers, will be quite *au fait* to some of their latent beauties. One day, the world is treated to a "rumour." Herr Ballin has bought up the Liverpool dock system. Again, he hasn't bought it. Has only advanced a few million marks for the purpose of enabling the Dicky Sam to dredge out his river, to set its banks back a few hundred yards, and to purchase new uniforms and megaphones for its dock officials. Then the "advance" yarn is off. A contingent of Hamburg-Americanism is to sail from the Mersey, so as to show the blighted Britisher how these things should be managed, on real up-to-date lines. No, it isn't. The gentleman meant nothing at all of the sort, and the whole tale is just a *ballin d'essai;* a will you, won't you, and things of that sort!

So the merry game goes on, and now, we are solemnly assured that there is nothing in it; that Mr. Ballin has merely awakened from an afternoon *siesta;* has said to his pals, "Let's do something. Something really clever, I mean. In fact, we are about to quit fooling, and start sailing steamers all over the world;" and as a matter of course, Liverpool must be the port of departure. Anybody should be able to see that if it is intended to do something really worthy the name, then, Liverpool must be in it. 'Twas ever thus, and whether it is a case of particular cuts from the harness cask; a suit of regulation blue serge for pilots; the pensioning off of a number of strenuous workers who have spoofed another number of gulls of thousands of their hard-earned money—well, you have to go to Liverpool. Liverpool is a great place, and we don't care who knows it. Herr Ballin realises the fact, and so there might be some truth in the latest tale to the effect that—for a start—there is to be no regular line sailing between the Mersey and New York; that Messrs. MacIver are simply the agents to the Hamburg-America line which isn't going to run "direct" from the Mersey; and heaven knows how many japes of a similar character. So far, so good, and one yarn is good enough until another is heard.

The next tale assures the world that the Teutonic company will put on four steamers for a start, and if anybody dare say a word against the statement, then, the truth is not in them. The *Central News* people know all about it, and if Mr. Ballin imagines that he is going to snook through on the sly, well, he is up against the real thing, for once in his life. True, the names of the four vessels are not yet definitely settled, but rumour hath it that they are the *Faith, Hope, Wouldcome,* and *D'yethinkwewill.* That's good enough for us. We are on with that last rumour, even supposing that but two will be German vessels, while the others will be chartered by Messrs. MacIver. Moreover, it is freely stated that while the latter gentlemen have gained whole heaps of experience in the Atlantic trade through their connection with the Cunard Company, Mr. Ballin is by no means anxious to obtain a lien thereon for nothing. Not at all, and as a proof thereof, he has made the MacIvers a splendid offer. So splendid, in point of fact, that we are half inclined to believe that the inducement to thus sell a portion of their country's traffic, will be unpassable. Why do we think thus? Mainly because the new "agents" are reported as sure that Liverpool will gain much from the new service.

You mightn't have noticed it, but when the native of any country is about to sell his services to the native of any other country, he is humanly bound to attempt to kid himself with the belief that his own country will assuredly gain much from the contemplated sale. It's human nature, and we ever plunk our money on that particular trait. Personally, we believed that the whole Hamburg-America tale was bunkum of the barmiest kind, until we read that the about-to-be agents for the alien were of the publicly-expressed opinion that the deal would be good for Liverpool. Then, sirs, we considered that the game was all over save shouting—and you'll find it is even so. We aren't inclined so to do, but if we were to sell our pen for the purpose of backing up the efforts of a foreigner,

we should certainly start out with the pretended belief that our action would be for the ultimate benefit of our Motherland. You see, we should have certain qualms of conscience about it, and to ease them, should embark upon a stuffing séance. If we were vehement enough, we should, in time, persuade our fellow countrymen of our *bona fides;* after that, conviction would remain with us. True, some of the cavilling brood might declare that after the said conviction, should come punishment—fifteen years, say; but what then?

LIVERPOOL has lost its old prestige. Nothing remains but that it should be the happy hunting ground of the alien steamer owner. Sad, and pitiful? You might be inclined to ask why the MacIver patriots are represented as saying that their latest effort will be for the advantage of Liverpool? If so, the thing might be placed in the proverbial nutshell. The Mersey port has recently lost four of its White Star boats: threats of further loss are in the air. But leaving out the threatened losses—and which will probably materialise at an early date—the contemplated four Teutonic arrangements will even up the White Star loss, so there you are. Besides, the German is merely looking upon this as a start. Once let him become used to the situation; find that his presence is accepted as a bringer of wealth; pal in with the cosmopolitan crowd which looks upon Liverpool as a short cut to wealth; and what, think you, will happen? Well, broadly speaking, the invasion of 1910 will be an accomplished fact. Germany will own the Mersey. And the blessing will have been brought about without firing a gun, or wounding a man—other than in his *amour propre.* Haven't we frequently assured you that the Briton merely understands a biff in the neck as an act of war? That he cannot understand—in spite of his free education—that there are more ways than one for killing a cat, or ruining a shipping industry? Well then, this is one of the proofs of our oft-repeated contention. Being so, we leave this latest phase of invasive effort.

POOR old *Dreadnought!* What with troublesome rudders; propellers of the wrong pitch: accidents which transpire and about which nobody seems to know very much; her case would certainly appear hard? And yet she is the vessel which has put all the naval authorities the world over, by the ears! They all want their *Dreadnoughts,* and like the historical boy of soap fame, they won't be happy till they get them. True, they will attempt to profit by the Briton's pioneer work as usual. That is one of the reasons why a merciful providence allows Britain to survive! The dear old spot is a perpetual training ground for the naval experts of the world, and the whole training is carried out at the expense of the British taxpayer. One of these odd afternoons, we shall hear of an expert asking seriously why a third propeller is supplied. Items of this character dawn on the mind of the expert but slowly. A heaven-sent genius dreams a dream about propellers. The twin variety does good work, what is wrong with supplying three, at three different points in the submerged portion of the hull? Nothing, is there, so three propellers are fitted and the ship is a success—aye, an unqualified success, at that. Reminds us of an episode which occurred in America, and at a time when three propellers were somewhat uncommon.

'TWAS like this. A tramp steamer was repairing at Cramp's yard in Philadelphia, and on a certain Sunday morning her mate was indulging in a tour of inspection over the closed works. On his travels, he happened upon one of the head officials of the yard, and they exchanged views as to things maritime. Later on, they seeshayed along to examine the external beauties of the *Columbia* then approaching completion in the Cramp establishment. The warship in question was supposed to be a "commerce destroyer," and the wags of the buildery had nicknamed her "the pirate." In addition to a number of other up-to-date notions, "the pirate" was fitted with three propellers. Two away up in her run—one on each side—and the third in the place where one would expect to find a propeller, in a properly constructed, and decently well-behaved vessel. That was alright, and the American friend asked the opinion of the British sailor thereon. After craning his neck in an attempt to look up to where the pirate's quarter galleries might have been, that mate said: "I don't see them." "See what?" demanded the Yank. "Why, the pumps, of course," said the mate. "Pumps?" queried the Yank. "Why in thunder do you expect to find pumps in the round of the stern where you are looking?"

"WELL," said the mate, "if you haven't pumps up there, how are you going to get the water into that third propeller. I'd like to know? You have a wing propeller, so to speak, throwing the water out from the ship on each side. That means that the propeller which is in amidships will, at the best, have nothing but broken water in which to revolve. Won't that be a terrible waste of good power." Somehow or other, this little item had not appealed to the official in question, for he commenced to rub his chin in a somewhat meditative manner. After a while, he said: "Well, it don't matter in the least. That warship is built on Navy Yard plans. It has nothing to do with us as to the sense or otherwise of neglecting to fit the suggested pumps. You may be sure that the vessel will exceed her contract speed over the measured mile, and thus earn for us our bonus, what? For the rest—well, hang it." Needless to say, "the pirate" did exceed her contract speed, and earned a thumping big bonus for her builders. Also, she was fitted with the three propellers right enough, and had no pumps with which to give the after propeller its dose of water. This is, of course, a non-engineering consideration of the matter, but we have often wondered what would happen, if a kindly providence had seen fit to strip off that third propeller while the vessel was on passage?

WE have it recorded that when a propeller was first placed on a steamer, sheer accident proved that a shortened blade was more efficient than the longer one originally supplied. In other words, the vessel lost a chunk of propeller, and incontinently went faster than ever before in her existence. The same feature has occurred in our own experience. We remember one old crock which came home from Malta in quicker time than ever before, although she had lost the whole of one blade, and appreciable pieces off the others. The thought occurs to us, that if *Dreadnought,* for instance—but there, of what use is it to wonder. *Dreadnought* has only two screws, and double balanced rudders. The latter are giving her any amount of trouble, and if the experts at Portsmouth would take our tip in future efforts this way, they would stick to the old, tried, and trusted methods of fitting up a warship. In that case, their mechanical offspring mightn't be so prone to come to grief; would not be docked only to find that pieces of an elliptical rudder had bashed a hole in her bottom; an accident of which nobody seems to be at all aware. Why is it? Is it because there is no need for log-book flogging in the Navy? If a similar accident had happened to a tramp steamer, we are willing to lay odds that all hands would have known how it happened—aye and would have a lovely fairy tale ready to cover it up with! Other times, other manners—same thing applies to other places.

If the good souls who prattle of disarmaments and paper agreements to respect each other's heads and necks wish to get hold of a high-class object lesson as to the futility of their tactics, they need look no further than California—the place where all the gold used to come from. Some months ago, there was a boil-over there in connection with (it was pretended) the wishes of the Japanese residents to have permission to send their kiddies to the white man's schools. Rumours of dire war were about in consequence, and the President had to put his foot down in pretty good shape, before the malcontents would realise that they were riding for trouble of about the worst kind. In the end, a treaty was worked up, and the amiable Jap was to be given human treatment—seeing that he asked for no more. Everybody appeared to be satisfied with the winding-up of the episode, and if the Jap, himself, had any doubts about the solidity of the understanding, he—as usual—kept it to himself, and went on with his strenuous work of annexing a moderate living. That was all very nice, and lasted for about three months. At the end of that time, another boil-over became due, and eventuated.

The rising on this occasion, is all the more serious, because it is in direct opposition to all sense, reason, and previous agreements. The mob in America, is no more sensible, or better conducted, than is the mob elsewhere. Besides, they have had a fairly-extended experience with Chinamen, and somehow or other confuse the two nations—Chinese and Japanese—together. If the hobos who started the late riots had any knowledge of life outside the pale of their own immediate surroundings, they would understand that you cannot choke-off a Jap, with the same facility which applies with a Chinaman. For the matter of that, the latter is becoming educated up to Western ideas, and has a strong predilection to kick over the traces, providing you attempt to keep these too high. Anyhow, the Japanese know that, in California, they are anything but *persona grata*; and although the recent riots are simply of the trade variety, the American rioters should be taught—as early as possible—that their country long since passed out of the mining camp stage; that Deadwood Dick's do not fit into the picture, at present; and that the peace and prosperity of a whole continent must not be imperilled, merely to satisfy the ungovernable fury of a crowd of hobos. The survival of the fittest will apply in America, as elsewhere.

Under the circumstances, then, it would be ever so much better if the workers of the Pacific slope ports would attempt to bring their own ability in front of that of the Jap, instead of aiming at maiming the sojourner in their midst, simply because he is, on their own showing, a better man. And in view of the fact that he is a better man, isn't it somewhat suicidal to commence haggling and hurting him by sheer force of numbers? The Jap is prepared for most of the hard knocks of fate, that shall be meted out as time passes. For instance, he wouldn't be surprised to find the door banged, bolted, busted, blarneyed (say, what was the parroquet's alliteration?), or what not, in his face—the American door, you understand. And if the Yank can get away with it, he is foolish not to bang that door. But it should be remembered that there is a vast difference between banging the door to keep out what are, later on, described as intruders; and maiming those who found asylum in your midst at a time before the intrusion was definitely decided on. So much difference, in point of fact, that unless other tactics are followed, there will be a bitter awakening at no very remote period.

After all, there is nothing very new in the peculiarity which makes one strain at a gnat, even while swallowing a camel, and thus it comes about that one need not set very much store by the South African language dispute. The Deitchers are keen on seeing their language placed on equal terms with that of the all-conquering Briton; the latter do not seem to care unduly as to which of the "bats" get the pull. But when it is remembered that before the advent of the English language (and incidentally the Englishman, of course) into South Africa, the place was little better than a howling wilderness—well, you can see the point? The Deitcher is similar to a number of good souls here, locally. They don't mind using the English language for purposes of roping in what they would never have otherwise gained—wealth; but after knock-off time, they wish to plume themselves on Welsh, alone. So is it in South Africa. The Deitchers deign to use the despised English for the gathering in of wealth, and for the reason that it is the world's commercial language; but for social, and political purposes, the Taal, alone, is to be considered *au fait*. After all, it won't much matter in the end. Allegorically, the English language is of the nature of the kine one reads about in Scripture.

That is to say, it is a lean and hungry language, and has been made up—right down the ages—of pieces of practically every other language under the sun. Under those circumstances, then, it is matter for no surprise to note that when it finds itself in opposition to a nice, easy-going affair, in talk, it will eat the latter right up! That is what will happen in South Africa. The Africander's Mr. Steyn might save his breath when urging his compatriots to "bestir themselves to obtain equality of language." The fates are against any such successful bestirring, and it can't be done. In the end, the language of South Africa will be English, and seeing that the fact is indubitable, sane business men should give over struggling after a chimera; should accept the inevitable, even as they accept the Englishman's gold—with an open hand, and without any mental reservation. The nations of the world have been beguiling themselves over that African gold question, too. Without stopping to think, they assert that South Africa supplies the world (and incidentally, the United Kingdom) with gold. At the same time, facts are indicative of an altogether different rendering, and when the figures are studied, the gold which goes into South Africa from the country which is also supplying the language there, is immeasurably superior in amount, to all the gold which comes out of the same district.

Writing of gold, too, reminds us of the newest scheme for easing the old country of its superfluous cash, in as far as Australia is concerned. A twenty-two horse power genius is endeavouring to work out a scheme which shall provide a trans-Australian railroad. An arrangement which shall traverse the island continent from south to north—or vice versâ. The new idea is going to open up heaven-knows-how-many-millions of acres of good grazing land, to say nothing of the minerals which lay scattered around in heaps. As per usual, the father at home, is to be tapped so that his son away may make a pile. True, he promises to give the old man a five per cent. dividend on the money raised, even while he, himself, romps off with the ninety-five per cent. 'Twas ever thus, and it is open to believe that the old man will anté up, even as he has done in times past. Poor old man! Bled to-day, and "sassed" tomorrow. Yet he takes it all as his share of the cares of Empire. True, as yet, the scheme hasn't gone beyond the embryo stage, but when really high-class financiers smell the possibilities of millions that are easily earned—well, what will you? Do you suppose that the idea will be abandoned? It won't, you'll find.

JUBILANT MINERS' AGENTS!

THE "big advance" has materialised, and the amiable colliers are to have the 11¼ per cent. rise demanded by their representatives. As a natural result, coal, is going to be "dear" for the next few months. We can quite understand that there was "genuine rejoicing among the workers in the South Wales and Monmouthshire coalfield when the news spread," and no doubt a number of the good souls are inwardly blessing Viscount St. Aldwyn, the independent chairman.

In fact, the chairman's action in this connection, should go far to stave off the evil day that is foretold for the House of Lords! We have an idea that no mere commoner would have had pluck enough to grant the colossal rise of 11¼ per cent., so the action of his lordship should count in favour of his brother peers. The mere fact that the jubilations are so "genuine," is inclined to make the outsider imagine that the men had but little faith in their own cause. When a number of men feel that they are asking only what is right and just, they do not develop swelled-head on receiving their demands. Do they, now?

We can quite understand the natural jubilation that would follow on receiving a sovereign, when half-a-crown only, should be the correct amount handed over; but why, in reality, are the colliers jubilant? Are they "genuinely rejoiced," or is the feature solely the copyright of the agents who have engineered the thing? In connection with the latter, we can understand the joy. The successful raising of wages will make their jobs secure for a further spell, and for anything which depends upon the approbation of the mob, such a security is worth a jubilating period.

Some few paragraphs back, we remarked that because of the rise in wages, coal would be "dear" for the next few months, and we do not wish to be misunderstood in that connection. We quite realise that the rise in price is supposed to be the factor on which the rise in wage is based, and that under the circumstances, the price is already up as high as it should go. But all the same, it isn't. The price will go on mounting—if one may judge the future by the evidences of the past—for with the rise in wages, will come a falling off in work; and when work is only so-so, production is the same.

With production only so-so, coal supplies are scarce, and when coal is scarce, that is the time to expect dear coal. The gentle miner will merely work for hours that are long enough to admit of his carrying home the same old wage. In the majority of instances, he daren't do otherwise, for when a collier is known to be swooping in the shekels to any abnormal extent, he is bound to receive the careful attention of his home-made tyrants. Thus, if the collier merely earns the same amount of weekly wage with prices "up," it naturally follows that he will win coal for his employers, at 11¼ per cent. of the volume which applied before the rise.

Just you watch, and see if we are not true prophets. We have no interest in the matter, one way or another, and merely write as past experience has taught us. The collier who aims at making hay while the sun shines, is to be watched by all concerned. If the bigger wages are squandered in the nearest "pub," well and good; and if the surplus amount is used up in "treating" the tired contingent—well and better. But Dai mustn't attempt to pose as a bloated capitalist, not he.

In that event, he might suddenly evince a desire to blossom out as a miners' agent, and that, kind sirs, is supposed to be a close borough for the present occupants of the position. No new blood dare aspire at an agent's job, and that's a fact. Indeed, and when possible, the business is hereditary—passes from father to son, and if the duping continues for long enough, the grandson might, ultimately, find himself in the cult.

Therefore, if with the rise in wages, a given collier attempts to put his little bit away for a rainy day, and thus risks getting into the position that is known as independent—well, you can see for yourselves that trouble is bound to eventuate? Independency, would make a man look down on the comparatively independent agent, and such action may never be countenanced. No, sirs, there must be no independency in the ranks of the worker. It is against nature.

Time was, that the miner depended on his employer, and all things considered, he had a fairly decent time. Decent, that is, in comparison with the conditions ruling in other trades and labour stages. In a strong (or otherwise) moment, he listened to the words of the beguiler; transferred his allegiance to the agent gentlemen—the go-betweens; and the latter are altogether too "fly" to take any risks of a return to the employer. You take that from us. Dai has to be a servant to somebody, and as the miners' agents now have his loyalty (or the appearance thereof, *plus* the weekly dole, which is more to the point), it stands to reason that the employer must have no chances given him.

However, the rise in wage is the biggest on record since the institution of the Conciliation Board, and now stands at 52½ per cent. above the standard of 1879, while it is 22½ per cent. above the minimum fixed by the Conciliation Board's agreement. A careful perusal of the arguments do not add much enlightenment to the results. It is simply a case of taking the whole arrangement on trust, and believing—keeping on believing! The agents—we beg their pardon, the workmen's representatives—talked learnedly of "factors" in the settlement, and his lordship appeared to be impressed thereby.

Needless to say, there was the usual tangle of selling prices to be waded through, as some of the owners get one price for their commodity and others get a higher or lower rate—but most of them will have to pay the same price for labour, which is one of the beauties of conciliation, you know. Of course, the employers could not see any reason why the rise should go above 7½ per cent.; but what can a coalowner possibly know about the business of coal selling! The whole contention was absurd in the extreme, what?

As a set off, the independent chairman suggested that in future cases, it would be well for both sides to leave to him the decision as to how he should manipulate the cards as between the contestants. The suggestion was ruled off, however, as any such innovation was against the constitution of the Conciliation Board. Still, one never knows how these little affairs might work out in the end, so we are not bothering therewith.

The main point to remember is that coal will go up, for output will be beautifully restricted now that Dai is receiving an alleged increase in wage. The increase is there right enough—for the actual time worked; but you'll find that Dai will seldom work a full week—unless he is of the universal benefactor kind of human being. The circumstances under which he is placed will not admit of any such thing. Still, you are not bound to take our word for all this. You have another course open, and, as already advised—just you watch.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1907.

"THE ECONOMISTS" AND NAVAL "SECRETS."

ONE of the pretty conceits which have been wrapped around the present Government, is that which pretends that it is an economical affair, and thus when we see them going out of their way to "give away Naval secrets," consternation is about in quite big amounts! In some quarters, that is to say, although personally, we do not constern worth a cent. Times out of number we have assured you that there are no Naval secrets either in connection with the British Fleet, or with that of either of its rivals. Secrets in the matter of construction, that is to say. There are any number of secrets as to the manner in which the nation's warships are muddled along from the ways to the scrap-heap; but when it comes down to the building and equipment of any of the vessels, well, the foreigner knows exactly as much about our warships as we know about his. In other words, there is a ready sale for all shipbuilding tips, and seeing that the demand is in existence, you may take it for granted that the supply is thereafter. Some little time ago, the Admiralty worked off a *Dreadnought*, and she was fatuously supposed to be the last word in seagoing fighting excellence. She was the parallel ruler with which Britannia was going to definitely and conclusively rule the waves, so all hands were exhorted to throw up their caps, to shriek "Rule Britannia," to dance the can-can, and then go home, secure in the knowledge that no cheap and relatively inconsequent alien could ever hope to possess a *Dreadnought*. For "reasons of policy," the British Parliamentarian was denied a description of this "last word in warship construction," and he, loyal soul, took it all for granted. Very well. That was in the dim vistas of the past—six months ago, say. On Monday last, and although the Parliamentarian is still mussed up with an ignorance brought about for "reasons of policy," four members of the French Naval Commission were allowed to cast their orbs across the beauties of *Dreadnought*, and in a preliminary canter so to speak, our staid old contemporary, *Shipping Gazette*, had something to say about the foolishness of the then contemplated visit. After prattling more or less entertainingly about naval construction secrets, "Grandmamma" feelingly declared: "Not for a moment do we suggest that our French friends should be denied particulars of the *Dreadnought*. But if it ever was sound policy to keep the details . . . secret, it is surely the essence of folly to sanction this visit." Whatever is the dear old critter driving at? First of all declare that it wouldn't "for a moment" deny the French friend those particulars, and then gravely remarked that such action is the essence of folly! Will *Shipping Gazette* thus approve of tricks which, in its opinion, are made up from the said essence? Of course, all this flapdoodle is beside the question. Nay, is ridiculous, in view of actual happenings. For instance, America makes no secret of the fact that she is building "improved" *Dreadnoughts*; Italy, a few days ago, nibbled at a Bill which aims at granting the needful for the building of three such warships; in fact, the maritime world appears to have gone mad over the Dreadnought-question. So much so, that our amiable rivals in Germany are busy at the old undertaking, so why shouldn't international courtesy provide for a walk around on the part of the French Naval Commissioners? However, if we are to attach any importance to the garbled accounts which are going the 'round of the ha'penny papers, then, not only is the British Empire in parlous state over this *Dreadnought* epidemic, for our copiers abroad will sup sorrow with the same spoon, so to put it. For instance, London's *Daily Express*, taking *Shipping Gazette's* remarks already quoted as the essential hiatus, indulges in a lovely exposé of the fatuousness of the whole business! Everybody—at this late stage in its history—should realise the value of *Express* as a shipping authority, so when it says: "The remarkable fact is, however, that the *Dreadnought* has not yet entered the harbour where she is supposed to be stationed, and where the moorings have been ready for her for some time, and people who were willing at first to take the Admiralty at their word, are beginning to wonder whether they have been hoodwinked." Yea, lor'! Those people have been hoodwinked, right enough, although we shouldn't care to say that the bluff was exactly after the fashion stated by *Express*. Still, the latter is kind enough to admit that the said hoodwinking is only apparent; that, in fact, the Admiralty cannot help itself! Going off into the bookmaking business, this latest shipping authority gravely gives the odds as a hundred to one, that if *Dreadnought* attempted to enter Sheerness harbour, she would run aground. That's into them, isn't it? But then, it isn't the harbour that is at fault, for great battleships and cruisers go in and out of it every day! Yes, and although the entrance thereto is "rather difficult," so that vessels negotiating that same harbour, must do so at a speed that is never in excess of eight knots. Look at that, now! Won't somebody tell poor *Express* that in connection with the majority of colliers that carry fuel for the Sheerness depôt, eight knots is their greatest ability in movement? Of course, it is a bit unkind to compare the *Dreadnought* with a cheap and nasty collier, for if the speed of that much-talked-off battleship were "reduced to eight knots, she would become absolutely unmanageable. Her rudders have no effect at such a speed." What's that? Makes you weep to think a pushing unit of Britain's Fourth Estate can work off such absolute balderdash? Why should you weep? Hasn't the silly season commenced, and may not *Express* have a chip in at the business usual at that time? Anyhow, you can take it from the ha'porth, that when the alleged battleship's speed is around-about eight knots per hour, her "rudders" have no effect. This being so, of what use is it for Uncle Sam, the Italian friend, Germany—and the rest of the world—to go in for new *Dreadnought's*? How many rudders has the vessel? Go on! Don't ask us. We aren't shipping "experts." Practical seamen and navigators are we. Nothing more. But so far, we haven't told you the half of the vessel's peculiarities. She is presently in dock at Portsmouth, "nominally having new propellors fitted." You see, and according to our educating friend, she couldn't "keep station," on her last attempt at accompanying the Home Fleet, when her conduct was reported as "abominable." When her not-so-much-cracked-up consorts could turn "completely round" in a circle of less than 500yds. diameter, Mr. Blessed-Dreadnought needed a circle running into more than 800yds., and something has to be done about it, yes! Besides, this ship which all the nations want to copy, has a nasty habit of getting on the centre, so to speak. We know, because *Express* gravely assures the world that "when the great ship has the port engine going ahead, and the starboard engine astern—a condition which brings an ordinary vessel round in the least time—she came to a dead stop." Good heavens, and such absolute piffle as this is tagged on to a screed from *Shipping Gazette*! Men, dear, don't put your money on a vessel of this kind, and as the Admiralty cannot help themselves, and as it isn't Sheerness harbour which is at fault; as the grog on the vessel is probably no stronger than on other warships, and as all this innate wickedness must be blamed on to somebody—then, whose fault is it? As stated, 'tisn't the Admiralty's, 'tisn't Sheerness's, certainly 'tisn't the fault of the *Express*, while the builders emphasised the fact that they could turn out good workmanship, so—who?

NO CASE—CURSE !

THE axiom has been handed down from time immemorial, that if engaged in a dispute and you haven't a leg to stand on, it is a good policy to abuse the winner. It's cheap; satisfying—if you are built that way; and anyhow, will never give you a broken head, and for the simple reason that the winner is generally inclined to the magnanimous side of the consideration. The foregoing is usually ranked in with stuff which ambles along under the guise of "dead knowledge." But it is good, all the same.

GOOD, and examples that emphasise the truth thereof are as plentiful as blackberries in September. Consider the case of that gentleman who has been nick-named "The Pot-Boy," by a London contemporary. Personally, we consider it rude to label a real Parliamentary hand in any such a two-cent. manner. Some eighteen months ago, our own private christener worked up a far better name for the great Mr. Churchill; a name which commenced with "p," and which was also allitterative, and double-barrelled.

THE latter feature was out of a desire to compliment the other gentlemen who give the poor scribe double trouble when writing their names, and we mention the fact, just by the way. But reverting to that "p" idea, we named the gentleman in question, the "Parliamentary Parroquet," and under the conditions applying, we submit that ours is the more appropriate title. You see, the great difference between a parrot and a parroquet is this: the former, by virtue of his greater size, is a commanding sort of bird, and if you are patient with his training, he *will* talk.

BY talk, we do not mean that he will work off a catch phrase, in season and out, and by so doing, make you wonder if the ash-box wouldn't be the better place for your ornithological specimen. No! A proper parrot will acquire quite a vocabulary, and he'll vary his old japes, according to the manner in which he is fed. But the parroquet—in addition to being green and inappreciable in size—will merely prattle. You may never hope to make a parroquet talk, in manner which applies with a genuine parrot.

The 'quet will try to be garrulous, but his repertoire of linguistic gems will be scant in the extreme. Of course, if you teach him a "cuss word," he will croak it out in a forceful manner, and if the bird is out of sight, you might be inclined to think that you are listening to a real parrot. But when you get a sight of the bird—well, you'll laugh, and later on, will go away admitting that there are things in heaven and earth, undreamed of in your philosophy! We traded in parroquets, in the halcyon days of our youth. That is mainly why we know quite a lot about their idiosyncracies.

WHAT's that? We are a long time getting down to a consideration of Mr. Churchill? Suppose we are. This is summer, and although the weather is anything but mild, that is no reason why we should be actuated by the weather? We are mild, on this occasion. Moreover, we have just come in from having a yarn with a Yankee friend of ours, who is across here, intent to "do" Europe. After expatiating on the beauties of the English climate for a brief spell, our Yankee friend remarked: "Queer critter, that Mr. Kur-Kill of yours?"

FOR a moment, we were "out" of it. Mr. Cur-kill! We hadn't a Mr. Cur-kill, and said so, in no uncertain manner. The members of our staff are respectable men, and they bear respectable names. If fate had been unkind enough to unload upon our charity, a man with any such a name, well, at the best, we should have had him shanghaied—at the worst, we should have buried him. There are no half-measures with us. Been too long at sea for anything of the sort. Of course, if we were running a dime museum, we might have different ideas: but we aren't running a dime museum, not us; and we don't care who knows about it.

HOWEVER, we were willing to discuss the matter with the Yank—if only for old time's sake. With that idea in front of us, we inquired why the said Mr. Kur-Kill was a queer critter. That was where we got it! Placing a newspaper cutting before us in a most aggressive manner, our Yankee friend said "Read that!" Being willing to oblige, we read. At the first try, we read it to ourselves, but the action didn't suit our friend. Said he: "Read it out, strong, old ship. I'd like to hear how it sounds in somebody else's voice."

BEING thus adjured, we read as follows: "We have to confront a most powerful and a most unscrupulous newspaper organisation, which day by day circulates many thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of copies at a time—" "Stop," yelled our Yankee friend. "I want you to explain. Do you reckon it a most powerful organisation, if it only circulates many thousands, or even hundreds of thousands, of copies daily? Is that the best you can get out of your Mr. Kur-Kill?"

THIS was getting terrible. Our friend evidently imagined that because we are British, we have to take the responsibility of every bit of political prattle which is thrown around on the breeze. We firmly informed the gentlemen that we had nothing to do with such parroquet-like assertions; assured him that the tale was more or less bunkum: and that it merely came in to fill a void, and to help a would-be orator to exercise his throat muscles. All the same, we had become interested, and wished to read on for our own information.

UNDER the circumstances, we skimmed along over the puerile piffle, and saw that, according to this Mr. Churchill, that the "most powerful . . . newspaper organisation, which . . . circulates many thousands, even hundreds of thousands of copies at a time," also "perverts the truth, misrepresents every action and every motive of his Majesty's Government, and seeks to produce by the basest methods (who said 'Chinese Slavery?'), a reaction against Liberalism in all parts of the United Kingdom." Well, well! It's awful, isn't it? But won't somebody keep Mr. Churchill from giving his case away in this highly reprehensible manner?

THAT "reaction against Liberalism" is about in quite big amounts—if we are allowed to judge by the few, scattered, portents? But what is precisely meant by "every action and every motive of his Majesty's Government?" In view of the overwhelming opinion that is around us, we are prone to believe that it would be impossible to misrepresent those actions, and those motives. Principally for the reason that nobody is in a position to name any action or motive, and you may not misrepresent what doesn't exist. Indeed, this is the trouble. The man in the street is becoming tired of the "much cry and little wool" which surrounds these good souls who were put into power with a record majority.

THAT same man in the street is tired of cry; he wants wool. Wanting—with a very big want—he is rapidly coming to the belief that if this country is to do other than mark time, he must set about putting a new crew on the national ship. Talk, of course, is cheap. But you cannot run the British Empire on talk—not even if it emanates from a metaphorical parliamentary parroquet. In plain language, the country is tired of terminological inexactitudes. As a curtain-raiser, they are good enough, and put the audience into a good humour. But when the curtain is "up," and the audience is settled for real business, they expect a return for their money. In this instance, no such return is possible, so—having no case, the actors "cuss."

THE GERMAN CRITIC.

THE Kaiser's friend, Herr Ballin (we aren't giving any more free advertisements this week, please) has again been posing as the critic of the British Mercantile Marine and its second-rate tramps. Truth compels us to admit that, in the main, the Teutonic mentor is right when he remarks: 'The British ships consist for the most part of second-rate tramps, constructed of the cheapest material, and steaming only at the slowest speed."

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the vast majority of Britain's maritime supremacy is of the kind suggested, but even so, there is a crumb of comfort in the business. You see, the remaining portion of really high-class liners is considerably larger than the whole of the German Mercantile Marine added together—tramps and liners. And it shouldn't be overlooked that Mr. Ballin's compatriots own about as choice a lot of nautical freaks, as may be found anywhere on earth, under one flag.

OF course, the mere fact that Germany coddles up a number of fifth-rate tramp steamers—many of which had their blossom rubbed off while under the British flag—is no reason to say that Britain has no "second-rate tramps." They are about, right enough, and, as a truthful statement, will stand. Moreover, Mr. Ballin hasn't been troubling himself anent German crocks. He has been attempting to take some of the conceit out of the Briton.

UNDER the circumstances, then, isn't it just as well to admit facts, and having admitted them, set about an alteration? But Mr. Ballin didn't confine himself to disparaging remarks about our tramp steamers. Not he! While he was out upon the candid critical lay, he surveyed the whole of the undertaking which has spot-barred him from doing altogether as he pleased. For instance, he appears to have eased himself of the following weighty pronouncement: "In my opinion, every highly developed country should be content with those lines of steamers for which there is a natural demand."

NATURALLY, the gentleman worked off the latter statement, what time he had a naughty little twinkle in his eye! He didn't really believe it, or he would see the absurdity of his own action in connection therewith. Time was, that there was never a "natural demand" for a German liner. As far as that goes, there is no such natural demand at the moment, for all the demand that is about herein, has been worked up with the help of all kinds of meretricious advertisement—including beggar-my-neighbour rate wars.

HAD matters maritime been allowed to pursue the natural demand idea, there would not be one German liner afloat to-day, and that is a fact that may not be successfully gainsaid. However, let's get on with our consideration of Mr. Ballin's fit of liver. Here's a contradiction to the foregoing quotation: "The British nation acted on this principle (natural demand, you know) for many years, and achieved her greatest success." Yes, there is no getting away from the fact that Protection in England makes the foreign competitor ratty! This is a fair sample.

CONTINUING, Mr. Ballin remarked that, "It is only a few years since England abandoned her old-established methods, partly owing to fear of a gigantic shipping trust created by Americans, and partly owing to resentment at the progress made by the German mercantile marine in the trans-Atlantic shipping trade." Quite so, and it is only out of fear as to what Germany might be inclined to do, that the British nation keeps a colossal war-fleet in commission. If Germany were not so "strenuous" in her endeavours to create a "natural demand" for her goods, the world would be ever so much nicer a place!

YES! Protection at home is sticking in the throats of those German patriots, and the fact is amply evidenced in the following: "The British Government would probably reject any proposal to sacrifice several millions sterling per annum to establish an express train service of unprecedented speed between London and Edinburgh." Of course it would, Mr. Ballin, and we are astounded to note that such an astute individual as you are popularly reputed to be, should be so ill-advised as to give yourself away in this manner.

As far as the express train service is concerned, there is only the competition of brother Britons to fear, and this country invariably tries to act towards its own, on the assumption that the better man should win. If a German company should succeed in getting its feet into the competition between Edinburgh and London, you may bet your boots that the so-called subvention would be in evidence for the support of the home company. Like it happened on the Atlantic, you know, and the happening which appears to be making you bilious, Mr. Ballin!

GETTING away from the express train service notion, our critic continues, "Nevertheless, Great Britain considers it advisable to sacrifice many millions (they aren't sacrificed, Mr. Ballin, as long as you can be persuaded to let yourself go in this peculiar manner) yearly, in support of two ships in the service between Liverpool and New York, whose speed enables them to outstrip the liners of the Norddeutscher Lloyd and Hamburg-America by one knot per hour" and thereby completely gives himself away!

YOU see, those wickedly-subventioned Cunarders are nearing the stage when they are expected to win back the Blue Ribbon of the Atlantic. Because of the "natural demand" for really fast British ships, Mr. Ballin is afraid that his own boats will be left to pine in more or less cheap and soulful solitude; Germany's "reply" to *Mauretania* and her chum may not be heard for quite a time; and when the "reply" is worked up, the speed might not be all that is desired—and there you are!

YET a number of good souls in our midst, will affect to see no good in Protection. To our mind, Mr. Ballin has given the British public quite the best object lesson which, to-date, it has received. The leaders of the Tariff Reform Mission should copy out the Ballinesque flapdoodle, and scatter it broadcast throughout the land. As educative matter, it takes a lot of beating. With the near approach of the Cunard "cracks," something has to be done for Germany.

AT the same time, we are inclined to believe that a number of attempts better than this obviously splenetic one from Mr. Ballin, could have been engineered. To the present moment, we had quite a respect for the critical gentleman, and believed that he was about as "downy" as even a German made them. We shall have to reconsider our old-time beliefs, for when an astute man imagines that the best way to bolster up his own declining cause, is by belittling the absolute supremacy of his rival—well, we aren't going to put our money on such men.

THIS, too, is open to several styles of interpretation: "Experience shows that highly subventioned companies of all nations have never been able to earn profits." Some of 'em have paid the profits nevertheless, supposing they didn't earn them? And others—well if they didn't earn the profits themselves, they stopped alien rivals from earning them at the native's expense. Poor Mr. Ballin! Another idol of our youth developing clay feet! Let us leave it, or we shall certainly be moved to tears, and we have a rooted objection to anything of the kind.

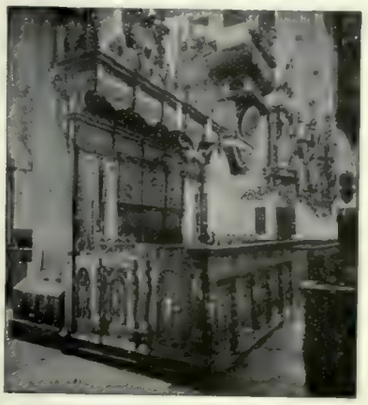
Peeps from a Norway Cruise

(ON THE ORIENT STEAM YACHT "OPHIR.")

Fjærland Fjord.

Næs.

H.M.S. "Ophir."—Duchess's Sitting Room.



Burgomaster's Stall.

Soen Lake, Nord Fjord.

On the road to Lands.

Odda.

Geiranger Fjord.

Nærö Fjord.

H.M.S. "Ophir."—Duke's Sitting Room.

"The Seven Sisters," Geiranger.

The Cathedral, Copenhagen.

Ralhhaus, Lübeck.

THE DEARTH OF SEAMEN.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have commented on the agitating side of the present scarcity of seamen. Let us now handle the real cause of the trouble, and size-up the actual causes which allow the agitator to rake in a living. While discussing this affair, an up-town contemporary says: "There is, at present, rather a dearth of seamen, owing to the engagement of a considerable number of men for the German liners."

As far as the statement goes, it is right enough, but it stops short at the very point where elucidation is necessary. There is always a dearth of seamen, and without bothering with a German strike. For the matter of that, the German strike is merely calling back the German sailors who erstwhile left those liners for the purpose of winning more money under the British flag.

TRUE, an occasional foreigner (Britons among the number) is to be found in the gang which is being deported to Hamburg; but the vast majority are Germans, and next thereto Scandinavians, who have sailed in German ships. To a limited extent, this German strike, then, is depleting the stock of available seamen. At the same time, it is in no wise responsible for the shortage which is rapidly becoming chronic in the home ports.

AMERICA, with her newest attempt to work up a mercantile marine, is largely responsible for the shortage of seamen at home, seeing that, scenting better terms and plentiful opportunities of employment, our own flesh and blood will naturally go off to a country where their own language is spoken; and where matters maritime are much on a par with those obtaining here. In the meantime, the manning difficulty is ever becoming greater at home, and instead of facing the trouble (which is no trumped-up affair) most of those with the greatest interest therein, are inclined to hedge.

THUS it comes about that when the agitator looks around him, he is able to seize the opportunity with which he has had nothing to do in the making; and with specious tales to a number of ignorant men, is in a position to pose as the heaven-sent ameliorator of the seafaring profession. In reality, the shipowner, while decrying those specious tales, is about the greatest friend the agitator has. We do not wish it to be inferred that the shipowner does this on purpose. He doesn't. He has too much sense for that, although not enough to enable him to realise that everybody's business, usually ends up by becoming nobody's.

FOR the past ten years, the stock of navigators and seamen has gradually been allowed to dwindle down, until at the moment, the shortage constitutes quite the gravest danger with which the nation is confronted. Now, to obviate all this danger, what, precisely has been done? Has anything much more important than a number of mutual admiration meetings been held? Has any really important shipowner attempted to tackle the subject, in a manner calculated to give heart to his weaker brethren?

No, on each count. True, prattlings as to the establishment of training ships have been indulged in; nonsensical schemes as to food have been formulated; compensation for accident has been provided: and several other wet-nursey arrangements have been bruited about. But does anyone honestly put faith in these abortive plans? Certainly not. How is it possible? For while the different schemes have been put into working shape, the dearth of men has increased.

TIME was, that the country could depend, more or less, on the alien brigade; but even that is becoming a worked-out theme; and foreigners are nearly as scarce as Britons. In the interval, the "union" on the one hand, and the Federation on the other, are doing all in their power to accentuate the difficulty, presumably, because with the passing of that difficulty, would also pass their means of livelihood. In other words, if there were no difficulty, the industry would be neither cursed nor blessed with the machinations of either "union," or Federation.

IT has been demonstrated that training ships are merely a trifling with the situation, for it is impossible to keep trained brains at the presently ridiculous price offered therefor. It was bad enough in the old days, and before the alleged philanthropist had undertaken to train seagoing brains. Bad enough, because at that time, the brains that were about rapidly grew to a realisation of the impossibility of the conditions. And when those same brains had been educated, trained, what you will, they saw with half a glance, that none but idiots remained at sea.

SEEING, they continued on the training ship for long enough to admit of their becoming educated sufficiently to enter into a shore job—but no longer. Of course, the officials of these "training" dodges are loud in their protestations of a sublime use for their lads. It may not well be otherwise, in view of the fact that the said officials are earning a splendid living therefrom. But then, if the country is merely intent on giving those officials a living, the thing can be done much cheaper than now applies.

Is there any sense in equipping an expensive training ship; in employing a staff to navigate her and to instruct the trained lads; to pay port charges: victualling bills; and the thousand-and-one items which transpire in these affairs; and so that a secretary and a few clerks might be enabled to mop up salaries ranging from £400, downwards? Wouldn't it be far better to undertake to pay those salaries, and save the costs of the "training" ships? Everybody knows that the ships are merely an excuse for the shore-end of the organisation; but even so, the excuse could be manipulated at considerably less cost.

THEN, again, food quiffs are faked-up—but for what purpose? There are but few dependable seamen left at sea, and their number is rapidly becoming less. Why, then, fuss around for a menu which will never be used and with which there is so much disappointing uncertainty? Contrary to the teachings of the cookery book, these clever people undertake to cook their metaphorical rabbit before they have succeeded in catching it? Wouldn't it be better to first secure a sufficient stock of seamen, and then attempt to keep them?

CERTAINLY, it would! the same thing applies with this much-talked-of compensation for accident. The powers that be first drive practically all their own countrymen on shore in disgust, and then, seeing that their places are filled, more or less, with the aliens, they fake up a compensation scheme, and stuff each other and the world with the pretence that, in this fashion, the sea will be made more attractive to the men who have left it for ever!

WHEN all is said, what Briton cares unduly whether the foreigner is compensated or otherwise? He is about all that is left in the British tramp; is a soul-less sort of animal; and if he meets with accident—well, let him do as his betters have hitherto done; put up with it. Summing the matter up, the philanthropist is keen on bettering all conditions save those of the men who are in need of the betterment. If the insurance premium which is necessary to cover compensation had been distributed among the men in wages (letting them act as if they were men and not children and thus keep out of harm's way), the first step towards the removal of the dearth of seamen would have been taken. As things are ———!

THE WINGLESS PETREL.

LIKE the poor-rate, that wingless parasite which has been contemptuously-named Mother Carey's Chicken is ever with us. His dodges are as old as the hills, for there is absolutely no originality about him ; and we have ever considered it a bit rough on the innocent little petrel, to associate with its strenuous workings for a living, the meandering tactics of the lungy and seldom pleasing-looking agitator.

HOWEVER, it is an admitted fact that it takes all sorts to make up a world, so it is highly probable that the Meandering Mikes among us, will continue for quite a while, even supposing they are not with us to the end of time. We remarked above, that the agitators' wiles are as old as the hills. Let us particularize a little, in which event we shall probably convince you that we write of subjects with which we are acquainted, and with which we have had a personal concern.

IN the year 1890—seventeen years ago, that is—Cardiff was treated to the same old hash-me-goose in connection with sailors' wages, as is obtaining here as we write. That is to say, the same old agitating "friend of the seaman" was about with practically the same old tale, and the only difference in the arrangement is, that the alleged "sailors" are a different set. In other words, it has taken seventeen years for natural conditions to wipe out the old set of "whales," and bring in another set ready for the manipulating hand of the agitator who finds in them his chief (if not his only) means of livelihood.

As far as we can see, there is only one bit of brightness in the situation, and it would appear to be made up of the probability that when another seventeen years have drifted along into the *ewigkeit*, there will be a new set of seamen, and a new bunch of agitators. By that time, the latter will have gone to join the former—if the industry has any luck—and with the infusion of new blood in the agitating profession, the world of that time might reasonably expect to be treated to something new. It's a bit cloying, you know, to have the same old japes worked up for one's especial benefit, year after year, and decade after decade.

FOR instance, seventeen years ago, one Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson marshalled his mob at the bottom of Bute Street ; harangued them ; waved his saintly umbrella in their grimy faces ; wobbled about on the "union" chair at Cory's Corner ; and after getting them into a stage that was one degree hotter than normal blood heat ; the worthy (or otherwise) agitator marched the mob up Butey Roadey. We were there—among the unemployed. Ships were temporarily tied up, so having nothing better to do, we "followed the gang."

HALF-WAY up Butey Roadey—there or thereabout, and we passed the same house ten minutes ago—the great "gineral" shouted "halt," and the mob halted. With a severe look upon his more or less speaking countenance, the Wielder-of-the-Umbrella advanced to the door of that unfortunate boarding-house (for that is what the house was and is) and imperiously demanded the giving-up of a "shcallywag" who was said to be there, in hiding. But lo, there was no "shcallywag!" Merely the boarding-missus with a babe in her arms!

THAT was disconcerting, so the "gineral" marched his "min" to the Docks, once more. Again came in an argument, and the boys were assured that if they held out, they could easily enforce a wage romping into £6 per month. "Pickets" ramped around the docks, we (among the crowd) were assured that if we didn't join the certificated-officers branch of the "union" we should be eternally lost; some of us joined ; others of us were made to join by the owners who were backboneless ; others of us, again, sternly commanded those "picket" gentlemen to go to—well, to Cork is good enough for this occasion, although if our memory serves us right, that wasn't the exact word used. But what's in a name? Nothing! Very well.

THE "trouble" continued for about five weeks—three weeks in an acute form, and the remainder of the time, in a dilettante manner. Ships signed-on in the Roads where "pickets" (unless web-footed) came not, and the British Mercantile Marine received its first real influx of Continental wastrels who posed as sailors. That is about the sum-total of the "good" brought off for the seaman by his friend Joseph Havelock Wilson. As a set-off to the Wilson gang, a Shipping Federation was started and rose to power ; and we are wondering if there is anything occult between the present agitation, and the indubitable dropping-away of that same Federation?

THE latter concern is soon to give up its alleged "benefit," and we have been wondering what reason for a continued halfpenny-per-ton will then be offered by Federation. Indeed, we have been shaking hands with ourselves, over the possibility of an early winding-up of that Federation, and are wondering now, if the "sailors' agitation" will give it a new lease of life, and why? We have been told, ere this, that there are things in heaven and earth undreamed of in our philosophies, but do not subscribe to any belief therein too quickly.

WE have grown old enough to know that every effect has a cause, and seeing that 'Aavelock's seventeen-years'-sleep ends with a period in which the Shipping Federation is in parlous state, what are we to think? Like all other professions, agitators should be loyal to their own cloth, and an agitator is that whether he is employed by the owners, or merely by the rag-tail-and-bobtail which invades this country from every foreign scrap-heap. Isn't that so, good people? It isn't clothes which makes or mars an agitator, is it, now?

Par exemple, if a man decks himself out in a silk hat over an immaculate frock coat, and harangues a mob of "officials" similarly garbed ; and if the outcome of the harangue is a decision to make all hands join "our union" or starve ; is Mr. Top-Hat any less an agitator than another fellow who thunders from the wobbly eminence of a hire-purchase chair ; who anathematises in 'longshore-sailor-talk the "wicked owner" and shouts at the finish: "Boys, if you hang out for it, you can easily get £6 per month?" Of course, not, for there are matters of degree (and respectability) even in professional agitating.

AGAIN, what difference is there in the professional *status* of the twain, when one receives a definite salary for his agitating, and the other mops up all the subscriptions which might come along, with never an account rendered, or a word said as to where the money has gone? Considered from a "smart business" point of view, the latter methods would appear to be most satisfying? Still, the alien mob which is presently *en fete* at the Docks, is assured that it may reasonably hope to sign-on for £6 per month—if it holds out for long enough. Later on, we presume, the British public will be "touched," for the wherewithal to help those aliens to "hold out."

IF so, we sincerely hope that our fellow-citizens will not forget that the appealing mob is largely constituted of cheap and nasty aliens ; that the majority thereof are patriots in that they left their country for their country's good ; and that as such, they should esteem it a honour to be allowed to sail under the British flag for nothing. If Wilson had a majority of British seamen in his ranks, we should advise differently. He hasn't, and the fact should not be overlooked.

PEEPS IN WELSH COAL LAND.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *May 29, 1907.*

THE market in Cardiff (and other) Coal during the past week has been fairly active, and that trade item known as the "tone" thereof has been stronger, somewhat. That is to say, the volume of actual business has been larger, aye, and that same business is of the genuine kind, as distinct from that which frequently passes along on a paper basis.

NEEDLESS to say, this happier state is conducive to the optimistic feeling which assists all trades, and even the advance of 11¼ per cent. on miners' wages, has not been sufficiently heavy to damp the ardour of the cult. That damping will probably come in at a later stage, and when the justice (or otherwise) of the rise is properly appreciated.

MEANWHILE, it is well not to look the gift horse in the mouth; to jubilate because of improved conditions; and to hope that—with a bit of luck—they might continue for, at least, a month or so. Anyhow, prices are on the upward trend, and in view of the fact that there is a satisfactory amount of demand about, are likely so to continue.

AT the moment, too, free coal is anything but abundant, while those with the greatest likelihood of knowing declare, that with the rise in wages—and the consequent easing off of work on the part of the collier—the lack of abundance in the matter of free coal will continue. Particularising, we find that stems for next month are well-filled, transactions for this position having resulted very freely.

THIS places the majority of collieries in a most satisfactory position, so that it takes but little inducement for a raising of quotations. That the bulk of these engagements are on paper is immaterial, the chances in favour of their ultimately materialising being about even. As a matter of fact, there are a number of collieries with not a pound of the commodity to spare—at least, they assure the would-be buyer that such are the conditions.

AT the same time, a fairly good increase over current quotations has been known to secure the stuff which was not to spare, and there you are! And viewing the situation as you will, there is no getting away from the fact that it is healthy in the extreme, and calculated to gladden the hearts of those with the greatest interests therein. We have no intention of entering into a discussion as to the relative merits or otherwise of the small coal question, although this item is supposed to have entered largely into the rise in wages already written of.

FORWARD business, too, is certainly more active than of late—doubtless in anticipation of the "rise." We hate to appear prophetic, but indications are all in favour of the belief that prices will rule high for the remainder of the year. As far as the coalowner is concerned, this is matter for congratulation; with the shipowner, however, it is a dubious affair. If he raises freights to the commensurate notch, well and good. If he doesn't—it won't be well, with bigger bunker bills.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 3d	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	16s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. od., 14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 " Thro." ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 1⅝d.	16s. 1⅞d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.
Seconds ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.
Ordinaries ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	11s. od	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	31s. od.	31s. od.	30s. od., 32s. od.	31s. 6d.	32s. od.	31s. od., 32s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od.	27s. od.	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *May 29, 1907.*

BUSINESS in Swansea Coals for the past week has been decidedly brisk, and the market presents a healthy appearance. Tonnage arrivals have not been very numerous over the week end, but as collieries are busy (thanks to their stems which are likely to keep them so), there has been no alteration in prices, except it be for the better. This more especially having regard to the demand, which shows no signs of decreasing.

THIS particularly, in reference to ANTHRACITE COALS, the position of which is just the same as of late. Indeed, if anything it is better, as stems are getting well filled even for next month. There is no lack of enquiry for Bests, and for Big Vein, buyers are not lacking. Prices have been higher quotably for forward shipment, for the reason that you may possibly know: Collieries full, and the miners' application for an advance having been successful. In other departments, there is no weakness.

STEAMS are also firm, and prices have risen appreciably the last few days. Large Coals are very well stemmed, and for Thro's, there has been a good inquiry. Smalls are also very firm, supplies being scarce.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	19s. 6d., 20s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od., 21s od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.
Seconds do. ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 19s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	24s. 6d	24s. 6d.	25s. od.	25s. od.	25s. 6d.	25s. od., 26s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 9d.	7s. 9d.	8s. od.	8s. od.	7s. 9d., 8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, May 29, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Queen Amelie,* 9s.
Colombo, *Indradeo,* 6,800 tons, 9s. 9d.
(Via Cape), *Knight of the Garter,* 9,000 tons, 9s. 6d.
Kenley, 10s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Rugby,* 3,800 tons, 14s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 14s. 3d. option Rosario, 15s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Breckfield,* 4,000 tons, 14s.
Hilltarn, 4,800 tons, 14s. spot.
Teneriffe, *Maud,* 4,500 tons, 7s.
Bahia, *Rotterdam,* 4,000 tons, 13s. 10½d. option Santos, 15s. 10½d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Llangollen,* 5,600 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Margaret Jones, 3,800 tons, 7s. (s).
Genoa, *Cardiff,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 9d. spot.
Hillglen, 6,300 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Or Savona, *Kossuth,* 5,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
" *St. Fillans,* 7s. 3d.
" *Celaeno,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, or 8s. if 350.
Countess Warwick, 6,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Spyros Vallianos, 6,700 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Bengar, or sub., 3,300 tons, 8s. 1½d. (s).
Concezione, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Savona, Spezzia, *Manoravon,* 5,300 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Northcliffe, 4,200 tons, 7s. 7½d. (s).
Alexandria, *Pendennis,* 3,100 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Venice, *Ecaterina Couppa,* 4,200 tons, 8s. 9d. 500.
Bathori, 2,700/3,000 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Naples, *Penlee,* 5,900 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Or Torre, *Capua,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 700, ppt.
Or Leghorn, *Eftikhia,* 4,900 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
Anna, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 800.
Leghorn, *Illtyd,* 2,200 tons, 7s. 9d. (Genoa terms).
Laurak Bat, 2,900 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Maria Vittoria, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d. (Genoa terms).
Jasper, 1,750 tons, 8s. (s).
Spezzia or Leghorn, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Almeria, *Dynas Powis,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 8s.
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Nice, *Warnow,* 1,800 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Marseilles, *Lyndhurst,* 2,900 tons, 8·50 fcs. spot.
Steamer, 3,900 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Steamer, 2,600 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Algiers, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Joseph Davis, 2,900 tons, 8 fcs. 600, or 7·75 fcs. if 1,000, (C./P./B./or N.)
Cambro, 3,100 tons, 8 fcs.
Palermo, *Elwick,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Danube, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Syra or Piræus, *Trewellard,* 2,900 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Catania, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Arzew, *Benan,* 3,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Licata, *Lissabon,* 1,500 tons, 9s. 9d. 200, fuel, ppt.
Porto Empedocle, *Penpol,* 2,500 tons, 9s. 6d. 250, fuel.
Galatz, *Irina,* 3,400 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Oran, *Sirius,* 1,700 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Tarragona, *Cuba,* 650 tons, 9s. (s).
Kustendje, Steamer about 3,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Malta, *Adelina Patti,* 4,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Refugio, 3,800 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Gibraltar, *Ruabon,* 2,500 tons, 3s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Marie, 950 tons, 6s. 9d.
Auckland Castle, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cymrian, 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option Newport ldg. 6s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Jersey,* 2,000/2,200 tons, 6s.
Crimea, 2,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Faedrelandet, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Oporto, *Cassia,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Cairo,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Ssr, 1,750 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Gothenburg, *Veritas,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Juno, 1,150 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Cronstadt, *Eastcheap,* 1,500 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 5s. 3d.
Copenhagen or Nyborg, *Eidsfos,* 1,300 tons, 5s.
" " Arrhuus, Steamer, 1,000 tons, 5s.
" Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Masnedsund, Steamer, 750 tons, 5s. 6d.
Stockholm, *Bergslagen,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Stettin, *Marpessa,* 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Sigyn,* 1,250 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Rosneath, 2,200 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Gorbea Mendi, 4,200 tons, 5·87½ fcs. (P.T.)
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Banderas, 3,300 tons, 6 fcs.
Bilbao, *Baracaldo,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Huelva, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s. (P.T.)
Charente, *Lizzie,* 1,100 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bayonne, *Melrose Abbey,* 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
La Rochelle, *Rocio,* 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. option Rochefort, 6·25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Belgica,* 2,900 tons, 5·62½ fcs.
Camargo, 2,700 tons, 5·87½ fcs. (P.T.)
Nantes, *Trafalgar,* 2,100 tons, 6·50 fcs. (P.T.)
La Pallice, *Ragusa,* 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. option Rochefort, 6·25 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Calgarth,* 2,200 tons, 2s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Sheerness, *Dalegarth,* 2,200 tons, 3s. 1½d. (Admiralty).
Portsmouth, *Enterprize,* 1,500 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Tees, 2,000 tons, 3s. "
Chatham, *Fleetwing,* 2,100 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Greenock, *Lochaber,* 260 tons, 5s. 3d.
Belfast, *Cumberland,* 450 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Bremerhaven, *Bard,* 800 tons, 5s.
Falkenburg, 2,000 tons, 5s.
Antwerp, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Caen, *Longbenton,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Fecamp, *Glassalt,* 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *M. J. Graig,* 820 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Abermaed, 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Speedwell, 1,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Mersey, 500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Curran, 1,480 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Havre, *Hawthorn,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Dieppe, *Carn Marth,* 2,250 tons, 4s. 9d. coal, 5s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Honfleur, *Gazelle,* 750 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Oporto to Cardiff, *Cassia,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Seville " " *Coventry,* 1,044 n, 6s. 4½d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Sundet,* 1,150 tons, 4s. 6d. spot.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 4s.
Clieveden, 2,100 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Olaf,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.
Sigyn, 1,150 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 4s. 3d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 16, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

9,133/06—HUXHAM—***Improvements in the manufacture of chain cables and open link chains.***

According to this invention which relates to the manufacture of chain cables and open link chains, in forming each link the bar is cut to the proper length, the ends scarfed, and the bar bent in a link bending machine thus bringing the scarfed ends over each other. The ends are then forced apart to permit of the newly formed link being threaded on the end link of the cable. Instead of closing the scarfed ends together after threading on the link as is usual, the two ends are left at a sufficient distance apart to admit of the free passage of a heating flame. A coke fire is used, having a mouth much smaller than the body of the fire. After the scarfed ends have been raised to welding heat, the link is put under a suitable power hammer provided with top and bottom tools, the ends are pressed together, and the welding process completed by rapid blows of a hammer.

9,278/06—MACFARLANE—***Improvements in winches for use with ships' derricks.***

According to this invention, which relates to winches for use with ships derricks, a main barrel adapted for hoisting purposes is keyed to a horizontal shaft so as to rotate therewith. Loosely mounted on the same shaft so as to be capable of rotation independently of the shaft is an auxiliary barrel for swinging the derrick, each barrel being operated by separate steam power and driving mechanism. A clutch is provided whereby, when dealing with heavy loads the driving mechanism of the two barrels can be associated and the barrels employed jointly.

9,328/06—RIZZO—***Improved electric ship log.***

This invention relates to ships' logs of the kind in which the rotator operates a make and break device on the taffrail, the device serving to operate indicating apparatus at a distance, the object of this invention being to make and break without any intermediate gearing. A rotatable shaft is mounted in ball bearings and has the make and break device connected to it. In the casing that carries the shaft is provided the corresponding contact mechanism in connection with two terminals, so that as the shaft and the attached contact mechanism rotates, by the action of the propeller as it is drawn through the water, a series of electrical contacts are made. The indicating mechanism consists of a solenoid and a pivoted armature one end of which controls mechanism whereby each time that the armature is attracted the wheel is rotated through a distance corresponding to one tooth. This wheel gears with another wheel on the spindle of which is fixed a pointer indicating knots on a gradiated dial.

9,523/06—METCALF—***Improved apparatus for bagging coal and for similar purposes.***

This invention relates to apparatus for filling bags with coal or other material. According to this invention an inclined shoot, pivoted at its upper end, is provided beneath the outlet of a hopper, and has pivoted to its lower end a shield which can be moved by hand to open or close the mouth of the shoot. The hopper is mounted on staging and the shoot set at such an angle that the coal, which is continuously fed to the hopper by a grab, will just slide down the shoot when its mouth is open. The bags to be filled are hung from hooks on the under side of the shoot.

12,152/06—RODEWALD—***Improvements in or relating to tide indicators or charts.***

According to this invention a chart is provided with a series of horizontal lines corresponding to each hour of the day. The chart is also divided into columns by vertical lines, and at the head of each column is inserted the name of a particular point or place in the order in which they occur round the coast. In the column spaces beneath each place are inserted the particulars, such as the direction and rate of flow of the tides in their proper sequence calculated from one particular place. On one edge of the chart a sliding slip is provided bearing a series of figures corresponding to the hours of the day, and this slip is caused to slide until the figure thereon corresponding to the time of high water at the place from which the chart has been prepared is opposite to an index mark on the edge of the chart, the space then appearing in line with any time of the day giving the state of the tide at any particular place required.

13,705/06—BLOXAM—***Improvements relating to equipments for rescue work in mines or the like.***

This invention relates to means for quickly putting on safety apparatus for mine rescue work. According to this invention a cupboard having one or more compartments is provided at a height above the ground corresponding with an average man's shoulders, and in this compartment is contained the equipment which the rescuer is to carry on his back. At the side of the compartment is mounted to turn on a hinge a bar from which the equipment is suspended. To assume his equipment the rescuer turns the bar away from the cupboard and standing with his back towards the compartment can immediately put on both front and back equipment.

14,660/06—WILSON-BROWNE—***Improvements in the means for and method of placing and supporting fire extinguishing machines, particularly applicable to motor boats, motor omnibuses and other vehicles and the like.***

This invention consists in the method of horizontally supporting a fire extinguishing machine in a spring device upon the side of a vehicle. To each end of the extinguisher is affixed a guide of a curved channel section that follows the contour of the end of the vehicle, the guides being formed of two flanges at a convenient distance apart. A spring bracket is also employed, its ends being brought forward at right angles, and being curved in such a manner as to spring into and engage the guides of the extinguisher. Thus the machine is securely held in a horizontal position at each end.

These applications for patents, are until July 1, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

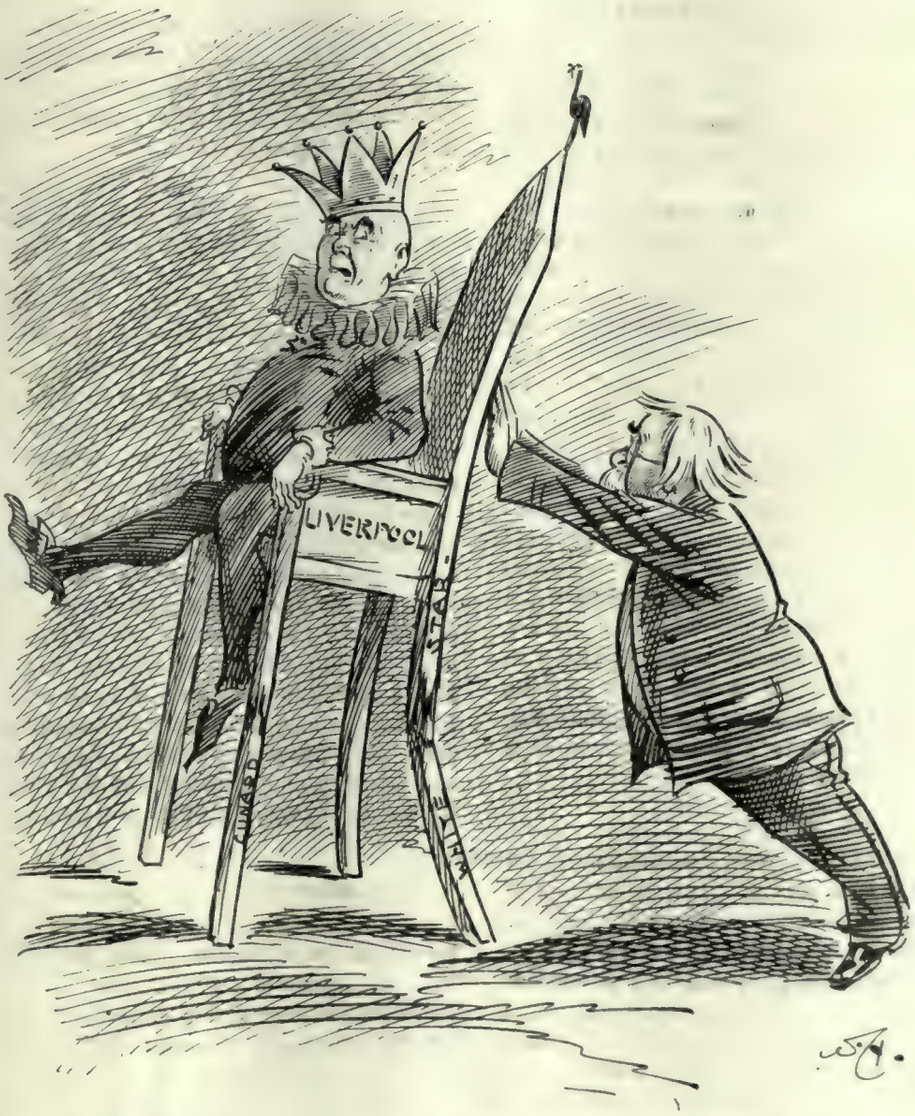
The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 173. FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907. Threepence.

GERMANY TO THE RESCUE!



Hamburger Yon: "Der leg am broke, ain'd it? Yah! But, don'd drubble, mein tear; I, you skould hold up mit it?"

NOTICES.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—GERMANY TO THE RESCUE!	49
MARITIME MURMURS	50
THE "GRUB" QUESTION!	53
THE SIRHOWY SEANCE	54
AMERICA'S SUBSIDY IDEAS	55
A BIG SALVAGE JOB (Illustrated)	56
WHITE STAR SCINTILLATIONS	58
THE COMING OF THE COMPENSATION ACT	59
THE JAPANESE/SAN FRANCISCO TROUBLE	60
NAVAL ENGINEER OFFICERS	61
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	62
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	63
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	64

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

OF a surety might the seafaring officer breathe a fervent prayer to be saved from his friends! He is roped around by a number of restrictions such as a baby in long clothes might be expected to submit to; his "examinations" are for ever receiving the attention of a number of dilettante "experts;" this "ology" and that "ism" is added to the syllabus of his exam.—in fact that latter atrocity aims at making him a Jack-of-all-Trades but master of none; and yet is there no finality on the subject. When it isn't a lunar observation which worries the souls of his "friends," it is an Ivory's method of double altitudes; failing that, he should know how to make a barometer out of a lobster-can (that being all that is available for the purpose); and now it is suggested that he shall be taught to make a tourniquet from a strip of an old shirt, and a pair of splints from the handle of a worn-out deck-scrubber—for that is what the suggestion that he be inflicted with a smattering of first-aid knowledge amounts to. None of the "friends" offer a suggestion that he be paid a wage commensurate with all this supernatural knowledge—this posing as a walking encyclopædia; and thus it comes about that it is practically as difficult to find a second mate for a tramp steamer, as it is for a rich man to hope to win heaven.

IF there is anything in the contention that candidates for Board of Trade certificates should know something of this first-aid affair, why not include everybody in the list? Of course, it is all bunkum, and probably those "friends" of the officer know it, only they imagine that this is another opportunity for obtaining a little of that free advertisement which is so dear to their souls. Time was that the British Mercantile Marine was over-officered and the majority of its *personnel* consisted of British seamen. Yet was there no prattle about a dilettante knowledge of first-aid. To-day, the service is dangerously under-officered, and the vast majority of the tramp's *personnel* is alien, so it is considered as quite the thing to suggest the inclusion of first-aid for the few who still attempt to win a certificate of competency—which they will frame and hang on the wall of their homes at the first opportunity! On shore, where a doctor is to be found at practically every street corner, first-aid is good for the man-in-blue. In that event—and with a chemist's shop as handy as the doctor—it is fairly easy to carry out the suggestions of the ambulance class. But at sea, where there is neither doctor nor chemist, all such notions are absurd.

Is there a man at sea who, when the necessity arises, would fail to make the last moments of a suffering comrade easier, and without any prattle as to his certificate for first-aid ability? Certainly not, and first-aid of the accepted kind is of little avail where medical skill is impossible of attainment. Still, we suppose that the facts of the situation are no real excuse for debarring Lord Muskerry from making another attempt to keep his name before the public. Those Parliamentary suggestions are invariably reported in the Press, and thus, if suffering humanity is likely to gain little benefit therefrom, the suggester will win that for which his soul appears to pant—publicity. Anyhow, on Monday night this friend of the certificated man called attention to the desirability of requiring candidates for Board of Trade certificates of competency to show knowledge of first-aid and ambulance work, and asked if the Board of Trade were inclined to do anything in the matter. Needless to say, the noble lord was given a crumb of comfort. This was not an instance where the shipowner would be likely to jib; had nothing of the winter deck load about it; nor of any other quiff that would cost money.

NO, it affected the officer personally, and if there should be a charge levied, then, that same officer would have to defray it, so there you are. With more or less pleasure, the Earl of Granard informed his noble friend that the Board of Trade had been giving attention to the suggested matter, but the hoped-for regulation would not come into force until next year, at best. Of course, and the mere fact that the "suffering sailor" will have to go on suffering for another twelve months, is nothing to marvel at? Naturally, it never strikes any of these legislative gentlemen that if the dictates of humanity call for a knowledge of first-aid, the item could be included in the exam. at once, especially as it is a non-disputatious affair. Oh, dear, no! Under the circumstances, then, aren't we right in saying that the whole thing is just bunkum; is another opportunity for self-advertisement; and things of that kind? If there is

a real need for that knowledge of first-aid and as there is no substantial opposition thereto, why not include it in the exam. at once? Why condemn the sufferer to go on for another twelve months? Anybody can see that the whole fit-out is a bit of moonshine: that there is no real need therefor; and that in consequence, it might just as well be postponed to the Greek calends, for all the good it will ever do. If Lord Muskerry would "call attention" to the fact that the service is dangerously depleted of officers, and that the depletion is on account of a lack of legislative protection, he would be doing some real good.

In connection with local new tonnage, we might remark that the steamer *Manoravon*—Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co., Cardiff—and particulars of which have already appeared in these columns, is loading in Roath Dock during the present week. On Monday, last, the steamer was thrown open to the inspection of her shareholders, and a limited number of the public. This was an innovation, and one which we have an idea will be followed by others, so well was the opportunity made use of by those interested. Generally considered, the shipping investor is inclined to place his money on a given vessel, and without having more than a fragmentary knowledge of her beauties, or otherwise. Erstwhile, it was considered the proper thing to advise those investors periodically as to the movements of the vessel implicated, and under the assumption that a personal interest was about the last thing expected. Judging by the amiable manner in which *Manoravon*'s supporters came along to view their property, while fresh and clean from the yard of the builders, that personal interest is easy of acquirement—given the opportunity. Not only did the investors therein come along in goodly numbers, for quite a few of the good souls who prophesied all manner of disaster to Cardiff's youngest firm of owners, came down to "view the land," albeit surreptitiously!

However, they had a pleasing sight for their trouble, as the *Manoravon* is a splendid example of what a modern-ideaed shipbuilder can turn out, and if one is justified in forecasting from appearances, then, the owners of the steamer have a fine, and dividend-earning property at their disposal. It is certainly a good idea to give an opportunity for seeing a vessel before she becomes mussed up and grimed over with the essential accumulations of money-earning filth, which is inseparable from a spell in the loading dock where good old Welsh coal is handled with celerity; and we congratulate Messrs. Griffiths and Lewis on their up-to-date conduct, which, as already suggested, was appreciated by those with "money in her." When the hinted-at "Number Two" comes along for inspection, we shall expect to see further evidences of modernity on the ——*avon* of that date. In sizing the vessel up, we were much impressed with her businesslike appearance, and whether engaged in looking over her fine engines, or considering the amount of cargo which could be "shifted" by her very complete cargo equipment; if examining the beauties of her living accommodation, or sampling the "refreshment" which was thoughtfully provided by—but really, that has nothing to do with the subject, and we close with wishing *Manoravon* every success, and for a rapid appearance of her sister ship.

Correspondence concerning "guild" peculiarities continue to reach us, and if we were so disposed, we could easily fill each issue with "guild growls," to the exclusion of other matter. Personally, we are somewhat tired of the aimless manner in which the dissatisfied ones go about the business. If they believe that their interests are being monkeyed with, there is a Public Prosecutor whose business it is to attend to these little matters. Why not obtain his assistance? He will be ready to oblige by every means in his power. Meanwhile, we give space to one of the letters to hand this week, and mainly for the reason that the same correspondent has already passed some very severe strictures on the same combination—if such it may really be styled. As far as we can see, the "guild," instead of righting itself in the public eye, was satisfied to call on the stricture-maker to resign. He wouldn't, so they expelled him! Makes you smile, doesn't it? And you are somewhat inclined to wonder why the Mercantile Marine can continue, when it has a number of shipmasters and mates who will submit to this class of treatment? However, the letter referred to is as follows:

MERCHANT SERVICE GUILD.

To the Editor of The Maritime Review.

Dear Sir,—The following notice appears on the board at the rooms of the M.S.G. and seems to call for some comment, as it seems that there can be no end to this expelling business. What is there to prevent them expelling the lot? The Finance Committee and clique could then wind up the last 100 or so, and divide the spoils? The notice is as follows:

To the Guild in Council.

With reference to Capt. Barlow's request for Copies of Bills relating to the entertainment of Lord Muskerry, I have no doubt whatever that he intends to use them in the same way as he did the proof balance sheet marked "Private" which I gave him as a matter of courtesy, and thus bring his Lordship into contempt. The bills in question were duly audited by the council and passed without comment, and I therefore decline to comply with Capt. Barlow's request, as Capt. Barlow's only object in being a member (of the Guild?) appears to be so that he may be able to defame and injure it, and all connected with it.

I trust that the council will take steps to put a stop to it, and invite him to resign.

(Signed) John G. Moore, *Secretary.*

Then follows another notice, typed later, stating that the above has been postponed from last meeting and it will be brought up again on Tuesday next, etc., etc., and then a remark that members should notice that Capt. Barlow has signed his name over the face of it so that 'I shall not be able to alter it?'

Now Mr. Editor, with reference to all the above, is it not clear, on the face of it, that there is that about those bills which calls for searching enquiry, and a strict overhaul—and I could mention some disgraceful things which are mentioned in relation to the matter, but for the present I shall just await events, stating that the Parliamentary expenses include very varied items. This question has been before the meetings now for a considerable time and was evaded by every possible means at first. Perseverance appears to have used up all the evasions, so now they have to fall back on a refusal to reply. Therefore may we conclude that the worst construction should be put on their actions? Books are not available for examination. Questions *re* expenditure are not to be answered!

As for the secretary saying that the information is to be used to bring Lord Muskerry into contempt, surely he must be very ill-advised to suggest such a thing? Does he suggest that there is "*that*," in the information sought for, which would bring disrepute on anybody? Well! if so we may bow, and accept his dicision, but we never even hinted at anything disreputable.

As for what the Secretary calls proof balance sheet, I wonder how many proofs are provided, as the one supplied for "courtesy" came from a number of others.

Now, in relation to the above matters, I call upon the auditors of the guild for an explanation, pointing out to them that theirs is a position of "*Trust*," and therefore it will be as well that they should remember it, when auditing accounts.

I remain, Sir, Yours Very Truly,

A. GITTINS. M.S.G.

14, Broughton Road.

Seacombe, *June 3, 1907.*

With reference to the "proof balance sheet marked 'private,'" this is the veriest bunkum, and judged openly, is hardly of the intellectual calibre that would be likely to deceive a sucking dove. Yet, it appears to be deceiving a number of the gentlemen who support this precious "guild!" Our readers will remember the "proof balance sheet" alluded to, for it was printed in these columns some weeks ago. It carried one item for £1,000 which was

alleged to be for legal assistance to members, and in consequence, the net assets of the guild were £1,000 less than they ultimately appeared. Now all this talk of "proof balance sheet" is beside the question. When a trading concern prints and issues two distinct balance sheets which differ to the extent of a thousand pounds, the mere business man is inclined to ask some very nasty questions. For the matter of that, the law of the land would swoop down on any such a trading concern. Prattle anent "courtesy" wouldn't save the compiler of the said balance sheet from the rigours of the law. In fact, we have a shrewd suspicion that chokey would be his ultimate resting-place. Why is there a difference made in this instance? The balance sheet was right or wrong? We asked for an explanation; it is not forthcoming; are we then to suppose that the talk about courtesy, while being good enough to bluff the innocent souls who put up "guild" money, is hardly of the kind to satisfy us? We want to know, and mere rumours of further pensions to "guild" officials will not satisfy us. A wrong is always a wrong, pension or otherwise. Once more, is that "proof balance sheet" a fake, or is it a genuine document? If a fake, what are we to think about it? If genuine, then the other was a fake and is still awaiting explanation—and reward.

Poor old *Dreadnought!* Yes, we have written the same words before, but that doesn't detract from the genuineness thereof. Besides, if a thing is true, it doesn't make much difference as to the number of times it is repeated. That warship is deserving of pity, for while she was hustled into the world amid all the glare and glitter which is usual on these occasions, she appears to be destined to pass out in a very pronounced gloom—or else will need to be practically remade! We don't often venture on giving the Admiralty tips, but on this occasion we feel that a brother sailor might be forgiven for hinting at apparently unthought of possibilities. In the Bristol Channel—down off Lundy to be exact—there is a nasty, chunky piece of rock known in history as The Shutters (it is always best to write such rocks in capital letters. One never knows when one might be in their vicinity with a ship!). Very well. There you have the rock, and it will be there for quite a while, so there is absolutely no need to hurry unduly in the matter. *Festina lente* will fit in here, even as it has done on numerous other occasions? Yes, please. All right, we intend to finish up the proper length of this paragraph with a remark about The Shutters, so there is no need to worry about it. We are writing this par., you will observe. It's complete, now.

Having given a fairly good idea as to where to find the rock, we wish we had an opportunity of saying where the Admiralty could find an officer who could be depended on in an emergency. Still, that might be open to the gentlemen referred to, as they know a lot about the personal equation of their navigating officers. And judging by the amiable manner in which warships are mussed up, it shouldn't be altogether difficult to find the man who could be depended on to hit The Shutters in three tries? Very well, again. That gives you the rock, and it suggests the possibility of finding the clever navigator. Foggy nights are common enough, this time of the year, and nobody need wait an undue time in running into one of the sorts indicated. Shall we consider then, that we have the rock, the navigator, and the foggy night? We will, and it will be admitted that we have the ship, for she is the terrible *Dreadnought* that is having trouble with her boilers, with her rudders, with her everything. Running over the possessions, then, we will assume that we have the rock, the ship, the man, and the night. All that is essential is to make an effort to bring them all together, and in a natural manner. We don't countenance any jiggery-pokery, mind, and the thing will have to be put up in a ship-shape fashion.

At the first glance, you might think it difficult to bring rock, ship, man, and night in juxtaposition—to put it that way, and to show you that we have a longish word or so handy for longish occasions; but it isn't, really. Indeed, it is quite the simplest thing on earth—if worked properly. First of all, you see that *Dreadnought* has a very meagre nucleus crew. This would obviate all extra risks. Then you give the man instructions to take his ship all the way along to Cardiff Roads. Warn him about the existence of those rocky bits on the way, because some of 'em mightn't do the thing properly! Also tell him that if he fails to get right up to Lavernock Point, you will take away his sword, and turn it into a gridiron for the cooking of red-herrings. Of course, you will need to ship a stern look all the while, and then, as an afterthought, you might say—sort of chippy-like, and as if you didn't mean very much: "When in the vicinity of Lundy, keep us posted by wireless telegraphy as to what you are doing, and if your feet are cold. Incidentally, also, tell us if *Dreadnought's* boilers are rocky—in a figurative sense, you understand," and then you walk across the room so that your admonitions might have a chance to sink in.

In due course—do all these things in due course, please. It is indecent to hurry. In due course, then, you come back to the man who is receiving instructions, and say: "If the port rudder of your vessel is, by this time, rocky also, kick the ward room cat, but wire us the intelligence. Peradventure fog might come down on your ship, but let the fact not disturb you. Thousands of common merchant skippers creep up to Cardiff Roads in foggy weather, aye, and they creep out to sea again, under the same conditions. What a merchant skipper can do for £18 per month, you ought to do for thrice the pay, so—!" Here, you again walk across the room. Here, you return, and fixing your man with another stern look, you say: "Having passed through the dangers of the Bristol Channel as indicated, and having got up as far as Cardiff Roads, then, you will open these sealed orders. We are kind to our servants, and never muss up their minds with too many things at one time. We wish you to get past The Shutters in safety, because there is a nasty fellow who writes pointed bits for The Maritime Review, and if you chip those Shutters, he will be sure to hear about it."

By this time, you understand, the man will begin to think that he is in for a big job. He won't know that his "mission" might be simply to find out the name of the Lord Mayor's black dog, or something equally national, and that for this reason, sealed orders are given as traditional, and mysterious. Not he! He will be wondering as to what he is going to do if The Shutters should pop under the edge of a disabled port rudder, and as long as he is definitely told to shun those rocks—well, the poor old *Dreadnought* should then be at peace, even if not in pieces. We know something about these matters, for the Prayer Book says that most of us have done those things which we ought not to have done, and also that we have undone other things which we ought to have done up—there or thereabout; and that as a consequence, there is no help in us or to be got out of us; also that, taken all 'round, we are a pretty bad lot? However, you see the drift of these suggestions? We wish to ease the country—and the daily press—from a continued bother with *Dreadnought.* This is the only way out of it that is known to us, and if we haven't made the matter plain, then, that's our fault. A ship, a rock, a man, and a fog; strict orders to be careful; a threat to make a man leave his ship if he has lost her—and there you are! Good evening.

THE "GRUB" QUESTION!

JACK'S much-talked-of improvement in feeding has now been on trial for a week, and if he doesn't look any better for the change, then, we presume it will be put down to the possession of original sin in his composition. Truly has there been a quantity of poppy-cock spread over this "great question," and because the sailor is at last to be fed on lines approximating with those of other members of a civilised community, those with an interest therein are strutting about as if they had really done something meritorious!

INSTEAD of this, it is an act of justice long delayed. Too long delayed, in point of fact, for if the improvement had been carried out some twenty years ago, the shipowner would have been spared much obloquy, and at the present moment, in place of a horde of aliens to benefit from the new quiff, some of our own sons, brothers, and cousins would be the recipients.

NATURALLY, the new regulation is galling to those questionable shipowners who, from choice and parsimony, will elect to ship a foreigner whenever he may be found. Galling, because it isn't at all nice to think that additional expense and extra labour must be experienced, and all for the good of a number of cheap and nasty aliens. Fortunately for the service, generally, there are yet a number of owners who believe in their own countrymen, and who will ever struggle to raise a crew of British seamen—aye, with all his faults, real and alleged.

THOSE owners are well-known among the profession, and needless to say, their white man's tactics stand them in good stead at all times. Stand them in good stead so that as little trouble as the erratic nature of the seaman will admit of is given; and best of all, enables a pleasing dividend to be paid at the completion of the voyage. It might never have struck you, gentle reader, but the fact remains that the boats which invariably leave a good dividend at the end of each trip, are manned almost exclusively by Britishers, while the never-pays, or the little-pays, are just as invariably manned by aliens.

QUEER isn't it, and altogether against the usual teaching which is meted out to you by a number of "experts" whose ignorance on the subject is simply colossal? But the seafaring profession is filled with queer notions; so much so, that it takes many years of actual experience, before one may reasonably hope to get on the inside of the fringe of the business. However, the new regulations are nominally in force, and "inspections" are supposed to be in order, so that there may be no shinnannakin on the side of the would-be backer-out.

WRITING of that inspection, it is as usual, merely a word with little or no meaning. The inspecting staff was woefully undermanned before the institution of this latest quiff; but with the supposed necessity of a strenuous examination of everything edible, the work—well, the work will simply have to be scamped, as before. The shipping industry is used to this feature of administration, so presumably, nobody will be surprised thereat on this occasion. In theory, the British Mercantile Marine is beautifully watched and wet-nursed. In practice, it is precisely the reverse. For that reason, its state is best described as chaotic, and it is rapidly growing more so.

HOWEVER, a number of Jack's well-wishers of the pen-pushing persuasion are interesting themselves on the subject, and as a matter of course the words "paternal interest of the legislature" is brought in with sickening monotony. Precisely where the paternalism fits in with an industry which is being squeezed to extinction, is hard to say; but a number of would-be wags—in the days that are past—worked the "paternal" idea off as something tricky, and as a matter of course, it sticks.

IT is useless to expect any originality from the average writer of shipping items—originality or sterling information. Piffle, yes! It is about at all times. And what, think you, is supposed to be the chief improvement in the dietary scale for Jack? Well, an up-town scribe assures his editor and supporters, generally, that "amongst the provisions barred are margarine and beet sugar, which formerly figured largely in Jack's bill of fare." Ye gods! Figured largely when Jack was allowed a pound of each article per week!

AND for that pound of margarine, Jack was robbed of 2lbs. of beef, and three quarters of a pound of pork—substitutes being allowed by the "paternal" legislature! Beef at 6d. per pound and pork at 7d., while the substitute ranged at anything from four-pence, upward. Makes you smile, doesn't it? Smile, albeit somewhat disgustedly. Thirteen-pence off each man on one item, saved weekly, and the enactment is said to be "paternal!" And in future, instead of nice, edible margarine, "butter of good quality" is to be supplied. Later on, Jack will long for a smear of possible margarine, to take the place of the impossible "butter!"

OF course, and nominally, the bread, beef, flour, and other heavy fixings will be inspected—when there is time to admit of that process; and to go the whole hog, in a manner of speaking, the "inspectors" will cock their eye over the pepper and pickles. Fancy giving sailors pepper and pickles! Why, it's scandalous, isn't it? Here is another quotation: "Previously, what might be called luxuries, such as fancy meats and similar stores for the officers, were not subject to examination," and so the *Jungle* canneries got their fell work in with a wholesale dissemination of ptomaines, tuberculosis germs, small (and other) pox, and things like that.

BUT in future, these "luxuries" will have to stand alone. Examination will come in. So, if any of the tins containing these comestibles attempt to walk off the poop without permission, the "inspector" will sternly command them to halt; and later on, they might find themselves mopped into a fertiliser bath—for such is the "paternalism" of the present legislature! Great people, aren't they? Expect a man to pose as an officer and a gentleman, and yet fill him with "fancy" meats such as a navvy would refuse with scorn!

NATURALLY, all this additional wetnursing is going to cost somebody a power of money. We know, because we saw it in an up-town "newspaper." That "organ" let itself go on the subject. To the extent of saying that "The additional cost of all this may mean anything from 4d. to 6d., or even higher, extra per man per day." It may—but it won't, all the same. Indeed, we much doubt if it will make a difference of 2d. per day, through and through. Of course, 2d. per man per day, is a large amount—considered in some lights.

ERSTWHILE, the victualling *per diem*, averaged out to 8d. per man, per day. With the new quiff in vogue, it might run up to 10d. per man per day—or twopence less than Jack's boss will be likely to pay for his after-lunch cigar! Paternal did you say? Let it go at that, please. But don't wonder why it is impossible to obtain good, reliable, and intelligent men with the conditions as they presently apply. The wonder would be if intelligent men were asinine enough to accept the situation. Anyhow, they don't, and that is where the danger lays.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1907.

THE SIRHOWY SÉANCE.

BY the time these lines are in print, the long-drawn-out sweetness of the Sirhowy struggle should be well on the way to a definite settlement—of whatsoever nature that might be ordained by the gods. Meanwhile, the interested folk who have been debarred from visiting the Parliamentary Committee Room where the séance is held at stated intervals, are eagerly watching the developments. We have no wish to put on the prophetic cap, nor to say that Newport is fighting a losing game; but at the same time, we are of opinion that Newport's legal upholders are rendering the world a service, by the pierrot-like flashes of "wit" which, ever and anon, are allowed to meander over the prosy interior of the Committee Room already referred to. For instance, Mr. Fitzgerald (in his opening hold-forth for the Newport side of the argument as to the Sirhowy settlement) was extremely funny, and although we have a suspicion that his "funniness" was unpremeditated and that he blushed to awaken and find it famous on the following day—well, there it is! You see, Mr. Fitzgerald claimed to represent the whole of the inhabitants of Newport town on the occasion in question, so it was quite natural that he should attempt to ridicule Cardiff's claims as being a port where 'live shipping men wished to congregate—and incidentally, stick one of its streets and the number of the house therein, on their commercial note-heads. Indeed, the gentleman alluded to went into fiction, and from the fulness of his ability in that direction, showed how certain youth at Sirhowy were weeping because they could not get to Cardiff. Now, we are not inclined to waste any undue amount of space with a consideration of the youth of Sirhowy. Mainly because quite a number of them have wanted to get to Cardiff so badly, that they have incontinently walked there. Having arrived, they stay—and later on, prevail upon their families to do likewise. In face of this fact, it will not matter unduly to the youth of Sirhowy whether the Barry Company gets its line, or otherwise? The Sirhowy youths—being of the "fly" persuasion—are not of the kind who will sit on the banks of the Sirhowy River for ever, and merely because there is no railway handy to their needs. If Mr. Fitzgerald had gone into the matter in a whole-hearted manner, we have an idea that he would have worked up more pathos when asking the Committee to imagine the inevitable New Zealander of Macaulay, sitting on the cross-beam of Newport's transporter bridge, and from that lofty eminence soliloquising somewhat after the following:

"So, the place beneath my swinging feet is all that is left of the place which was erstwhile known as Newport-on-Usk? Where are the 'teeming millions' which figure in the guide books? Where the docks of which we have been told so much? Where the go-ahead prosperity for which this same place was supposed to be famous?"

And peradventure the last remaining inhabitant of that once-proud spot might remark—albeit in a tottering fashion: "They have all gone to Cardiff—where they flourish like the green bay tree. The guide book stuff is spoof, fair sir. The 'teeming millions' existed only in the imagination of the literary gentlemen who wrote at so much per line. And I, alone, remain, of all that was—and I shouldn't be here, were it not for the fact that a life-time of work at dredging the Usk has given me rheumatics, and, alas, I am too lame to negotiate the few miles 'twixt here and Cardiff." We commend the foregoing to Mr. Fitzgerald's careful attention, and with the assurance that the yarn might not be so much of fiction as appears at the first glance. However, if Newport is really the natural port for the coal which is causing all this Parliamentary pother, why is there need for the latter? A natural port has no cause to fear the competition which may be set up by an unnatural port, what? In plain language, isn't the Newport contention merely a coaly version of Æsop's old jape anent the dog in the manger? And getting along to the tale about the lack of traffic to justify a passenger service, isn't the whole contention bunkum of the weakest kind? Time was, that there was no traffic across "the Pond" worthy of consideration. But why was it thus? Simply because there was no facility for the handling of the said traffic. To-day, however, there is a traffic into which the pushful Teuton hopes to gain a footing, and to-morrow, or next day, there will be more of it. So, in all probability, will it be with the developments in the Cardiff district. It is hard to have to admit it—especially if you happen to belong to the more or less submerged tenth who have no share in Cardiff's prosperity—but Taff-side is the commercial loadstone of South Wales. Moreover, its "drawing" power, as yet, is merely in the embryo stage. Twenty years hence, that same power will be irresistible, so what will Newport do, then, poor thing? Is there any sense in a legal representative assuring a Parliamentary Committee that if both sides of the Sirhowy contestants lose their case, Newport wouldn't grieve—or words to that effect? Particularly when he adds a rider explaining that in such circumstances, there would probably be a smile in a certain board-room at Paddington? Surely not! Anyhow, the Chairman of the Committee was "down" on the assumption, like the proverbial bromliekite is said to get down on to a dead nigger. That is to say, the Chairman wished it to be understood that he didn't care two straws as to what happened in the Paddington board-room; that his Committee's concern was what happened in that Committee Room, and in the public interest. Of course, it is extremely wicked for the Barry Company to have the hardihood to attempt an entry into the Monmouthshire district, "where they have no business." All the same, the man in the street is inclined to believe that the said Company is hustling in that direction so that they may have business—which is neither here nor there, is it? Of course, this is all a matter of life and death to Newport, as counsel remarked, and thereby exemplified that he had borne his instructions in mind, fairly good. For that matter, some people—Newport people you understand—might reasonably be expected to ask (exactly as did Newport's council): "Why should the *status quo* of the town and port be disturbed?" On the other hand, a far greater number of people (not resident in Newport) might be inclined to ask: "Why shouldn't it be disturbed?" And anyhow, who wants to disturb the town and port of Newport? Doesn't everybody know that such action would be unkind in the extreme? Fancy disturbing dear old Newport! Why, we all wish it to progress in the same old happy way which has been pursued by its inhabitants from time immemorial. Aren't they all "wandering home to glory, in the steps their fathers trod?" And isn't the gait eminently suitable for the town and port? The idea! All that is intended, is that the good people who already have big consignments of coal collected about over the landscape, shall have an opportunity of getting it to tide-water as expeditiously as possible. By dumping the Sirhowy output at Cardiff, a number of strenuous folk will benefit; by waiting until the same output may be handled at Newport—well, by that time, oil-fuel will be largely in use, and so the Sirhowy stuff will never be sold! This must be apparent to everybody, for if, under the *status quo*, Newport has not done so well as it ought to have done considering its geographical position; then, the sooner the Sirhowy stuff is yanked along to Cardiff, the better will it be for the Sirhowy workers. Sirhowy coal at Sirhowy isn't worth a deal of money, but when that coal arrives at Cardiff Docks—well, that is where its value materialises. It's plain enough, isn't it?

AMERICA'S SUBSIDY IDEAS.

IT isn't all beer and skittles being President of the United States! For the matter of that, it isn't exactly dallying among rose-beds, to attempt the inauguration of a shipping subsidy scheme that will please everybody. Going farther, we must admit that our esteemed friends across the Pond, are by way of assimilating many new points and arguments just now; and all because their President has indulged in his fondness for straight speechifying as exemplified at Indianapolis.

WITH the tariff revision portion of the speech we are not presently concerned. That will keep for a later date, and when the true significance thereof has had time to sink in. Meanwhile, we are interested in that item which dealt with subsidised mail transportation. According to the President of the United States, it is provided that "the Federal Government has the power to control every common carrier engaged in mail transportation under a constitutional grant by placing mail transportation solely within Federal jurisdiction."

PRECISELY what there is to cavil at in the quotation given in the preceding paragraph, is somewhat difficult to determine. Yet a brace of America's greatest journals wax sarcastic over the matter, for while the *Sun* labels the pronouncement as "portentious," the *World* considers that "if this interpretation of the Constitution be correct, then indeed the States are lagging superfluous on the scene; their mission is ended, and the sooner they go out of business, the better."

THAT is all as may be, and there are quite a number of good Americans who consider that, in reality, the States are "lagging superfluous;" that the time has come when they should drop their parochialism, going in for that Imperialism which aimed at the Philippines in the East, and Cuba in the West. Furthermore, the claim is seriously made, that a nation which prattles of a Monroe doctrine even while it legislates after the manner of a group of country parishes, hasn't much to recommend it as an example to the world.

WHEN all is said, the subsidy idea is, as yet, new to our friends across the water. Almost as new as the merchant marine which they hope to build up in a few years. Being so, they have no precedent on which to base their calculations. No real precedent, you understand, and thus, when their First Citizen has the courage to table the only sensible plan which is available, well, some of them are inclined to wax sarcastic. But it mustn't be forgotten that sarcasm is useless in the building up of a merchant marine that is of more value than a string of looster cans.

HARD sense, and harder work, only, will suffice. And if the contemplated lines of subsidised steamers are to be at the beck and call of every set of old women who run the territory through which they ply, then, heaven help the subsidy scheme. Here, in nautical Britain, it appears ridiculous to assume that a steamer travelling to different parts of the same country, should be amenable to heaven-knows-how-many different sets of law. Yet, this is what will apply, if the President's reading of the Constitution is not adhered to.

FOR example, a steamer leaving New York harbour might be "passed" as all correct with a given free-board, and a given equipment. She is right according to the State of New York law as applicable to these things. Conceivably on arrival at Delaware Breakwater, she might be altogether too deep for the ideas of the good souls practicing there, and is fined in consequence. Getting down to Charlestown, she is undermanned—according to the regulations of that state—and lays her owners open to another fine.

FURTHER on in her struggles with adverse—and conflicting—fates, she romps into New Orleans territory. Here, the law is absolutely opposite to all that applied in New York (and you may safely wager that it would be, in any case), so that the steamer which left New York in supposedly splendid condition, has to be "made all over again!" You see, human nature would come in at every stage of the vessel's journey, and as State after State were reached, some Jack-in-office would naturally struggle for his vested share of the resultant pickings, so where would the subsidy scheme eventually end up?

IN short, if the different States are intent on working up their own samples of parochialism, then, the sooner they either go out of business, or "quit fooling" with a shipping subsidy, the better will it be for the peace of mind (to say nothing of the dignity) of the Union folk. As already suggested, it is impossible to run a merchant marine on lines which apply with greater or lesser advantage to divorce, or even with company law. The latter feature is notoriously parochial, and thus it comes about when a long-firm lash-up wishes a free run for its enterprising efforts, it elects registration, say, with the State of New Jersey as being easiest and most loop-holey.

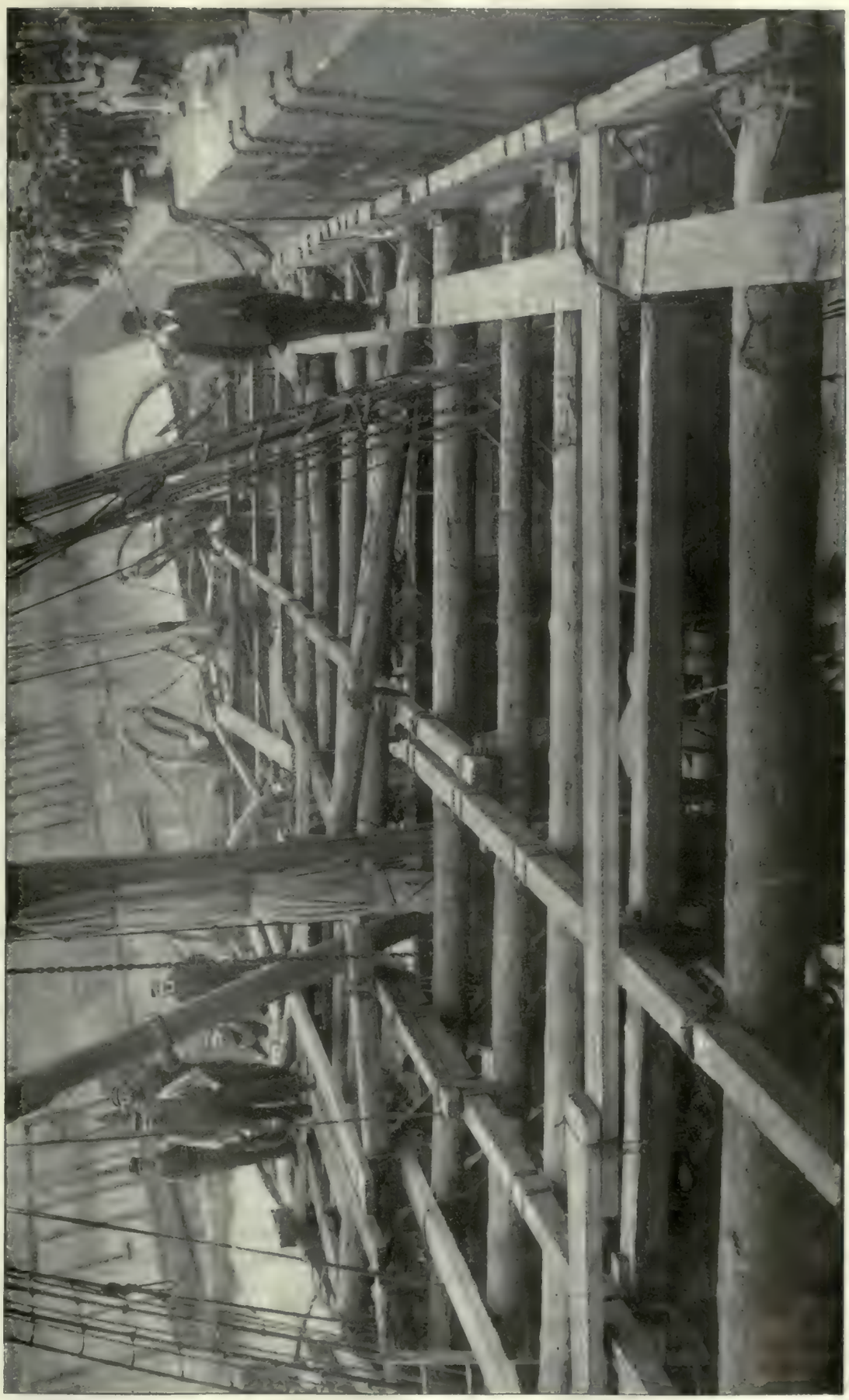
HAVING finished with the Atlantic seaboard, see what a lovely chance for exploitation would exist, once the vessel had arrived on the Pacific Slope. Nobody will pretend that there is any undue love lost between the Eastern and Western States, seeing that each of them considers the other too slow to catch the proverbial cold. In imagination, we can hear the pompous man in authority at Portland, Oregon, or San Francisco scathingly reprimanding the new arrival on his slovenly and ill-kept old crock! The latter worthy would plead that at New York, the steamer was according to law, to which he would hear in reply:

"NOO YORK! Great snakes and sulphur springs! Who cares a cuss for anything that soots Noo York. This ain't Noo York. No, sirree! This is San Francisco, and don't you forget it. An' caise this is San Francisco, you mind me that you air three boats short of the correct e-quipment; four sailors short, and your fire-room wants fitting out with ice-water fountains. Don't tell me about Noo York. You air in a civilised part of the world at present, and the fine for being out of kelter, an' against the rules an' regulations of this maritime State, is—well, I'll see about it, later on." And it would be even so.

YES, viewed in any light one cares to adopt, the President's ruling that the Federal Government has the power to control every common carrier engaged in mail transportation under a constitutional grant, is right enough, and should be law. If it isn't already provided for, then, if the United States really intend to go in for a merchant marine that shall be national in its character, that provision cannot come along too suddenly.

As we have already remarked, it is early days yet to talk of these matters in a disputive fashion. But then, if the country intends to enter into this shipping deal in its usually serious manner, the thing cannot be tackled too soon, or the country made familiar with all its means at too early a date. There are bound to be dissentient voices raised. The sooner their chance is given—so that they might rapidly die down—the better for the United States. For the matter of that, it will be better for all concerned.

A Big Salvage Job—one of the many undertaken by The Bute Shipbuilding, Engineering, and Dry Dock Company, Ltd.
Steamer *Fedele Primavesi* at the bottom of the Roath Dock!



The same steamer after being salved, and ready for rejuvenation.

WHITE STAR SCINTILLATIONS.

LIVERPOOL would appear to have quite a number of friends and well-wishers, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. Anyhow, there were quite a number of public bodies in the United Kingdom represented in the recent deputation to the Postmaster-General, which protested against allowing the steamer company to please itself as to where it should send its boats. This is a great country, and thus it comes about that old and vested interests must not be lightly set aside.

FOR some reason not very easy to state, Liverpool has become associated with the idea of nautical perfection, and when a steamer company dares challenge its supposed infallibility, there are quite a number of good souls who are aghast at the temerity displayed. They also see an opportunity for a little free self-advertisement, and thus come off those deputations, and things.

IT isn't only the amiable but probably misguided suffragette who appreciates the beauties of self-advertisement, and sizing the matter up broadly, most districts have their samples of the Spankhurstern *genus* around in handy positions. Still, the deputation which waited on the Postmaster-General has assimilated some essential information, even though the White Star boats must be left in peace, and to sail whithersoever their owners care to send them.

IN effect, the reply from the Chief of the British Post Office was, that it rests with the U.S. Post Office to decide as to which steamers the East-bound mails shall be entrusted to, and as the White Star concern is American to all intents and purposes, it naturally follows that matters had been satisfactorily arranged, long before the suggested change of ports had been made public. Under the circumstances, therefore, but little good will result from the action of the busybodies who worried the Post master-General.

IT's awfully wicked, of course, but as it is the law, it cannot be helped. Meanwhile, Liverpool has had an opportunity of witnessing the welcome which Southampton is ready to give all the liners which might be inclined to patronise its docks, wharves, quays, or waters, generally. On Monday last, the *Adriatic* opened the ball, if we may put it thus, and was "on view," at a "bob" a time, for the gratification of the curious and spendthrift among the native population.

WE believe that as *Adriatic* was the biggest boat which has yet favoured the Hampshire port, the shilling charge was considered as the correct amount, and naturally charity—blessed charity—will be the gainer for the amount thus collected. We forget how much the "takings" actually amounted to. But it doesn't really matter when one comes to think it over. The ship was on view; was well patronised; the day was moderately fine though windy; and quite a number of fair maidens risked influenza, and catarrh, rather than lose an opportunity of showing off the confections which the calendar suggested were due, but which the weather unsuccessfully tried to *tabu*.

THEN, the town was *en fete*, for it doesn't happen every day that a brand new service is inaugurated at the port. When we state that the town was *en fete*, we mean that bunting was bravely attempting to withstand the wintry wind which was howling across the country, and if some of it, at the close of the day, appeared as if the wind had won in a canter—well, what of it? As we remarked above, the place doesn't witness the opening of a steamer service every day—so there!

AT the same time, it must not be supposed that the good people of Southampton view the advent of the White Star line with unqualified feelings of approval. They have been going into the cost of the honour, and like most things of the kind, there are two ways of looking at it all. The prevailing "way," is that it will be quite a time before the benefits will overtop the outgoings. Money might come into the port through the passage of the crowd. Again, it mightn't.

YOU will remember that the people of Southampton are reasoning folk. Also analytical. This being so, they have been accumulating the experiences of other ports which have been similarly blessed, and in the aggregate, the feeling is that there is considerably more glitter in this liner traffic than gold—which is an unkind method of summing the thing up? It is supposed that all the money will have been spent at London when the crowd is outward-bound; the other lot will spend their's after arrival in London.

NOT unreasonably, the natives ask where they come in, if the passengers are brought direct from the city of smoke to the landing stage alongside the liner, and all just as the latter is on the point of sailing? Again, if, incoming folk are allowed to meander from the liner's deck to the railway train—where, oh, where is the money part of the undertaking to come in? We hear of a few enterprising souls who threaten to start in on the bumboat lay, as being the only opportunity of getting a look in. We shall watch to see if they are as good as their word.

MEANWHILE, and in spite of the possible laxity of money-making opportunities, the outgoings will be real all the time. There is a channel of another three feet to be dredged, and such an undertaking costs money for which somebody will have to be responsible. It is suggested that it is anything but good business for the natives to pay for all that dredging, so that a crowd of people to whom they have never been introduced, may use Southampton as a sort of jumping-off place.

FOR our part, we are inclined to side in with the natives. Liner traffic is all very well as long as you already possess a good cargo clientéle. Liners—being ladies according to Rudyard Kipling, and he ought to know, having sailed a passage in one or two of the breed—add a certain amount of *kudos* to a port; but they are of little avail as a cash-producing medium. Still, it is impossible to please everybody, try you never so hard, and one of these odd days, the Southampton folk might be inclined to send a deputation to Cardiff, in which event, they might easily learn something about working up a trade which pays, as against that which merely glistens in the summer sun.

NOT that there is very much of the summer sun about these days. It is a scarce affair. Almost as scarce as the ooftish which comes to hand as the result of offering hospitality to a liner. Of course, the summer sun is merely one of the "properties" of the occasion, and as long as a port has deep water—well, it can afford to smile at the sun, and at dredging bills which would then be non-existent!

HOWEVER, Southampton has had its gala day. The opening ceremonies of the White Star advent have been duly attended to. One of these days, the good souls might be officiating at its *Hegira!* You know the old song? "Years roll on and pass for ever, what is coming who can say? Well, you can't. Neither can we!

THE COMING OF THE COMPENSATION ACT.

THERE may be no gainsaying the fact that the present Government came into power amid the glitter of great things expected, and that it will go out in all the gloom which surrounds a number of things attempted, but precious little done. The President of the Board of Trade beguiled the shipowner with a number of specious tales of love and brotherly feeling, and in a sudden burst of apparent beneficence, he allowed them to drop their vessels into the pickle to quite an appreciable extent over what had been considered safe and equitable by "the other fellows."

At the first blush of all that nautical beauty, it was pathetic to hear the shipowner call down praises on the head of Mr. L. George! Here, for the first time in generations, was a President of the Board of Trade after the heart of the shipowner. A man and a brother! He wouldn't see the poor owner maltreated, not he! Here was a concession, if you like. Put the *Hipsy Fip* in dry-dock; get her new load-line cut in; load her up with the extra three hundred tons; and then sit down and pray again for "Georgie!"

But those long-suffering souls who fancied they had discovered a friend, came to pray and remain to curse! At one fell swoop, "Georgie" had increased the carrying capacity of the British Mercantile Marine to the extent of about one million tons, and never a shipbuilder earned a penny therefrom, nor did the shipbuilders' workers. The latter thought it must be alright, for was there not a Liberal Government (*plus* a Labour contingent) in power? Of course, and (in theory, at least) a Liberal Government is always the friend of the workingman!

What mattered it that a slump in shipbuilding immediately followed? Who cared if hands were paid off wholesale from the building yards? Who bothered if the worker starved, or fed? Nobody, all 'round. The Liberals were "in," and they gave the country something for nothing! More tonnage without building a ship! Look at that, sirs! Wasn't that a splendid affair? Of course, it was, and the prayers came along with monotonous regularity. But 'tis quite a different colour now. The hateful coal tax went by the board, and now, while coal prices are going up by leaps and bounds, freights are sliding down with equal rapidity.

Why is it? asks shipowner. Oh, there is too much tonnage about. It is impossible to keep freights up for that "iniquitous addition to the tonnage of existing vessels" (yes, it is iniquitous to-day!) has glutted the market at one fell swoop. There was nothing gradual about it, as usually applies. A million tons addition, under ordinary conditions, would have occupied at least one year; "Georgie" did it with one pretty stroke of his able pen. Well, well, The Maritime Review told you all about it at the time.

Naturally, you would not see eye to eye with us. Declared that our vision was warped, and that we couldn't see any good in "Georgie" because he was a lawyer and knew no sailorising. Frankly, that is the truth. When a lawyer attempts to legislate for shipping, we do not hanker after sailing the resultant vessels. Lawyers' ships are very much like old maids' children—freaks of the imagination. And for our part, we have no time to bother with freaks of any kind.

Anyhow, "Georgie" is now assessed at about his true value in the shipping world, and that is something to be thankful for. Later on, he will be in similar position with regard to the workman. At the moment, and while the ink on the latter worthy's alleged Magna Charta (the Compensation Act) is scarcely dry, the workman is jubilating. He is going to make the boss sit up, so he is. No more of that trafficking in flesh and blood. Indeed, the Millennium is a spot job.

But oh, what a difference in the morning! The hateful employer is positively about to protect himself. He actually wishes to carry on his work so that the average of accident will be brought as low as possible, and thus may better terms be made with the insurance gentlemen! Well, let him. The workman has his Magna thingamy, so who cares? But hold on a bit! How is the employer going to protect himself? Well, he is going to take no chances. Only the pink of perfection, physically, might hope for a job in future.

The good old warriors who were good enough before the advent of the Compensation Acts' provisions, must now be "scrapped." Too old at forty no longer applies. The Liberal Government has set the standard back until a man might easily find himself too old at thirty. Does he squint? Pass him by. Can't take any risks, you know. Averages must be studied. Is he a bit halting in his walk? Out with him! Same old nip about averages. And in the end, instead of a Magna Charta, it is a curse—of the greatest kind.

What is to be done? Switch on the gloom, and launch those would-be (but inept) ameliorators into outer darkness where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. You see, with a fiendish care, they have made it impossible for a man to sell his labour even as suits him. Interference with the rights of the subject, you say? Oh, dear no. Liberal enactments. The Government won't have any contracting out, not they. A man who is half blind, and totally lame, is as commercially valuable (so they say) as a man whose sight is keen, and whose legs are straight and true.

At least, this applies as far as compensation is concerned. All men are brothers, and although the Almighty saw fit to give a graduated scale of endowments to mankind, the Liberal Government intends to go one better; will make all men equal, aye, even if the half of them starves on the scrap heap. What's that? A parcel of theorists? Well, what about it? Who voted them into power on a fluke? You, with the votes, of course, so of what use is it to grumble?

You say father has had the sack after thirty-two years of constant work in one employ? That's bad for father, we admit. But look at the principle of the thing! Why, your dear old father, after thirty-two years of wear and tear is as good—in the Government's opinion—as is your brother who is just starting life in all the strength of his youthful years. Eh? Father's employer doesn't think so? What has that to do with it? Hang the employer. He's nobody. It's the Government you have to think about. The estimable, but somewhat betrousered old ladies who theorise over grave national realities.

What? You'll all starve now that father is thrown out of work? Of course, you will! That was intended, all through. You see, you didn't appreciate the beauties of your old-time existence. That appreciation was left for the present Government to inculcate. They have done it; have proved to their entire satisfaction that all men are brothers and co-equal; and just because your old father has to seek a berth in the workhouse, so that a hale and hearty youngster might take his place at the works, you growl about it. Why, it's ridiculous!

Empires may not be run on growls—nor Liberal Governments. Yes, you have the remedy, right enough, and with luck, you might succeed in getting that supposed Magna Charta deleted from the Statute Book; might just suggest that, in future, the world be run in accordance with the tenets of the Creator thereof. In that case, you'll down with the Compensation Acts as applicable at present, and which are a stupid amplification of the original law framed and worked by the present Opposition.

The Japanese/San Francisco Trouble.

WHAT is to be the end of the Japanese hazing—and worse—in 'Frisco? Will the American nation dilly-dally with the question out of respect to a number of hooligans who see, in this deplorable affair, an opportunity to run riot after the manner of their kind? For when all is said, the "trouble" is manufactured and "kept warm" by the hooligan members of the mob.

But this fact notwithstanding, the peaceful and law-abiding section of the community will have to shed its blood, and spend its treasure, if the misery takes the acute form which ends in war. In any case, it may be taken for granted that the few hobos who are reaping a little unearned increment from this factious business, will never risk their hides.

War may come, or war may go, but the genuine American hobo will continue on the sunny side of life. He is ever ready to lift anything that is neither too hot nor too heavy, and he is a born genius for raising a row for others to quell; but having made the particular set of balls implicated, it is safe to assume that when the necessity for rolling them arises, then, hobo is absent on other "duties."

This is a peculiarity which is confined almost exclusively to free America. In any other country on earth, the hobo of the kind that is making all the trouble in San Francisco would be treated to short shrift—and there would not be a very great deal for him to stand on at the finish! While a number of casual observers are inclined to believe that the "Japanese trouble" is a racial affair, those who are "in the know" realise that it is so only in name; and that the bed-rock item is, undoubtedly, a desire for unearned increment.

As is only natural in a country which is famous for its free and happy style of life, the Tired Tims have a happy time of it in America. Unwilling to work themselves, they have a grudge against anyone else that will. Being blessed with just enough of sense to realise where they can foment a strife, and make a certain amount of capital therefrom, they see that with this Japanese squabble there is a chance to shine in their own particular line.

Thus it comes about, that demonstrations of a threatening character are of daily occurrence in 'Frisco, and always "up against" a Japanese business house. At first these demonstrations are merely by way of a try-on. The hooligans wish to plumb the depth to which they may go without endangering their own precious hides. If the outbreak is dealt with in a strenuous manner, then, the "Japanese trouble" will die a natural death; if the authorities palter with the situation, then, they are up against the biggest—though metaphorical—wall which has been in front of them since "the Wah."

Meanwhile, the Japanese residents are attempting to win a share of the protection which should be meted out to all law-abiding citizens, the world over. The Japan Association has issued a statement to the effect that it realises that the authorities are unable to render to the strangers involved, the full protection which is their right, and now we are wondering what is to follow? If the authorities are in the suggested difficult situation, what will the Japanese residents do?

In other words, will they meet hoboism with ju-jitsu, and thus precipitate the very state that all thinking men among them wish to avoid—war? Or will they elect to kiss the rod, to the extent of allowing a mere handful of wastrels to terrorise and possibly murder them? Personally, we are inclined to believe that the former contingency will arise, and it therefore behoves the workers (as distinct from the scheming gas-bags) of 'Frisco, to take heed of the troubles which are ahead of them.

Unfortunately for the community in that unfortunate district, they have had a poor sample of the "yellow man" in their midst for years past. The Chinaman, as met with in America, is hardly the sort of human being to impress a white man with his ability to rise and shine. There are exceptions, of course, but with the majority of the inhabitants of the erstwhile China Town—well, the mob had but a poor opinion of Ah Sin.

He was easily cowed into subjection, and appeared to be willing to accept more damns than dimes; therefore, the native worked up a contemptuous feeling for Ah Sin. Then, came along the Japanese, and the superficial among the natives couldn't accept the fact that between the Chinaman and his Japanese friend, there was fixed a very wide gulf; that the kicking which cowed the Chinaman would simply put the Jap on the warpath; and that when the latter was "out for blood," he generally succeeded in sequestering quite a quantity of the semi-liquid.

True, the President of the United States has expressed himself on the subject in no uncertain tones, but the political bosses in the district—having an eternal eye on the voting possibilities and the approach of Election Day?—are disinclined to render the assistance which should come from them; and as a natural result, the hobo element is inclined to take the Presidential chiding by way of a questionable joke. In the midst of that joking epoch, the trouble will surely assume acute shape.

As we know the Jap, we are disinclined to believe that he will take the sacking of his business place with equanimity—laying down, as his American friend would put it. On the contrary, rather, for when he realises that he has but his own right hand on which to depend, then, the American friend will probably receive an eye-opener. Furthermore, there are generations of ill-use awaiting vengeance on the side of the Chinese, who will assuredly chip in at the crucial moment; and taken altogether, there is surely a high time coming.

True, the sensible portion of the community might realise in time, the dangers of the situation; but it is essential that they hurry up. We have no wish to pose as alarmists, but out of the fulness of our personal experience of the "little yellow man," we are convinced that not for long will he issue bald statements as to what is happening around him.

Unless the American Government is inclined to regulate the predatory proclivities of their own few wastrels, they will soon be face to face with the regulation of one fairly-big nation possessed of a sufficiency of warships and transports, to enable them to render a very good account of themselves; and their abilities will be eked out with the swarming hordes of equally predatory Chinamen who are merely awaiting a chance for "a fortune or a grave."

You see, the American friend has no copyright of the hobo species. He is about in quite big numbers in Far Cathay. Moreover, he is a more objectionable personage than his San Francisco confrere, and that is admitting a lot. Once let the Chinese hobo get a landing, and a hand on the necks of the bags of dollars which popular fancy supposes are about in the streets of all American cities, and he is worse than the horse leech at its own particular job. The really wise man is he who is wise in time, and five cent.'s worth of forethought, is worth—in this instance—a hundred dollars' worth of afterthought. *Verb. sat sap.!*

NAVAL ENGINEER OFFICERS.

THE North-East Coast Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders closed up their meetings at Newcastle on Friday night, last, and the President, Mr. W. H. Dugdale, had something to say about the *status* of Naval Engineers. We are bound to admit that the subject is of the evergreen persuasion; that it is like the poor, in that it is ever with us; and that judging by indications, it will be ever the same until the profession, itself, takes the matter in hand.

FOR years, past, mutterings have been indulged in; subdued threats of what would happen if certain easements were not instituted; and all the usual moonshine german to the subject, has been thrown about over the seascape. But in spite of it all, and in the words of Mr. Dugdale, "selected officers could not, when engineer officers were concerned, divest themselves of that traditional prejudice which is so seriously affecting naval efficiency, and which, if persisted in, must inevitably wreck the new scheme now being introduced by the Admiralty."

BUT is it right to prattle of "traditional prejudice" in this connection? Will a happier state be inaugurated, until the truth of the situation is plunked out in the broad light of day? We say, No—and most emphatically. The tale about "traditional prejudice," is just that, and no more. The real reason of all the trouble is (and ever has been) one of pay. Wise in their generation, the engineers insisted on a fair living wage in return for the expatriation which must be their's, while seeking a living on the waters.

TRUE, a supply less than the demand (at first) assisted them in their efforts; but even when the supply became levelled up, the wages dropped but inappreciably, and as a natural consequence, those "selected officers" jibbed at seeing the supposed inferior, romping off with superior wages. That has ever been the trouble, and instead of those "selected" gentlemen getting a hustle on for the purpose of raising their own screws into engineering rates, they are for ever intent on bringing the engineers' wage down to their own miserable pittance.

PRECISELY the same thing applies in the Mercantile Marine, and the spectacle of a callow youth fresh from a fitting shop (perhaps of a tenth rate kind, and where a complete engine never figured) shipping as third engineer and receiving the same wage as a chief officer holding a master's certificate—well, it was galling, we admit; but then, instead of wasting time and energy in attempting to appear contemptuous to the callow youth, the executive officer should have girded up his loins, so to speak, and have insisted on similar treatment. He didn't, and there it is.

THUS it comes about—for when all is said, the sea career is carried out on similar lines, whether it be run by the nation or by individuals—that the Admiralty minority report (and in the words of Mr. Dugdale) "in its studied slurs on engineers and engineering, was, he hoped, without parallel in the British or any other Navy." Well, it is. The British Navies of either kind, is the only place on earth where the "slur" idea holds water, and thus proving, very conclusively, that "traditional prejudice" is merely a cant phrase, and isn't worth the paper on which it is written. If it really were "prejudice," then, it would be apparent in all fleets of ships.

WE all realise that the so-called "prejudice" is merely on tap in Britain, so what are we to think? Merely that it is a jealousy brought about by financial superiority on the one hand, and inferiority on the other. It is beside the question to say that "The engineer branch is still most unpopular in the Navy." It isn't, as a matter of fact. It is merely as rules in the Mercantile Marine—the better paid, although non-executive. This is just the trouble!

HAVING recognised the exact point on which the trouble hinges, it is as well to seek a bit farther. In the old days, engineering was unknown, of course, and thus right down the ages, the executive branch was not faced with any sort of rival, whatever. Moreover, the executive branch enjoyed its voting privileges with the remainder of the community, and if everything didn't run along as merry as a marriage bell, then, it was as near thereto as made no odds to anybody.

TO-DAY, however, things have changed. The executive branch, no more than the engineering, has political power accorded it, and as the gentlemen have no political value, then, naturally enough under the circumstances, no political giant will espouse their cause. The labourers who help to make the engines which the seagoing engineers run, have a vote. They are at home at all times, and although their householding ability might be just large enough to admit of their having a vote, they are- from a national consideration—of ever so much more importance than the men who risk life and limb for the purpose of allowing those labourers to sleep in peace.

THIS brings one along to the old contention; the ancient root of all the ills with which the seafarer of every grade is surrounded—he must obey a set of laws on which he has never a word to say, and peace will never be established until that anomalous condition is removed. It is idle to chatter in an academical manner about these items of nautical importance. Chattering has been indulged in for years untold, and instead of a betterment eventuating, the direct opposite is happening. So much so, that it is within the bounds of possibility, to approximately forecast the precise point where national chaos will come in.

ENGINEERING in both services calls for education of a kind which will not brook the patronising nonsense which was good enough for the early "Geordie machanistas." Some thirty years ago, the exponents of the cult might have been thoroughly-good mechanics, but there is no getting away from the fact that, more or less, the word "pig" was oftener used in conjunction with them, than anything else. But that is all buried in the vistas of the past. You might happen upon a "pig," once in a way; but in the vast majority of instances, the modern engineer is a gentleman, and means to be treated as such.

THIS is a point which the dear old fossils at the Admiralty cannot assimilate. Being of the "thirty years ago" brand, they find it difficult to believe that the engineer of to-day is any different to the unspeakable chunks of "Geordie" illiteracy, which ruled in the (to them) "good old days." And the said fossils are not altogether to blame. The engineers, themselves, have allowed the "slur" to continue with little other than a mild and muttered objection; they must abide by the results—which are sapping the national integrity.

THOSE educated men will remember the old jape anent he who would be free, and what must first happen? Really, there is no necessity to strike any blows. Merely a plain and gentlemanly expression of opinion; a sort of "we aren't girls of the kind you imagine, and unless you realise the truth of the situation, we shall be painfully constrained to withdraw our valuable services until reason dawns inside your somewhat benighted craniums." That would end the "studied slurs," and it would do away with any pretence that "the engineer branch is still unpopular in the Navy." Once more, we have—written!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 5, 1907.*

SINCE our last week's writing, some little excitement has materialised in the local coal market, which has developed a strong tone, with prices "up" all 'round. This is in accordance with our forecast, and as we then remarked, the "up" idea is likely to continue for some little time ahead—bar accidents. Indeed, the firmness alluded to is very much in evidence, and nearly everybody on the selling side of the wrangle is pleased in consequence.

As we remarked, last week, quotations were then higher, and although they had not really resulted in business—they have since then. Not only resulted, but again the quotation is higher, amounting, as a general figure, to sixpence per ton better (the better to be viewed from the seller's coign of 'vantage, of course. The shipowner doesn't consider it better, you may be sure! On the contrary, rather, for he is inclined to be somewhat glum about the situation).

NATURALLY, there is a reason for all this sudden prosperity, if we may write it thus, and that reason lays around the independent chairman's award, last week. In consequence thereof, would-be buyers who, until that time, had stood off the grass or carpet (please yourself in the matter), instantly decided that "the better the sooner" would suit their little book. Therefore, there has been a scramble for the commodity, and when that happens prices rise.

NOT only have buyers been falling over each other to fill present requirements, for much the same conditions apply to the forward side of the undertaking. At the same time, the bulk of the transactions have been for June shipment, and for this position, collieries are very full, indeed. As a matter of fact, for anything like immediate shipment, there is a decided scarcity of coal, so that the question is not so much one of price, but rather to obtain the commodity.

YES, for anything which buyers have to cover, and providing the seller has the wherewithal to sell, then, the former has to face the quotation or—he doesn't get the coal. Hard lines, isn't it? Hard on the buyer, that is? But even so, it is the truth. Furthermore, it ever is the truth when demand is in excess of supply, and that is what is happening at the moment—for prompt shipment.

FOR really forward shipment there has been a quantity of inquiry, and although most of this is of the tentative kind, indications are all in favour of the belief that the major portion thereof will "come off." The world must have coal; it wants good coal; there is only one kind that is really good; and it is Welsh coal. Under the circumstances then, what is there to do? Simply that the Welsh coal must be obtained, even if to do it means the banging of many sixpences more than appeared essential a few weeks ago.

TRUE, at the moment of writing there is an absence of that excitement which prevailed during the early portion of the time under review. In other words, the market has settled down, and is now accepting the inevitable. "Get it where you can" is the unexpressed motto of the buyer, to which he adds, "Get it cheaply if you can, but —get it!"

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d., 20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d., 20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Seconds ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d, 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	11s. 3d	11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 0d	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d., 10s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	32s. 0d.	32s. 0d.	31s. 0d., 32s. 0d.	31s. 6d.	31s. 0d.	31s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	30s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 5, 1907.*

THERE is very little change noticeable in the Market in this quarter for the period under consideration. Prices all round are firm, and quotations for certain qualities are higher, where full stems are the order of the day. There is a good supply of tonnage which is making collieries busy, and for prompt shipment coals are somewhat scarce, particularly of superior Anthracites and Steams, for which there is no lack of demand. Quotations for forward shipment have become higher, but business of this description is being concluded but slowly. Transactions have been somewhat more numerous, and there is every indication that the present sound state of the market is likely to continue.

ANTHRACITE LARGE keeps in good request, but inferior qualities have not yet followed the trend of their betters, and there is but little movement in their prices. CULM and DUFF are easily upheld, as also MACHINE MADE COALS. In fact the latter keep going on their own, as it were. STEAMS are firmer, and especially BESTS. These varieties, and for prompt shipment, can hardly be had for money, or love, so full are stems. Inferiors are firmer in sympathy.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 6d.	21s 6d.	21s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. 0d	26s. 0d.	26s. 3d.	26s. 3d.	26s. 0d., 26s. 6d.	26s. 0d., 26s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	7s. 9d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 0d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 0d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, June 5, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, Steamer, 8s. 3d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Bernard,* 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Cape Verdes, *Chicago City,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Greenbank,* 5,450 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Waverley, 5,200 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres/Boca/La Plata, Steamer, 5,000/5,300 tons, 14s. 6d. 250, 1s. (N).
Teneriffe, *Exmouth,* 5,700 tons, 7s.
Madeira, *Mar Adriatico,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. (c. or P.T.)

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Shandon,* 5,700 tons, 6s.
Caspian, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Ilwen, 5,700 tons, 6s.
Swindon, 5,600 tons, 6s.
Imperial, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Phyllis,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Or Savona, Steamer, 4/4,400 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Rowa, 3,800 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 6,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Evangaline, 4,800 tons, 7s. option Naples, 6s. 3d. 1,000, or 6s. 4½d. if 800.
Wellington, 8,000 tons, 6s. 9d. spot.
Alexandria, *Reptonian,* 4,600 tons, 6s. 1½d. 700.
Virgen de Lourdes, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Chulmleigh, 5,700 tons, 6s. 9d. ppt.
Chiverstone, 4,100 tons, 6s. 1½d. 700.
White Wings, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Naples, *Hopemount,* 5,200 tons, 6s. 3d. 1,000.
Valencia, *Granada,* 1,200 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Canganian, or sub., 1,400 tons, 7s. 6d. 300, free tax, (c. or N.)
Oran, *Clymene,* 1,900 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Oranie, 1,700 tons, 8 fcs.
Barcelona, *Llanthony Abbey,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Gem, 2,700 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Palermo, *Prince Leopold de Belgique,* 1,300 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Rockabill, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Ancona, *Ashby,* 2,300 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Venice, *Tregurno,* 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Or Ancona, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Edendale, 3,000 tons, 8s. 3d. 400.
Trieste, Steamer, 8s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Mervinian,* or sub., 2,400 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Barletta, *Cornubia,* 2,400 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Tarragona, *Georg,* 1,100 tons, 9s. (s).
Porto Ferraio, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Torre Annunziata or Leghorn, *Odysseus,* 4,200 tons, 7s. 3d. 400.
Gibraltar, *Lyderhorn,* 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Yukon, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Porthcawl, 2,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. (Admiralty).
Malta, *Eda,* 3,600 tons, 4s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Amie, 2,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Adamton,* 3,700 tons, 5s. 6d. 350.
Oporto, *Earl of Dumfries,* 1,900 tons, 5s. 10½d. (N).
Skald, 1,400 tons, 5s. 10½d. 300.
Cadiz, *Edvard Grieg, (?)* 1,100 tons, 6s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Libau, *Marie Maschmann,* 2,900 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Sveaborg, *Edvard Grieg,* 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Stockholm, *Bothia,* 5s. 6d. (s).
Scandinavien, 1,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Copenhagen, *G. Koch,* 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Stettin, *Gisla,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Cronstadt, *Vlieland,* 2,900 tons, 5s. option Port Talbot ldg. same rate.
Helga, 3,400 tons, 5s.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Ella,* 1,200 tons, 6·12½ fcs.
Achecolanda, 3,200 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Pomaron, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Foscolino, 1,300 tons, 6 fcs.
Arraiz, 4,000 tons, 5·62½ fcs. (P.T.)
La Rochelle, *Gwendoline,* 1,900 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Kai, 1,900 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Getso, 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. coal, 6·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Baltique, 1,900 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Charente, *Larpool,* 1,500 tons, 6·37½ fcs.
Bayonne, *Egero,* 1,750 tons, 6·75 fcs. coal, 7·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
St. Nazaire, *Ashgrove,* 2,200 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Argo, 1,600 tons, 6·12½ fcs. (s).
Mary Lohden, 1,850 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Heros, 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. (N).
Pasages, *Sundet,* 1,050 tons, 6s.
Chantenay, *Muriel,* 2,900 tons, 6 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Liverpool, *Fred,* 300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Belfast, *Stainburn,* 460 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Aranci, 150 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
London, *Castleford,* 2,400 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Venetia, 980 tons, 4s. 4½d. (P.T.)
Fowey, *Winstanley,* or sub., 3s. 9d.
Portland, *Carn Marth,* 2,200 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Wear,* 1,550 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Cherbourg, *Helen,* 380 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Bremerhaven, *Normandy,* 1,200 tons, 5s.
Normandiet, 5s.
Havre, *Congress,* 1,400 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Toulon, *Douglas Hill,* 2,500 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Caen, *Volscian,* 680 tons, 5s. 6d.
Jason, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *Burton,* 780 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Glynn, or sub., 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d.
Honfleur, *Moringen,* 650 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 800 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Calais, *Folke,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Exe,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Ella,* 2,000 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 23, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

11,107/06—HOLMAN—***Improved means for securing the cylinder covers of divers air-pumps.***

This invention relates to the working cylinders of divers' air-pumps, wherein the ready accessibility of the interior of the working cylinders is a matter of great importance. According to this invention, instead of securing the removable cylinder cover by an annular series of screws, which must each be loosened and tightened separately, a single screw jointing device is provided, adapted to be loosened or tightened very quickly. The cylinder cover is adapted to make a rebated face joint with the end of the cylinder. The cover is made plain, and is secured upon the end of the cylinder by means of a union nut screwing upon a threaded portion of the end of the cylinder body, the nut having an internal flange adapted to bear with uniform pressure upon the margin of the cover, and having a series of notches adapted to be engaged by a spanner so that by a few turns the cover may be loosened or tightened.

15,319/06—JERVIS-SMITH—***Subaquaeous signalling.***

This invention relates to signalling through liquids of different densities and at different depths. According to this invention at the transmitter end is used a mechanically driven impulse maker which actuates the disc of the transmitter, an electric motor being placed in the cylinder of the transmitter to actuate the disc, and the current being led to the motor by insulated wires fitted by air tight joints to the cylinders. To obtain vibrations of a high period mechanically, some part of the disc is driven through an unbalanced axle, thus maintaining any vibration required.

18,122/06—LACY—***Improvements in floating mines and the like.***

According to this invention which relates to floating mines, use is made of the attractive force inherent in large masses of iron and steel for the magnetic field of a magnet located in a floating body fixed within a certain range of movement, the extent of the movement being determined by a chain attached to a mooring. Under these conditions a floating mine, when subjected to the attractive force of an oncoming mass of metal such as a battleship, has a powerful tendency to be drawn towards the mass as far as its mooring will permit, and the mass acting as its armature, causes a violent excitation to be set up throughout the field with disastrous effects to the more delicate machinery of the ship. When electro-magnets are attached to the mines the attractive force of the vessel draws the mine into contact therewith if within range of the mooring connection, and brings about collision between the two, with consequent explosion of the mine.

18,570/06—SUBMARINE SIGNAL COMPANY—***Improvements in devices for submarine signalling.***

The object of this invention is the production of a submarine sounding device wherein the operating mechanism cannot be obstructed by the presence of water, and the production of efficient means for operating this device. A closed metallic case serves as a sounder and a receptacle for operating means. One portion in this case is thicker than the remainder and takes the form of a heavy ring integral with the rest of the case. This portion which serves as a vibrator is separated from the rest of the case by a neck having a smaller diameter than the ring. The exciter consists of a hammer operated by an electro magnet and adapted to strike the ring. The source of electrical power may be located upon the shore or upon a floating structure, and is connected to the sounding device by a cable. The striker is mounted upon one arm of a bell crank lever, which is pivoted on journals on a lug located on the top of the magnet.

22,127/06—BOTTCHER—***Improvements in and relating to windlasses for hoisting and discharging grabs, tip buckets and the like.***

This invention relates to windlasses for hoisting and discharging grabs provided with two drums, of which one drum receives the lifting and the other the discharging rope. According to this invention the two drums are driven by a single motor, the shaft of which is arranged parallel with and between the shafts of the drums. It is arranged that either drum can be uncoupled from the motor and that either drum can drive the other by the agency of a slip coupling.

22,679/06—PRESTWICH—***An improved burner for miners' lamps.***

The object of this invention which relates to the burners of miners' lamps is the prevention of any portion of the oil which is drawn up by the wick and not consumed flowing down outside of the burner into the base of the lamp. The burner is made cylindrical with a coned top, and is screwed into the oil chamber. The lower portion of the wick tube is soldered to the bottom plate of the burner, the upper portion passing up through the aperture in the coned top, and a clear space being left around the top of the tube. A wire gauze disc is fitted on the lower portion of the wick tube, and a hole is formed in the bottom plate of the burner for the return of surplus oil to the oil chamber. By these means the surplus oil that is not consumed flows down the outside of the wick tube through the aperture, and is returned to the oil chamber through the hole in the bottom plate of the burner.

3,313/07—GABLE AND BRICKLEY—***Improvements in safety appliances for elevators and mine cages.***

According to this invention which relates to safety appliances for elevators, two longitudinal shafts have their bearings in the side walls of the cage, and are spring actuated through the medium of coiled springs which encircle the shafts, connected to each shaft is a grooved pulley over which extends a chain connected to the hoisting cable. Four clutches work in cam-brackets in the walls of the cage, and are adapted to be drawn upward by the spring actuated shafts on the breaking of the cable so as to grip the upright standards.

These applications for patents, are until July 8, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 174. FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907. Threepence.

A QUESTIONABLE BRAND!

John Bull: "Go steady, Sammy, or you'll get sick!"

Sammy: "Sick! Guess I'm sick afore I start!"

NOTICES.

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Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A QUESTIONABLE BRAND!	65
MARITIME MURMURS	66
SEAGOING LABOUR TROUBLES	69
CONCERNING THE NEW DOCK	70
JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES	71
AFFAIRS IN INDIA	72
PARLIAMENTARY AMENITIES	73
"HIGH AND DRY"	74
MORE OF MOORE'S GUILD	76
ON THE MAKING OF SAILORS	77
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	78
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	79
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	80

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS, CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

Is Germany's time of phenominal prosperity about to peter out? That is the question which is exercising the minds of those with most interest therein, and indications all point to the belief that the Teutonic friend will soon be in front of the metaphorical stone-wall which will bar his future commercial progress. Somehow or other, the fact that Germany is a new affair has escaped the notice of the patriots in the Vaterland. So new, that it was comparatively simple to double its national capital when that same arrangement was more or less a negligible quantity; but when the same affair had romped into a decent showing—well, Germany is merely reaping the same treatment which is meted out to the other nations of the world. To put the matter in a nutshell, and dealing with the seagoing side of the German entity, when there were only 2,000 tons of steamer under the Teutonic flag, it was a simple matter to double by buying another steamer. When, however, the tonnage had gradually romped into the one million stage, it needed another million to double the first, and so, on, right through the deal! With the tonnage approximately at three and a half millions, it is a tough job to double it—nay, is proving impossible, and the increase of only a few tons is taking some doing.

GERMANY, the same as Britain, is suffering the fate of the overbuilt. There are more vessels than freights, and while human nature remains unchanged, just for so long will each unit believe that it can do better than every other, and therefore, the said unit will keep pegging away. Now, it so happens that each unit is imbued with a similar belief, so what is there to do in the matter? Nothing more than the Briton is doing—put up with it. And as with the shipping of Teutonia, so is it with practically all its industries, and thus we read that the market reports of mining and smelting industries are so confused and so full of jugglery that they are neither fish nor flesh—which is a quotation from the *Kreuz-zeitung*. The same authority opines that all that can be read between the lines, is that the fear of a collapse of the boom haunts all the works. "This is abundantly apparent in the latest reports from Rhineland and Westphalia"—poor old Westphalia which was going to knock the "mortal stuffing" out of South Wales and its coal trade! No wonder that some of them came across to happy Wales while the German boom was "on," and with good German marks bought up a decent coal property which should stand them in good stead when the lean years eventuated?

HERE is another quotation which should gladden the hearts of the local friends: "The delivery of Ruhr coal to ports of shipment is constantly deficient, and during the past few days it has even frequently happened that cargoes of English coal have been despatched to Rhenish-Westphalian industrial centres and to upper and central Rhenish ports of shipment." What's the matter with that? Where are the German coaling depôts now, dear friends? Where that ring of coal stations with which the amiable Teuton was going to girdle the earth? Instead of blessed Westphalia doing the wonders that were fondly hoped of it, we note that "there has been a considerable increase in the import of English coal of late; large contracts are being signed daily, and the advancing prices that are obtained abroad (here, in Wales, look you!) throw a glaring light on the growing danger of competition." Why, if Mr. D. A. Thomas wasn't so busy with his new job, we should expect to hear him smile audibly at all this change and decay! Yes, indeed, for "Dai" was ever a champion of the ridiculousness of deifying that old, old, bogey of foreign competition!

WE should like to know the German equivalent of Mr. D. A. Thomas, and shall feel obliged if anyone will give us the tip. In that event, we should be able to watch for his pronouncements on the fatal thusness of the situation. At the same time, this apparent (and approaching) leanness in German industries might be all for good. It will give the giant minds over there, an opportunity of sizing up the reason for the debâcle which is now a spot job, and while they are doing that, the telegraph wires might get a chance to cool off a bit? Everybody knows that a certain individual who shall be unmentionable, finds mischief for idle hands to do-o-o-o, so if the lately idle hands are busily employed in fixing things up in their own barnyard, there will be less temptation to interfere in the feeding of somebody else's rooster? We are philosophical, you'll perhaps have noticed? Very well, and when the German friend

who is usually so keen on being considered the whole of the landscape, is "in" for a clipping of his wings—well, we believe it was Keats who wrote that philosophy will clip an angel's wings, so what chance have we in the same connection? Again, our philosophy might be cold, but it isn't half as cold as the slump which appears to hover around dear little Germany.

We are wondering how Liverpool will really get on under the new conditions? Will the *Ballin d'essai* really send his ships to the Mersey? If so, we hope their officers will join the guild, for we should like to see a few of those frowsy gentlemen "had" on the new pension scheme which appears to be on tap there! That is more cold philosophy, and in connection with that brand of the stuff, the poet already referred to wrote, "Do not all charms fly at the cold touch of philosophy?" They do, and that is mainly why guild's charms are pluming their winglets. They have been touched with our "cold philosophy," and as a natural result, their "charms"—both real and assumed—are frizzling up like the leaves of the last rose of summer! However, we shall carefully watch developments, now that Germany's slump has really commenced, and if those Hamburg-American officers ultimately join up with the guild, then, our own executive officers who appear to have had more than enough of the same combination, will not feel so inclined to be bilious as some of them assure us they are at present– which reminds us. We are in receipt of a further communication from the correspondent who has done so much to put some izal (or other disinfectant) into those Lord Street offices. It will be as well if you are given the real Simon Pure, and without any comment from our unworthy selves. Here you are:

To the Editor of The Maritime Review.

Dear Sir,—I told you last week of the "union boss's" desire to get rid of another of us, and for keeping a "weather eye" on them to wit, Captain Barlow. Well, a method was forced upon him (said "Boss") which he did not appear to like—namely, the posting of his letter on the matter on the board (a copy of which I sent you). Well, this letter was the means of checking the Boss, as the members flocked there by the dozen—I have heard various estimates of the number, but 60 or 70 is what I believe to be correct. One of the enemy even voted on our side when he saw how the land lay, although it might have been under executive instructions.

But instead of Captain Barlow being asked to resign, he was asked to continue his membership, and the result was brought about by a worthy member on our own side, who made a lengthy and telling speech, and dealing with the conduct of the guild executive right along. He pointed out to the members present, what the executive appeared to be aiming at—viz. to break up the guild as we know it. He also asked if their methods were to be allowed to continue, and if so, why couldn't he bring up a dozen supporters, and after picking out an obnoxious member who had shown a balance sheet at some time or other, and expel him by the aid of his dozen supporters? Also, why couldn't he, personally, continue the same game until he had cleared out the lot, in which case he should be at liberty to divide up all the money that remained?

Next, this same member went on to show that by the proposed new rules, we should be insolvent the moment that they were passed, as it would take about £9,500 to provide the secretary's pension, £5,500 to provide his son's, £3,800 for the cashier's at his present rate of salary, and so on with the rest. The sum total for that would work out at over £20,000, and as we only have £15,000 net assets, the deficit would at once fall on the members—through our being unregistered.

Well, our champion was cheered to the echo. One conspicuous member mentioned earlier, then said that he thought that Captain Barlow ought to be asked to continue his membership, and a rigmarole amounting to "but he must not show balance sheets in future"—but as the c.p. appeared to have completely forgotten his instructions, he made something of a hash of the intended admonition! So much of a hash, that he was shut up, and yet this gentleman is one of the paid voters! A member made reference to the secretary's son-in-law (the shipowner member), and the chairman threatened to close the meeting if the name was brought in.

Personally, I am wondering how the secretary's retiring present will fare now—there is a notice on the board, eulogising him up to the skies, and stating that Capt. Blyth or Capt. Mutton will receive subscriptions for a presentation, not forgetting to remind us that, once upon a time—as the story goes—the guild was in debt to our secretary. Then, the notice continues about the glorious deeds he has done for us! And the magnificent guild he has built up for us! Is this impudence, or what is it? He appears to have done well by himself through the guild, but for us, well—have we built it for his, or our benefit? I cannot recall one valued item done, when we consider the price paid. The defence of members could be insured with an insurance company for a couple of shillings per head, so instead of £60 per week as at present, the outgoing should have been considerably less. Very truly yours,

14, Broughton Road, A. Gittins, m.s.c.
Somerville,
Seacombe, *June 8, 1907.*

There you are! At one time, the secretary of this precious combination was a creditor to the lash-up which he made for his own ends, apparently, and which nobody asked him to move in! Well, we have no reason to doubt that he was a creditor, but we should like to know what he has received in emoluments since that auspicious day when the guild was no longer in debt to its founder? It should be a fairish amount in thousands? But do any of the members of the guild—outside the paid members of the so-called staff, we mean—know what they have paid out to their secretary? We have foregathered with quite a number of present, and past members of the affair, and to-date, not one of our enquiries has met with a reply. The poor fellows look as wise as possible, but say nothing! However, now that pensions are in the air, do the members of the guild intend to pass the new rules, and having passed them, accept the liability which will follow on the pension scheme? Personally, we are bound to say that they deserve no better fate, for they have been wickedly careless in attending to a matter which so closely concerns themselves. With an unregistered affair of this kind, there is absolutely no protection to an absent member, whose interests might be hypothecated into the ruinous stage, and yet he has never a chance of redress.

If, in self protection, the members resign *en bloc*, they will only be handing the accumulated funds over to the founder and engineer—a not unpleasing contingency we may suppose? Considered roundly, there is only one way out of it—an appeal to the law, and the passing of the accumulated funds into legally responsible hands, pending a decision of the whole membership. Why don't you fellows see about it? You have had sufficient warning, and if only for the honour of your profession, you should demand a definite explanation. As things are tending at the moment, the words "member of the guild" might ultimately suggest that the claimant is a double-distilled ass, and altogether unworthy of the charge of a valuable steamer with a price running into many thousands of pounds. This might appear harsh, but it is yet the opinion of many hard-headed business men. So—why don't you fellows see about it? We are willing to prophesy. In twelve months from now, it will probably be as difficult to find a man who will admit that he was ever a member of this guild, as it is for a rich man to enter heaven. You see! We shall talk to you when the year has gone into the *ewigkeit!* And perhaps by then, you will thank us for calling your attention to the gravity of the situation in which you now are. Personally, we have no interest therein, but we are unwilling to see absent officers exploited in this very obvious manner.

Dear, dear! Petty jealousies abound, and there is no getting away from the fact. Newport Town Council had a meeting on Tuesday, and naturally sat in the aroma of a more or less successful Bath and West Show. Such an aroma is calculated to work up several things—possibly swelled head amongst them? Anyhow, it couldn't be

expected that the forthcoming Royal visit to Cardiff should be passed by, so Alderman Mordey suggested that an invitation be sent to his Majesty to come up the River Usk to Newport, on the day after opening Cardiff's new dock. The whole affair could, in the opinion of the worthy alderman, be easily arranged, for the tide would admit of the Royal yacht steaming up to the outer Roads, and thence to the transporter bridge, etc., etc. It's a good idea, and if his Majesty the King would only accept the invitation, local investors might then learn the reason why Mordey, Carney & Co. have dropped down from their old-time "paying" position? But look here. Is there another thought "at the back of the heads" of these shiprepairing councillors? In view of the probable risks, is it supposed that circumstances might be too heavy for the yacht; that she might need a docking; and that the successful tenderers for the work might be—but no, we can't go on with it. The theme is too "touching."

At the same time, we should like to know why his Majesty should be asked to go as far as that transporter bridge. Is it that the folly of the whole undertaking might be thus made patent to the Royal party? Or rather that the precise spot where Macaulay's New Zealander is going to patronise the transporter's cross beam while gazing on the then desolate scene below, be measured out? We remarked, last week, anent the possible arrival of that New Zealander; suggested that he would occupy a mid-ship berth on the cross-beam alluded to; and that the last (and crippled) inhabitant would hold sweet converse with the said New Zealander. Have our words sunk in to that effect, and does the town councillor at Newport feel that the time has come when those great events shall be attended to? We hate to appear unkind, but when dry-docking aldermen start out to talk about the visits of yachts—well, we cannot divest ourselves of thoughts concerning the hidden subtleties of the situation. Of course, Newport's Mr. Wilkinson suggested something better. We have noticed that it is generally safe to depend on the gentleman in that respect. No matter what the common or garden variety of councillor might happen to suggest, we believe that Mr. Wilkinson may be depended on to top it. Yes.

What was Mr. Wilkinson's better suggestion? Well, he opined that in August or September, the extension to the Alexandra Dock would be completed, "and then Newport would have the finest and largest dock in the world," yea, lor'! It appears to us as if the gentleman has gleaned some advantage through his connection with Pressmen. We remember foregathering with Mr. Wilkinson in the long ago, and there were quite a number of writer chiels present on the auspicious occasion. Naturally, the old story with regard to the "finest and largest" circulation in the world was in evidence at the time, and we have an idea that the jape "stuck," as the vulgar would remark. However, the "something better" was to ask his Majesty the King to come down and "open" that dock—whatever was precisely meant by the term. The Mayor was of opinion that a subject of such magnitude required a lot of consideration, "because it was no small thing to ask the King to come up the River Usk." That's a fact, Mr. Mayor, and we are proud to note that somebody present had a fairly good idea of the prospective of the suggested picture. Advertisement is a good thing, but if anything should happen to the Royal yacht while engaged on the suggested trip, well, the advertisement wouldn't be in favour of Newport, what?

Proceeding with the exciting theme, Mr. Collier proposed that the matter be referred to the consideration of the Parliamentary and improvements committee, a proposition which Mr. Moxon seconded. The latter gentleman also expressed the opinion that if the King did not come to Newport river in the Royal yacht, the town might yet be in a position to present him with an address as he passed through. Now, on the face of it, the latter suggestion would appear to have much to recommend it, but, bless you, Mr. Alderman Moses "with some emotion," declared that in his opinion, such a proceeding would be undignified, and he hoped the council wouldn't agree to it at all, at all. Makes us wonder if the good alderman had been conjuring up a picture of an address being read at the railway station, in weather such as that which has hung around the late Show? Down came the storm and smote amain, the station in its strength, they shuddered and paused like frighted steeds, then jumped a-many lengths—to dodge the droppings which would come through the roof! Still, although the proposal that the matter should be considered by the Parliamentary and Improvements Committee was negatived, the Mayor quietly added: "It shall be considered. There is something on the board." What is it? The possibilities of a stray knighthood for somebody of a deserving turn of mind? Good old Newport. Most worthy councillors. Opportunity, thrice-blessed opportunity!

There's a good time coming for the juvenile Handy Men, for among other blessings, they are to be allowed a milder form of nicotine poisoning than has obtained hitherto. True, the tobacco habit is only one of the items which claimed the attention of the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon, for oilskins and seaboots are to be supplied for use in the stokehold, and by the Government—in future. Reminds us of an occasion when we strolled across the Roath Basin to join a locally owned steamer, as chief executive officer. We wish to put the thing as "toney" as possible, and if the crowd on board were more inclined to dub us the adjective mate (because we were averse to any shinnannakin on their part), the fact remains that in sending us thither, the owner assured us that as "chief executive officer," we should have a considerable amount of responsibility hanging (or devolving) upon us. That was alright, and we accepted either term of endearment with a philosophic calm. Ours not to reason why, ours but to wink an eye—when log-boat faking came along with praiseworthy consistency. But we are getting away from the main bearings of the item we had in mind. Let us get back, for we are thinking of the oilskins and seaboots which the Government is about to supply for stokehold use on warships.

On arrival on board the vessel alluded to, we happened to see the chief engineer and his donkeyman emerging from the engine-room scuttle, and—tell it not in Gath—they both wore seaboots of a most serviceable pattern! Wishing to investigate, we casually remarked that she appeared to be a wet job. "Wet job," scornfully ejaculated the chief machinist. "She's that wet, that you have to wear oilskins and seaboots while on watch, and if you haven't rheumatic fever in three months of this packet, then, you are surely a tough ha'porth. Not only do you need the oilskins at work, for you have to keep 'em handy when you turn in. Here, come down into my room, and see for yourself." Well, sirs, we accepted the kind invitation, and a casual glance at the chief's bedding convinced us that the seams overhead were in parlous state. We suggested that, in the interests of all concerned, the engineer should paint a nice little sign-board for use on the deck above, said board to contain the words, "You are respectfully requested not to spit in the cars"—no, no, on the deck. If anybody were wicked enough to spit on that deck, then, on going below, the chief would surely find the major portion of the expectoration on his blankets. No, we didn't accept the post of "chief executive officer" on that vessel. We had some good clothes in those days which might explain our objections.

SEAGOING LABOUR TROUBLES.

ONCE again, the *inscrits maritimes* (queer kritters) are engaged upon their foolish trick of pretending to strike. For French naval reservists, they have been comparatively good, for about three years, it being that spell since last they decided to give expression to their dissatisfaction at prevailing conditions. As is usual with these well-meaning but woefully misguided patriots, their fussiness is likely to be short-lived, for in *la belle France*, the sailor is thought but little of.

FOR the matter of that—and thanks to the pernicious tactics of a number of harpies who batten on the deplorably small remnant of British seamen—the latter is rapidly becoming held in like esteem, or lack thereof. And when all is said, little else is to be expected. When a number of seemingly sensible men elect to parade the streets after the fashion of a West Indian "John Canoe" lash-up; when their obviously faked-up bare-footedness hits one with a shock; when their sleek and well-fed faces are grease-painted into the semblance of hunger and want; then they may not expect to be treated seriously.

FOR when the truth of this misery is written, it is seldom that the really hard-up British sailor will submit to the jockeying tactics of a moribund "union" boss. That is left to the tatterdemalion mob which these French strikes drive across to our shores. We have given a long and patient study to these stage-managed processions of out-of-work "seamen," and although we would not insult the real article by suggesting that they are "Paddy West's" sailors, we yet have to sorrowfully admit that they are merely caricatures of the same article.

THE genuine sailor, realising the hopelessness of the present situation, is inclined to suffer in silence—which is the pity of the whole thing. If the genuine sufferer would come out and plead his cause "like a man," he would receive assistance from all sides. But when a crowd of freaks undertake to march through a town, under the leadership of an exploiter who is admittedly living on the collections which are made *en route*, small wonder, then, if the public treat the whole travesty as a huge joke; or if "jolly Jack" is guyed and made light of from every music hall stage.

As far as the latter item is concerned, the sailor has to thank (or curse) the 'longshore "playwright" for the major portion of his present misery. The sailor is invariably portrayed as either an impossible ruffian, or as a maudlin ass who is for ever hoisting up the "slacks" which do not exist; and for all the world as if braces were the sole copyright of the "playwright" aforesaid. However, one of these odd afternoons, Jack will reach an opportunity to shanghaie a "playwright," and after that will come peace and prosperity—for Jack——!

BUT reverting to the *inscrits maritimes*, they are playing the same old game, and outside the dislocation of over-sea passenger traffic, little is heard or felt of their action. The fact which doesn't seem to appeal to these misguided Frenchmen is, that their country is by no means so greatly dependent on the sailor as is our own "tight little island." An all 'round strike at home with us, would be disastrous in the extreme, and yet, nothing short of such drastic action appears to be of use in easing a dangerous situation.

FOR the situation which places a nation's food supply at the mercy of caprice is dangerous in the extreme, and in a really wise undertaking, would be impossible. But when the Frenchmen indulge in their periodical kick-up, the Government sailors are requisitioned for the nonce, and in a few days—as a rule—the strikers see the uselessness of their conduct, and return to work, sobered and chastened.

MOREOVER, the Frenchmen usually "come out" upon some trumped-up claim which has seldom any connection with the wages question, insufficient food, or general discomfort more than the ordinary amount. An officer speaks harshly to a skulking member of his crew, the skulker complains to his "union," which in turn, makes matters worse by attempting a high-handed policy; ill-feeling is engendered all 'round, and the officers generally lay themselves out "to take it out of Jacques," when you have all the elements of a fine strike.

As matters are trending at present, the cross Channel French service is being maintained by the British section of the business, and as there are a number of fishermen in the ranks of the strikers, the greatest trouble will be a possible fish famine—not a very great hardship for a few days? On the last occasion when these naval reservists came out on strike, the culminating point in the deal was reached when the officers did likewise—at the instigation of the employers it was said.

THIS meant, that when Jacques had worked off his little fling, and wished to again get back in collar, lo, there were no officers willing to proceed to sea unless a number of outstanding grievances between themselves and their crews were settled amicably. Needless to say, those grievances had been brought about by the action of the "union" bosses, who, in their short-sighted and bombastic fashion, had hoped to terrorise the executive into a small corner of the seagoing entity. But the navigator, the world over, is invariably loyal to his employer.

THEY were so on this occasion, and as already stated a clean slate had to be placed before the executive, before they would consent to again give Jacques an opportunity of earning a decent living. While the strike continued, torpedo boats ran mails across the Mediterranean to French territory; torpedo boats manned with the late companions of these very men who were on strike, and who, at the same time, hardly knew why!

BUT then, there is nothing new in that feature, for in nine cases out of ten, a given body of strikers do not know why they have been "ordered out;" but they are equally sure that they will not go back until they get it! The "Boss" says, "Min, yez'll come out. There's a dispute, an' I want yez to show 'em who's who." They, poor deluded fellows, cannot see that it is indeed a case of "I want to show them, etc." And if in the result, a shilling a week rise has been engineered, then, the workman is still no better off, for the pretended "rise" goes in subscriptions, and levies, which again, go to keep the fellows who say, "I want to show them, etc."

HOWEVER, in connection with the *inscrits maritimes* joke, we note that the Brighton Railway Company state that their Newhaven and Dieppe service will be kept going by the English fleet of passenger boats, so that delay on that route, at least, should be non-existent.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907.

CONCERNING THE NEW DOCK.

THE average Cardiffian is, admittedly, a level-headed citizen, and it is seldom that he "lets himself go" over any one particular idea, or theme; particularly that portion of him which is euphemistically-known as "something at the Docks." But at the moment he is somewhat inclined to *tabu* all subjects save one—the approaching Royal Visit. Indeed, it is not too much to say that "dockitis" is about in goodly proportions, and the visitor is inclined to wonder if the native has been asleep for a number of years past, and only because of the impending visit of their gracious Majesties the King and Queen, is he inclined to awaken? In other words, the dock that is soon to be added to the port's potentialities, has been in the making for a number of years, and although the fact has been common knowledge over that period, it is only now that the dockite appears to be imbued with the feeling, that the opening of that dock will be of an epoch-making character! Why is it? We have no idea, and if we had, should hesitate to make it public. In any case, there is no getting away from the fact that the promised visit of the King and Queen to Cardiff, overshadows every other local topic, and this is exactly as it should be. The nautical element are in great fettle over the affair, and the majority thereof can hardly be persuaded that the King-Emperor will actually sleep for one night, in the same dock which will soon be the scene of so much commercial activity. The happening will be so unprecedented; and is so much out of the usual run of things nautical; that the seafarer might be forgiven for appearing to doubt the serious statement referred to. Going further, we are assured that his Majesty's decision in this connection, marks the beginning of a brighter era for the sailorman, and for our own part we sincerely hope it may be so. There is no gainsaying the fact that King Edward VII. will do more for the nautical profession in thus resting for one night in a dock which has been built to accommodate mercantile tonnage, than will all other efforts in the same direction; and we are hopeful that the good example thus given, will bear fruit that will be good for the nation. When the King is gracious enough to bring his yacht to a coal dock, and to stay with her there over-night—well, such action is surely calculated to focus public attention to the work of the men who will afterward place that dock in the forefront of commercial prosperity? And some such fillip has been sadly needed, even if we are the first to recognise this side of the approaching pageant. We lay claim to no "inside knowledge," being satisfied to write our impressions at their face value; but we shall not be surprised to learn—later on, and when our words have received their usual attention—that one of the reasons for His Majesty's goodness in this respect, is even that which we have suggested. With the Mercantile Marine little other than a whited sepulchre; with aliens practically in charge of the forecastle; with second mates as scarce as the dodo; and with masters and mates rapidly dying out; something out of the common is needed to crystallise public attention to the importance of the sailor, as nationally considered. This "out of the common" idea is now about to be supplied, and once more it is the King who takes the breach. However, we have no wish to strike a discordant note in the general festivities, although as practical sailormen we can distinguish one or two in the present arrangements. In the first place, we note that the new dock is to be styled "The Cardiff Dock," and the decision doesn't give us the pleasure which such a great event should give. You see, we happen to have travelled over the world pretty considerably, and we never remember entering a place of any size, where "Cardiff Dock" wasn't already known. As a matter of fact, we have noted a "Cardiff Castle" and a "Cardiff Dock" in divers ports of the world, and if the titles were placed up outside the house of refreshment at each port, what of that? It merely exemplified the fact, that even as Cardiff coal is of world-wide fame, so is the Cardiff Castle and the Cardiff Docks. This being so, we are of opinion that the suggested title for the new dock will be merely an ambling along on old and monotonous lines, and will convey but little to the mind of the amiable foreigner who makes a living through handling Cardiff coal. The latter worthy knows the "East Bute," the "West Bute," the "Roath Basin," and the "Roath Dock," and he jumbles them into the one generic term—"Cardiff Docks." Under the circumstances, then, if you give him a new dock which is also "Cardiff Dock," he will never turn a hair, nor will he assimilate the fact that it is anything new. How can he? He has been blessed with a knowledge of "Cardiff Dock" for decades, and any further nomenclature in that direction will pass him by unheedingly. With this idea before us, we have just undertaken a stroll across in the vicinity of the dock which is now centreing the attention of the Cardiffian. Having done so, we have to admit that we encountered a terrible number of coal wagons bearing the name "Lewis," in fairly-large capital letters. We saw those wagons in the "East," in the "Roath Basin," in the "Roath Dock," and in the various bits of apparent no-man's-land between each of them. In fact, the word was about on all sides. Very well. The native must admit that the bearer of that honoured name has been *facile princeps* in everything appertaining to the new dock; that without his initiative it is highly probable that the said dock would still be in the womb of the future: and that, therefore, the approaching visit of Royalty would be several points removed, from the twelfth day of July, 1907? You see the point, of course? You also know that there already exists a "King Edward Dock"? Yes, and you might admit—now that we have called your attention to the fact—that there is no "Lewis Dock," and that such a dock at Cardiff would be just the thing, and would be properly distinctive? Especially if you have been over the new dock, and have cast a wondering eye upwards over the mechanical beauties of the Lewis-Hunter Cranes which stand there in readiness to win the admiration of the commercial community, through the able (and expeditious) manner in which they will load up the argosies which come there for that purpose. Under the circumstances, then, you will probably see the force—and justice—of our contention? Publicity is the soul of trade, and we submit that there is but little publicity in naming a dock in precisely the same fashion, which already obtains with the strangers who patronise the commodity, that is world-famed as "Cardiff Coal." The new dock will about double the accommodation of the Bute Docks, as far as the large steamers of to-day are concerned. Further than this, it will provide for a very great increase in local trade, and for many years to come. All that remains is to give it a name that will convey some especial meaning to the foreigner who, after all, is the man for whom the facilities are provided. As we have already remarked, "Cardiff Dock" means nothing out of the common to the foreigner. He is familiar with the term which, to him, is of the household word persuasion. But inform him that the "Lewis Dock" of the "Bute System" is now open for business, and he will be all agog for information—aye, and in a manner which "Cardiff Dock" would never work up. Of course, you understand that this is merely an idea of our own. We quite realise that there might be difficulties in the suggestion; but we give the idea for what it is worth, and with an eye to the future publicity of the facilities which will soon be added to the Port of Cardiff.

Japan and the United States.

THERE is a growing tendency to believe that the growlings between the Japanese and the San Francisco folk is spreading over the United States, but indications do not at all justify any such belief. Indeed, the ill-feeling (even in San Francisco) is confined—as we stated in our last week's issue—to the hooligan members of the 'Frisco mob. The latter wastrels see in the situation, an opportunity for reaping where they haven't sown, and true to their peculiar attributes, they are not inclined to forego their opportunities.

PERSONALLY we prefer to take the opinions of those who have lived on the scene of the trouble, rather than those of the good souls who take a flying visit thereaway, and from the opportunities supplied, attempt to give the world a more or less garbled statement of the conditions. As far as that goes, the Japanese Press is similarly actuated, and seriously asks its supporters not to believe that strained relations are imminent. For the matter of that, there are no strained relations—outside the ranks of the spurious "unions" which find a real rival in the Japanese worker.

So far in the developments of Japan, and in its leanings toward Western civilisation, "the little yellow man" has steered clear of the demagogue, and as a natural consequence, the trait is a bitter insult to the "little white demagogue." The latter sees an insult in the Jap's decision to keep clear of poppycock schemes of amelioration which add twenty-five cents to a labourer's daily value, and which also insist on his paying fifty cents to the "ameliorator" who has brought it all about. In plain language, it is impossible to spoof the Japanese worker. He comes from a land where life is a serious undertaking, and on arrival at San Francisco, finds that life is just a big bluff.

OF course, there are blusterers among the Japanese Press, and a few of them are inclined to adopt the tactics of the "yellow press" at home; to go in for sensationalism; to care but little for actual fact so that the rag sells better than its rival; and, generally considered, to play high, low, Jack and the game with matters all 'round. But then, the "yellow press" in Japan, is in no whit more successful as popular educators, than is its prototype at home. Here, with us, the man in the street buys the "yellow rag" much the same as he patronises the music hall—he needs a laugh! And if the rag indicated happens to sell for a halfpenny—well, several good laughs for that insignificant amount, are cheap?

So is it in Japan. The Japanese man in the street, is just as eager to win a cheap laugh, as is the same species the world over, and thus it comes about that sections of Japanese newspaperdom sees its opportunity, and runs it for all it is likely to be worth. So-called patriotism, too, is much the same the world over. As long as an exponent thereof is inclined to shriek and wave his arms—albeit in a metaphorical sense—he is sure to gain a little brief notoriety. True, the spectacle is not altogether inspiring—but it wins a few shillings, and that is the main point.

THUS on the one hand, the Japanese public is adjured to refrain from stupidly considering that the 'Frisco trouble is a widespread affair; while on the other the native patriot is assured that it is all over the United States; and that, regardless of what the other fellow might be inclined to say, "the future relations of Japan and the United States are involved." Moreover, the Japanese demand "must be firmly insisted upon," and there you are! It is ever a case of "you pay your money and you take your choice.

MEANWHILE, it is as well for both parties to remember the facts of the case. As we have frequently remarked, these are altogether of a racial kind, and are confined to very narrow limits. That is to say, the malcontents at 'Frisco are remarkably few in numerical strength, although they make up for their paucity in number, by excess of lung power. In plain words, the 'Frisco hooligan is, for the first time in his life, up against the real thing. Hitherto, and thanks to geographical position, he has never been subjected to strenuous competition.

THAT hooligan gentleman has been enabled to call his own tune, and simply because of the scarcity of labour in his midst, the tune has ever been to his own liking, and regardless of the rights or privileges of the employer. True, he was subjected to what he has been pleased to term "Chinese cheap labour," but then, it was merely a catch-phrase; and one that had but little real significance. You see, the "cheap Chinaman" was singularly prone to the exhilarating beauties of a scowling threat from hooligan. Chang seldom had the hardihood to hang out for long enough to see if the threat would materialise into actual deeds; thus, the threatener had an easy time, and developed the swelled head which usually accompanies it.

BUT with the advent of the Japanese at 'Frisco, the hooligan's troubles commenced. The Jap is of that cult which has a very strongly pronounced belief in its own ability, and while he seldom looks for trouble, he is the more inclined to face it like a man, supposing it is forced upon him. And the hobo contingent—having nothing to lose and everything to gain from its dodges—is intent on that same forcing. Thus it comes about that while the situation, at present, is anything but dangerous, it yet contains all the elements of a high-class trouble, unless the hooligans are set down with a firm hand.

FACTS are stubborn things, and the statement is by no means original. All the same, its truth is inviolable, and while it happens that talk is somewhat cheap, it is also a fact that it takes money to buy bread and butter. It is also a fact that the Jap can undersell, and lick the American labourer at a job which, heretofore, he had come to consider as his own by Divine right. The Pacific trade will indubitably fall into Japanese hands, and for the simple reason that the American is not a natural sailor, while the Jap is. On more occasions than we care to remember, we have written these same strictures, and once upon a time, as they say in the story books, we were supposed to be of the "crank" persuasion.

IT would have been better for the Yank if that "crankysm" had been in evidence. We aren't "cranks," however, being rather truthful historians, and now that our prophesies are materialising in bewildering style, we naturally feel that we have an additional right to call attention thereto. Whether the American friend likes to admit the fact, or otherwise, he will never lick the Japanese portion of creation by working up riff-raff brawls. At the same time, if the Yank will eschew played-out tricks and will make an effort to justify himself as a genuine competitor of the invader, then, matters might be different.

As things are at present, the 'Frisco malcontent is satisfied to shout, while the industrious Japan man works; and in this connection, shouting is about as useful as was the broom of one Mrs. Partington of immortal memory—a fact which the American should take over to himself. The tide of Eastern invasion has set in on the Pacific Slope; it is a big tide; and idle talk, or "Bowery brawls" will never stem the new influx. True, the remedy is with the American, but that remedy has more to do with honest labour, than it has to do with "chin music." And let it not be forgotten that the American is no sailor, while the Jap assuredly is.

AFFAIRS IN INDIA.

IN giving his annual account of the Government of India on Thursday night last, Mr. Morley went into the details of the situation with commendable fearlessness. At the same time, those of us who know India in a manner distinct from the Blue Book style of knowledge, might be forgiven if we suggest that the said fearlessness did not go far enough. It is one thing to submit that the Government of India, in making use of the special powers of 1818 had done their simple duty ; it is altogether another thing as to why those drastic powers should be necessary when the world is nearly a hundred years older ?

No one wishes to gainsay the assertion that in India, the Indian Government must be supreme, although judging by the tactics which have become current over the past quarter of a century, the Indian Government's supremacy is precisely like that which is wielded by the latter-day shipmaster. We have seen how the skipper has gradually been shelved from the vessel over which he is nominally master; presently, we shall see a similar exhibition in connection with the Indian Government.

IN this connection, Mr. Morley was somewhat emphatic, for in rounding up his Parliamentary speech, the gentleman touched on the stupidity of those who consider that India should be left to the Indians—a state of affairs which is not to be tolerated for one moment. Indeed, and according to the same authority, British rule in India "will continue, ought to continue, and must continue." Precisely what is meant by the quoted words is somewhat difficult to see, for if British rule "will continue," it doesn't matter unduly as to the "must continue." Does it, now ?

WE read that Mr. Morley's speech will have a beneficent effect in India, but will it ? Who is to go guarantee for any such idea, or pronouncement ? Here is the fashion in which a London leader writer works the matter off a massive (or otherwise) chest : "It (the speech) will leave no doubt in the minds of those of the large loyal population who hear of it, none in the minds of the small disloyal element, and none in the minds of the faithful servants of the Government as to the spirit and purpose by which the British Government is animated." It reads very prettily, of course, but isn't it more or less piffley ?

As far as the latter contingent goes, they, of necessity, will read Mr. Morley's speech as it was uttered. That is to say, they will be favoured with a verbatim report thereof, in due course. But when one comes down to "the large loyal population," and "the small disloyal element," are we to stupidly suppose that they will ever see more of that speech than their native mentors decide on giving in the native rags ? Surely not, and this is precisely where the British Government plays fast and loose with its chances in Indian life.

THE native gutter rag is at liberty to mangle, distort, fake-up, and otherwise turn to its own ends, any of the speeches which are uttered by British statesmen, and sirs, you may depend on those same rags carrying out their mission in life, in a thoroughly whole-hearted manner. Of what use is it for a responsible statesman to tell a number of well-meaning people in London about the intentions of the Indian Government, if, at the same time, that statement of supposed action is to be disseminated through the length and breadth of India in the fashion which most appeals to the local "patriots," who are blessed with a "din skin ?"

NONE, whatever, and there are times when the iron-handed government prevalent in Holy Russia appears to have blessings attached to it ! However, this isn't Russia, and although the Russian Imperialist is fond of assuring the world that one of these odd afternoons his legions will be found at the Gates of India, the crowd hasn't arrived as yet. For that matter, it doesn't appear possible for the said crowd to arrive at any duly specified set of gates outside of Hades—as things are trending at the moment.

BUT reverting to Mr. Morley's speech, and some of the comments thereon, we are assured that "by too much centralisation, the result of a conscientious zeal, the administration has been dislocated from its natural contact with the minds and hearts of the people." Truly an arcadian suggestion, what ? As if that same administration had ever got within a hundred miles of "the minds and hearts of the people !" This is probably the worst feature about the "unrest in India." Responsible people—who have never been outside the hail of a policeman—will beguile themselves with a number of home-made beliefs, and then, later on, are aghast to find that they have been "shouting up a wrong close."

THE conscientious zeal is right enough, but most of the sample which has come our way, is evidenced by that superior feeling which aims at styling every native of the Indian Peninsula, "a d———— nigger." If the government of the place could be really left to the Indian Government, then, the zeal which stigmatises every Indian as a "d———— nigger," might be good enough for work-a-day conditions. But for as long as namby-pambyism at home is yoke-fellow with real hard-caseism in India—then, for just so long will unrest continue. Nay, it will ultimately break bounds, and there will be a cry of the "same game over again."

IF we lived in India, we realise that we should view the native in the light that is suggested by the words "d———— nigger," We realise it, because the time already spent there by us, worked up the feeling in our midst. Not, perhaps, because the Indian is exactly a nigger—either d———— or otherwise ; but mainly because those who were on the spot before us, took pains to inculcate the belief into our virgin (as far as Indian affairs are concerned) minds. It is considered "the thing," out East, to look down upon the native, and candour compels us to admit that, in the main, his tortuous turn of mind justifies the feeling.

AT the same time, nothing is ever said of this in Parliamentary speeches. You see it is bad form to face uncomfortable facts. It is ever so much more pleasant to dodge them as far as possible, by which means, the bubble-over might easily be postponed, until the "other side" comes into power. In that case, the latter will have all the opprobrium, while the present rulers will have all the votes ! This is a great country, but it is terribly parochial in some of its greatest workings ! For our part, we are willing to concede that "a grave responsibility attaches to every inconsiderate utterance in this country, on the subject of India."

BUT then, who is to decide as to the inconsiderateness of any utterance ? Is it right to stand carelessly by, and see your country riding for a fall—and through the twaddley pronouncements of a Blue Book : or is it better to speak the truth and shame—he who is never mentioned in smart society, for fear he will be offended and get some of his own back in his own time, and with his coming opportunities ? The plain issue is, that the Anglo-Indian must be allowed to work his "d———— nigger" beliefs out unhampered ; or the Home Government must take over the job, and attempt to run the Indian volcano on fire-proof lines. Which shall it be ? It is for the country to decide, and the time, perhaps, is not so very far off ?

PARLIAMENTARY AMENITIES.

"FAILING to get the Germans to come up to our standard of safety we have gone down to theirs, but are our seamen the legitimate prey to competition"—thus Lord Muskerry on Monday last, in the House of Lords. Now, at the first glance, we wondered if the latter half of the quoted remark had to do with the competition which aims at easing "certificated John" of so much per annum, and under the assumption that his interests are to be backed to that extent, by the competitors referred to.

You see, until a few short weeks ago, the same gentleman was a subscriber to—and a careful reader of—THE MARITIME REVIEW, so we naturally exercised our minds as to whether the query, "are our seamen the legitimate prey to competition," had to do with some of the revelations which have appeared in these pages, with reference to some good people who appear to imagine that John is legitimate prey. But no! The House of Lords question concerned the loading of British ships.

HAVING sized the question up in this manner, a further consideration convinced us that the quotation was an old friend of our own; that the same idea had appeared in our columns, and several months ago—when the new load-line atrocity had first come in, to be exact; and therefore, if the query was not a quotation from "ours," then it should be taken as conclusive evidence as to the similarity which exists between minds that are really great. Very well. Let us get on with another quotation, and one with which you will probably be equally familiar.

HERE it is: "Are their lives to be exposed to unnecessary risk for the sake of extra profit?" You recognise it as an old friend, don't you? Of course, and under the circumstances you will also recognise the fact that we are more or less proud at finding a bantling of our own thrown around in the House of Lords—no less a place. Let it be understood, right away, that none of the Government folk who prattle about mending the House of Lords, are to get our consent. We shall enact the part of the poetical youth who bleated something about "Woodman spare that tree," only for tree, you read House of Lords.

THE House must stand for ever—there or thereabout—and for reasons already assigned. But let's get on. "One officer wrote that the new regulations had practically destroyed Samuel Plimsoll's great work, and that the load-line on the writer's own ship was fourteen inches higher than before, a change that filled him with apprehension." Dear us! Who was the writer? And which was the vessel? She must have been a whopper, to admit of such a drastic change in freeboard, for obviously you cannot work a trick of that sort with a vessel which has a small freeboard to start with. Can you, now?

You can't, so we should like to know whether she was one of those big 'uns which work out to, say, 40 tons to the inch? If so, the total addition would mean 560 tons more of cargo. Filled with apprehension, indeed! One of our young men hopes the "writer" wasn't filled with anything other than apprehension, and also suggests that there is no good to be obtained from stretching a point, nor from pulling a leg. Still, you can't please everybody, and as our young man is somebody, he not unnaturally comes within the category?

ANYHOW, Lord Muskerry asked for, among other items, a return showing the extent of the application of the new regulations; and—as usual—he ultimately agreed to withdraw the motion. Why? Well, on the face of it, because the Earl of Granard, on behalf of the Board of Trade, "feared that the return asked for . . . could not be granted; the trouble and expense would much more than counterbalance the utility." Of course, it would, and who is there at sea—in a general way—that will assert that the new load-line is anything very dangerous?

WE could easily persuade two or three "writers" to give us a line that would act as a leader for ourselves; would give us a chance, say, to pose as something great and good; but of what avail would such tricks be? Very little, we trow. And anyhow, why didn't his lordship peg away when the new regulations were still in the nebulous stage? Before—at one fell swoop—they had added about a million tons of shipping to the British Mercantile Marine, and without the country benefiting one iota from the blatant quiff?

THESE would-be friends of Jack seldom seem to get hold of the right side of the animal with which they are concerned. For instance—and confining ourselves to the question of "our seamen"—has anybody ever given a thought to the fact that the alleged "regulation" took away a livelihood from: some 250 skippers, 500 mates, 750 engineers, and about 4,000 of the sailor and firemen brigade? You see, that is about the number of men that it would take to run one million tons of tramp tonnage—and needless to say, the tramp is all that was concerned in this little deal of the pen.

BUT the squeezing out—at a low computation—of some 5,500 men, is by no means the only wickedness which hangs around Lloyd-George's supposed sop to the shipping industry. At the moment, the shipowner is suffering from a terrible depression in freights, and simply for the reason that—again—at one fell swoop, the tonnage was increased to the extent of a million tons over what was essential for the carrying trade of the world. Truly should the shipping industry be grateful to "Georgie" as ever was?

AND yet when all this wickedness is an accomplished fact, we get a noble lord to rise in his seat and ask why this thusness! Is it any wonder if the carping critic asks why the guild pays out so much ooftish in "Parliamentary expenses"? We are afraid not, and this particular patriot—in view of the amiable manner in which he is prone to withdraw his motions—reminds us of the man who marched his thousands up the hill, only to march them down again! Unkind of us, perhaps, but we are practical, if nothing else.

TRUE the Marquis of Salisbury thought that Parliament and the country were entitled to more information respecting the sudden change in the position of the loadline, and although the remark is certainly belated, we feel that we are in agreement therewith, if only on our belief in the dictum that it is better late than never. But, then, who expects that either Parliament or the country is likely to receive any information anent the devious bits of dodgery which goes on in connection with the back-bone of the country's national existence?

BUT precious few we opine—at this late date in the history of things Parliamentary. If one cares to throw his mind back to the institution of the Merchant Shipping Bill which ultimately became an Act, then, one is compelled to admit that the whole thing was rushed through with indecent haste; that nobody—outside its somewhat discredited framers—knew, or cared much about it; and if at present, the misguided provisions of that Act are likely to alienate the sympathy of the whole shipping industry from the fathers of the said Act; well, it is only following out the prophetics which we indulged in when there wasn't even a printed draft of the Bill available.

HOWEVER, having again given you something to think about, we are inclined to leave the subject for this occasion. There are plenty of issues in front of us, you know.

FITTING SHOP OF THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING, AND DRY DOCK COMPANY, LTD.

High and Dry.

THE great Ovid might have been near the truth when he remarked, *Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis* — or "Time glides by, and we grow old with the silent years;" but when all is said, there is precious little that is really old, anywhere! Let us explain. Just ten years ago, we worked off a bit of poetic frenzy as was our then habit (having grown in years, we have out-grown the weakness), and the stuff was considered good—not to say appropriate. Tacking back over the accumulated work of the period indicated, we happened upon that "frenzy," and lo, it appears to be as appropriate as ever! But don't take our word for it. Read for yourself. Hear it is:

CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAM HOPPER NO. 3.

HIGH and dry are loving brothers,
Dwelling by the Severn Sea;
"High and dry" they're named by others,
But to us they're "H. and D."

Where they came from need not matter;
What they look like you shall see:
High is spare, but Dry's much fatter,
Spare and *plump* are "H. and D."

High is careful in his living,
Dry is careless as can be;
High is always advice giving
To his careless brother "D."

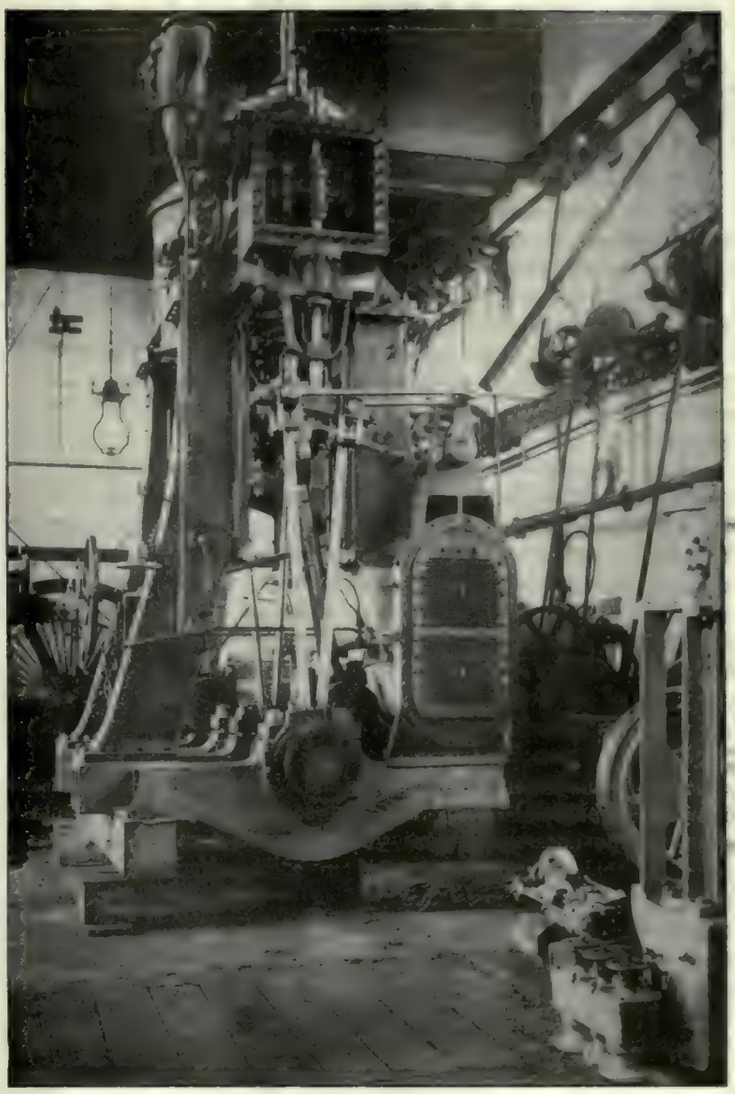
High —because he is seraphic—
Is as good as good can be,
In the many cares stomachic
Entertained by him for "D."

Both are great on shipping business,
Live they both on owner's fees;
Both, aye work with perfect fairness—
Straight young men are "H. and D."

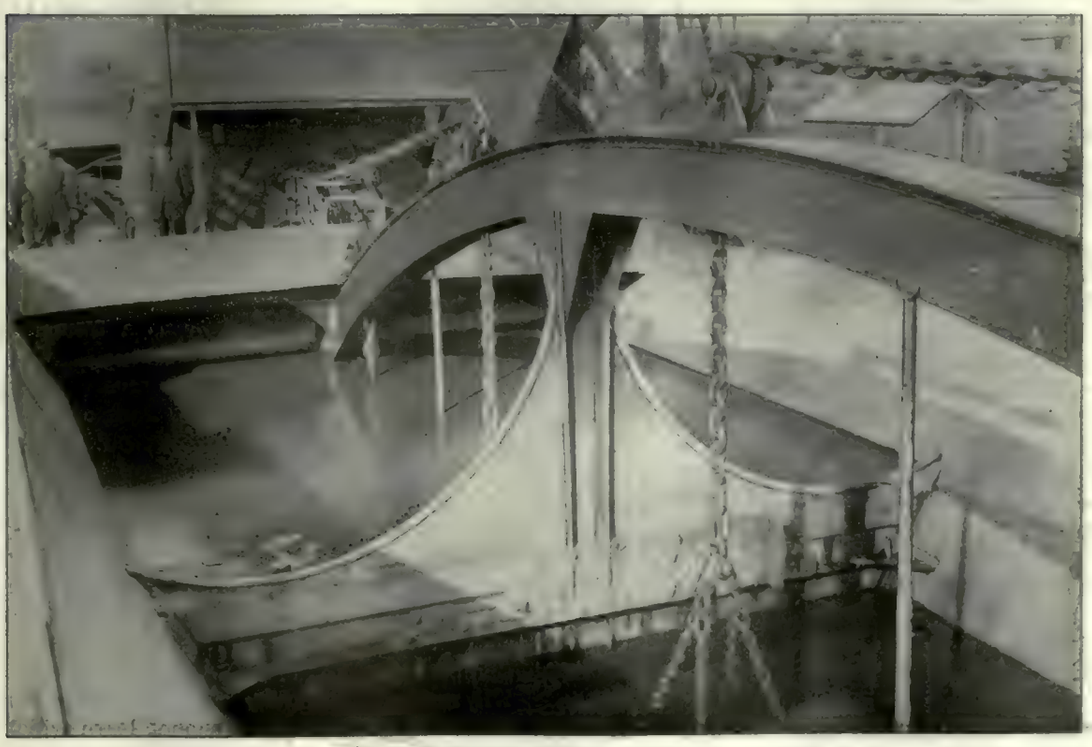
Wicked folk oft talk about them;
Say rude things about them *re*
Dealings on bye-product's system—
Troubles this, not "H. and D."

High and Dry with all their money,
Yearn towards bless'd charity;
They part with cash, like bees with honey
Nice young men are "H. and D."

High and Dry are music-loving,
Fain they'd reach the higher C,
By organs into chapels shoving—
Bless'd are gifts from "H. and D."



ANOTHER VIEW OF FITTING SHOP.



VIEW FROM DECK OF STEAM HOPPER, SHOWING THE WELLS.

More of Moore's Guild!

EAR, dear! we had no idea that so many deep-water sailormen undertook to carry The Maritime Review to the uttermost ends of the earth, but since our straightforward remarks some weeks ago, and in connection with Moore's palace of varieties in Liverpool, well, we feel humble! Letters come in on us in disconcerting shoals, and if one half the assertions made in those letters are correct, then, surely was it time that we gave attention to this little coterie of strenuous traders!

For the matter of that, we are assured that it is time the Board of Trade took a hand in the game, and as we have also remarked, we enjoy the same opinion. To the time of writing, we have no information as to the Board's probable action in regard to the two different balance sheets which we reproduced 'way back; there is not yet time for us to hear. That Board is generally noted for the ponderosity with which it moves. But all the same, we think enough of it to believe that where an explanation is really essential, that explanation will be sought at the earliest opportunity. Under the circumstances, then, we will leave that portion of our consideration until a later date.

And now, let us consider a few of the letters which grace our table, and which have come to hand from a variety of members, and past members of the guild. But look here, you writing seamen! For heaven's sake confine your remarks to the possible-to-print variety. You rightly believe that this journal is printed in a second-to-none printery, but even so, our type is built of type metal; isn't wrought steel, you know; and we do not use asbestos for the construction of the paper. Nothing less than wrought steel and asbestos would suffice to bear the heat that would be engendered by the use of the "hot stuff" which comes to us, as a result of the plain facts which we have written with regard to guild.

One friend wishes to know if we have heard from the Marquis of Graham. We have not, although we believe that when his Lordship realises the possibilities of his connection with this double-balance-sheeted affair, he will work the renunciation act, right away. At the same time, we cannot expect Lord Graham to place a too implicit belief in our strictures, and mainly for the reason that we have had the bad taste to help a genuine combination of executive officers, and that the Editor of this journal has consented to act as honorary secretary thereto. What would have happened if we had floated off a long-firm sort of thing, and had seen that our emoluments were quite all that was to be bothered about—we shouldn't care to say. We have done nothing of the sort, and—well, and there you are!

Another would-be wag wishes to know if we can tell him the exact amount—if any—which has been paid on account of Lord Muskerry, for his devoted work to guild; and this is about as silly as a writer could be! How are we likely to know what the guild pays for Lord Muskerry? We aren't even members of the concern. And if we were, we have an idea that if we were to attend one of the Tuesday evening mutual-admiration meetings of the confloption, and were to ask that pregnant question, we should be told—ker-slap and right away—that notice of such questions were absolutely essential, if a detailed answer were expected.

The same wag asks if, providing Lord Muskerry is to be paid an honorarium, the receipt for same would, in the natural order of things, be open to the inspection of members of the guild? What a question to ask! Why some of you seafaring gentlemen will be asking if we have ever heard of a suggested "secret service fund" in connection with the same concern. A fund on which the chief engineer thereof might be able to draw, and no questions need be asked!

Another question takes the form of a conundrum. It runs: "If guild insures any of its members, what does the insurance company allow by way of commission for the introduction of business; and is such commission to be looked upon as a private perquisite; or should the profit thereof be ranged in the balance sheet, as an asset to the guild, instead of that £40-odd which romps along as taxes paid, and is yet an asset?" Go *hon*, you wicked fellow! Fancy bothering a staid newspaper man with such obviously ridiculous questions! Profit ranked in the balance-sheet, forsooth! You make us smile, and that's a fact!

"Have you ever heard of guild jewellery?" asks one more fanatic, and we chuckle inwardly. Have we heard of guild jewellery? The *h*idea! Of course, we have, and we have frequently wondered why its sale was not ranked into guild accounts as an asset—to keep up the usual fiction. The same thing applies to the sale of flags; to the supply of pretty "guild" stationery; to—to—to—lots of things which appear to appeal to the trading instincts of these pushing atoms who administer the guild. But there is one particular item of which we have never heard.

It is: Who pays for the time used in these by-producty deals? That is to say, as jewellery, flags, insurances, stationery, etc., are dealt in, it naturally follows that the dealing means a profit, or the energetic souls concerned would drop it all, like the proverbial hot-spud. To deal in these items, means the consumption of time, the use of an office, the use of paper and envelopes, typewriter ribbons, and stamps; but, there is never a word about it all in that balance sheet—er—in those balance sheets.

Yet another querist breaks off into Sunday School hymns, and remarks something about "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive." We do, old ship, and the web is in evidence whether we practice to deceive ourselves, or somebody else. Time was, that we believed in the guild—and that was when distance lent enchantment to the view appertaining thereto. But in a fatal moment, guild undertook to "say things up against us" in that guil(d)guy gazette of theirs; said those things without any provocation on our part; lied about us; and wrote lying letters about ourselves and our friends to the press and private individuals. That was where guild "practiced to deceive" itself. It felt that as it was clever, all the rest of the world were fools.

But that was where guild got right up against the real thing, in a manner of writing. Its lies, and sneaky letters called our attention to its peculiarities; its utterance of differentiated balance-sheets; its fatuous claims of increasing prosperity, at a time when its published figures proved that it was losing ground; to, in short, its indubitable debâcle. And what has happened? Why, guild isn't a bit clever. Is merely cunning. and there is a tremendous amount of difference in the terms.

That guild seemed to have a craving for rope. We gave it, and in our frank opinion, the result will work out to the metaphorical hanging of the engineers; it should work out to the punishment of those who faked up the balance sheet which might easily have placed the combination to a loss of a thousand pounds. In this respect, you growling sailormen, why not invoke the aid of the law in connection with the management of your money? You have had it conclusively shown that the so-called "auditors" are either willing to sign anything, or that the "staff" are prepared to take the names of those "auditors" in vain? Why not finish the thing up? Write the Board of Trade yourselves, and see if you cannot learn which is which, in the game?

ON THE MAKING OF SAILORS.

SEEING that we have consistently concerned ourselves with the raising of a dependable *personnel* for the British Mercantile Marine, while most of our alleged "shipping contemporaries" have just as consistently ignored this most vital question, we feel that we have some cause to feel proud in the knowledge that our continued strictures in this direction, are bearing fruit. To-day, the seafarer of all grades is receiving a satisfying (but no less novel) attention from the home-made moulders of public opinion; an attention which we believe our readers will place to our credit?

TRUE, that same attention is still in the nebulous stage, and on that account will admit of no relaxation on our part; but on the admission that "every little helps," we welcome the small amount which is in evidence, and to which, on more than one occasion, we have referred. We have never pretended that Jack is an angel. On the contrary, rather, for he is very much the reverse, being essentially human in all his workings. Still, it is absurd to expect anything of the angelic under the conditions which apply at sea, to-day; or which has ever applied, for the matter of that.

ON several occasions we have animadverted to the uselessness of the training-ship idea, thereby making no end of enemies who were trying to stuff themselves with the belief that their efforts in this direction were patriotic in the extreme. But then, we had the inward satisfaction of knowing that, sooner or later, those enemies would be friends of the best kind, and for the simple reason that we offer no criticism from hearsay, nor from malicious intent. We have "been there," while the training-ship idealists have not; having "been there," we are in a position to state the true inwardness of the theme, and from personal experience.

THEN, the partizans of the apprenticeship idea have favoured us with a certain amount of ill-feeling, and solely because we have had the courage to state that all apprenticeship dodges under existing circumstances, are just a mortifying of the flesh. True, some of the upholders of the system have attempted to beguile us with the belief that, in their case, apprentices were a heaven-sent notion. But then, the yarn did not beguile us! We knew better, and mainly because we obtain bed-rock information from the boys, themselves, while the employer is put off with the particular tale which is best calculated to suit him.

TRAINING-SHIPS, apprenticeship, any of the worn-out dodges for increasing the *personnel* of the Mercantile Marine, are a weariness, and at this late date, nobody believes in them—not even those who make such a prattle about the items referred to. Statistics prove that not more than five per cent. of the training ship lads ever continue at sea, and such a paltry return for the money value involved is absurd in the extreme. The same thing applies with the apprenticeship idea. A few of them really finish their agreed time, and in isolated instances, they remain under the original house-flag. But in the vast majority of instances, they throw up a sea-life at the end of the first or second voyage.

THE remaining few, after their apprenticeship is completed, incontinently rush off to join another firm of owners, and thereby enact the rôle of they who fly to ills they wot not of, etc. All the same, they help to prove the unsatisfactory conditions which surround the sea-apprentice. In the result, the officers are for ever dwindling down to the point which will soon be written as vanishing, and for the very ample reason that there is no "young stuff" coming along to take the place of the older material. In time, perhaps, the subject will obtain the pressing attention of those who can afford to consider it with an unprejudiced mind; meanwhile, we have to go on with our self-appointed task of attempting to throw light on the obscurities which surround the subject.

MOREOVER, too, it is not only in Briton that an awakening is toward. We note with much pleasure, that some of our American contemporaries are attempting to follow our lead. It must be our lead you know, when we have been engaged at the business for upwards of four years, and our contemporaries are only just awakening from their sleep of years? However, we note from one of our exchanges, that the subject of the making of sailormen is assuming acute form on the Great Lakes, and as a natural consequence the exponents of nautical opinion in that region are "out" for the journalistic education of "wheelmen and watchmen"—which is an American method of writing deck-hands.

THE contemporary alluded to, in a praiseworthy effort to justify itself in the eye of its moneyed supporters says: ". . . the average owner (what is that, precisely?) is interested in his wheelsmen and watchmen, especially so if they are ambitious and are endeavouring to advance themselves. It stands to reason that he should be interested in them, for will he not be obliged, sooner or later, to draw from this same source, men to officer his boats . . . No owner is going to be slow in recognising the higher qualifications of a man, no matter what berth he may be filling on board his ship. It is to his interests to do so, and he is doing it."

As a chunk of academical reasoning, the foregoing quotation might have something to recommend it. As a bit of real hard sense, we are not so sure. However, our American friends have a perfect right to stuff their friends even as seemeth good to them, and thus when we further read that "Owners want men on their boats who are thoroughly competent to perform all the duties necessary to insure the safety of the property intrusted to their care," we are not the persons who are willing to jib against the statements. Especially as we have indulged in a brief spell of "fresh-water sailorising," and didn't like it a bit.

AT the same time, our experience in those days gar'd us think that the "average owner" didn't care a toss about our ability as a wheelsman or watchman. You see, the Old Man usually interested himself with those little matters, and as far as we could ever learn, the owner was "aisy" on the subject. Of course, times have changed since then; Great Lakes' owners might have changed with them. As far as that goes, we hope they have, for, sirs, there was plenty of room for that change, providing it lay in the direction of improvement.

BUT let us not appear captious in this present review. Our Great Lakes' friend is out for the education of wheelsmen and watchmen—having filled the navigating contingent up with a quantity of old-world japes anent navigation and applied magnetism. Being "out" as suggested, it is printing a series of questions for those wheelsmen and watchmen, while, later on, the answers will be supplied. As an example of the kind of knowledge that is expected from a man who is already entrusted with the steering of a ship (and with the view to increase his commercial value), we again quote:

"IF a vessel heads W.S.W., what direction is her stern in?" Takes some thinking—even on the part of the man at the wheel, doesn't it? Then, look at this: "If your boat is heading S.S.W., what point on the compass would be 5 points from her head on the port side?" Makes us think of some of the school-day puzzlers! "If it takes a yard and a half of red flannel to make a monkey jacket for a poodle, how many cobs are there in a ton of coal!" Let's leave it—albeit sorrowfully!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 12, 1907.*

IN giving a consideration to the market which is concerned with Cardiff (and other) Coal, the reviewer has to admit that matters therein continue satisfactory. Our own especial notist assures us that the boom in prices is somewhat after the advent of summer this year—unduly prolonged; but he is, admittedly, a wag, although per-adventure a well-meaning sample of the brand.

ANYHOW, the condition of affairs coaley is satisfactory to the seller, and if the number of transactions is not unduly great, this is by no means because there is any falling off in the demand. On the contrary, rather, for the demand is hardening up continuously, and as a natural result, quotations have gone appreciably higher—ay, and in several instances those higher figures have been realised.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that there is not a quantity of active business about; but this is solely for the reason that there is no free coal, and when coal is not available, it follows that transactions must be restricted? In other words, a buyer might have every good intention in the world as far as buying is concerned, but if there is none of the commodity available, what may Mr. Buyer do?

FRANKLY, he must—in very many instances—just whistle for it, and that is exactly what he is doing. Whistling both loud and long, as the poet remarked on a similar occasion. You see, the collieries are chock-a-block filled with stems; orders are merely a further mortifying of the flesh; "give us a chance," is the phrase most frequently heard in coalville at the moment; so what is a man to do?

AGAIN, tonnage is not to hand in anything like sufficient amounts to admit of easing the situation, although it is here in quite sufficient quantities to cause some heartburnings for the possession of those tips and cranes which are not always comeatable. See? There is a plethora of tonnage "in," but the existing circumstances call for half a dozen plethorii (which is a good word, and is worthy of admiration when found in a coal screed? Yes.).

So, taken altogether, prices are booming, coal is scarce, tonnage is insufficient for the demand, and in the midst of it all, business transactions are somewhat limited because there is but little free coal outside of the manipulations of the amiable middleman. Good old middleman! This is where he comes in with telling force, and as a result, he is winning quite an unusual amount of uncomplimentary language. Not that he cares very much about that phase of life; but we thought it as well to mention it.

FOR actual prices, the subjoined list will be informative.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 18s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 1½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 11s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od	11s. od.
Seconds ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	31s. od.	31s. od.	30s. od., 31s. od.	30s. od., 31s. od.	30s. od.	30s. od.
Ordinary ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.	23s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 12, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local staples for the period under review is still satisfactory, there having been no change, other than in an upward direction. Prices have been easily upheld generally, and what is more, those recently in vogue have been improved upon by certain exponents. Here, as elsewhere, a continued good demand is making collieries very busy, especially seeing that the supply of coal is not altogether equal to it. For prompt shipment there is very little free coal about, and even for forward shipment, that is to say a month ahead, the supply errs on the limited side. You see collieries are very well sold, and when such is the case, and there is no lack of enquiry, it is a foregone conclusion that prices are firm. And they are just now.

FOR ANTHRACITE COALS, business remains active. LARGE keeps firm all round, but for MACHINE MADE COALS, very high prices are being asked, and certain it is that sellers have been booking at improved figures of late, so full are their Stems. INFERIOR LARGES, which were stationary lately, have now assumed an upward inclination. CULM AND DUFF are also selling at good prices, as stated below.

STEAMS show no weakness. BEST qualities are very difficult to obtain, and buyers are now giving their attentions to the lower grades, the increased demand making quotations higher. PATENT FUELS are also keeping high.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 6d., 21s. 6d.	21s od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. od, 14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	21s. od.	21s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. 6d	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.	26s. od., 27s. o l.	27s. od.	27s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 3d.	8s. 3d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, June 12, 1907.

N) denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Suakim, *Teespool,* 6,000 tons, 9s. 3oo.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 5,800 tons, 14s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 15s. option 2,000 tons, fuel, 16s.
St. Paul de Loanda, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 13s. 250.
Zarate, *Emma,* 3,300 tons, 16s. 150.
Madeira, *San Telmo,* 1,500 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Las Palmas, *Mark Lane,* 2,600 tons, 7s. 4½d. 250.
Or Teneriffe, *Dongola,* 5,000 tons, 7s.
,, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Chalton, 5,100 tons, 7s. option St. Vincent, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Tugela,* 4,500 tons, 14s. 3d. option fuel, 15s.
Steamer, (Morel's) 6,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Boca/La Plata, *Angola,* 4,900/5,300 tons, 14s. 9d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Karma,* 5,400 tons, 6s.
Trecarrel, 5,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Genoa, *Camwell,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, or 7s. 6d. if 350.
Pino, 2,200 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7s. 3d.
Craigronald, 3,700 tons, 7s. 1½d. (C. or N.)
Ontaneda, 5,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Florence, 2,800 tons, 7s. 1½d. (C. or P.T.)
Akaba, 4,200 tons, 7s.
Castlemoor, 5,100 tons, 7s. 3d. (C. or N.)
Alexandria, *Derwen,* 5,000 tons, 6s. 700. (P.T.)
Claveresk, 5,3/5,800 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Algiers, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 9 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Aldgate, part cargo, 2,200 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Dingwall, 2,800 tons, 7·50 fcs. (N).
Constantinople, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d. Barley.
Savona, *Monza,* 2,800 tons, 7s. 6d. 350. (s).
Oakdale, 1,500 tons, 7s. 9d. 350. (s).
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Benhead, 3,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Leghorn, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 7s. 1½d. 500, 10d.
Bona, *Vendee,* 3,200 tons, 8·12½ fcs.
Ancona, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Boynton, 3,000 tons, 8s. 6d. 500. (C. or N.)
Marseilles, *Zafra,* 5,500 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Carrara, 3,000 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Torre Annunziata, *Taormina,* 2,700 tons, 7s. 3d. 400, 10d.
Torre/Civita Vecchia/or Leghorn, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 7s. 3d. 400.
Seville, *Mauranger,* 1,300 tons, 7s. 4½d. (s).
Tarragona, *Dimond,* 1,000 tons, 9s.
Philippeville, *Ninian Stuart,* 2,400 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Cassia,* 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Gaea, 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Malta, *Marie Rose,* 4,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (C. or N.)
Lisbon, *Eureka,* 1,600 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 1,700 tons, 6s.
Ely Rise, 1,450 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Elsinore/Nyborg/or Aarhuus, *Haardraade,* 1,000 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Nyborg/Korsoer/Elsinore/or Aarhuus, *Alfred,* 1,700 tons, 5s. 1½d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Abanto,* 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. (N).
Lemnos, 1,900 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Louise, 1,850 tons, 6 fcs. option Chantenay, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Bayonne, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Pasages, *Adour,* 1,450 tons, 5s. 6d.
Huelva, *Camrose,* 3,500 tons, 6s. spot.
Carl, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
La Pallice, *Resolution,* 3,000 tons, 5·12½ fcs.
Orion, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Ingoldsby,* 1,600 tons, 5·50 fcs. optn. Rochefort, 5·75 fcs.
Sunlight, 1,400 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Garth, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Bernabe,* 3,400 tons, 6 fcs. 500.
Cosme, 3,000 tons, 6·12½ fcs. (P.T.)
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6·25 fcs. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Sheerness, *Bangarth,* 2,800 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 3s. 6d. ,,
Cork, *Panmuir,* 320 tons, 4s.
Belfast, *The Marquis,* 420 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
Iron King, 280 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Littlehampton, *Solway Prince,* 5s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Sindbad,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 11d.
Sea Spray, 600 tons, 5s. 4½d. (s).
Acacia, 1,250 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Rochefort, 1,150 tons, 4s. 11d.
Rouen, *Gazelle,* 750 tons, 6s. (s).
Stokesley, 5s. 9d. (P.T.)
Longbenton, 1,200 tons, 6s. (s).
Stamfordham, 1,250 tons, 6s. (s).
G. Player, 730 tons, 6s. (s).
Jason, 1,000 tons, 6s. (s).
Honfleur, *Volscian,* 680 tons, 5s. 6d. optn. Rouen, 6s. (s).
Aslak, 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Glynn, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Trouville, *Volante,* 400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 4s. 9d.
Dieppe, *M. J. Craig,* 820 tons, 3s. 6d. (s).
British Empire, 620 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Granville, *Volante,* 380 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Brest, *Speedwell,* 1,250 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Armourer, 750 tons, 5s. 7½d. fuel.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

Continued from page 68.

AGAIN reverting to the latter-day blessings which gravitate around the Handy Man, in future he is going to be supplied with nice fresh milk—as long as there is a cow and a pump handy. We have had it explained to us that the Admiralty is going to girdle the seas with milk depôts, but we don't believe it. Coal depôts have taken up enough of time and all that sort of thing, so we are easy about the milk shops. Besides, the shouting of the deep-water milkman would interfere with the sleep of the officers, and see what that would mean—in a year or two. However, the nice fresh milk is to come, and one of these days, the nautical Dennis (that's the seagoing pig, you know) will be accommodated in a £1,000 piggery, like they are fussing over at Cardiff. Just you wait a bit. There's a good time coming for the Handy Man, and soon, all hands will take to the sea, when the shore will be worth considering a bit. What with a standard sixpenny ration all 'round, and 10s. a year for being teetotal. And that 10s. allowance is going to be increased—sometime in the future. Jack—by and bye—will receive the whole of 23s. per annum for keeping clear of the rum which rots, and the other spirits which do likewise. You take it from us, there's a fine time ahead of the Naval sailorman—and we are glad. Mercantile Jack has been wet-nursed, now is the chance for the Naval man. We are a great nation ?

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on May 30, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

10,424/06—VOLPERT—***An improved process for the manufacture of safety explosives.***

According to this invention which relates to the manufacture of safety explosives, in addition to the explosive matter, there is added a mixture of sal-ammoniac or other halogen salt of ammonia with equivalent quantities of metallic oxygen salts of manganese, chromium of chlorine, the metallic oxygen salts being partly replaceable by equivalent quantities of metallic nitrates.

16,518/06—LOHLE—***Improvements relating to elevating apparatus for boats.***

This invention relates to boat elevating apparatus whereby a device carrying a canal trough is raised and lowered. The canal trough which serves to receive the boat to be transported is supported in a cage device beneath which is a screw adapted to engage in the two parts of an internally threaded shaft. The cage device extends outwards through vertical slits left between the parts of the shaft, and is guided vertically outside between two towers so that the trough and its supporting frame cannot turn about the vertical axis. For facilitating the movements of the trough the weight of the whole construction which is to be raised is balanced by counterweights hung on cables which are guided over pulleys carried in bearing supports on the part-screw-shaft and the guiding towers.

16,858/06—SUTCLIFFE—***Improvements in underground haulage or transport.***

This invention relates to conveyors used underground to bring the coal direct from the working face, the object of the invention being to avoid the difficulty usually experienced in advancing the receiving end of the main haulage rope so as to keep it up to the loading end of the conveyor. According to this invention an auxiliary haulage system is arranged between the receiving end of the main haulage system and the coal face. It consists of a pair of drums carried on a common bed, and having wound around them a sufficient quantity of haulage rope for extention, as the distance to be covered increases. The opposite end of the rope is passed around a trailing pulley fixed in the floor, so as to admit of the rope being used as an endless rope attached to the top or bottom of the corves, or as a main and tail rope.

18,012/06—QUICK—***Improvements in screw-propellers.***

The object of this invention is the reduction of the rotational resistance of propeller blades in their helical travel through the water. This is accomplished according to this invention by forming the propeller blades of uniform thickness from near their leading edges to beyond the midlength of the blade from which point the blade on the non-propelling side gradually decreases in thickness to the following edge. Also the leading edge of the blade is formed with a double bevel, the angles of the edge being equal so that the pressure of water on each bevel is equal. As the blades are of equal thickness at the same radius for a considerable length, the pitch of both sides is practically equal, in consequence of which the slip of the propeller is reduced.

24,646/06—BORTH—***Improvements in steering devices for ships.***

This invention relates to ships' steering devices in which the propellers are arranged to take into a recess in the hull of the vessel. According to this invention the side walls of the ships are provided with recesses near the ends and below the water line, propellers on axially moveable shafts being located in these recesses. Gear wheels are attached to the shafts whereby the latter may be rotated from any suitable source of power. Levers, provided with pivot bearings, are used for adjusting the shafts axially whereby the propellers may be drawn into the recesses or pushed outwardly until they operate in water adjacent to the side of the ship.

24,936/06—RAYNER AND WALTON—***Improvements relating to rock drills and other percussive tools.***

This invention relates to that class of percussive rock drill which is worked by compressed air or steam, and in which the valve is thrown over and held in position by the air or steam during the travel of the main piston. The object of this invention is the provision of a fluid driven valve which will prevent the motive fluid escaping to the atmosphere except through the main cylinder after performing its function, thereby maintaining the efficiency of the machine in spite of the valve becoming worn. According to this invention a valve is employed comprising a pair of piston valves and an intermediate slide valve all of a semi-cylindrical form so that the valve is maintained in contact with the face by the pressure of the motive fluid.

28,437/06—PORTER—***Improved means for propelling ships.***

According to this invention, which relates to improved means for propelling ships one or more cylinders are so fixed to the ship that the former are wholly immersed in water, each cylinder carrying within it a shaft on which are helical blades, the length of one convolution of the helices being equal to the length of the cylinder. Each particle of water entering the cylinder is acted on by the revolving blades, and forced at each revolution of the shaft the full length of the cylinder. This forcing of the water through the cylinder tends to create a vacuum in front of the cylinder, the result being that the water at the mouth of the cylinder enters at the same velocity as that within the cylinder, causing a steady stream of water along the sides of the vessel, thereby eliminating friction.

These applications for patents, are until July 15, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on June 5, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending July 5.

Class 4—including coal.

SANGAJOL.

291,958—All goods included in that class.

Benzin-Werke Rhenania Ltd., 14, Bensatherstrasse, Düsseldorf-Reisholz, Germany: Manufacturers. 9th April, 1907. (To be associated sect. 24). Address for service in the United Kingdom is C/o L. A. Suttom, Suttom House, 343, Queen's Road, London, S.W.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

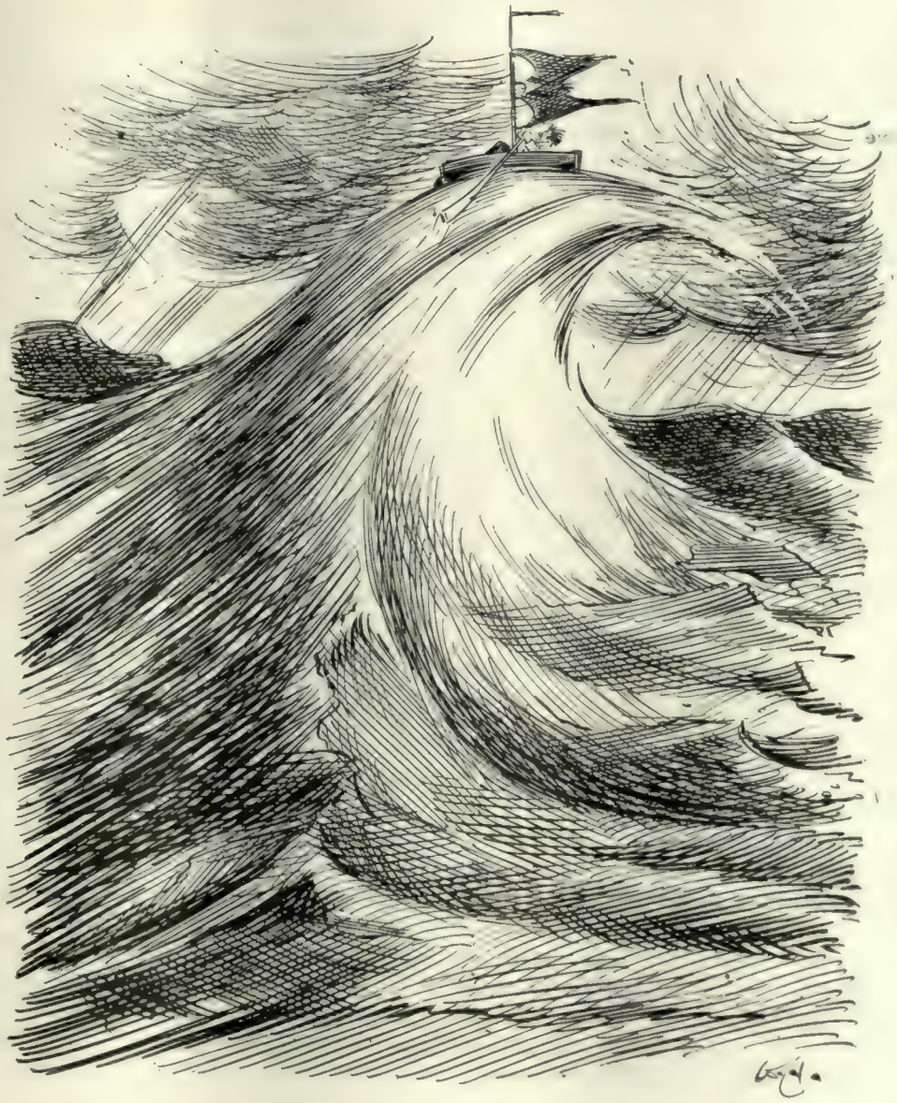
CANDIDE ET SECURE

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 175. FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1907. Threepence.

BECAUSE OF THAT LOBSTER SALAD—OR



JONES' DREAM AFTER HIS FIRST TRIP TO WESTON!

NOTICES.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—Jones' Dream after his first trip to Weston! ...	81
Maritime Murmurs	82
Concerning Log-Books and their uses	85
Reprehensible Sensationalism	86
Baltic Navigation	87
Undermanning	88
To Apprentice or not to Apprentice	89
Bute Docks (Illustrated)	90
Oil on Troubled Water	92
The Everlasting "Grub" Question	93
Cardiff (and other) Coal	94
Coal Freights and Fixtures	95
Patents and Trade Marks	96

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

These are the days for records, some of which are good and in the interests of the public, while some of them are merely impertinent exhibitions of charlatanism, and as such are a menace to the interests indicated. With regard to those same records, the "union" boss has, ere this, signalised himself in attempting to constitute an unsurpassable sample; but we much doubt if, for cool impudence, the latest attempt which comes from Swansea is beatable. Our friends will have heard of a combination which more or less glories in the title National Amalgamated Labourers' Union of Great Britain and Ireland (why not add "the Colonies, Overseas Dependencies, Protectorates and the World, Generally?" If these labourer people really want something high falutin' in their union-name, we present them with the suggested addition. It will at least keep the secretary busy while attempting to inscribe the title of his peculiar creation?)? They might also have a nodding acquaintance with the fact that the affair flourishes at Swansea—nay, they might even have read the name of its secretary in print, for these are also the days when to "keep a hollerin'" means to be kept, somewhat, in the public eye. Very well, and thus far by way of introduction.

And now to give you the latest record. The precious "union" already referred to, has issued a circular to "brokers, shipowners, ship-masters (why the hyphen?) and any person whom it may concern" which is sufficiently all-embracing, and therefore, appeals to our unworthy selves. Now we consider that as a piece of unadulterated cheek, the said circular stands alone. It begs to give the abovementioned business men notice that on and after its date of issue, "recognised boatmen of the port of Swansea" will wear a badge indicative of their "recognition" as regular dustmen—no, boatmen. But don't imagine that the "recognition" is from those who have the best right to accord it, or to know something about it. Oh, dear, no! That same "recognition" merely emanates from the "union" with the long-winded name, and the mere fact that its bosses might not know more about the work than is included within the idea as to which end of a boat goes first, has nothing to do with the case. Most of us have been brought up to the belief that to practice as a boatman (of a dependable kind) it is essential to know something about ships and shipping; and that class of man is generally classified as a sailor. Anyhow, he has but little in common with the mere labourer, and we are wondering if degeneration has so stultified the beliefs of the Swansea boatmen, that they are willing to allow anybody to boss their chances in life?

However, and as we have previously remarked, these are the days of records. Under the circumstances, it is useless to wonder why a number of practical seamen will agree to be shepherded into a "union" which is concerned with labourers, only. Mind you, those practical seamen might have had nothing to do with the undertaking, and they might be as surprised as are we, to note the latest effort to corral their livelihoods in this enterprising manner. "Unions" are enterprising affairs, at times. Anyhow, the "brokers, shipowners, ship-masters, and any person whom it may concern" are asked to use, "as far as possible, every precaution in the engaging of boatmen, so that no man shall be engaged unless he can produce his badge, which will be proof that he is a recognised boatman of the port." Impudence? No, it isn't that. To our mind, it is sheer ignorance. Who, in engaging a boatman, cares twopence ha'penny as to whether he is "recognised" or otherwise? The main point, is whether he is capable, and we may take it for granted that the only proof of ability in this "union" case will be, the ability to pay into that "union's" funds? At the same time, the impertinence of the thing is apparent, later on. It might be merely ignorance which suggests that a labourers' "union" shall decide on the amount of "recognition" which shall be meted out to a number of practical sailors, and we have no intention of contesting the point.

But when the "brokers, shipowners, ship-masters, and any person whom it may concern" are assured that "we (the 'we' being the 'union') are doing this in the interest of the port, that ships may be sure of having proper attention by proper men"—well, we simply lay back in a figurative sense, and laugh both loud and long! In the interest of the port, forsooth! Who made this precious "union" of unskilled labourers a guardian of the port's interests? Would Swansea suffer anything unduly awful,

if an earthquake should happen along, and bear off the *personnel* of that "union" in its sliding grasp? Such a disturbance would be bad for the "union," of course, but is it to be definitely stated that the "interest of the port" would also suffer? Opinions on this subject might be varied, but we know one or two folk who are not labourers—being merely the employers thereof, and as such are calculated to know something about their commercial value—and who are convinced that the suggested earthquake would not unduly interfere with the interests of the port of Swansea, providing its manifestations were confined within the suggested area. But the *finale* of the circular is somewhat pathetic in its entreaty, for it concludes, "Trusting you will assist us in this work, I remain, etc."

So far, the "you" doesn't appear to be unduly anxious to assist the "us," for the "I" has bean treated to a prompt reply from Messrs. T. P. Richards, Turpin and Co., which reads: "We have duly received a copy of your circular of this date, but regret we cannot undertake to recognise any special boatmen, but must keep ourselves free to employ any boatmen whom it may suit us to engage." Awful, isn't it? And calculated to put the hoodoo on the action of this labourers' "union" which issues manifestos in the name of the whole, but which is rounded up with the personality of the only name which, as far as we have seen, has appeared in connection with the undertaking. Of course, this is one of the peculiarities of these "unions," and therefore is not at all to be wondered at. Seldom does a "union" effusion bear other than the signature of its secretary (who is usually of the "general" persuasion), although their precious communications are couched in the third person. Still, the interests of the port of Swansea must have fallen on evil days, if a labourers' combination is to be allowed to attend thereto. In view of the cold, unfeeling manner in which Messrs. T. P. Richards, Turpin and Co. have replied to that circular letter, we tender our sympathy to the "union." At the same time, we believe that they will have better luck providing they stick to their lasts, leaving skilled labour to attend to itself through its own "union." For a practical boatman is a skilled labourer of no mean order, and we are surprised to note that he appears to have forgotten the fact.

We are in receipt of a book entitled "England's Duty to her Merchant Seamen," from the pen of Mr. A. E. Gay, and while admitting that the treatise contains much that is of interest on the subject dealt with, we yet cannot get away from the fact that the author hasn't concerned himself so much with what England should do, as he has with what the shipmaster shouldn't do. If the "startling revelations" referred to in the circular accompanying the book are from the author's own experiences, then, we submit that he has been singularly unfortunate thus far in his struggles against an adverse fate. In our opinion, no good will result from a wholesale condemnation of one particular branch of the service, and although we sorrowfully admit that the ranks of the shipmaster contain some arrant "rotters," we also realise that the vast majority thereof are honourable, and patriotic men. A perusal of Mr. Gay's ideas on England's duty to her merchant seamen, convinces us that the decision already written should not be reversed—if we are to take the book seriously. As already stated, much of the information is worthy of careful perusal, and although a quantity thereof has already appeared in these columns—in different guise, of course—the idea of collecting the various items of intelligence into book-form is good. The price of "England's Duty to her Merchant Seamen," is 2s. 6d., and it may be obtained from the author, 3, St. John's Road, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, or through the usual channels.

Certain good people are anxious to assure us that "poetry" is a glut in the market, and that as a natural consequence, it should never find a place in the columns of a self-respecting journal. This is as may be, but our experience is somewhat different. In our last week's issue we rescued a certain piece of "frenzy" from the oblivion in which it had erstwhile rested, and now, after the fashion of Oliver Twist of immortal memory, our friends are asking for more! Very well, then. We hasten to oblige, and herewith are giving you a "touching" parody on a song which, at one time in the dim vistas of the past, was more or less well-known. It is a somewhat "crusted" specimen of the "poet's" skill (some ten years' crust to be exact), but it is just as appropriate to-day, as when it was first worked off through the aid of a wet towel, and other items of commercial value.

"HE WANTED SOMETHING TO PLAY WITH."
(Moreover, he got it—after several tries!)

Nice young man—wants a job,
Could not beg—must not rob;
Look'd around—job to spy,
"Single" steamers?—He was "fly."
Yes—"He wanted something to play with,"
This young man about whom we write,
But he found such a choice of playthings,
That none of them suited him quite.
For a start he "managed" some steamers
(They were of the limited sort)
But the work devolving upon him
Didn't near fill his liking for sport.

Yet unhappy—still was he,
Good old notion—"tinkery;"
Got some shares—time to fill,
Did the same—old paint mill.
Still—"He wanted something to play with,"
He had so much time on his hands;
He invested *his name* in a "tinkery,"
And gas'd about check-valves and glands.
He found when he'd this undertaken,
It would not his spare time half fill.
He, therefore, some *more name* invested
In a second-hand kind of paint-mill.

Still uneasy!—could not be
Satisfied—no, not he!
Happy thought—try ship-store,
Real good biz.—evermore.
Yet—"He wanted something to play with,"
As the paint-mill with all its *chalk*,
Was unable to keep him busy,
Or supply him with aught save talk.
So he next put some name in a ship-store,
And supplied *his* steamers with *food*.
But we'd better not speak of this venture,
If we do—we're sure we'll be rude.

Differential—tricks of trade.
Bother'd young man—trouble made;
Ship storemen—work in light,
Our young man—out of sight.
More—"He wanted something to play with,"
For the ship-store and tierces of beef,
He found (if he worked at it constant)
Would earn him the title of thief.
Because the young man that we write of
Was different to men in the trade,
For they do their work in the open,
While he *had* to work in the shade.

Young man busy—said he'd try
Higher yet—kite to fly;
"Stand" for Council—make 'em stare,
Pull the public—steamer share.
For—"He wanted something to play with,"
He said for the Council he "stand."

Then urbane and bland to the people
Was he, forthwith, on every hand.
He paid, like a brick, to the chapel,
He "anted" up well for the poor,
With cash from his shareholders' pockets,
Which made those people feel sore.

Council *ennui*—"wheeze" no good;
Colleagues "dotty"—also rude;
Must have money—sly young dog,
Started in—"faked" the log.

Still—"He wanted something to play with,"
So he sail'd in on "faking" the log,
And, so well did he work doubtful entries,
That he soon had a fine catalogue
Of repairs for the engines and boilers,
New propeller and tail end shaft,
And the whole of the claims were "bogus,"
For he thought underwriters were daft.

Log-book "faking"—jolly fun,
Young man found—'twas overdone.
Now poor boy is—very sore,
Underwriters—made big score.

But—He's now got something to play with,
That young man, so guileless and fair,
His plaything is named by the vulgar
As "Climbing the golden stair."
Th' underwriters were not so silly
As they'd been in the days of yore,
For they'd all united, with purpose,
To be had with a "fake" no more.

YEA, lor', but the poor old House of Lords is "in" for a warm time. Because of the very questionable samples of summer weather with which we are being favoured, that same warm time is not altogether out of place. Especially in view of the fact that the "dead set" which is being made against Britain's only bulwark, by the evanescent legislators who have attained to Parliamentary honour through the vagaries of the mob, is amusing as well as warm! When reading of the "resolutions" of certain of the well-meaning, but possibly not too well-educated gentlemen who emulate Ajax in his lightning-defying episode by shouting "down with the Lords," we cannot get the recollection of that picture entitled "Who said Rats?" out of our mind. You know the one we mean? That one where the pretty little terrier stands (or sits) with a knowing little twinkle in his eye, and with one equally-knowing little ear trigged up at the danger-angle? Well, then, when we read of the strivings of the gentlemen who are in Parliament as the result of the pose of the moment, and note that the said strivings are for the abolition of the House of Lords, that is exactly where the amusement comes in. Anyhow, a worthy member of Parliament, an evening or so ago, "resoluted" in the manner which is supposed to be orthodox, and all that sort of thing.

THE resolution read: "That the Upper House, being an irresponsible part of the Legislature, and of necessity representative only of interests opposed to the general well-being, is a hindrance to national progress, and ought to be abolished." Amusing, isn't it? Amusing, and considering that it comes from a more or less amateur politician, somewhat inclined to the impertinent? But what do those good souls really mean by irresponsible? Is it possible to conceive anything more irresponsible than the average Labour member? What stake in the country has he? Isn't he in his job purely on suffrance, and doesn't his "union" pay him for his scintillating ability? Surely that is irresponsibility of the first water, for if the popular vote should decide to sweep out the present occupants of the paid-Parliamentary jobs, instituting better-educated, and possibly better men in their places, would such action be a "hindrance to national progress?" Of course not. When all is said on this much-written-of subject, who is most likely to consolidate the interests of the nation? The experiment who has no stake therein outside of his meagre, and somewhat fluctuating salary which is "put up" by the mob at large; or the man who has a very real stake in the land which his country calls him to maintain?

WHO has most to lose through allowing England to go to the dogs? The Labour member, or the nobleman who helps to keep the country's prestige in the old notch? Of course, there is no question of doubt, and when these fussy gentlemen come along with their "resolutions," they, at first, are somewhat amusing. But their little vapourings ultimately lose their point through repetition, and thus it comes about that the masses are not so much inclined to care as to what is done in the matter of "downing" the House of Lords, as they are with "upping" the people who pay the salaries for these Parliamentary substitutes. That is what's the matter, and if we may be allowed to judge by indications, the next General Election will give an eye-opener to the present sample of metaphorical Parliamentary parrots. A gramophone that will grind out a popular song every time it is wound up, is amusing at the start. Nay, it continues that way for a day or two. But if the same old song is for ever ground out—if no new "record" is introduced: then, the erstwhile happy possessor of that talking machine is inclined to scatter its mechanism over the landscape. And gramophones are not always of the mechanical kind. Sometimes, you get a human sample of the *genus*, and the scattering feeling is just as much in evidence—if it keeps up the same old tune for an unduly protracted period. We have written.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have commented at length on the "set" which is being made against Bristol Channel ports by a section of the "Labour group," in the matter of alleged undermanning of steamers leaving Cardiff and Newport. Well, on Tuesday, last, Mr. Summerbell asked the President of the Board of Trade whether he was aware that the *Moorfield* engaged a crew at Cardiff on June 4; whether he was aware that on the previous voyage the vessel had as deck hands, six able seamen and one ordinary seaman; and whether he was aware that on the present voyage, the number of able seamen had been reduced to five? Without going into any very great explanation as to whether he did or did not know all the points indicated, Mr. Lloyd-George admitted that the facts are as stated, but also that on the previous voyage, three of the six A.B.'s did not produce their proofs to the title of A.B. Under the circumstances, then, this would appear to be a case of "worse, and more of it?" Yet, see how a plain tale sets down these good souls who are obviously concerning themselves with matters on which they are somewhat rocky. Mr. Lloyd-George informed the questioner that there was no need to refer the case to the B.T. surveyor, *as the minimum requirements as to manning had been complied with.*

WE place the last remark in italics so that you may be enabled to see the real significance of the case. What we should like to know, is why these precious Labour members should be allowed to waste the time of Parliament by giving notice of questions, and ultimately asking them—to say nothing of the defamation of the characters of the shipowners involved—when, by a very slight effort on their part, they could have learned all that was essential, without bothering Parliament. Frankly, isn't it about time that these little dodges were stopped? Is it part of the business of these legislative experiments, to go out of their way in an effort to obtain the publicity of the Press, and the attention of the good people who supply their salaries, by suggesting all manner of wicked motives against a number of people who have never been introduced to them? The manning question is a grave affair, and is strongly in need of reconstruction. But benefit will never accrue as the result of a quantity of irresponsible questioning.

CONCERNING LOG-BOOKS

AND THEIR USES.

WITHOUT wishing to pretend that there is a very great amount of ambiguity in the minds of seagoing literary men as regards the uses of a log-book, we yet have an idea that some of the fraternity are not quite so clear upon the point as they might be. And mind you we have reason for the belief. It's like this. A number of seagoing folk honour us with an occasional visit—especially when they are in trouble, and wish to save a few shillings which might be well-expended in helping to maintain some of our legal friends.

At times such as those suggested, the nautical friend will amble in to these offices, and after extolling our personal beauties and those of the journal which is now before you, he will edge up toward the subject which is exercising his mind—the log-book! In a more or less desultory fashion, we are treated to a dissertation on log-books generally, and later on, to the particular sample affected by the concern which honours our visitor by accepting his services as a sailor and navigator, and, incidentally, as nautical romancer-in-chief.

Those visiting folk are ingenuous enough to imagine that we have never had occasion to listen to a similar tale from other sources, and not to be outdone in the ingenuous trait, we carry on the delusion. By this means, you might be surprised to learn that we have accumulated quite a goodly number of interesting tit-bits of log-book faking information, and if, one of these odd days, we undertake to write our memoirs in this direction, there is going to be quite a flutter in the nests of some of the good souls who support chapels, and other places of business.

Those same memoirs would have been in print long ago, if we could have worked up a sufficiency of time for the job. But never mind, we shall make an opportunity some day, and meanwhile we will stick to the text which is above this writing. A day or two ago, a youthful shipmaster called on us, and after the usual tacking about over a well-worked course of cheap flattery, asked, in an apparently hap-hazard manner, exactly how much "faking" we should be inclined to countenance if we were still following the sea.

Shipping a non-committal sort of look, we asked for an elucidation of our visitor's meaning. Then, he threw off his nervousness, and assured us that he had been faced with the crisis of his life! His log-book had been posted up, day by day, at sea, and as he was a modern navigator, and somewhat inclined to introduce "class" among his officers, he was in the habit of signing the log-book, each day at noon—the signature to cover the happenings up to the previous day. That was quite a nice way of doing things, and we said so, but instead of agreeing with us, this navigator said that the matter was open to argument.

Having a moment or so to spare—and being mindful of those memoirs of which we wrote above—we asked for a further enlightenment. It amounted to something after the following: The log-book had been written up too closely, and space had not been allowed for those afterthoughts which, in well-regulated shipping offices, will eventuate. The super had been "on the job," and as there were quite a number of repairs which the skipper had apparently "overlooked," there was only one way out of it—write up a new book. The mate—being out for promotion—didn't object, but as the "afterthoughts" materialised, our youthful skipper became frightened.

You see, those same "afterthoughts" had really arrived at a most alarming amount, for the super was a jewel, and was blessed (or otherwise) with a beautiful imagination. As a matter of fact, we rather envied that superman, and couldn't refrain from wondering what salary he would have lifted, if a merciful providence had seen fit to dump him into newspaper work, instead of confining him to the monotonous task of evolving replicas of a well-worn tale in the different log-books as used in "ours."

Not that the said replicas were monotonous in any sense of the word. On the contrary, for that was where the man's magnificent imagination served him well. Why, if he were describing a "stranding" and he wished to explain how much mud and sand had got in through her sea-cocks to the eternal ruination of a magnificent set of engines—well, you need to read his facile style to appreciate his ability. We know, because we have read the man in three different veins—and of course, in three different log-books, brought by three different skippers, which is merely a detail.

But reverting to the skipper, he wished to know if we thought he should "lend" himself to quite so much of it, and that raised an indulgent smile upon our expressive countenance! We gravely assured him that a wrong was that, regardless of its size, and that if he didn't jib at a small group of "afterthoughts," he must be silly to jib at a big group. That put him thinking, and after a moment or so, he jerked out a plaintive wail which sounded something like this: "If you were me, would you sign up this book, or would you refuse and take the consequences?"

We asked him never to mind that book, and that anyhow we had no concern in it, either one way or another. At the same time, we offered to tell him a little story which had the merit of being true, and so that he shouldn't be put about in the matter we accepted the leading lady's part in the drama—or should it be that of principal boy? But never mind. We made it personal, because we didn't wish to "give away" the other fellow—you understand. As near as we can remember, the yarn went along like this:

"She was a decent little crock as steamers went, and if she was slow, she was also sure, and thus it came about that when she arrived at Blank Dock (not far from Cardiff, you know), there wasn't a blessed thing wrong with her bar a dirty bottom. She had to be drydocked, and her log-book was written up according to Cocker. Super, here, too, was a romancist, and in five minutes he had almost convinced us that the boat had been ashore; that her deck fittings were physical and moral wrecks; and that her engines were similar to the donkey owned by old Jaysus Gobley.

"The log-book was wrong all to Hades—and he used the word, raw, in a manner of speaking; must be re-written, or something terrible was going to happen. As a matter of fact something terrible did happen. We asked how much we were going to receive for the suggested faking; were assured that as we were paid so-much per month, we had no cause to complain; we did complain, and stated that nothing less than 15 per cent. on the bill would 'fetch' us. Our wages merely covered the work of a sailor and navigator; this was literature, and must be paid on line rates of our own assessing.

"Ultimately, we got the sack, and it got around that we had been selling or disposing of anchors and chains, yes! Really, the anchor thing might have had something to justify it; the chains will come in, later on. There's the tale, captain. Decide for yourself. If you don't sign the book, come in and let us know when you are seeking a job." Well, that man hasn't been in "seeking," so we are wondering how it all panned out? Queer world, isn't it? Or queer people in it, which—to us—amounts to the same thing. Yes, we shall start on to those memoirs, right enough. We could give good "copy" on log-books, we believe. We could also expatiate as to their uses.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1907.

REPREHENSIBLE SENSATIONALISM.

A CERTAIN amount of journalistic sensationalism might, in certain instances, be allowable, for its existence undoubtedly helps to raise poor, suffering humanity, from the dead level of monotonous existence which would otherwise apply. But when that same sensationalism is used merely to harrow the souls of the few and without any hope of enlightening or amusing the many, there would appear to be but little justification therefor. In this connection, we feel that we have a right to ask why it is that, whenever a nautical happening which is somewhat out of the ordinary transpires, a number of pushing writers are inclined to spread themselves on the might, could, would, or should be of the circumstance, and without any regard for the feelings of the limited number who are directly interested? Is it from want of sense, or is it rather a manifestation of inherent wickedness coupled with the irresponsibility which should never be associated with folk who pose as public mentors? A rumoured collision between two vessels comes to hand; a suggested stranding is bandied about among the waterside folk; a breakdown at sea is hinted at merely for the purpose of "killing time;" and in either instance, the ubiquitous (but somewhat adolescent) pressman straightway makes a "story" of the rumour, and without a thought that he is likely to torture the souls of a few, without unduly interesting the many. For when all is said, the chronicling of a happening of this kind may scarcely be considered as fraught with national importance, while the real interests of the case will coruscate around no more than some twenty or thirty families—this number being represented by the relatives of the crew involved. Instances of the kind indicated are plentiful enough in all conscience, and the wonder is that a capable editor hasn't kindness enough to refrain from publishing a quantity of piffle which, at best, is merely of passing interest, but which may be the means of unnecessarily harrowing the hearts of a few people who have never done the editors implicated any harm. The matter is the more reprehensible in that there is seldom any actual "news" about these affairs. In nine cases out of ten, the "story" is a fake, and has been trumped up in an idle moment, and for the purpose of allowing some unfortunate who is troubled with *cacoethes loquendi*, a little run for his complaint. A steamer is overdue, and the "doctors" are gambling over her possible movements. As the days pass, a talkative "whale" arrives in port, and without pausing for long enough to assimilate the fact that a quantity of loose talk on his side might mean the ultimate sack, Mr. Whale holds forth. On a certain day, he was pursuing his monotonous path over a summer sea, and hey, presto, he sighted a vessel! So far, there is nothing uncommon in the business. In tropical latitudes, summer seas are fairly common; so for the matter of that, are steamers. In fact, if the friends of the "doctors" were not about in shoals, our "whale" would never have remembered that he passed the vessel which is going to make such a quantity of sensational "copy." But in face of the prevalence of those doctoring jackals, "whale" remembers that on the occasion referred to, he seized the official telescope, and, with its kindly aid, he saw that the sighted vessel appeared to carry the funnel marks of the overdue steamer! Point Number One! Now, the vessel not only appeared to carry those funnel-marks, for she was carrying them in a sloppy manner, and 'fore all the world as if she were broken down. Point Number Two, then, clearly provides that she was broken down! Let the world understand, at once, that the overdue vessel was passed on a given day, and in a broken-down condition. Never mind a toss as to who suffers in consequence. The world needs sensationalism, and as there is ever a quantity of the brand around the words "breakdown at sea," the theme is good enough. The nautical informant seldom pauses for long enough to remember that if he reports the passing of a broken-down steamer at telescope distance, and if his report also suggests that he merely noted the fact and offered no assistance, he stands a fairly good chance of posing (deservedly) among the unemployed. Oh, dear, no! Consideration of that kind usually comes in at a later date, and if the out-of-collar incident follows on that consideration, who shall say that it isn't richly deserved? In these days of strenuous competition, a shipowner needs something better than an animated talking-machine to act as shipmaster—he needs a thinking animal, and obviously, a man who gives telescopic reports, or who allows them to be bandied around in the Press without a disclaimer of any kind, deserves all he may ultimately get as a reward for carrying a tongue that is slung, more or less, in the middle? Thus far in a general way, and consequent on the piffle which has gone the round of the Press in connection with the steamer *Dulverton*. That the said vessel is greatly overdue, no one may successfully gainsay; but that there has been no necessity for the two months of hap-hazard speculation as to her fate, is just as certain. In either ending to the episode, there was no reason to harrow the souls of those who have relatives or friends on board the vessel, for even to the time of writing, there is nothing unprecedented in the delay which has crystallised around the steamer. That is to say, instead of attempting to place the bright side before their readers, a number of our local contemporaries have adopted the opposite rôle. Why, is among those things which no fellah can understand. No 'longshore fellah, you understand. If those writers had ever been placed in a similar state of sea-going difficulty, they would realise that there were a hundred chances of again seeing the steamer in safety. And if that hundred chances should ultimately peter out, why not wait until all the possibilities had been exhausted? We have no wish to pose as prophets, nor to suggest that anything of a miraculous nature has encircled the steamer *Dulverton*. But we do know that she started away from Bahia Blanca in about as fit a condition as is possible for a steamer, in this eminently fit era; that she was sufficiently victualled for a forty days' run on "full and plenty" lines, and which, in the event of a breakdown, could be stretched out into a period of twice that length; that she also carried a cargo of wheat, and was blessed with a condenser. So far, the fear of starvation is reduced to a minimum, for although we are willing to admit that a menu worked up on varieties of wheaten food would be monotonous in the extreme, we yet must concede that starvation is entirely ruled out of the question. Looking further, we know that a breakdown at any point in her course along the South American coast would give her a chance to drift away out of the track of passing steamers, in which case, she would probably continue drifting until a steamer which had made a somewhat erratic course happened upon her. This, for the chances of drifting to the eastward. If on the other hand, her drift trended to the westward as more frequently happens in that locality, then, she would still be out of the track, with all the chances of sagging in on some comparatively isolated beach, where communication with the world is a slow affair. In either instance, there is no necessity for a quantity of pessimistic writing, and without laying ourselves out to the possession of the prophetic mantle, we yet consider that in view of the fact that the vessel is a new, and well-found sample of steam tonnage; she has more than a level chance of turning up to confound the misery-mongers who have fastened on to her fateful voyage, as a means of letting themselves go. Personally, we have not yet ruled *Dulverton* from our list of existing steamers.

BALTIC NAVIGATION.

ON this occasion, we are not concerned with the navigation of the Baltic as a whole, but rather with the entrance thereto. Furthermore, there are two nations which are vitally concerned with the same question, and every other naval Power is concerned to a greater or lesser degree. Needless to say, the two vitally-concerned nations are Denmark and Germany—the former, as regards its national existence, the latter as to how its battleships might get in and out of the big inland water, under the conditions which have recently been created.

IT all comes about because of that big, unstable *Dreadnought!* The British Government must set the pace by building that leviathan, other countries have to follow suit, and as a natural result, half the harbours of the world are too small for present needs, and something has to be done! Then, again, rapprochements, and ententes are rapidly placing Germany in a state of splendid isolation—and frankly, Germany does not like it.

TRUE, these difficulties are of the oft-recurring sort, and merely come up to receive attention and settlement. At the same time, while they remain as difficulties, one never knows where a dispute thereon might lead, and thus is there danger for ever ahead. It might be unkind to suggest that German cleverness is only a second-rate affair after all—and it might be the truth. The fact remains that the German advisers didn't look very far ahead when they started out to construct the Kiel Canal—or the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal which starts at Kiel.

AT the time of its projection, warships had grown unwieldy enough to make a home-made channel into the Baltic desirable to the Germans so, at a cost of some £8,000,000, the Canal was constructed. For a time, at least, jubilations were around in Teutonia, and the Headman had time accorded him to send off a few telegrams, and otherwise stir the world out of the dull lethargy which appeared to be its then normal condition. In actual time, too, that Canal used up eight valuable years, and to-day, it isn't worth very much as a passage for the warships which are to be built in answer to the *Dreadnought*.

STILL, as there is only one entrance into the Baltic in an international-road way of looking at the matter, something has to be done. That entrance is through the Great Belt—a region which has plenty of water, but has it also spread out in an altogether silly manner. If it were possible to concentrate the waters of the Great Belt into half its present size, there would be a splendid channel available; but as matters are, there is only a tortuous waterway for the use of big ships, and in the near vicinity of the ferry route between Nyborg and Korsör, a ship loaded with hydraulic cement and sunk in the fairway, would bottle up the whole of the Baltic, as far as modern battleships are concerned.

THAT "bottling up" might come off at any moment, either by accident or design, and the fact is exercising the minds of the sturdy Danes who, above every other item, are patriotic to a degree. So much so, that they are seriously considering the fortification of the Great Belt, so as to preclude the possibility of any outsider undertaking the sinking suggested. At least, that is what is intended, although how the idea would work out in actual war—well, one has to wait for actual war to decide.

AT the same time, and in view of the fact that fogs are fairly common in the region, it is somewhat open to doubt if a really enterprising enemy—one that meant business and didn't unduly bother how it was effected—couldn't block the navigation of the Great Belt, in spite of any of the fortifications which might be placed *in situ*. True, the Commission which was appointed to consider the defence of the region indicated, has not yet given its report, but this fact notwithstanding, it is generally considered as a foregone conclusion that the construction of the fortifications will be advised. Otherwise, the report would not have been held over until an auspicious moment?

OF course, Denmark is declaring that her long-maintained neutrality in all eventualities will be upheld, and if the forts are constructed, it will be with this end in view. Meanwhile, the German friends are exercised in mind as to what their most favourable dodge will be under the altered conditions. To widen the old canal is out of the question, for in addition to the disheartening waste of time that would be involved, the cost would be simply prohibitive. Experts declare that to widen the existing waterway, would cost more than it originally needed to put it even as it is.

ANOTHER item which appears to have been overlooked is, that if the Canal were twice as valuable as a waterway for the passage of warships, it is still nothing more than a Canal, and as such is vulnerable in every foot of its length. When all is said, a persevering enemy would surely find an opportunity for testing a bit of his pet explosive somewhere along its bank, and in the result—well the result would be bad for the Canal, and incidentally for the warships about which the Germans are making such a palaver?

MOST of us are familiar with the rumours which have been persistently circulated, and which are intended to assure the world that Germany has striven to come to an agreement with Denmark that, in certain eventualities, Teutonia should dominate the passage through the Great Belt. Those rumours have been just as persistently denied, but we have an idea that the world, generally, will retain an open mind on the subject. Coupled to the German attempt to "close the Baltic" some year or so ago, the rumour has much to recommend it to the careful attention of the good souls who have never had to bother about Baltic navigation, but who do not correctly know when they might have to do so.

BLUFF is a game that is well understood by the good people who built the Canal from Kiel to the North Sea, and judging by the excited manner in which sections of the Denmark community is regarding the whole upshot, one would appear to be justified in believing that this is surely a case where the smoke is resultant from fire. True, the offer of dominance might not have been accepted in quite the manner hoped for by the would-be dominators; but if one may be allowed to judge from signs and portents, the offer has, at least, been dangled out.

IT might be asked: Where does Russia come in with the suggested alteration? If so, we must not forget that Russia is about "full up" with home-made troubles—a fact which the wily Teuton appreciates to the full, we may be sure. Furthermore, as the relations between England and Russia are on a better footing than formerly, Russia will surely give her moral support to keep Denmark as the door-keeper to the northern inland sea. Unfortunately, however, moral support will not assist Denmark very much. The time may not be so far off, when physical support will be essential.

ALTOGETHER, it is a very ticklish subject, and one that should be given more attention than has been accorded hitherto. Denmark is but a small State, and in the past, it has been her invariable fate to suffer when her big neighbours took it into their heads to fall out. Remembering that fact, keeps Denmark up to "concert pitch," so to write it.

UNDERMANNING.

THAT Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, M.P., has but a negative sort of love for the Bristol Channel shipowners, might be considered as fairly obvious, and mainly for the reason that they appear to be disinclined to take the ex-steward seriously. For the matter of that, we see no reason why they should, unless it be for the fact that he is a friend of Mr. Lloyd-George, and—well, they all love "Georgie," or did until a few weeks ago. At the time when bunker coal went up, and freights went down—as the direct result of "Georgie's" swamping creation of a million tons of unnecessary tonnage.

However, friend of Mr. Lloyd-George or otherwise, the Bristol Channel shipowners will not accept Wilson as a factor in their life, and possibly for this reason the so-called sailors' champion is up against them? Exactly why Wilson is considered to be the sailors' champion has never been clearly stated. He has lived on them for a number of years, it is true, and possibly such tactics are calculated to constitute a champion? One never knows, in the face of the new education.

Still, Wilson has gone back from haranguing the Cardiff remnant of seamen, and we note that local shipping is about to receive the careful attention of the "Labour group" in Parliament. Not only the group indicated, for the Radical member for Monmouth Boroughs is chipping in with a question in "the House." Poor Mr. Lloyd-George! We are half-inclined to be sorry for him, because of the amiable manner in which the Labour men worry him. Mr. Lewis Haslam wishes to know if the President of the Board of Trade knows that the *Haslingden* signed-on a crew on June 1, and merely took four A.B.'s and two O.S.'s, while on the preceding voyage, she carried five A.B.'s and one O.S.

Furthermore, the same querist wishes to know if the matter had been reported to the Board of Trade surveyor prior to the vessel sailing, and taken altogether, it is a very serious confloption. But why report the thing to the surveyor? Isn't he paid to glean all such information "on his own," and if the ship were undermanned according to law, isn't that surveyor supposed to 'round the ship up pending alterations? Again, isn't this an instance of where a worthy M.P. is being drawn into a job about which he knows but little?

But as showing the "dead set" which is being made at Bristol Channel shipowners, it is interesting to note that Mr. Summerbell (Lab., Sunderland), is down for a similar query with regard to a Cardiff-laden steamer; Mr. Steadman (Lab., Clerkenwell), for another Cardiff-laden steamer; Mr. John Ward (Lab., Stoke-on-Trent), for a Newport-laden boat; Mr. Jenkins (Lab., Chatham), for a Newport-laden vessel; and Mr. Vivian (R., Birkenhead), for yet another Newport-laden steamer. If these good souls would assimilate a somewhat better understanding of the situation, they might be by way of doing some little good in their time and generation.

Are we to suppose that none but Bristol Channel-laden steamers put to sea in a so-called undermanned condition, and when all is said, what does undermanning really consist of? Will any of those 'longshore gentlemen oblige us with an answer? For instance, is a steamer better manned when carrying five squareheads and a boy—squareheads whose chief claim to consideration is an inability to understand English and a concomitant willingness to subscribe to Wilson's "union"—than she is when favoured with four British A.B.'s and two British O.S.'s?

Writing as practical seamen—an item which none of the gentlemen named may truthfully do—we say unhesitatingly, that the British contingent would suit us better, and we do not particularly care who knows it. But then, what is undermanning—we ask it again? Fifteen years ago, a 2,000-tons gross steamer carried six A.B.'s, and Wilson's "union" was in existence, and was busily engaged in collecting a snug competency for its engineers. You see, that was in the palmy days of "unionism." The men had not become surfeited with the bunkum that was on offer.

For the matter of that, the amiable alien hadn't come across the Silver Streak in quite such mighty consignments, and there was comparative peace and comfort afloat. What applies to-day? Well, a 7,000-tons steamer carries the same number of hands, they are mostly foreigners, wages are at the same old notch, and peace and comfort is conspicuous by its absence. This is about the record of that "sailors' champion." Not much of a record on which pride may successfully flourish, what?

And there is a much more disconcerting side to the same question, for where, some fifteen years ago, the stock of native seamen could be eked out with the foreigner, to-day, that stock is shorter and the foreigner is almost as difficult of attainment, as is the Briton. Indeed in a few years from now, there will be neither seamen nor navigators, and then will come a new factor in the world's trade. For even as the foreigners will then have the men, the officers, and the ships, they will also have the trade. What is to be done in the matter?

And in connection with this phase of the turn-about, is Wilson preparing for the coming slump, we wonder? That is to say, is he learning a foreign language, so that he might be able to start afresh in pastures new, or will he give his attention to the lascar seamen, and raise a "union" in Calcutta? When a handful of 'longshore Labour members undertake to handle a purely shipping subject, then, we are of opinion that the country is in parlous state. Moreover—so peculiarly constituted is human nature—while these matters are handled by the members indicated, those of their cloth who have more power will stand aloof.

For when all is said on the subject, and regardless of the claims which are scattered around anent the grandeur of Labour, but mighty few of us really believe in it. The trouble is, that Labour has committed metaphorical suicide. Finding itself glorified beyond its wildest dreams, it developed swelled head, and instead of realising that it was merely a dash of colour on the picture, it foolishly imagined that it was colour, canvas and strainer—in short, the whole picture.

If proof of this latter contention be needed, the action of six of the present Labour group of M.P.'s making an obviously dead set at Cardiff and Newport should be sufficient. Are we to suppose that the shipping frequenting the Tyne, Liverpool, Glasgow, or other shipping port is more happily circumstanced than that which trades to the Bristol Channel? Certainly not, for we know, only too well, that Cardiff and Newport both compare more than favourably with either of those indicated. We know, for the reason that we have sailed therefrom.

We know, too, that undermanning is about in quite big amounts, but the evil will never be eradicated until a genuine all 'round effort in that direction is made. In addition, something carrying more weight than a deputation of men who know nothing about the circumstances will be essential, for in our serious opinion the questions referred to are merely of a self-advertising nature, and will do no good either to the seaman, or to the questioners. The latter are beginning to be understood, which, to themselves, might be unfortunate. At the same time, it might be matter for congratulation, elsewhere?

To Apprentice or not to Apprentice.

NO less than eleven inquiries as to our ideas of the advisability of apprenticing a lad to the sea comes to hand in one batch. Personally, we had grown to the belief that we had about exhausted all the points on this greatly discussed question, and were beginning to feel that we had earned some little rest therefrom, with an opportunity to search for a newer theme. Obviously, we have yet to struggle along with the same old subject, and if we cannot offer any new information, we will at least attempt to dress the old in newer clothing, so to speak.

NINE out of the eleven ask us in practically the same words, "What are the prospects, if I apprentice my lad to the sea?" Really, and although the question appears to be simple enough in all conscience, it is, in truth, very much involved. Theoretically, a given lad starts away on his apprenticeship with the belief that somewhere deep down in the recesses of his three-cloth canvas bag, there is a master's certificate, a pillar sextant, and a skipper's job.

INCIDENTALLY, too, there is a fine time ahead, when the splendid peaked-cap plus badge and chin-stay is going to play havoc with the hearts of susceptible maidens with a leaning that way; and several other items of a more or less fictional character. But coming along to a serious consideration of the query "What are the prospects?" the matter is by no means easy of elucidation. Judging by the majority of examples which are about, the indications are all in favour of the belief that, at least, seven out of the eleven suggested lads will make one voyage, and then clear out.

ONE of the remaining four will make a second voyage, afterwards going home to *pater*. Yet another will try a third trip, while the remaining two will complete their time, and settle down into a state of chronic dissatisfaction, which will be accentuated by an ability to work nine months out of each twelve, because of the lack of continuity of employment. We are willing to admit that this is by no means a pleasant forecast of the possibilities; but it is the actual truth, more's the pity. So much for one phase of the answer to "What are the prospects?"

CONTINUING with another phase, our correspondents might like to know why the matter invariably works out as stated? With that belief, we will endeavour to oblige once more. Before doing so, we wish it to be understood that we write from no malicious spirit; that we are simply actuated by personal experience as having been through the mill, as the phrase runs; and that although the conditions are even as we state, we have had nothing to do with their formation. We quite realise that interested persons will affect to believe that an apprentice to the sea has a splendid time; that he is berthed apart; is attended to in a magnanimous manner; and that if he isn't grateful in consequence, it is mainly for the reason that he was originally built that way.

BUT frankly, all that claim is bunkum, for the neophytic seaman who starts away as an apprentice; has about the hardest time of any apprentice on earth. He leaves home at an age when he most needs his parents' love and care; is dumped down into the midst of heart-breaking surroundings; feels, right away, that he is merely one of the crowd—and a small one at that; and worst of all, realises that all his sacrifices will be unavailing, for if he wins through to the bitter end, his ultimate remuneration will not equal the pay of a navvy who works the same number of hours.

WHY wonder, then, that apprenticeship under existing conditions is a played-out theme? If the ranks of the cult are to be recruited from the workhouses or the "homes" which are scattered about over the land, well and good. From the workhouse to a berthed-apart apprentice's job, might not be such a very great come-down in life. But if a carefully-nurtured lad who has been well-educated and favoured with the comforts possible to a middle-class father, is placed on board the average tramp steamer, then, we may consider that if he is "good stuff," he will throw up his job on arrival home; while if he is only middling to fair, he might (don't forget, might) continue for a couple of voyages, or to the completion of his term.

THERE are but two items which help to make the finished apprentice. His home must be worse than the accommodation which is supplied at sea—and in that case, his home is fairly tough; or he must be imbued with the spirit of adventure which has raised the British Mercantile Marine into its present position, in which case he will accept all the miseries as a means to his supposed objective. As already suggested, the first item is only to be encountered once in a way, for let the home be ever so "rocky," it is likely to be a palace in comparison with the "home" afloat.

AND in connection with this portion of our explanation, let us confess somewhat, as to what personal investigation has taught us. We have already written that two out of eleven will probably continue their indentured time at sea, and step-fathers and step-mothers are largely responsible for even that small percentage. Where a well-educated lad has both father and mother, the chances are overwhelmingly in favour of the possibility of his leaving the sea at the end of the first or second voyage. At the outset, the novelty of the fresh start in life buoys the lad up, and keeps his heart from breaking.

BUT once that novelty has gone, there is a heart-hunger for home which may not be denied, and in view of the fact that the lad is then under fifteen years of age, are we idiotic enough to wonder why? Of course not. In the old days, when a sailing ship made a voyage extending over a year or two, the apprentice had, perforce, to stay for long enough to get over that killing homesickness. By the time he had made one round trip, he had become case-hardened, and was content to stay on indefinitely. But with a steamer voyage running into three or four months, the lad arrives home just when his yearning for mother is at its height, and she, good soul, accentuates that yearning on his arrival, for she is suffering it also.

THESE are the points which so-called hard-headed business men will not assimilate, and thus convincingly show that their hard-headed business claim is also bunkum. To deceive one's self may never be accounted hard-headed business? You see, there is just as much human nature in a potential apprentice to the sea, as in other apprenticeships; and although a number of well-meaning folk might flout the idea, the action in no wise removes it. Crystallised down into actual fact, modern conditions are antagonistic to sea-apprenticeship, and the sooner those with an interest in the business realise the facts, the better will it be for the nation.

THE same argument applies to the lad who starts away with a spirit of adventure as his dominating force. Education is killing that spirit, for adventure is of little avail, if the lad realises at an early age, that all he is likely to receive for his sacrifices in that direction is, say, thirty shillings a week and his food, for a possible nine months out of twelve; to risk consumption through insanitary environment on board; and yellow fever, cholera, small-pox and heaven-knows-what-beside, through dragging his weary life out in visiting ports where the different diseases enumerated are rampant.

NO, the old-time glamour of the sea has departed, at least, for a spell; and he who writes the truth without fear or favour, must admit that sea-apprenticeship is presently a played-out theme, with the "prospects" more or less *nil*.

Overhead Cattle Run to Cattle Lairs, Roath Dock.

View of Inner Gate Cill and Lock Floor—The Cardiff Dock.

CATTLE LAIRS, ROATH DOCK.

THE CARDIFF DOCK IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE LOCK, AS SEEN FROM THE SEA GATES.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATER.

EVERY now and then, to use a well-worn phrase of doubtful meaning, some would-be genius comes along with a tale as to the best methods of using oil for taking the sting out of breaking seas. The said genius invariably "wants a little bit" for his invention, and just as invariably the invention is altogether different from that which applied with the other fellow, when he sought his modicum of brief notoriety.

CONSISTENTLY with its adherence to all that is traditional, and therefore of little use to-day, the Board of Trade—at least, its Marine Department—believes in oil for troubled waters. Let there be no mistake about our meaning. We wish to be taken literally, you understand, and have no *arriere pensee* anywhere about us in this connection. In other words, we are writing of oil—real, oleaginous stuff, and not the kind which might be liberally translated into palm-oil from the Congo, or other Free State.

BUT the B. T. adherence to oil on troubled waters takes the form of a more or less impossible bag for use in life-boats. If any of our 'longshore friends have been allowed to examine the "oil-bag" as insisted on by the Board of Trade, then, many a good laugh has mounted into the empyrean blue. The seafarer has long ceased to smile at the abortion which, at the best, wouldn't hold cabbages, much less oil! All the same, there is one in each life-boat on shipboard—and it is lumped in with a lamp (usually of the kind that won't burn); a compass (that won't direct); a sea-anchor (that wouldn't ank on any pretence); and several other ideas of a similarly obsolete kind.

OF course, the foregoing is not calculated to work up any surprise in the minds of those who know anything about B. T. japes. The permanent officials thereaway, are inclined to listen to the overtures of interested people, and once the requisite sympathy has been evoked, one may be tolerably sure that something is going to happen. It came about in that way, when some friend of the permanent officials of that time happened to make a passage on a tramp which carried boats that couldn't be hoisted out-board. The Life Saving Appliances Act followed, and then the whole business was relegated to the limbo of very much forgotten arts.

IF anybody dared to pass a remark—rude or otherwise—about the state of the tramp's life-boat, the daring one was calmed with the assurance that "we have provided for all that in our Life Saving Appliances Act," and then Mr. Permanent turned over to the serious business of life; how best to work up another excuse for a week's golfing down at—but never mind. We are concerned with the question of oil on troubled water at the moment, so golfing excuses will keep.

BUT as vessels of to-day (although as near perfection as makes no odds) have a nasty habit of breaking-down at crucial moments; and as the latter are generally coincidental with the arrival and continuance of a nasty, soul-harrowing gale of wind accompanied by a heavy sea; it is just as well to know how best to utilise the engine-oil which is then of little use for its initial purpose. In other words, as engine-oil is of little use as such during a break-down of machinery, it is nice to know how its innate beauties may be utilised for the easing of the watery trouble surrounding the broken-down steamer.

ESPECIALLY in view of the fact that, notwithstanding the prevalence of wave-subduing inventors, there yet continues to be a scarcity of their appliances on shipboard. Not that there is anything to grumble about in that direction, for with all due deference to the cult, and writing as practical seamen, we do not remember an instance where the "patent" quiff would have been of any more utility, than the home-made and always reliable apparatus which any officer of ordinary intelligence might fix up at a moment's notice.

THE trouble is, that patent notions have a nasty habit of failing at the crucial moment. The inventor is generally at home in bed, when his "notion" is most urgently needed, and as there are no means of learning the correct thing to do in the event of something going wrong with the specified beauties of the affair, the ones who are in trouble have to act as if the inventor of wave-subduers had never been born. In other words, the derelict officer has to trust to his own intelligence, eked out with an empty can, a little luck, and some oil.

NOW, with these latter items in juxtaposition, how may we best subdue the wicked waves which threaten to destroy our gallant vessel? Shall we fuss around with a neatly sewn canvas bag which is surmounted with a more or less patent valve that gets clogged up directly it is thrown over-board into the wide world; shall we concern ourselves with a mechanical arrangement that might work when it is first fitted in place, but which has been forgotten in the press of seagoing life, and as a consequence has been rusted in and is generally unsatisfactory, now that we are in sad need of its subduing capabilities?

NO, sirs. We shall do neither of the suggested things. The bag is only a delusion and a snare, for if you throw it overboard exactly ten times per minute, you will find it on deck ten times in sixty seconds. While, in the matter of mechanical arrangements, these, after the manner of the broken-down machinery which is making all the trouble, are likely to be broken-down when most needed. Under the circumstances, then, it is best to trust to the fit-out that may be made in ten minutes, and which will allow your broken-down steamer to ride practically any kind of sea that ever attempted to lift its haughty head in over the bulwark or rail.

HOW to do it. Soup-and-bouilli cans are fairly common on shipboard; much more so than wave-subduers of a dependable brand; therefore, obtain a soup-and-bouilli (or other similar) can. See that it is empty, and that its one end has been removed—which may be done by standing it on the galley-fire for a minute or so. Other tools not being comeatable, punch a hole in its remaining end with a marline-spike, cut out a soft wood plug with a V-shaped notch on its side, so as to fit in the hole just punched, place a chunk of oakum or cotton waste in the bottom of the empty can, and you have a Number One wave-subduer ready for real, dependable work.

NEXT, take a length of spun-yarn or other "string"—say two fathoms—and "jar sling" it around the middle of your empty can, when it is ready for work. Take your "wave-subduer" to the weather for'ed water-closet, also a drum of engine-oil. On arrival hang your can over the soil-pipe and secure it in position with the spun-yarn already referred to, when it is ready for its dose of engine-oil. Of the latter, teem in a sufficiency to last for four hours—and you will be surprised how little will suffice; regulate the flow (or the drip, which is really all that is essential) by turning the soft-wood plug so that the V-shaped notch will allow as much as is essential to escape—and then go on with your look-out for a possible salvage steamer.

YOUR disabled crock will wobble along like the proverbial old shoe under the suggested conditions, and never a drop of water will wander over her side. She will drift along to leeward on a field of oily water, and although she will necessarily roll, she will not ship a drop of the stuff which is your gravest peril. We know, because we tried the same dodge in mid-Atlantic, with a broken-down steamer, deeply-laden, and won through quite an abnormal succession of gales of wind, in comparative comfort and absolute safety.

The Everlasting "Grub" Question.

THERE isn't a particle of originality in the remark that sailors are proverbial growls, for we can remember hearing it in different kinds of dialects ever since the day that we first tempted fortune, by joining a cockroach-haunted tub of a barque in Exmouth Bight. She was a crocklet if you like, and although she has since gone to join the denizens of that place which is euphemistically-named Fiddlers' Green, her miseries remain in our recollection.

THE crocklet alluded to was surely one of the causes for the continuance of that everlasting "grub" question, for the digestive organs which could successfully withstand the duff built up by her non-certificated and altogether grimy-looking cook—save the name—are only to be found in the interior of a healthy ostrich. At the same time, that barque had her uses. Having once sailed in her, and having ultimately found a berth on a decent sort of ship, one was naturally inclined to work up a feeling of thankfulness!

AND the vessel which generates a feeling of thankfulness n a nautical mind, hasn't struggled with an adverse fortune in vain! The crocklet has gone, her then skipper is retired from active life, her crew of that particular epoch are scattered over the face of the earth, but the remembrance of that everlasting "grub" question which she helped to keep alive is still in evidence. The growling youths of to-day—albeit their growling is more or less justified—have a magnificent time in comparison with what obtained on the crocklet referred to. Let her rest!

THE foregoing is an unintentional digression, for when commencing this present writing, we were intent on a number of communications which have come to hand with reference to our remarks on the same subject, a fortnight ago. A well-known London shipowner sends us one communication which more or less touches the spot, so to say, and is in the nature of a petition from a number of seagoing "British subjects." who are now benefiting from the Lloyd-Georgian Feast of the Passover that has been supplied, to the alien rubbish which still robs the Briton of his birthright.

THE said petition is, we admit, somewhat rocky as regards its spelling, but it is certainly a move in the right direction! It isn't unduly long—being more "touching" on that account. But it might be as well if we give you a sight of it? Very well! Here you are:

Tschelepi Kaptan,
British Stemare, *New Highlode Fling*, Kardife.

VERY HONORED SARE,—Ve prey vell you arrainge for ze food "equivalent" as you did speake it to us, vit pilaffe, loukoums, onions, brown bread, raki or retzinati, vit o-ranges, flour, jam, and kaffé. Ve like not ze Englisch piggles vich air bad for ower foreen stommacks.

HONORED SARE, ve hope you see ze noble House ov Loords zey zis kan arrainge, an' kind Englisch Parlaisment spend mooch time ordare dinnare for pore foreen sailare, und ve find ze Englisch certifcate cook, as you say, ver dam bad. Now, ve rekommend good "indigéne" cook. He have no certifcate, but he good cook an' 'e vell understand. He married tu, but he also have no certifcate. He clavare cook. He cook ze dinnaire to pleeze ze vaire noble Lloyd-George, und he goot Liberal. Honored Sare, your humble sairvants,

Pappyantapoki, Bo's'n.
Peter pulo pub, A.B.
Colokynthopol, Fireman.
Poluyshlosbos, Trimmer. British subjects.

THERE you are, and the effort has nearly jaw-locked our poor compositors! Still, in a question of this sort, a "comp." or so is not to be bickered over! We intend to do the fair thing by Mr. Lloyd-George, and when a cluster of admiring British subjects get out with an intention to do him honour, you can reckon on us. That's a fact, good sirs. Mr. Lloyd-George is a patriot of the first water. Some miserable people suggest that he is all water, but they are wrong.

WE know, because a professor of anatomy once assured us that, by quadratic equations, he could prove that there was quite six or seven pounds of stuff in Mr. Lloyd-George that was other than water. We disagreed, and asked the professor to prove it by actual demonstration—at Woking. The professor fixed us with a terrified glare, and shouted: "But he isn't dead, yet." What did we say? Well, the only part of our consequent remark which reached the professor's ears was: "Oh, isn't he?" There was an addition, but we let it pass. It's the "grub" question with which we are concerned, and if the noble gentleman referred to really were dead, you couldn't very well eat him, what?

No! Jack has frequently declared that his tinned-stuff was nothing better than Harriet Lane; but so far in our career, we never heard a suggestion that the "mangy" was composed of statesmen of either shade of political feeling. All the same—and as we have frequently remarked—it must be somewhat galling to certain sections of shipping men, to realise that with all their scheming to obtain foreign labourers for their vessels, the latter are now differentiated in favour of, in a manner which never applied when their own countrymen were engaged to hoist the red ensign.

THINK of it! The scum of the continent is to be tootled to in the food line. Is to be compensated if its precious skin is abrased in any simple manner; nay, that it must be fed, clothed, and kept generally for any number of years, providing it comes to grief while working in "von fine Englisch sheep, yah!" Furthermore, the same stuff comes across to England of its own free will; would do so if the "grub" were ten times as poor; and if it was sure that a derrick would drop on its head everytime it came on deck, and no compensation followed.

TRULY is the Government Liberal—with other people's money; and when their time has come to go, surely will the roof let in the sunshine and the rain—for the alien will have sequestered about all that is worth having by then! Liberality is a grand trait; but when all is said on the subject, to be Liberal with what belongs to others, is sometimes given another name? However, it is impossible to please everybody, and if you are a "Little Englander," it is as well to be consistent, in which event you will surely do more for the gentle foreigner, than will you for those among whom you have been reared.

ACCORDING to our local mentors, the new "grub" wheeze is going to cost the shipowner anything up to an additional sixpence per man per day; and yet they are supposed to be in love with "Georgie"—aye, although his load-line is the direct cause of the slump in freights, in spite of the fact that every other industry is on the boom. But that sixpence per man per day, reminds us of a concern which we once had the misfortune to serve (the only incident in our life which gave us cause to feel ashamed); their shibboleth was, "one pound of meat per man per day with a little greenstuff—and don't forget the log-book."

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 19, 1907.*

DURING the past week, business in the local staple has been anything but abundant, for the activity which has been so much in evidence over the past few weeks has eased, somewhat. Indeed, there is a distinct quietness at the moment, although those good souls who like to be considered as cognoscenti, are prepared to declare that it is merely a lull before a further storm—of orders.

FROM the foregoing, you will understand that sellers have lost none of the optimism which a "boom" invariably conjures up. Fortunately for mankind generally—and in which respect the coal fancy is by no means exceptional—a run of good luck is ever calculated to remove remembrances of the lean days (or years) and it is fortunate that the human race is constructed on those particular lines.

NATURALLY, there is a reason for the easing off which we have already chronicled. The quietness of the moment, the absence of activity, the "hanging up" of the mad rush which was in evidence at our last time of writing, is consequent upon a sudden—and altogether unexpected—scarcity of tonnage of the prompt variety; and this, of course, has upset calculations. In the result, there is more free coal about, and thus the situation has been eased—for a time.

AGAIN, this surplus of coal has happened along at a moment when the demand has eased a little, for the would-be buyer is engaged in the merry pastime that is euphemistically named, "taking breath." The rise in prices had taken his breath away, and noticing that under the then existing conditions, he was being hustled into heaven-knows-where—well, he withdrew from the merry whirl, and decided to think the matter over from the outside.

THE consequence of this is that the colliery man is somewhat inclined to "consesh" from his late quotations; but at the same time we must admit that but little advantage is being taken of the graciousness. You see, at a time like the present, the buyer finds as great a difficulty in obtaining prompt tonnage, as does the colliery man, and the outcome of the newer conditions is even as we have written.

IN the matter of forward business, quotations are remaining firm, for with forward business, prompt tonnage is nothing of a factor. Furthermore, the seller isn't at all inclined to discount his apparent opportunities, just because those annoying steamers haven't come in as scheduled. As far as this aspect of the market is concerned, he realises that if he enacts the rôle of that little Bopeep girl—well, if the steamers don't exactly come home and bring their tails behind them, they will certainly arrive in time to carry off the results of the present forward sales.

AND that is more to the point in coalville, you'll find. No, there is no lack of firmness in forward business, and the easing in that of the prompt variety is merely temporary. In fact, the easiness may be safely disregarded, for both buyer and seller are out for a spell. Besides, the King's coming visit must be attended to, for his Majesty doesn't honour Cardiff very often, while good old Welsh coal is always there.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od , 18s. 6d
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d., 16s. 3d.	16s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 6d., 19s. od	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. 1½d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od	10s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. od	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	31s. od.	31s. od.	30s. 6d.	30s. 6d.	30s. od.	30s. od.
Ordinary ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. od., 23s. od.	22s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 19, 1907.*

THE market for the period under review has retained all the satisfactory conditions noticeable of late, and, indeed, firmness is, if anything, more pronounced. This is evidenced by the further improvement in prices which has resulted, the demand for certain qualities, being altogether too great for sellers to tackle. As a consequence they are having things all their own way just now. The question with the buyer is not so much what price he will pay, as the difficulty in getting the coal. This state of affairs is making prices somewhat abnormal for the time of the year.

ANTHRACITE LARGE is up all 'round, and BIG VEIN COALS show increased activity. The firmness is also extending to RED VEINS, which are naturally improving in sympathy. MACHINE MADE COALS are as scarce as makes no odds, but the request for them is not. There is very little of this class to be had just now, at any price. CULM and DUFF are also up, the former realising higher prices than for some considerable time.

STEAM COALS are a trifle easier, shipments not being so great of late. Quotations, however, do not show much change—except for prompt shipment, and for which position concessions are obtainable.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od.
Seconds do. ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od., 21s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od., 16s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. od	27s. od.	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od.	6s. 6d., 7s. od.
Patent Fuel:—	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, June 19, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo (Via Cape), *Knight of the Garter*, 8s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Ethelhilda*, 4,000 tons, 16s.
Southgate, 4,800 tons, 16s. (N).
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 15s. 6d.
Rounton, 3,000 tons, 16s. option Campana, 17s. 6d.
Kirnwood, 4,000 tons, 17s. 3d. (P.T.)
Vera Cruz, *Madawaska*, 6,200 tons, 8s. 3d. fuel.
Teneriffe, *Lord——*, 5,200 tons, 7s.
Bermuda, Steamer, 900 tons, 9s. 3d.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 14s.
Hutlonwood, 5,400 tons, 14s. 6d. option Santos, 16s. 6d.
Las Palmas or Teneriffe, *Lord Lansdowne*, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Santiago*, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Lord Duffryn, 6,000 tons, 7s. optn. Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Rags*, 5,200 tons, 15s.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 15s. 6d. 250, 1s. (N).
La Plata, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 14s. 9d. 250, (N).
Rosario, *Kinsale*, 3,600 tons, 17s. (N).
Buenos Ayres, *Eolo*, 5,000 tons, 16s. d. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Coronation*, 5,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Craigside, 4,500 tons, 6s.
Dawlish, 4,800 tons, 7s.
Genoa, *Ashfield*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Giuseppe Accame, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Thistledhu, 5,800 tons, 7s. 3d. 500, option Savona, 7s. 6d. 350.
Ennisbrook, 4,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Woodbridge*, 4,800 tons, 7s.
" " *Princess Sophia*, 3,300 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Or Savona, *Thistleroy*, 6,000 tons, 8s.
Odysseus, 4,300 tons, 8s.
Attila, 4,200 tons, 8s.
Monza, 2,800 tons, 7s. 350, spot, re-charter, (s).
Valencia, *Granada*, 1,100 tons, 8s. 300.
Venice, *Antar*, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Luzon, 5,500 tons, 8s. 3d.
Naples, *Pendarves*, 3,600 tons, 7s. 1½d. 700.
North Wales, 3,200 tons, 7s. 1,000, (C. or N.)
Or Leghorn, *Elswick Tower*, 5,800 tons, 7s. 800.
Sigrid, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. 800.
Torre Annunziata, *Frascati*, 3,000 tons, 18s. 400.
Savona, *Principessa Jolanda*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Philippeville, *Cap Spartel*, 1,100 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Oran, *Dunkeld*, part cargo, 1,000 tons, 7·50 fcs. (N).
Seville, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Constantinople, *Ethel Radcliffe*, 3,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Arcachon, *Pro Patria*, 1,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 8·25 fcs. (s).
Boucau, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Ferrol, *Clieveden*, 2,150 tons, 6s.
Barcelona, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 11d.
Bari, *Eugenie*, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Messina, *Emilie*, 1,950 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Smyrna, *Olga*, 900 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Fiume, Steamer, 6,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Andros, *Demetrios*, (late *Vril*), 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Salamis, *Marie Z. Michalinos*, 4,800 tons, 7s.
Gibraltar, *Glenpark*, 1,300 tons, 7s. (N).
Canganian, 1,400 tons, 7s. (N).
Lisbon, *Elmville*, 2,400 tons, 6s.
Emma, 1,800 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. (N).
Vigo, *Whimbrel*, 700 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Kiel, *Premier*, 550 tons, 6s. 3d.
Copenhagen, *Lars Kruse*, 2,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Bjorkoe Wyburg, *Barnton*, 2,750 tons, 6s. 6d.
Zeebrugge, *Vectis*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cronstadt, *Fenchurch*, 4,500 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Jomsborg, 2,600 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Steamer, 3,100 tons, 6s. 3d.
Masnedsund, *Frank*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Horacio*, 3,200 tons, 6·12½ fcs. (s).
Oteren, 1,400 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Kilmorack, 1,900 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Santiago, part cargo, 1,600 tons, 5·62½ fcs. (N).
La Rochelle, *Rocio*, 1,500 tons, 6 fcs.
Rosehill, 2,100 tons, 5·87½ fcs. optn. Rochefort, 6·12½ fcs.
Gustav Bogel, 1,600 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Folsjo, 2,100 tons, 5·50 fcs.
La Pallice, *Marquess de Mudela*, 2,400 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Trafalgar, 2,200 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bilbao, *Elorrio*, 1,700 tons, 5s. 1½d. (N).
Baracaldo, 1,600 tons, 5s. 1½d. (N).
St. Nazaire, *Garlands*, 2,800 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Discovery, 2,900 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Chantenay, 6 fcs.
Lino, 2,400 tons, 5·87½ fcs. ppt. (N).
Sables, *Jarnac*, 800 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Carn Brea*, 2,100 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Tees*, 2,100 tons, 3s. 3d. option Sheerness, 3s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Haulbowline and/or Queenstown, *Sindbad*, 1,200 tons, 4s. coal and coke, (Admiralty).
Portsmouth, *Bangarth*, 2,800 tons, 3s. 1½d. (Admiralty).
Berehaven, *Monksgarth*, 2,600 tons, 3s. 7½d. or 3s. 6d. if 2,740 tons, (Admiralty).
London, *Alice*, 230 tons, 4s. 9d. Copperas, free loading and discharge, (s).
Belfast, *Effie Gray*, 420 tons, 3s. 4½d. (s).
Cork, *Rossmore*, 4s. (N).
Paragon, 500 tons, 4s. Steamer paying dues.
Dublin, *The Viscount*, 430 tons, 4s. (s).
Cherbourg, *Linn O'Dee*, 600 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Honfleur, *Volscian*, 680 tons, 5s. 6d.
Antwerp, Contract 20,000 tons, 4s. 6d. over short period.
Caen, *Armourer*, 750 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Augusta, 550 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Raloo or *Clonlee*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Calais, *Greenhill*, 2,850 tons, 5s.
Havre or St. Malo, *Speedwell*, 1,300 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Enterprise, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
St. Malo, *Ouse*, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. coal, 5s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Ouse, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. second voyage, (s).
Rouen, *Paris*, 450 tons, part cargo, 5s. 6d. (s).
M. J. Craig, 820 tons, 6s. (s).
Raloo, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Southwark, 720 tons, 6s. (s).
Lycidas, 980 tons, 6s. voyages from Aug. to Feb. (s).
Trouville, *Lillebonne*, part cargo, 700/800 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Eastgate*, 2,500 tons, 4s. 4½d.

We are in receipt of the following :

4, Oriental Place,
Southampton.

Gentlemen,—We beg to inform you that we have established ourselves at this port as Ship, Insurance & Commission Brokers, under the style of A. C. Aikman & Co. All the undersigned have had long and extensive experience in shipping matters and chartering in all its branches, both at home and abroad, and we trust by giving our unremitting attention to any enquiries or business you may honor us with, that we shall succeed in earning your goodwill and appreciation.

We shall send you our freight reports regularly, to which we ask your kind attention, and shall be glad to be posted of your requirements in return.

Soliciting your kind attention to our signatures at the foot hereof, and hoping to be favoured with your kind support,

We are, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
A. C. Aikman.
N. G. Berntsen.
P. N. Jepsen.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 6, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

3,172/06—MONTGOMERY—***Improvements in ships' or analagous telegraphic apparatus.***

According to this invention, which relates to ships' telegraphs, there is employed in the transmitter a series of contact points corresponding with the orders to be sent over, which moves an arm worked by a hand lever. Connected to one of the wires leading from the moving part is a variable resistance, by which the force of the current transmitted to the receiver will be varied as the position of the handle is varied, and the orders transmitted. This variation of force in the receiver is caused to actuate the pointer and move it to a position on the dial marking the order to be carried out. The receiver pointer is operated by a solenoid mechanism upon which the current acts.

12,520/06—COOKE—***Improvements relating to the propulsion of submarine vessels and torpedoes.***

According to this invention, torpedoes and submarine vessels are propelled by the explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen in suitable internal combustion engines. The gases are stored under great pressure in separate vessels, and are led through reducing and mixing valves into a mixing chamber where they are mixed together just before use, the arrangement being such that should there be a back fire the explosion will not travel to the main body of the gases. The mixing chamber is fitted with an escape valve, so that should the pressure in the chamber rise above a predetermined amount, the gases in the mixing chamber escape directly into the sea. The torpedo or vessel is propelled in the ordinary manner by two propellers revolving in opposite directions.

14,016/06—WATKINS—***Improvements in lighters or vessels from which coal and other materials are discharged by means of continuous conveyors.***

In vessels from which coal is discharged by means of continuous conveyors, the coal is allowed to fall on to the conveyor through doors at opposite sides of a deep tunnel through which the conveyor travels. The object of this invention is, that the utmost facility should be afforded an attendant of observing when the openings in the doorways become blocked, and of opening and closing the doors rapidly. According to this invention, a platform is constructed over the conveyor, and there are openings there through which enables anyone standing on the platform to watch the coal openings. To facilitate the movement of the doors, each door is held back against the pressure of the material by a number of rollers. Also each door is provided with a vertical rack with the teeth of which in succession, a bar supported by a fulcrum may be engaged to lift the door, a pawl being employed to hold the door in any position, whilst by disengaging the pawl the door may be allowed to drop at any moment.

16,554/06—O'MALLEY—***Improvements in or relating to apparatus for the defence of harbours and the like.***

This invention relates to apparatus for the defence of harbours, the object being to provide means whereby submerged mines are fired upon the contact of a vessel with a certain obstruction. The apparatus comprises a series of beams, each hinged at one extremity to a suitable fixed part in the sea bed, the beams being capable of rising under the action of compressed air contained in tanks carried by cross bars, so that in the event of a vessel coming into contact therewith, when they are raised an electric circuit is completed, thereby firing submerged mines.

20,821/06—LATNIGG—***Improvements in shackles, swivel hooks, and the like.***

This invention relates to shackles or swivel hooks, the object being to prevent the bent hook arm from coming open and the straight hook arm from swinging outward. The hook is mounted in a partially recessed frame in such a manner that it can rock, and is retained in such a position that the arms of the hook are surrounded by the sides of the frame by means of a nose over which the link slides on being swung into the frame. The sides of the frame corresponding to the arms of the hook are connected by webs which prevent the sides of the frame from yielding.

4,522/07—SMULDERS—***Improvements in pumps for supplying lubricant to marine engines.***

This invention relates to a pump for supplying lubricant to marine engines. The pump has an oscillating cylinder in which works a differential piston driving a cross head in a curved path. In the pivot on which the cylinder oscillates are two ducts, serving respectively for the intake and outflow of the oil, and so arranged that during the upward stroke of the piston the oil is drawn into the cylinder beneath the piston, through the intake, whilst at the same time the oil in the cylinder above the piston is forced through the outflow duct, the converse taking place during the next stroke.

5,849/06—MULLERN—***An improved magnetically releasable locking device for miners' lamps and the like.***

This invention relates to miners' lamps of that class which is magnetically unlocked, and in which a bolt simultaneously engaging with the lamp body and with the chimney ring is brought into such a position when the lamp is shut that it becomes locked between spring pawls. According to this invention, when the bolt is pushed into the shut position, a second locking arrangement which is kept in the open position by means of a spring so long as the first bolt is not engaged, is set in action. A further feature of the invention is, that simultaneously with the bolting, an automatic extinguishing arrangement is thrown out of engagement, while the kindling arrangement which is rendered inoperative at the unlocked position of the lamp is released as soon as the locking bolt is pushed into position, so that the lamp can only be lighted when it is properly shut and locked.

These applications for patents, are until July 30, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on June 12, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending July 12.

Class 4—***Including coal.***

No. 292,564—Coal, coke, breeze, and partially coked or charred coal. Coalite Ltd., 3, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C. Merchants. April 29th, 1907.

Class 8—***Including nautical instruments.***

No. 293,118—GISA—All goods included in this class. Boydan Gisevius, 29, Linkstrasse, Berlin, Germany, Manufacturer, May 18th, 1907. Address for service in the United Kingdom is C/o Haseltine, Lake & Co., 7 and 8, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

CANDIDE ET SINCERE

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 176. FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1907. Threepence.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS!

The Development of the Shipmaster. The kind essential under the new M. S. A.!

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—Other Times—Other Manners!	97
Maritime Murmurs	98
On the Limitation of Liability	101
Naval Contracts	102
Just by the way	104
Needed—an Explanation	105
Bute Docks (Illustrated)	106
Strikes and Rumours thereof	108
Again, that alleged "Guild"	109
Cardiff (and other) Coal	110
Coal Freights and Fixtures	111
Patents and Trade Marks	112

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks, Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

Fustian, and ever fustian, appears to be the one sample of cloth believed in by those good souls who pose as the "Labour party." For the matter of that, the same fustian style most appeals to them, when they are airing their lung spaces. As an example of what we have in mind, consider the didactic expressions favoured by Mr. Shackleton, the Labour M.P. for Clitheroe, on Monday night when the "Lords" were preparing for the tonguey tumbril! The idea that the present Government is wasting its time gains ground, and Mr. Shackleton has been hearing about it. So much so that he is inclined to resent all such insinuations. Confident in the belief that he has not wasted his time (or an opportunity to spread himself before a more or less admiring world), the gentleman was in splendid fettle on the occasion referred to. Much better than was evidenced on the occasion when he interfered with a subject upon which he appears to be gloriously at sea—the undermanning of British vessels, and to which we referred in our last week's issue. As a matter of fact, Mr. Shackleton was inclined to the pugilistic side of life on Monday evening, for he challenged the statement that the House of Lords had any right to decide what was the will of the people.

Of course, the challenge was fairly safe, for one may not expect a mere statement to arise and biff one in the neck for the exhibition of crass impertinence? And when all is said, it is highly probable that when Mr. Shackleton has been finally gathered to his fathers, the House of Lords will be pursuing the more or less even tenour of its way, and 'fore all the world as if the turbulent Government of that turbulent 1907, had never left the calm seclusion which was erstwhile its own. All the same, the Shackletons of life have their uses. Parliamentary debates (save the name) would be ditch-watery affairs on occasion, were it not for the strenuousness of these good Labour leaders who come in on top of the froth which a little cheap notoriety is calculated to give. At the same time, the British Empire may not be successfully run on froth, and thus it comes about that when a Shackleton has been allowed to shout himself more or less hoarse; when he has subsided and is sitting in wonderment as to how his manifestations will appear in print, next day: well, then the business of the Empire goes on as before. Consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Shackleton would appear to be something of a humorist.

In proof of this, let us quote you a gem or so from this latest exponent of the undermanning of steamers, the burying of the House of Lords under the debris of half-educated articulation, and several other items which need not be expatiated on at the moment. Here it is, "As has been said (by whom, pray?), babies are earmarked in their cradles to be legislators, whether they turn out to be statesmen, fools, or rogues." Was the good soul speaking feelingly on that head, and to which of the varieties does he consider himself as belonging? We'd like to know, for Mr. Shackleton was once a baby, and developments now show that he was earmarked to get into Parliament. Which category does he come under—statesman, fool, or rogue? Anybody tell us? Yet another quotation: "They were in earnest in 1884, they were in earnest now, and the majority of the working men were in favour not of 'mending,' but of 'ending,'" the House of Lords. Will anybody be good enough to explain to us precisely what Mr. Shackleton knows, about the majority of the working men of this free, and independent country? And isn't the gentleman somewhat inclined to take himself a bit too seriously? More, say, than the circumstances either call for, or warrant? Mr. Shackleton, our respects to you, but don't (for heaven's sake) be so uncomfortably effervescent. The weather is altogether against it at present. You might mean well, but think of the weather, sir. And anyhow, you can't do anything to the House of Lords, so why waste more time? Legislate, sir, and persuade your butties to do likewise. That's what you're "in" for. Yes.

But there are flashes of fun, even in a Labour-bossed Parliament. For instance one of the members has been exercising his mind as to why a flag pole has been erected above the new War Office building. Having exercised his mind, and presumably being unable to satisfy himself either with or without the kindly offices of a policeman, the member referred to thought it advisable to ask Mr. Haldane for information on the subject. This being so, the latter gentleman was asked "for what reason a flag pole was erected on the new War Office building." Would you

believe it, that Mr. Haldane callously remarked, that the pole was erected for the purpose of flying a flag—and then the people laughed? Still, the questioner was yet undaunted, for he sailed in with, "May I ask on what occasions it is proposed to fly the flag?" This was in the House of Commons, and in spite of what Mr. Shackleton remarked about the earmarking of the babes who ultimately get into the House of Lords as statesmen, fools, or rogues! Yea, lor'! But not to be done in the matter, Mr. Haldane replied, tersely, and to the point, "On the appointed days," and Mr. John Ward, the Labour member for Stoke-on-Trent, suggested "The 1st of April." The way of the Parliamentary questioner is hard. Almost as hard as that of the transgressor!

While on the subject of Parliamentary questions, we note that Lord Muskerry brought up his good old hardy annual anent deck cargoes, on the same night. Fancy bothering with such a subject when, by all the portents, the House should have been sitting in fear and trembling as to the result of those labourers who declare that they are in earnest! Why, its awful, so it is. But seriously, and in view of the futility which appears to hang around the advocacy of his Lordship, wouldn't it be better for the Mercantile Marine sailor if another advocate could be persuaded to take over these little matters? Lord Muskerry appears to bob up in his place, to ask the same old question, to be given the same old reply, and then to bob down again. Of course, all the *minutiae* might be piffled out in that "guild (guy) gazette" to which we have frequently referred, and while on the subject, is there any truth in the rumour which declares that the "guild" is somewhat inclined to pay his Lordship a retaining fee of £250 per annum? We have heard the rumour so many times, that we are wondering if there is anything in it. Personally, we hope there is, for an open payment would be ever so much better than a quibbley yarn about "refreshment money," and vouchers for which may not be shown to the people who supply the wherewithal, fearing that such action might hold his Lordship up to ridicule—or contempt was it?

It is openly admitted that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and if Lord Muskerry asks these questions on account of "guild," and the combine or its engineers feel that they are indebted for the advertisement in consequence, why not plunk the thing right out at once? "Guild" ranks in a goodly sum of money as "Parliamentary expenses," nobody outside of "the executive" appears to know what it all means, so why not elucidate? Let us hear about it, for if there is nothing to be ashamed of, there should be nothing to hide? In our opinion, it is only this hole-and-corner method which keeps Lord Muskerry from posing as a valuable addition to "the cause." His colleagues appear to be filled with a feeling that as he is a brother, he must be listened to with all the courtesy for which the "Guilded Chamber" is notorious; but his demands are ever denied, and courtesy in the Lords, is of little avail to a possibly drowning seaman? However, Lord Kelvin agreed that deck cargoes as at present sanctioned by the Board of Trade were fraught with considerable danger; also that anything that could be done to mitigate that danger by way of legislation should be undertaken without delay. This was where the Earl of Granard—speaking for the Board of Trade—came in with striking emphasis.

The peer last mentioned, quoted statistics to show that there was a steady diminution in the loss of life and property at sea, attributable to the carrying of deck loads. All the same the Advisory Committee would consider whether any further modifications in the regulations applicable to deck cargoes could be carried out before the coming winter—and then the ripples consequent on Lord Muskerry's metaphorical stone-throwing into the placid waters, died down. But there is no need to worry about the winter, and with all due respects to those statistics, we yet have a shrewd suspicion that just as many "accidents" transpire in summer weather through the size of deck-loads, as ever the winter brings about. Why, at the time of writing these lines, there is a gale hurtling around this building which, if it happened in the dead of winter, would be no more nerve-shattering, or wreck inducing, than applies at present. All this old chatter about winter is beside the question. A gale is a gale, let it befall when it will, and to drown in the summertime, is just as uncomfortable and damp, as is the same road to glory in the winter. There is too much store set by winter sailing, and once upon a time it was right enough. But since steam propulsion came into vogue, summer and winter are the same for accidents and drowning, and let the fact not be forgotten.

Perhaps, if a more popular advocate than Lord Muskerry could be prevailed on to champion these little affairs, better results would follow? His Lordship is too closely identified with that "guild," for his words to carry the weight which is essential, if the old-time inertia is to be overcome. The "guild" is discredited, and in fairly wide circles. Under the circumstances, then, we have an idea that but little attention of a serious character is given to the nobleman who attends its chief meetings, and who is "refreshed," more or less, from its funds. For when all is said, the majority of the good people who sit "in the Lords" are *sans peur et sans reproche*, and are, therefore, inclined to undertakings which are administered in precisely the same way. The revelations which have appeared in these columns, and with reference to "guild" and its more or less tame advocate, are bearing fruit. In the near future, the pension scheme of that moribund concern might remove the present stigma which certainly attaches thereto, in which event, the House of Lords might be the more inclined to listen to its then advocate. At that time, something might be done to remove the dangers of a deck load at all seasons of the year. Meanwhile, the seafarer must watch—and swear at man's inhumanity to man.

One would imagine that the colossal advertisement already given to the foreign competitor through marking his wares with the legend which shows the country of origin, had already gone far enough. The tag, "Made in Germany," has been responsible for more expansion in the manufactures of that country, than ever the enterprise of its merchants thought possible. Yet in face of this, there are a number of one-ideaed people who are intent on pushing the free advertisement farther. The suggestion is to brand foreign eggs as such, and so that the home consumer might know when he is using an outsider, forsooth! Such ridiculous suggestions would be amusing if they were not fraught with so much disastrous meaning to the home producer. How would it be possible for the present staff of Customs officers to open and examine the cases of eggs which annually run into almost countless millions? And knowing this, other countless millions would come into the country from abroad, with never a brand or stamp to show their origin. Needless to say, those "smuggled" eggs would pose as British, right away, and where would the egg-man come in then, poor thing? However, the Utility Poultry Club has its eye on this latest attempt at dodgery, so the branding is not to come off.

Personally, we are pleased at the result so far attained, for we have pressing recollections of cargoes of eggs brought from various centres of production, and—you may take it from us—it isn't always a soft snap to be

engaged as a seaman on an egg-boat! Eggs have a nasty habit of explaining their views concerning rough handling, and if the said eggs are somewhat antique (although branded), the views are anything but reassuring. The near Continental ports give us any number of these breakfast-table delicacies, and at present, the dealer is somewhat cautious to see that the majority of his consignments are under, at least, a month old. If he could be sure of working up a branded egg trade, he would incontinently stamp all really fresh samples which would then pass as high-class goods, although foreign; and he would omit to stamp the ancient samples—which would ultimately pass for home-layed, and therefore, poisonous affairs. No, we are not to be deceived on this egg-stamping business. Especially now that there is a chance of seeing eggs (and bacon) included in the newest dietary scale which a beneficent Board of Trade has unloaded upon the long-suffering sailor. We commend the subject to the careful attention of Mr. Lloyd-George. He appears to be something of an egg-expert—especially in connection with what are usually styled "bad eggs?"

RUSSIA is by way of licking creation in her efforts to replace the warfleet recently sunk by the indomitable Jap. There is a new *Rurik* added to the flag which flies a freak eagle, and according to all accounts thereon, that same *Rurik* is inclined to the wonderful side of shipbuilding. She is now on the Clyde, engaged in speed trials, and as her contract rate is marked down at twenty-one knots, she is inclined to the speedy side of the deep-water business. Without a doubt, she will maintain her contract speed before leaving her builders' care. Whether she will ever again do so, is somewhat open to doubt. The Russian is too red-tapey an individual to be depended on very much where nautical speed is concerned. Anyhow, in gun fire or equipment, *Rurik* is supposed to constitute a record. Not that the fact is much to wonder at. Records in that direction are made and unmade daily, so we needn't envy this latest Russian warship her share of brief notoriety. But her armament is worthy of recording, for it consists of: Four 10in. breech-loaders, twin mounted in barbettes on the centre line; eight 8in. breech-loaders, twin-mounted in barbettes on the quarters; twenty 4.7in. quick-firing guns—sixteen in armoured batteries on the principal deck, and four in the sub-divided batteries on the after main deck.

THEN, she has twelve smaller quick-firers—Hotchkiss and Maxims; and two 18in. submerged torpedo tubes—quite a nice assortment of gun-stuff for somebody, later on? In length, this latest maintainer of the world's peace (or destroyer thereof as the fates may will) runs into a level 490ft., while her breadth is expressed by the figures 75 in feet, and her displacement is 15,000 tons. Like the terrible *Dreadnought*, she is fitted with armoured bulkheads which divide her up into supposedly unsinkable compartments; her magazines are of great capacity—whatever that means when considering her especial need thereof; and her main deck, although an unalloyed blessing to those who will sail her, is yet composed of a certain alloy which possesses a wonderful shot-resisting power. All her guns are worked electrically—at present; and they are protected by a new style of cemented armour invented at Krupp's. This wonderful mechanism is at the mercy of a normal coal endurance expressed by the figures 1,200 in tons, so although she is a veritable wasp over short distances, her value is somewhat discounted on long runs? With an indicated horse-power of 19,700, she will probably exceed her contract speed, and when that is finished with, the Russians should be proud of their new (if somewhat restricted in coal endurance) *Rurik*. Play up the Russian national anthem, and then let us go home.

WITH reference to the scare which was worked up over the Japanese/San Francisco relations, better counsels appear to have prevailed. The American brother seems to be convinced that—as we have maintained all along—there is a wide difference between certain sections of the "yellow race," even as applies between sections of the white race. In other words, the 'Frisco gentlemen are growing to the belief that the tricks which were good enough for the denizens of China Town, are not by any means good enough for the Nippon Nipper. This is precisely as it should be, and if the Pacific Slope's hooligans are by way of receiving some essential education, the world will be the better therefor, by and bye. In Tokio, the public excitement consequent on the recent "tall talk" in the States is dying down, and although a section of the Opposition, for their own ends, is inclined to fan the flames which threatened, indications point to the belief that but little success will attend their efforts. At the same time, it is ill shouting before one is out of the wood, and in view of the try on which was originated in San Francisco, it is well to hasten slowly. There are rresponsible journals in both countries, and that irresponsibility notwithstanding, there is no knowing where a spark might drop?

WRITING of the Japanese reminds us that, at the Kiel Regatta on Monday last, the Emperor Wilhelm paid visits to the Japanese cruisers *Tsukuba* and *Chitose*—as well as to the Argentine training-ship, *Presidente Sarmiento*. The Kaiser made good use of his opportunities—as usual; and besides presenting his autographed photograph to Vice-Admiral Ijuin, and conferring various Orders on the other foreign guests, he addressed the assembled Officers—in English. The text of that address was to the point, and is worthy of reproduction. Here it is: "Gentlemen, I bid you and your ships a cordial welcome to this port in my name and in those of my Navy and my country. I highly appreciate the gracious thought of his Majesty the Emperor of Japan in sending this squadron (why not "his squadron?") to Kiel. I congratulate you on the appearance of your ships and your fine crews, and I trust and hope that the Japanese and German Navies may always work together as good friends and comrades as well as that their Ensigns may always float side by side for the maintenance of peace and order in the world." The sentiment is good, and if there is just a taste too much of the "my" in some of it, and the "this" in connection with the other monarch—well, due allowance for the teachings of the courtiers must be made, and we heartily write "Hear, hear," as a tag to that address.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, we have commented at length on the recent action of the Shipping Federation, Limited, in connection with the medical examination of seamen. We note that with reference to this phase of nautical procedure, the usual inspired pars are going the rounds of the Press—usually in an unconsidered corner at the bottom of a page! The wind-up to the announcement reads: "In view of the new liability which, from July 1, will fall upon shipowners, this examination was considered desirable, although it has yet to be determined what effect it will have upon the supply of men?" It has, good sirs, and at the same time that examination might easily be the means of further tyranny. With the latter phase of the question, we are not presently concerned, but that the suggested hazing—for that is all it is—will prejudicially affect the supply of men, goes without saying. As things are at present, there is a dangerous scarcity of even the alien rubbish which Federation has fostered; when the "medical officer" is in evidence—especially if he works without fear or favour—that scarcity will be emphasised to such an extent, that we prophesy an early demise to the medical idea. (*Continued on page 103.*)

On the Limitation of Liability.

IN the Admiralty Court, one day last week, Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane was called upon to decide in a case of the limitation of liability under the new Merchant Shipping Act. This was in connection with the loss of the *Berlin*, and where the Great Eastern Railway Company, although admitting liability, sought to limit it to the statutory £15 per ton, in respect of loss and damage to goods, and to loss of life and personal injuries.

THE aggregate amount at £15 per ton, was £25,541, and this amount the company offered to bring into court, together with the interest thereon, at the rate of four per cent. from the date of the accident. It appeared that the only point in dispute was whether the railway company was entitled to limit its liability under the provisions of the new Merchant Shipping Act of 1906, or whether their liability would be assessed under the older Act, seeing that the accident occurred before the new Act came into force.

IF the new Act were to apply, then the liability would be the whole of £100 less than would be assessed under the old act, for Mr. Lloyd-George's masterpiece entitled shipowner to deduct from the tonnage "not only the crew space, but the space occupied by the master." The arguments adduced were very pretty, and to the uninitiated should appear of passing importance. For instance counsel for the railway company submitted that as the new Act came into force on June 1, and was certainly retrospective, then, the railway company were entitled to the benefit of its provisions, and so limit their liability to £15 per ton on the smaller tonnage.

IN view of the fact that there was merely £100 at stake, and as the cost of the action would probably exceed that by quite an appreciable figure, it might occur to the looker-on, that the railway folk were engaged upon a highly remunerative bit of business. At the same time, it should not be forgotten that there is often method in a fair-sized amount of seeming madness. If the court were to decide once and for all, that the liability should be limited as suggested—well, it would be a big loss, of course; but then, good sirs, it might easily have been bigger?

ANYHOW, there was an interesting bit of linguistic sparring between the opposing counsel, and in the end the railway company's guide, philosopher, and friend admitted, that his clients didn't wish to press anything to speak of, as far as the £100 was concerned. His Lordship too, remarked that in his opinion, the railway company ought not to press the matter. Of course, not! Fancy being so hard-hearted as to press about a paltry £100 when there was a possibility of getting a court limit to the whole liability.

IN the result, his Lordship granted a decree limiting the railway company's liability under the old Act to £25,541, and directed that this sum should be paid into court, together with interest at the rate of four per cent. Moreover, his Lordship further directed that all claims against this fund should be lodged within three months, although in response to an application on behalf of foreign claimants, he decided that there should be liberty to apply for an extension of time.

THUS, by depositing the sum of money mentioned, the Great Eastern Railway Company have been enabled to wash their hands of the whole business, and if jubilations at the success of the *finesse* exhibited is not about in very great lots, we seriously think that the parties interested are greatly lacking in appreciative ability. Still, the sum involved is a fairly-large one—even in these days of big things—and the whole happening is calculated to give one pause for a little further consideration.

Par exemple, if the *Berlin* had been held in for the trip which proved to be her last—and which the state of the weather might easily have suggested to those who were responsible—see what a power of money would have been saved! First, there is the loss of the vessel—no small amount, when every item is considered, and paid for. Then, there is the incidental expenses incurred during the salvage operations—another fairly big amount, we may be sure. Litigation is next to be accounted for, and finally, this liability in respect of loss to life, personal injuries, and loss to property.

MOREOVER, there was no need to hold the vessel over for one trip, as according to all the portents, a couple of hours' delay would have been amply sufficient. The amounts at stake have been computed variously, some "experts" opining that the sum total would not fall very far short of a quarter of a million. But without going to extremes in this manner, and supposing that £150,000 covers the whole happening, then is there cause for deep consideration on the part of those concerned?

FOR humanly speaking, there is every reason to believe that if the *Berlin* had been delayed at Harwich for about a couple of hours, all the consequent pain, life-loss, and expenditure might have been avoided. And to the time of writing but very little appears to have been said about the state of the navigating facilities at the New Waterway. It is an open secret that these are disgustingly insufficient, and the country is being educated up to a due appreciation of those insufficiencies, through the strenuous efforts of the bioscope people.

UNDER the circumstances, then, what is to be thought of all this strenuosity—if we may put the matter thus? Is that New Waterway to be allowed to continue in its presently unfit condition? Is its trumpery light (which, often enough, is no better than no light) to continue on its iron frame, unattended, uncared for, and forgotten? Is the breakwater which, in ordinary weather, is simply a half submerged mass of rubbley stone, to continue in precisely that fashion? And will future crossings be left to luck, or the individual decision of a shipmaster who is obviously between the devil and the deep sea—with all the odds on the latter?

THIS is a great country. We have ever admitted the fact. And when a railway company is enabled to pay its shekels into court, and thus wash its hands of all further liability, the greatness evoked is painfully manifest. But we aren't all members of a great railway company, and when we entrust our lives to expert carriers who fail us at the first opportunity, what are we to do about it? Is a £15 limit to liability to be allowed to meet the case? Always, and for every kind of accident?

THE *Berlin* was a good enough steamer; she was officered and commanded above the average; but she was by no means immune from ordinary accident, for results have proved the fact. Still, some accidents are just that, while others give one the haunting fear that things are not always what they seem. To the 'longshoreman, the *Berlin* episode was just a sample of the toll exacted by the sea; the nautical mind is inclined to wonder if it wasn't another instance of where everybody's business meant—as usual—nobody's business?

HOWEVER, the railway company's limit of liability has been assured; the money representing that liability has been paid into court; the company didn't press for the odd £100; and as we have already suggested, all hands connected with the happening should be duly pleased. Ring down the curtain on the *Berlin*. Her episode is finished—as far as her late owners are concerned. All the same, sore hearts still abound—so do new graves.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1907.

NAVAL CONTRACTS.

THAT the first report of the Committee of Public Accounts is a disquieting piece of literature, may not be gainsaid, and not so much for what it openly states, as for what it is calculated to suggest. Considering the matter dispassionately, and remembering that secret commissions have never been confined to one phase of work, nor to one group of workers, one naturally wonders—in view of the disclosures made with regard to the battleship *King Edward VII.*—how many vessels at present afloat, and apparently in good condition, are likely to suffer from faked-up defects, the moment that a little strain is placed upon them? Of course, the apologist is about in quite big numbers, and is intent on assuring the world that the tricks assigned to the Ayrshire Foundry Company could not apply with "respectable" builders of warships and component parts thereof. But then, up to the stage where the cited company was found out, it was above reproach! Everybody concerned had a great belief in it, and its work was accepted quite as readily as was that from other concerns. The present trouble arises over a rudder casting that was supplied by the foundry affair, for use in the construction of the warship already mentioned. To quote from the report referred to, we have: "It appears that twelve months after this rudder casting was received and built into the ship, the Admiralty were informed by a dismissed employee of the firm in question—the Ayrshire Foundry Company—that on a certain Sunday the management collected some of the hands, and by means of electric welding concealed a large fault in the casting. An examination of the man's story showed *prima facie* evidence that such a defect did exist, and the Admiralty decided that the casting must be replaced. The firm denied that there was anything wrong, but offered to replace the casting by a new one. This offer was accepted, but the second casting was full of flaws and defects, and a third proved no better." At this stage of the report, one naturally wonders why so much latitude was allowed an obviously incapable concern; why the contract wasn't broken, and the required casting obtained from a foundry which could successfully supply it? There would appear to be but little sense in waxing virtuously indignant over the matter at this late date in the history of the affair, and outsiders will necessarily wonder if the Admiralty is always so kindly disposed, as to allow a materialisation of that wheeze of our schooldays, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try, again?" You see, it isn't as if the country contained no capable foundries, or if skilled ironworkers—really skilled, you understand—were as scarce as the same kind of sailors. In private life, it is very much open to doubt whether a foundry would be given a second opportunity to play high, low, Jack, and the game, with a rudder casting. However, and reverting to the Government report, we read that "The Admiralty then decided that the casting should be made in the Dockyard, and the cost charged to the contractors." This was done, and the balance irrecoverable of £48 represents the extra cost of fixing the new casting. The pecuniary loss in this case was small, but the conduct of the firm would appear to have offered proper matter for a prosecution for fraud." That is putting the affair in a most lurid light, and prepares the reader for the natural corollary which reads, "The Committee do not understand why some attempt was not made to bring these persons to trial." That is all very well, as far as it goes, but we are very much afraid that the man in the street will not be so charitably inclined on the subject. He might easily wink his other eye, even as he places a hand behind his back, in a most suggestive manner, for such is the fashion of the man in the street, when confronted with affairs of this kind. However, the report goes on to say that, "It is stated that the firm 'strenuously denied the existence of any defect in the first casting,' but when after some months the ship was opened up and the casting removed the defect spoken of by the informer was discovered." Well, what about it? Is it supposed that "the firm" were likely to "strenuously admit" the implied chicanery? Wouldn't such a suggestion be asking too much from poor suffering humanity? And isn't the "excuse" and "explanation" offered, piffley in the extreme? The latter runs: "Again, it seems that for some purposes, when the work will not be subject to strain, electric welding is a good and proper remedy in case of flaws, but if the firm held this opinion it was unnecessary to do the work secretly on Sunday, and when the Admiralty inspectors were not on duty."—which in our opinion is merely covering the thing up. Where was the casting on Saturday, and when the inspectors were on duty? Apparently the flaw was recognised by all concerned, or where the necessity for practicing on the Sunday? In other words, were the inspectors any more clear of blame than the contractors? And if they were able men, and had never seen the casting until the Monday morning after the electric weld had been effected, would not their subsequent "inspection" have informed them that there was such a weld? Of course it would, for we have it on the authority of the Committee issuing this report, that "when, after some months, the ship was opened up and the casting removed, the defect spoken of by the informer was discovered." If, then, "after some months," the defect was apparent, why wasn't it equally so at the time of inspection? The issue, to our mind, is plain enough, and if instead of a quantity of pious reflection after the fact, the Committee would place a metaphorical finger on the Governmental delinquents of that time, then, matters would be ever so much more assuring to the Handy Men who will read of it all. The pious reflection runs on as: The Committee hope that it will not again be their duty to investigate a case where a British firm, "for any commercial advantage, will callously hazard the lives of hundreds of their fellow countrymen." Makes you smile, doesn't it? Are we to suppose that it would be better to "callously hazard" those lives for fun so to speak? And when such a blatantly wicked case is happened upon, why doesn't the Government put the fear of heaven into the others, by making a holy example of the seemingly guilty? These contracting arrangements haven't to go to sea in the crocks which their faulty castings adorn. Indeed, they invariably play pitch-and-toss with a double-headed halfpenny. If their monkey work is passed they win something which they haven't earned; if they are caught "at it," they "strenuously deny" their wickedness, but offer (and are allowed) to make other trials in the same direction! In the alternative—and when circumstances appear to be heading up too strongly for their comfort—they throw up the sponge, liquidate, and that is all there is about it! Taken altogether, the methods which are allowed by the Admiralty, are not a whit better than those which apply in connection with fifth-rate lash-ups among us, here, locally. And the disheartening part of the thing is, that practically everybody knows all about it, and the same methods have been in vogue since "Adam was an oakum boy in the Dockyard," as the phrase runs. The Admiralty must know of the tricks which obtain, for they put their "private mark" on everything possible. A candle has a coloured thread through its wick; rope has a similar trick in each strand; canvas is similarly doctored; aye, and even the nails in a deck-scrubber have a broad-arrow on each head; but still the stuff gets adrift! As Jack is inclined to remark, "The Government puts its private mark on everything, and then, if a thing gets lost—well,

'Andrew' loses mark an' all!" The matter is as open as "Bell's Life;" all hands realise that it is; the merry game continues, and when a firm is really caught in *flagrante delicto*, a Committee sits upon the subject, and as a wind-up to their weighty deliberations, remark that "the firm would appear to have offered proper matter for a prosecution for fraud." The next item in the report is connected with "secret commissions." Is that why it is placed so closely to the faulty rudder casting, we wonder? Anyhow, in the openly avowed "secret commission" séance, some stewards in one of the naval depôts are the delinquents. What are termed "grave irregularities" were brought to light on this occasion, and we are wicked enough to write that there is nothing at all irregular in the whole miserable business. Where, practically every official is open to the same temptation—that is to say, he is a poorly-paid man entrusted with great financial responsibilities—there can be nothing irregular in doing what is "thought to be the custom?" In this instance, four stewards who were deputed to examine and pass ready-made clothes, were paid a commission of five per cent. on all the stuff so "passed." Needless to say, the contractor wouldn't pay any five per cent., unless he were receiving a *quid pro quo*? Not much, for naval contractors do not go into the business merely for the benefit of their health. They usually wax rich—if they get a sufficiently long run for their talents. In fact, naval contractor and rich man are synonymous terms—and the same thing applies with army contractor, as was evidenced in the late Boer War? In any case, the four stewards referred to admitted to receiving no less a sum than £666 for their share of the boodle, and if we wonder how much they received which was not admitted, well, in view of the limitations of human nature, who shall blame us? Of course, those stewards were asked for an explanation, and the whole fit-out seems to have struck them as so paltry, that they openly admitted all the facts. In extenuation, the contractor "thought it was the custom," and the stewards were of opinion that they were merely doing what their predecessors had done! Of course, and the little dodge has continued with greater or lesser regularity, ever since a thirty-shillings-a-week man, was allowed to possess the power to pass, or otherwise, many thousands of pounds' worth of ships' stores. Of what use is it to wonder at the laying-open of all this barefaced robbery? It has continued for so many years, that practically all concerned therewith know all about it; and whether it is beef, or bread: beer or boots; a "dab in the fist" will cover up any amount of shortcomings; and if Jack is hardy enough to air a real grievance, Mr. Contractor will work off that well-worn shibboleth anent Jack's proneness to growl about anything—and there you are! At the same time, and in view of this Committee's courage in opening up the grave subject of secret commission paying in connection with naval contracts, is it too much to hope that, in future, a little more up-to-date treatment will be accorded this national subject? We have already remarked that in losing stores of all kinds, the Admiralty usually lose mark and all, and corroboration is found in yet another section of the Committee's report. A general dealer at Portsmouth was found to have no less than 39,500 Morris-tube cartridges, and of this little consignment, 22,400 were marked with the Government's "private mark." Here again, it "appears" probabie that this ammunition was sold to him in small lots, by men who had pilfered it at the ranges—which is a really nice manner of getting out of an uncomfortable position? It would take quite a number of "small lots" to make up a total of 22,400 cartridges, wouldn't it, now? Moreover, the said dealer hadn't been asinine enough to collect those cartridges as a hobby, what? He had them for sale, and doesn't it naturally follow that if his stock were so large, he must have a great demand therefor? Therefore, if his stock at one time, romped into the 22,400 stage, it is fairly certain that he had a constant demand for the Government-marked variety of cartridge. Under the circumstances, then, why not look at the thing from a common-sense point of view, in which case, the looker would attempt to "spot" the leakage of cases of the commodity. We are not inclined to the belief that such a stock could be kept up by the odd pilferings from the ranges, for in that case, the firing parties wouldn't be able to waste one cartridge at the target. Still, it is good to know that "steps have now been taken to safeguard the ammunition issued for practice," so the ranges will have a fair share of pottings from now, on. At the same time, we have a shrewd suspicion that the amiable dealers' stock will not suffer on that account—and mainly for the reason that we believe that small pilferings have nothing to do with the case. Remembering the low price paid by your friend the dealer, it wouldn't pay a "pilferer" to walk several miles merely for the purpose of selling half-a-dozen cartridges at a time. No, no! We hate to appear uncharitable in this connection, but then we have garnered quite a quantity of experience in these little affairs. So much so, that we have seen all kinds of copper utensils in the domestic department of petty officers' shore equipments—utensils which were supplied by a grateful country, free, gratis, and for nothing. In like measure we have seen the candles, rope, canvas, brushes, mats, etc., *ad lib.* Under the circumstances, then we are not inclined to take too much stock in the suggestions of that Committee of Public Accounts. They mean well, of course; but being somewhat new to the business, their meaning has not been allowed much of a run, so far. It is all very well for the Committee to suggest, for example, that the legality of selling Government stores in this way, should be tested by a case in the courts. But of what avail would such a test be? The Government, itself, indulges in periodical clear-outs, and all the articles dealt with are "branded." What could be easier than to declare that the court-tested sale was connected with the commodities purchased at the annual Governmental clear-out? No. While the Government elects to place ill-paid officials to attend to expensive supplies; and while those periodical sales are allowed to continue; then, for just so long will the country be not only supplying the Navy, for it will go on supplying, at reduced rates, the community which more or less lingers in the vicinity of a naval depôt. Plymouth, Portsmouth, Chatham—any of the naval ports, all receive their portion of blessing from the methods which have been in use since a navy was first instituted. Partly for this reason, the places remote from a naval port, are for ever inclined to "cut up rough" over the expenses of the Navy. The places indicated realise that they are not only mulcted in the cash essential for the upkeep of a Fleet of ships, for they have also to find the wherewithal for the upkeep of a horde of hangers on, who batten on the unconsidered "trifles" which percolate through the meshes of the red-tape which is foolishly supposed to guard these trifles. But the Committee has rendered its report.

Continued from page 100.

And why does the paragraph suggest that "shipowners, acting through the Shipping Federation, have decided that crews before being signed on, must submit to an examination in order to test their physical fitness for work on board?" Is it seriously contended that shipowners, as a body, care a cheap and inconsequent swear-word as to the necessity or otherwise of this Federation-faked thing? Isn't this really a dodge to enable the Federation to continue as an annuitant on the shipping shareholder? Why this sudden need to medically examine seamen? Why all this supposed kindness on the part of the Federation manager? Isn't it a fact that with the advent of the Compensation Act to seamen, the need for a further continuance of the Federation ceases, and that for years past, its only claim to consideration has been to administer the "benefit fund" of which so much has been written, but of which so little has been seen?

JUST BY THE WAY.

WE have a pretty shrewd suspicion that there was a very great deal of human nature in Wales, for quite a considerable time before an up-town contemporary became aware of the fact, and commissioned a London journalist to run down here and hunt it up. Exactly what the said contemporary is "after," we have no means of ascertaining, but judging by the common reports which abound at the Docks, it would appear to be a mare's nest! The London journalist might be all that our up-town friend claims, while he might be better known as the inventor of a "hair restorer," than he is as a writer chiel. One never knows—anything definite on these points; and appearances are so awfully deceptive.

HOWEVER, the writer of "Human Wales"—which is a creepy sort of title, don't you think?—has been meandering around in a Dreadful Night Street. We are half-inclined to believe that he shone anything but brilliantly, on the occasion upon which he spreads himself with more or less unction—but that's a detail. Briefly, the author of "Human Wales" got into Dreadful Night Street at the same time that "a wild shriek rings out upon the darkness." The last word, is to be taken as a figure of speech, you understand, for everybody understands that Cardiff is among the best-lighted cities in the United Kingdom.

ANYHOW, the writer's advent on the long-named street, and the wild shriek already referred to, synchronised. The shriek appears to have emanated from the person of "a girl of about sixteen, her hair down her back," and "standing against a wall, her breast heaving, her eyes dilated"—which is a fairly-well detailed description, considering that it was all encountered in the darkness of a Dreadful Night Street, what? Marvellous sight, these hair-restoring journalists must have?. Wonder if they have a sight-reviver anywhere up a capacious sleeve? But we digress.

OF course, the girl alluded to had a mission in life—a mission outside of posing as fat copy for the London man, we mean. She shrieked hysterically! "I won't go in. I won't—I won't!" was the written translation of that shriek. Yet listen! The darkness continues, but the writer's eyes are gradually becoming accustomed to the deepening mirk! Ha! What is this before his keen optics? "A stout grey-haired (and foolish or she'd use 'snatcho'?) woman comes out of a house (which house is immaterial; it might have been that forsaken by the girl, and it might have been another. You pay your penny, and you take your choice) and seizes her (the shrieking girl) by the arm."

PAUSE here, to take in the dramatic side of the bathos of "Human Wales." Going on, imagine more screams from the girl (she was a perfect bundle of screams, and Cardiff is a sadly-lonely place with never a policeman at hand) which being interpreted, pan out to, "Leave me alone. I won't go back—I won't—Oh, I won't!" The plot thickens, for the girl breaks away from the grey-haired and fat old woman, and trots up the street, somewhat. But the girl doesn't appear to have intended to go far, for although she was but sixteen (you'll remember) and although the grey-haired party was also fat—no, stout—the old 'un soon caught the sweet young thing!

LATER on, "fatty" is joined by another female—hair, build, and general conditions, not stated. Together, they talk to the girl "under their voices," whatever that means. The talk must have been of a pathetic kind, for the girl sobs. At least, "she begins to sob" which isn't quite the same thing, perhaps? Apparently, she gives up the sobbing rôle, and after going "quietly for a few yards, then she begins to scream again." "I won't, I won't!" is once more the burden of her song, which she ends up by declaring, "You shan't make me!" Of course, the tag is a lie, for the old jigs—a mother and fat auntie, in all probability—having got her close to the door, ultimately, drag her in.

NATURALLY, the London journalist who is so deeply versed in the ways of human nature, sees a tragedy in all this. He cannot imagine that this is a mother saving a sixteen-year old daughter, say, from the temptations of the darkness in Dreadful Night Street—and yet all the conditions point that way. The suggestion is one of those beautifully creepy ones worked up by a too prolific study of "Night-time in London," or something thereafter. The house—in the perfervid imagination of the writer—appears to be of the disorderly kind, and the girl a victim to—something that is unnameable.

CAN you fancy unsophisticated sweet sixteen outside of a baw— never mind. Say outside of a queer house, and well on the road to freedom, yet so perverse that she must stand to be captured by a fat, and grey-haired old party of the female persuasion? Of course, you can't, and you are beginning to see that our up-town friend has prepared a lovely series of laughs for your unconsidered pennies. You see, we know Cardiff. The writer of "Human Wales" evidently doesn't. That makes all the difference. Besides, it is ill fouling one's own nest, although the action is by no means rare in connection with the sensational sheet which is carrying at stated intervals, revelations on "Human Wales."

BUT let us get on. "I step forward. I want to ask the girl what is the matter—to be of assistance if I can." And then—what do you think happened? Well, "The door is closed with a bang." Great Jeelunga! Did you ever fetch a bang with which to close a door? You didn't? Then, you must have lost a treat. For when this door was closed "with a bang," the operation brought "a man who has been standing against the wall near at hand." The man wasn't as bad as the journalist would pretend, for although he had been at hand all the time, he didn't assist that poor grey-haired and fat old jig to capture the running piece of sixteen-year-old-breast-heaving-and-eyes-dilating femininity. Not at all.

BUT when the interfering Londoner attempted to intrude, that man came along in quick time, and "He is joined by two others from across the road." All men in Cardiff are not bad you'll note! Here were three of the hated sex, but they didn't say a word to the shrieking lass. You see, those men lived there, understood the vagaries and temper of the maiden. Understood that her poor old grey-haired mother found her a "hot lot." But they were natives. They also knew that the warm members of the fair sex who inhabit darkness-enveloped houses in Dreadful Night Streets, are not at all inclined to run away, or to shout. Not much. They are awfully quiet, for the slightest noise would bring along a big-footed policeman, and "the Beak" is terribly "down" on this class of offender!

BUT to conclude, the journalist couldn't see the number upon the door. 'Twas too dark! But he could see the dilated eyes of the girl! He didn't even biff those bold, bad men in the neck, nor attempt to give any of them a thick ear. Not he! He appears to have returned to his hotel—to write! We are wondering if he ever left it? What's that? It's piffle? What about it? We can't help it? We have merely quoted you a portion of some stuff which is labelled "II.—In Dreadful Night Street.' At the same time, we thought that *Western Mail* was above this sort of thing. We did, indeed.

NEEDED—AN EXPLANATION.

A NUMBER of seagoing friends ask us if we can supply any information on the action of Shipping Federation, Limited, in connection with the amiable, and all-embracing manner in which it continues to collect the shillings which romp in as benefit to enforced members of the cult. Several nautical men have called into these offices, and have shown us receipts for a shilling fee which is levied annually, under the assumption that it will confer a certain amount of benefit to the disabled seaman, in an uncertain set of conditions.

THAT is to say, John sends his shilling to the nearest Federation office, and in return therefor receives a receipt, and an intimation that after an early date in July, next, the "benefit fund" will be discontinued. So far, our informants do not contain one man who has first of all been informed that after July 1, there will be no benefit; and the payment of the shilling thus left to his own charity. No, in each instance, the shilling has first been accepted, and then the notice of the demise of the "benefit" tendered.

UNDER the circumstances then, we are not surprised to hear those seagoing gentlemen assert that the acceptance of the shilling by the Federation is an imposition. Indeed, if we were asked for our candid opinion on the matter, we should unhesitatingly plump for the same word. The "benefit fund" will be discontinued after the date indicated, but yet all the offers of a shilling which come to hand meanwhile, appear to be accepted as we have already explained. As far as we can understand the Federation book, the shilling fee is payable in advance, and under those circumstances, the affair has no right to accept the whole of the amount which is intended to cover one year's "benefit," when but a few weeks remain to the fund.

IN our opinion, this is quite in line with Federation tactics, and on which we have frequently commented. Of course, we realise that by this method nothing like a full year's subscription of a possible £10,000 will be available. The "boys" will not all come in at once. At the same time, sufficient numbers will pay that shilling between this and the demise of the "fund," to make their payments a very welcome addition to the coffers of the exploiting arrangement with which we are concerned?

FURTHERMORE, what is the state of the said "fund," and what is to be done with the surplus money? Every seaman who has paid in his shilling—often under pressure—has a share of that fund, presumably; but to-date, we have seen no hint as to what is to be done with the money thus wrung out of the seafarer. For it must not be forgotten that but an inappreciable number of payers ever "parted" because they loved the concern. Pressure only, was mainly what wrung those shillings out of them.

THEREFORE, the time has come when an explanation be given the public as to what is to be done with the money erstwhile paid into the "fund." Is it to be claimed that each year has made a deficit in the "benefit" money thus gathered in? That the "benefits" paid out, have exceeded the income? If so, it is about time that the public were given a statement of accounts, for Shipping Federation, Limited, is hardly on the level of an ordinary trading company, is it?

THE sailor is, proverbially, an easy-going animal—especially he of the alien persuasion. For that reason, the latter has been assisted by Federation, and the contract-man has had a fair innings in the supply of the brand. At the same time, these public benefactors have a public duty, and in view of the fact that the Federation has had a fairly lengthy run; that it has assessed its own entrance-fee for seamen sailing on Federation ships; that there is no free-will or option in the matter, but that all must join; isn't it about time that the explanation were forthcoming? We think so, anyhow.

AND in the matter of that medical examination, and the charge therefor. What right has Federation to trump up that imposition, anyhow? Who gave it authority? And is this new dodge to be accepted as a set-off to the about-to-die "benefit fund"? These little matters have been allowed to hide their blushing heads for just a taste too long, and as the man who is examined, has also to pay, isn't it but right and proper that this phase of the undertaking be explained in a businesslike manner?

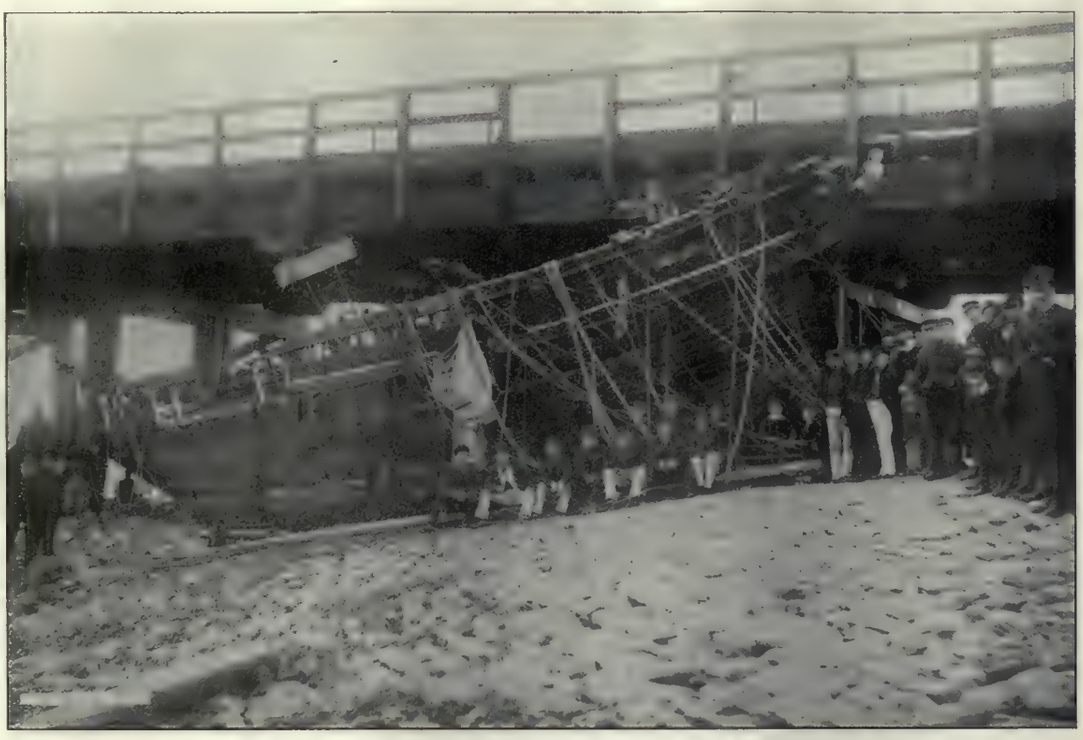
ONCE more, if the medical officers appointed by the Federation make a mistake in their diagnosis of a man's physical state; if that man is debarred from earning a living in consequence; hasn't the said man a just reason to sue the whole push for conspiracy? At the moment, the medical farrago is a new affair, and as a consequence has scarcely had time to gather a head on the discontent which is bound to come in ultimately. All the same, a goodly number have already asked our opinion thereon, and we take this opportunity of seriously assuring the shipowner that he is riding for trouble, providing he gives Federation the altogether free hand which has applied hitherto.

ALONE, among trades and professions, the sailor has to submit himself to a degrading examination. Officer and man, the same thing applies. In the case of the former, he has already been subjected to an eye-sight test—that being all that a Government Department considers essential. But the Nautical Inquisition is different. It has had some of its teeth drawn—the hoodooing of its alleged "benefit scheme"—and must, therefore, fake up some other dodge. Needless to say, that dodge is a medical examination, for the examined seaman has to pay for the favour of being passed, or otherwise.

AT the moment, there are a goodly number of seamen who do not sail in "Federation ships," and under the circumstances, they do not pass any examination. Is it to be contended that they are any worse sailors for that reason, or that the ships on which they sail are any less seaworthy? Again, why did this degrading examination synchronise with the death of Federation's "benefit fund"? That fund was supposed to exist for the purpose of supplying the compensation with which other workers had been favoured. Ordinary business methods would suggest that before a man were accepted as a possible beneficiary under a private scheme, a medical examination would be much more essential than when the risk were handed over to an insurance company?

YET Federation—when it was running its own insurance—never insisted on such an examination. Then, why have the impertinence to do so now? On this occasion, we are merely touching on the heads of the wickedness. Later on, we shall particularise, and shall discuss the various points minutely, for we are convinced that a little daylight is urgently needed on this particular phase of nautical ethics. We have no objection to the Federation officials earning a snug living at the expense of the shipowner and his shareholders; but when Jack is being hocussed, and under the pretence of philanthropy, then, we feel that an explanation is our inalienable right.

YOU see, we are seamen, and as such, have had the misfortune of being exploited by Federation. At the moment, we have given up the sea, and are using our experience gained there, for the purpose of attempting to place the Mercantile Marine on a safe national basis. The first step in that direction is, we believe, the winding-up of Shipping Federation, Limited. And for reasons that will appear here, later.



A Piece of the Low Water Pier and a Derelict Schooner — to say nothing of the Men!

East Dock—North End.

SIGNAL CABIN ON CARDIFF RAILWAY CO.'S LINE.

CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY'S COMMERCIAL GRAVING DOCK.

STRIKES AND RUMOURS THEREOF.

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the railwaymen who happen to belong to the A.S.R.S. are occupying quite an abnormal amount of the landscape just at present. Whether the number is, or is not likely to influence the situation, we are disinclined to say. At the same time, candour compels us to admit that there is a feeling in the ranks of railwaymen themselves, that if the "unioned" contingent elects to go out on strike, then, the other and larger portion will be in a position to show their loyalty, and to work in peace.

NATURALLY, the "unioned" contingent is keen on assuring all that will listen, that they are numerous enough to sweep the floor with the other portion. But, somehow or other, there are few who believe the story. Some of the longer-headed members of the profession are inclined to the belief that if Mr. Bell were really as strong as he claims to be, he would have precipitated trouble years ago. Hitherto, the outcome of the twistings of the A.S.R.S. have been of the "much cry and little wool" order, and if the combination were really powerful—well, things would surely be somewhat different?

WE quite understand that the general secretary of the combine wishes to pose as a peaceful individual, but isn't any such a claim more or less bunkum? Given the power to be warlike, would any of those "union" affairs be peaceful? Judging by the conduct of others of the kidney, quite the opposite would result, providing the power to do ill deeds were in evidence. At the moment, the great desideratum of the A.S.R.S. is to obtain official recognition from the employers. Why? Isn't it merely for the purpose of winning over the majority of workers, who, as yet, will have nothing to do with the shouting minority?

WHEN all is said, the membership of the Railway Servants Association is very much below a majority of the whole, and if we are to judge by the results of its very many years of fitful action, has but little to recommend it to the multitude which will not support it. Personally, we should opine that when a combination has been in existence for over ten years, then, if it hasn't the major portion of its own trade included within its membership, it must be an unnecessary luxury. But seeing that the A.S.R.S. has been a combine for several periods of ten years, and hasn't yet gathered in the majority, what are we to think?

SIMPLY that it is unnecessary, that it doesn't successfully appeal to the many, and that if the employers should decide to throw the interests of the non-members overboard then, all that followed of trouble would be deserved.

DURING the present week, the delegate congress summoned by this A.S.R.S. has been holding its meetings, and after its usual manner has been passing resolutions. Of course, there is no reason why the well-meaning gentlemen shouldn't resolute if they feel like it. Resolutions are cheap enough, and common, too. Indeed, the road to a certain place is paved with resolutions of a goody-goody kind.

BEFORE working up a resolution, it is also essential for the general secretary to fulminate, more or less, against existing conditions. You have to work your delegates up to the necessary pitch of enthusiasm, and if you can do it by appearing to wax sarcastic, well, you have a fair to middling chance of success. As a matter of fact, if you work the sarcasm in the best shape, your delegates might be constrained to ejaculate the word "Rats," and that is a distinctly original remark; soul-easing as well. Anyhow, the A.S.R.S. delegating crew got as far as the "Rats" point in the congress, for on Monday last, at Birmingham, Mr. Bell—the amiable and genial general secretary—touched the strings to that effect.

No, we have no wish to harrow your souls by reproducing the resolutions. It is unnecessary, for you have been treated to them in divers forms, for years past. The A.S.R.S. is consistent in one point. It sticks loyally to its old-time resolutions. Men may come, and men may go, but—as long as the general secretary remains the same—the prime old crusted resolutions should come along with praiseworthy regularity. True, nobody appears to be hurted thereby. They are moved, seconded, and adopted with more or less unanimity: and this is only as it should be, seeing that the delegates are just a number of men with but a single thought, and hearts that beat as one.

WHAT is the single thought? Don't please. Have you never been told that the thought is to raise the funds of the combine into that beautiful notch where worry need never again trouble the officials? And this is exactly as it should be. Railway servants may pass through varied phases of railway life, and may ultimately find situations outside of the permanent way; but the delegates (as long as they are orthodox) and the general secretary (in any case) will continue at their self-appointed task; and this is the feature which we like about "union" work. Never mind about the fat-heads who put up the money! That is what they were born for? Just to find the oof!

FURTHERMORE, they don't count unduly. They have a great privilege accorded them, for they are allowed to wrack their soul-cases out in an attempt to win a living for themselves and families—providing they put up so much a week *plus* levies, for the whole-souled patriots who fake up congresses, and pass resolutions which are flopped out in linotyped matter in the daily press. There can be no mistake in all this business. We know, because we have given the matter a large amount of consideration. Travellers by rail, will have noticed the same old faces at the different stations; faces that are above the same old corduroy; and which are surmounted by the same old sore-eyed caps.

THE hands which are attached to the bodies carrying those faces, rush along to see the same old carriage doors, seize on to the same old grip-sacks, accept the same old honorariums for services rendered, and give you the same old smile as a recompense. If you come out of your shell sufficiently to ask what all this old pother about a strike is connected with, the same old tongues will pop into the same old cheeks, and the same old naughty little twinkle will appear in the same old eye. Then, you pass on to the bookstall, purchase the same old rag, read the same old jape—aye, even as you work off the same old remark, that there's nothing new!

AND so the merry game continues, right up to the point which exemplifies the statement that the world consists of two classes only—the bleeder and the bled! Some folk try to assure you that society is divided into a number of classes, but they are wrong. There are but two—the bleeders and the bled. Our good friends the railway servants, are among the latter, and one of these odd afternoons they will arrive at a knowledge of the subject, when there is going to be trouble for the bleeder, and he will never be found among the ranks of the employer.

MEANWHILE, "Mabon" has been easing himself of a weighty bit of fiction. If the railway employers refuse to meet the A.S.R.S. men, "Mabon" won't hesitate to say to the colliers of the Rhondda, that they must stand by the rights of their fellow workmen. Easy philanthropy that isn't it? With no railways working, there would be no need for coal! After "Mabon's" threat has materialised, we shall counsel the sailor to come out and starve the whole lot into subjection. When all is said, Jack holds the key of the situation. Certificated Jack, you understand.

Again, that alleged "Guild."

FROM time to time, we have commented on the falsehoods, double-balance-sheets, rumours, and peculiarities, generally, of that enterprising combination which ambles along to a seeming debâcle under the style of "merchant service guild"—sometimes with the prefix "Imperial," sometimes without. We have done so solely out of regard for the sailormen who are being obviously exploited by the engineers of the affair, and also because we seriously believe that the sooner these unnecessary affairs are relegated to the limbo of forgotten arts, the better will it be for the nautical profession, as well as for the country at large.

THE founders of the "guild" can have no possible excuse for their apparently wicked conduct—and we believe that the issuing of two different balance-sheets is a wicked affair—for year after year the Press was most attentive to its attempted struggles for amelioration; helped it at all times, and in this respect, THE MARITIME REVIEW was ever first and foremost. But it must not be forgotten that we then took it at its face value, and had been favoured with no opportunities for studying its methods of procedure.

EVEN when Lord Muskerry favoured us with an ungentlemanly suggestion of back-stairs work (and which has already been fully described in these columns) we declined to believe that the founder of the "guild" could be a party to such trickery. Having declined, we still gave occasional support to this presently moribund affair, but at the earnest request of a number of "guild" members who had become disillusioned, we ultimately refrained and, later on (and when in receipt of overwhelming proof of some sort of rottenness in the state of the particular arrangement under consideration), passed some very caustic remarks on "guild" administration.

WE have repeatedly asked for explanations, and have offered to print them, free, gratis, and for nothing, but to the moment of writing, these explanations have been denied us. Not that we believe it possible to successfully explain away any of the grave accusations which we have written in this connection; but at the same time, some little show of excuse might have been attempted. However, this has not been offered, and under the old saw which teaches that silence gives consent, we must perforce believe that our strictures on "guild" have been well-merited. On several occasions, an earnest "guild" worker has favoured us with his views on the subject, and as he was the first member who joined this peculiar affair, we are of opinion that he should know something about its inward workings.

AT the present moment, we have a number of letters from the same member in our possession, and the publication of which would use up the whole of the space of one issue of this journal. Obviously, then, we cannot proceed to such heroic lengths—especially as we are wondering if the organisation is worthy of the attention of other than the Public Prosecutor. At the same time, we have pleasure in giving space to the latest communication from our unknown correspondent (for to the time of writing we haven't the remotest idea of what Mr. Gittins is like, having neither spoken to nor seen him); the more so because we believe that he is actuated solely by a desire to do good to his profession, and to save it from the destroying tactics of this same "guild" which, instead of coming out in the open (as befits a British affair), prefers to snivel out a number of cheap rumours which merely saves the situation for yet a week or so longer.

HOWEVER, the letter referred to (and which is worthy your careful attention) is as follows:

To the Editor of THE MARITIME REVIEW.

DEAR SIR,—The time seems to me to be ripe for action, instead of indulging in any more talk. I have endeavoured to show how little we are considered by the executive of our society, also, how well they consider themselves. The question now is: Are the members—and ex-members—content to sit still and see all the accumulated funds used up in the interests of the staff, instead of ourselves? If that satisfies them, there is no more to be said. But if they consider they have been deceived and hoodwinked, and—well, you may fill in the rest yourself—then, there remains something to be done in the matter.

I have been waiting and hoping that somebody would speak up, and offer to take the matter in hand. Nobody has done so to the present, so I will make an offer to all interested, and that is: If they will support me, I am prepared to do so. So, if members will send their names and addresses I will advertise my intentions well, and as soon as possible, and do not doubt that I shall then get plenty of support. I will then call for a public examination of the affairs of the concern—there is the offer. I will also show by a small table, what it means if we do not act, at once:

Secretary's Salary	£500	Pension	£333	Capitalised at 3%		£9,511
Assistant Secretary	290	„	193	„	„	5,514
Cashier and Treas.	250	„	167	„	„	4,777
Assistant	150	„	100	„	„	2,856
Total capital swallowed for pensions						£22,658
Net assets of guild						15,000
Pensions require more than we have got						£7,658

This simply means that the moment the new rules are passed, we shall be bankrupt, and as we are not registered, the rest can be claimed from members by the creditors of the guild. Seriously, is that pension scheme the scheme of a man who wishes the guild to thrive? Or would it lead you to believe that the pensions must be provided, and if it breaks up the combination, so much the better from the executive's point of view?

Leaving that side of the subject, I would like to repeat my remarks which appeared in THE MARITIME REVIEW, on March 1, this year:

We wish to maintain, or rather reclaim the fundamental principles upon which the guild was founded.

The government to remain in the hands of the Council.

The Council to elect the chairman as well as every member of Committee.

To revert back to the original rules and revise them for the benefit of the members, and not for the private interests of the staff.

To spread the present educational influence of council meetings by having branches in other ports.

To have definite terms of agreement with each member of the staff.

To ensure that any member in receipt of remuneration should not have a vote on questions of pay or honorarium.

Trustees and officials not to be eligible for Finance Committee.

Contents of "guild gazette" to be approved by Council before publication.

To have separate funds for each specific purpose.

To check the present extravagant use of money and material.

To have the society registered and given a legal status.

Honourable competition for all positions on the staff, and

All rules to be strictly enforced.

If this offer is accepted, communications for the purpose may be forwarded to

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED GITTINS.

14, Broughton Road,
Somerville,
Seacombe, Cheshire.

THERE you are friends. What about it? The above conditions which apply, already exist in connection with the Shipping Executive's Association, Limited. Why shouldn't they with this so-called "guild?"

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *June 26, 1907.*

IN view of the state of the weather prevailing over the past few days, we suppose that it is useless to expect other than a feeling of depression—not to say pessimism—among the good souls who do business with coals. Anyhow, our own particular notist appears to be full up with it; he "has it," badly; and if we were to give you his screed in his own lugubrious language—well, you would be likely to be similarly affected.

BUT we aren't so cruel. We are willing to show you the bright side of life whenever possible, and with that idea before us, we intend to exercise our powers as censor, very considerably. Later on, our notist will be his own happy self again. Meanwhile, we shall endeavour to show you that the situation is not nearly as bad as it is represented in certain quarters.

FIRST of all we are willing to admit that there is anything but animation around in the market which concerns itself with Cardiff and other Coals. But then, there is a reason. There generally is, if you care to look for it. It is in evidence, even if you don't. Anyhow, the main reason for the present stagnation in local industry, is a scarcity of tonnage.

WITH the stormy weather which has obtained since our last time of writing, will any sane man expect a plethora of light steamers in dock? Of course, not. Miracles do not turn up these days—at least, not anything to speak of; and thus it comes about that with more or less empty docks, coal supplies are accumulating—both at collieries and at dock sidings.

Now, when these accumulations are in evidence to any great amount, nobody expects a hardening of price. Indeed, any such hardening would be of little avail, and for the same old reason—nothing with which to carry the stuff away. You see, a scarcity of tonnage affects both seller and buyer alike. Seller is willing to sell, "at a sacrifice," as they say in drapery sales; buyer is willing to buy—"as a bargain," to again quote the same source.

BUT then, seller makes it conditional that if his lowered price is to be taken advantage of, buyer must load up and thus release the wagons. Buyer—in view of the scarcity of tonnage—can do nothing of the kind, so of what use is it to prattle to him of easy terms? None, whatever. Presently, the overdue boats will romp home, and if your intending buyer wishes to avail himself of the lately ruling kindnesses—well, he will find that this is a case where other times, other manners, fits in.

IN short, then, the present slump is merely of the temporary kind, and if you need any further proof of the matter, consider the plenitude of small coal which is about. Coal of that kind is euphemistically-named bunkers; no ships are at hand; hence the plenitude. It's all very simple, when you consider the thing with a decent liver, and an open mind? Of course. Prices—such as they are—are even as set out below.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 7½d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6 l.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d., 12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 3d.	11s 3d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 9d	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 7½d.	12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	26s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *June 26, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the kindred trades is not very brisk at present, the delaying of tonnage affecting the market adversely. Speaking in a general sense prices are steady, although as usual at such a time, prompt accumulations will secure concessions on the quotation, sellers not being able to stick out for the demanded figures, if they wish to secure the buyers' business. On the other hand, forward business is still being quoted for, firmly, in spite of the fact that items of this description are slow in materialising. It cannot therefore be stated that there is any weakness in the true sense of the term.

ANTHRACITE COALS are about steady. Certain qualities are offering more freely for the reasons above stated. Superior sorts, however, show no change. CULM and DUFF are a turn easier, but MACHINE MADE COALS are e'en as firm as they have been of late. This, thanks to continued good demand.

STEAMS are weak, especially for anything prompt. This not only for the tip-top sorts, but also for the Bunkering class. The prices at which they are to be obtained, depend upon the date of shipment that the buyer is prepared to give.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 3d.	22s 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
Red ,, ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. 6d	27s. 6d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 6d., 27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 8s. 0d.	8s. 9d.
Duff ...	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	6s. 9d., 7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 10½d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, June 26, 1907.

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Hong Kong, *White Cross*, 4,000 tons, 14s. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Wintringham*, 4,800/5,000 tons, 15s. 6d.
El Argentino, 4,500 tons, 15s.
Campana/Villa Constitucion, Steamer, 16s. 3d. Rosario, 16s. 9d.
Bahia, *Folgate*, 4,800 tons, 14s. 9d.
Golden Cross, 3,500 tons, 14s. 4d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Crusader*, about 6,000 tons, 14s.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 14s. 3d.
Boca or La Plata, *Ecclesia*, 5,500 tons, 15s. 9d. (N).
Dakar, *Matteawan*, 5,000 tons, 9s. 4½d. coal, 10s. 1½d. fuel.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Trevose*, 4,500 tons, 7s.
Bolton Hall, 5,400 tons, 7s.
Clarissa Radcliffe, 6,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. or *Llandrindod*, 5,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Llandudno, 5,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, *Abbotsford*, or sub., 5,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Merannio*, 3,300 tons, 9s. fuel, 400, 6½d. (N.R.)
" " *Windermere*, 3,300 tons, 9s. fuel, 400, 6½d.
" " Steamer, 4,800 tons, 7s. 4½d.
" " *Tanagra*, 4,750 tons, 7s. 9d.
Livietta, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Torrington, 8,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 8s. 1½d. (s).
White Cross, 3,800 tons, 8s. 1½d. ppt.
Ganges, 5,900 tons, 8s. ppt.
Stowford, 3,800 tons, 8s. or 8s. 3d. if 350.
Apollo, 2,500 tons, 8s. (s).
Alexandria, *Southport*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Afonwen, 4,800 tons, 7s. 700.
Dunraven, 4,700 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Bacchus, 4,500 tons, 7s.
Hillhouse, 4,700 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 7s. 4d.
Naples, *George M. Embiricos*, 5,600 tons, 7s. 1,000.
Constantinople, *Karolos*, 3,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Salerno, *Mary Thomas*, 2,600 tons, 8s. 6d. (N).
Torre/Civita Vecchia/Leghorn, Steamer, 4,300 tons, 8s.
Venice/Ancona, *Siam*, 6,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Chorley, 6,000 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt.
Reynolds, 5,000 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt. (P.T.)
Thornbeck, 5,500 tons, 8s.
Andreas, 3,000 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Algiers, *Couseil Pere*, 3,500 tons, 8·25 fcs. option Newport loading 8·50 fcs. ppt.
La Vienne, 2,000 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Algorteno, 3,100 tons, 8·75 fcs. 400, (C. or P.T.).
Dora Retzlaff, 3,000 tons, 8·50 fcs. ppt.
Oran, *Saga*, 1,400 tons, 8·25 fcs. (N).
Marseilles, *Ibex*, 4,000 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Civita Vecchia, *Euston*, 3,900 tons, 8s.
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Brindisi, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Tarragona, *Sapphire*, 1,300 tons, 8s. 3d. option Gandia, 9s. 3d.
Trieste, *Franconia*, 6,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Varna, *Semantha*, 4,100 tons, 7s. 6d. ppt.
Marmarice, *Pendeen*, 3,100 tons, 7s. (Admiralty).
Penmount, 3,300 tons, 7s. "
Malta, *City*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cadiz, *Silurian*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 250.
Lisbon, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 5s. 7½d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stockholm, *Skandia*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d.
Cronstadt, *Houtdyk*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Cairnbahn, 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Uffe, 2,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Cimbrishamn, *Eros*, 900 tons, 13s. Bran.

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Gwendoline*, 2,000 tons, 6·25 fcs. (N).
Kai, 1,900 tons, 6·62½ fcs. (s).
Collivaud, 1,850 tons, 6·75 fcs. coal, 7·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Bordeaux, *Hasland*, 2,100 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Adour, or sub., 1,300 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Uriarte No. 4, 3,200 tons, 6 fcs.
Archanda, 3,300 tons, 6·50 fcs. (C. or P.T.)
Bayonne, *Vivienne*, 1,400 tons, 6·50 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Tockwith*, 3,300 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Charente, *George Fisher*, 1,600 tons, 6·25 fcs. 450, (N).
Ragusa, 1,900 tons, 6·55 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Portsmouth, *Dalegarth*, 2,250 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Greenhill, 2,750 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Hazelmere, 1,500 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Queensferry, *Sindbad*, 1,300 tons, 5s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Tees, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d. "
Sheerness, *Fleetwing*, 2,000 tons, 3s. 7½d. "
Devonport, *Inver*, 1,250 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Dublin, *Joseph Fisher*, 5s.
Douglas, *Derwent*, 4s. 6d.
Londonderry, Steamer, 400 tons, 4s. 6d.
Granton, *Clonlee*, 1,000 tons, 7s.
Odd, 1,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Bremerhaven, *Kingford*, 3,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
St. Brieuc, *Progress*, 6s. 3d.
Honfleur, *Volscian*, 700 tons, 6s. (s).
Rouen, *M. J. Craig*, 820 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Idlewild, 1,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Prudhoe Castle, 1,050 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Ravensworth, 1,000 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Curran, 1,470 tons, 6s. 4½d. (s).
Yukon, 1,450 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Achroite, 1,500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Foscoline*, 1,300 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Fecamp, *Armourer*, 720 tons, 6s. (s).
Dieppe, *Scoresby*, 1,250 tons, 5s. 3d.
Calais, *Granite*, 700 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Brest, *Congress*, 1,450 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
Trouville, *Lillebonne*, 650 tons, 6s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Trevethoe*, 3,100 tons, 4s. 3d. twelve days load and discharge.
Portsmouth, 3,300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Clieveden, 2,200 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Hasland, 2,200 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Penpol*, 1,300 tons, 5s. ppt.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Araguil*, 695 n, 5s. ppt.
Bilbao to Newport, *Illtyd*, 2,400 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Pomaron, 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d. ppt.
Egero, 1,800 tons, 4s. 7½d. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 13, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

4,786/06—REID & ROOM—***Improvements relating to submarine vessels.***

This invention relates to means for facilitating the salvage of a sunken vessel wherein a buoy is connected to the vessel by means of a flexible tube. According to this invention the buoy, which consists of a hollow float adapted to be inflated from the interior of the vessel, and the connecting pipe are enclosed in a water-tight casing fitted on the outer surface of the shell of the vessel, and provided with a cover adapted to be raised and moved from its position by means operated from within the vessel so that the buoy can rise to the surface and indicate the locality of the vessel.

29,626/06—KILBURN—***Improvements in and relating to coal tipping apparatus and the like.***

This invention relates to coal tippers of that class in which a frame travels in suitable guides, and has attached to itself the hoisting cable passing over the hoisting winch. The objection to this class of apparatus which is avoided by the present invention, is that as the frame with the tipping platform is being raised, the tipping cable must be shortened to the same extent as the hoisting cable, necessitating the continual rotation of the winch over which the cable passed. According to this invention, the drum which is mounted on the spindle of the hoisting winch and which serves for shortening the tipping cable, is made concoid instead of cylindrical, and with such a curve that the tipping cable alters as required during the hoisting.

24,979/06—WILSKY, MARKARDT & JACOBY—***Improvements in and connected with lifeboats for submarine and other vessels.***

According to this invention, which relates to lifeboats for submarines, the lifeboat is made turtle-shaped and is placed on the upper part of the submarine, being provided with motor screw propeller and rudder. It is connected to the submarine by a spindle mounted in bearings fixed to the crossboards, and connected to the spindle are pairs of flat closing bolts by means of levers and connecting rods, the latter being jointed to opposite ends of the levers, so that the bolts opposite each other are shot at the same time for attachment to or detachment from the submarine. Two or more manholes are provided in the bottom of the boat for entering it, and these are disposed directly over manholes in the submarine.

12,124/06—DAVIES—***A new or improved tunnel excavating machine.***

This invention relates to an automatic tunnel excavating machine which shall eject the material after grinding it down, and also keep up to its work. According to the present invention, a hollow "chuck" wheel is provided carried upon a hollow spindle mounted in a cylindrical shell of similar diameter to the chuck wheel which conforms to the diameter of the tunnel. Carried in the hollow of the chuck wheel upon spindles radiating from the centre thereof are grinding tools, and the spindles of the rollers gear with the chuck wheel by means of bevel wheels. Spoons are mounted between the rows of grinding rollers, and gathering up the material drop it through openings in the hollow spindle of the chuck onto a screw ejector which passes the material to the rear of the machine. The forward travel of the machine is affected by means of screw jacks arranged around the hollow shell, the toe of each jack engaging the last tunnel lining. The screw of each jack terminates in a shaft upon which is mounted a wheel containing a sun and planet gearing. The screw of the jack is revolved by reason of the wheel meshing with a drum carried by the chuck wheel, so that the thrus of the toe against the lining drives forward the machine.

These applications for patents, are until July 30, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on June 19, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending July 19.

Class 4.—***Including coal.***

293,094—AGALMA—All goods included in this class. The Badische Anilin and Soda Fabrik, a Company incorporated according to the Laws of the Grand Duchy of Baden, in the German Empire, Freisenheimstrasse, Ludwigshafen-on-Rhine, in the German Empire. Manufacturers, of Alizarine, Aniline, Dyes, Artificial Indigo, Chemicals, &c., 17 May, 1907, (to be associated Sect. 24). Address for service in the United Kingdom, is c/o Johnsons and Wilcox, 47, Lincolns Inn Fields, London, W.C.

293,095—QUINAZOL—As above.

Class 21.—***Explosive substances.***

293,068—ESMITE—Curtis's and Harvey, Ltd., 3, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., Explosive Manufacturers, May 17, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 177. FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1907. Threepence.

A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BOY.

Open your eyes and shut your mouth, and———!

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A PRESENT FOR A GOOD BOY	113
MARITIME MURMURS	114
CARDIFF'S APPROACHING TRIUMPH (Illustrated)	118
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD ON NAVAL MATTERS	124
"PERILS"—OF DIFFERENT KINDS	125
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	126
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	127
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	128

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

As First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Tweedmouth doubtless means well and believes in the non-nautical reports which assure him that all is well with Britain's First Line of Defence—the Navy. We may remark, *en passant*, that the time has surely come when a new name should be found for the British Navy. It long ago ceased to be the First Line of Defence, and in accordance with actual fact, should henceforth be known as the Only Line of Defence and that Merely a Comparatively Good One. However, his lordship, in holding forth at a political speech on Saturday last, is reported to have said, that, "As to the Navy, he had to tell them not to believe all the scares that they saw in the newspapers," and the word "scares" is distinctly good—in view of the circumstances. If a man were engaged in stoking a given boiler which, to all intents and purposes, was a good and efficiently faked-up boiler; and if, on casting a promiscuous look toward the steam-guage, should see that the pressure were already some ten pounds above the proper mark; and that further investigation should show that a healthy looking lad were seated on the lever of the dead-weight safety-valve; well, wouldn't our stoking friend receive the "scare" of his life?

OF course, he would, and continuing the metaphor, that is precisely what is happening in connection with the Navy. Scares abound therewith, and the whole fit-out is consequent on somebody or other sitting on the figurative safety-valve. Needless to say, the latter is represented by the honest criticisms which are for ever being thrown around the subject, and by men who, in a manner of writing, have probably forgotten more about the subject, than the First Lord of the Admiralty is ever likely to know, at first hand. We quite realise that "reports" regarding the Service are as plentiful as blackberries in September; but when it is remembered that the reporters are filled up with a whole-souled belief that their vapourings (if they are to pass muster with the elect, and are to provide that peace which appears to be essential to most Government officials) must e'en be of the kind which will be acceptable to the bosses of the moment; then, is anybody going to place any trust in those reports? Certainly not, and in the majority of instances, it would be better that the said reports had never been written. You see, the Navy is cursed with the nonsense which finds acceptance in the Mercantile Marine. Whenever a nautical point is laid open for elucidation, a non-nautical romancist is employed at the work.

IN the merchant service, this asinine conduct has brought the *personnel* down to the vanishing point and exactly the same thing is happening in the Navy. There is nothing of the newspaper scare in the fact that the stoker ratings are away down to a dangerous point, or that the authorities, in a wild and futile endeavour to bring them into working shape, have given a free stem to the Marines and other deck workers or "idlers." And newspaper "scares" come not into the absolute truth that the ranks of engineers, artificers, and the like, are dangerously depleted. On the other hand, the executive ranks contain anything but the tried and proven efficients which Admiralty reports would like to have the country believe. On the contrary, rather, for callow youths have to be entrusted with the handling of jobs which are altogether beyond their years and abilities; and with the natural result that we are for ever being worried with reports of losses, partial strandings, collisions, break-downs, and what not. The man in the street must realise this as well as do we, ourselves, so where is the "newspaper scare?" Furthermore, is Lord Tweedmouth quite the best sample of nautical skill which may be found in this very well educated country?

HIMSELF at present a professional politician, and an ex-soldier—what is he likely to know of Admiralty work, at first hand? We have already conceded that he is supposed to be in a position to admit of his obtaining expert advice; but of what use is that advice, when there are numberless instances to show that it is garbled to suit the "policy" of the moment? The public is notorious for its short memory with regard to national affairs. At the same time, most of us are aware of the fuss that was raised last year, when Naval matters of administrative kinds were on the board. Rumours were scattered broadcast, to the effect that if certain measures were adopted, the really nautical portions of the Admiralty would resign *en bloc*, and those who were "in the know" at the time, fully realised that the said rumours were real. But the measures were adopted, and the nautical element didn't resign. What is the

obvious conclusion? Simply that, by some means or other, the circle had been squared: that the professional politicians, true to their nature, had managed things their own way; and that no matter who suffered in the end, the nautical experiments would be persevered with. Continuing with the report of the speech already referred to, we read that Lord Tweedmouth further remarked, that "he could assure them that most of those scares were manufactured," but he didn't go on to say that it is past the art of mere man to manufacture anything out of nothing.

Modern skill has not reached the heights of allowing man to pose as a creator. He is only a manufacturer, and that for just as long as he may obtain raw material. Therefore, admitting that the "scares" were manufactured, it naturally follows that the essential material was at hand. We, who are identified with the shipping industry realise only to well, that the material was about in plentiful supply, and even when his lordship assures us—indirectly—that "he would give them his word of honour that at that moment the British Fleet was as strong as ever it was," we are by no means impressed with the assurance. Indeed, and in our opinion, the claim is unworthy serious attention from anybody. Who cares a toss as to whether the British Fleet is, or is not stronger than ever it was? What we should like to be convinced of is: That the British Fleet is strong enough to successfully respond to all the strains which might be placed upon it to-morrow, or next year. Sorrowfully, we submit that it is nothing at all of the sort; that it is a mere travesty of what it should be; and if a sudden call to arms should materialise, those words of honour wouldn't be of any avail in keeping away a possible foe. Strong as ever it was, forsooth! What, by all that is mighty, has that to do with the case?

Do foreign navies stand still, and are they no more numerous to-day, than ever they were? Is Germany, for instance, no more to be feared as a possible seagoing foe, than she was, say, five years ago—to go no farther back? And if the German Fleet—to name no other—is thrice as strong as ever it was, will it help us any, to believe that the British Fleet is no weaker than ever it was? Is such an argument a credit to a responsible Lord of the Admiralty. But stay! That is the trouble. There is no responsibility. Those good souls simply continue in power until time's whirligig throws them out. If they win through all right there is much bowing and scraping; much of the hand upon the breast; a polite inclination of the head; a suggested "Alone I did it;" and the thanks of Parliament to follow. If, on the other hand, the fizzle is exposed, those same "responsible" ones merely retire from the field, repair them to snug country homes, play golf or shoot rabbits, and leave the legacy of their inefficiency for abler hands to deal with. If those abler hands win through, well and good: if they don't—well, the lately responsible ones had a flutter for their money, and anyhow we can die but once. It's a comforting doctrine—while it is a few months distant: what it is likely to be when the same doctrine has become a spot job—well, that is for the future to decide.

Going just a little farther with our quotation from that speech, we note that Lord Tweedmouth "could assure them that it was the view of the Government that they must keep their line of defence in thorough good efficient order." That's alright, of course, and if the suggested first line of defence is made up of the railings on the outside of the Admiralty offices, nobody need bother about it. Those railings are good enough—as railings go. But what the country is more concerned about, is the state of the metaphorical railings which are supposed to guard the English Channel. The warships which are in a sad state of repair; which, in many instances, are little better than so much old scrap iron; and which, if war comes, will be found altogether inadequate for the strains which will be placed upon them. And when one happens upon this, "efficiency comes first, economy comes second," well, one must be excused for laughing outright. It would be a nice thing to know exactly what the present Admiralty Board knows of either efficiency or economy? Personally, we have an idea that the whole amount could be comfortably placed in an ordinary thimble—and we write the words in no carping spirit of criticism. Lord Tweedmouth's word of honour is a highly valuable affair—in some instances; but it won't keep the foreigners' feet off our necks, nor his bullets out of our bodies—and those two items are what trouble us mostly?

In connection with the foregoing, it is interesting to note the efforts of the newly-awakened Navy League. For some years past, the League, in our opinion, has been of but little more utility as a national institution, than that Liverpool "guild" affair founded and run by one Old Man Moore. The latter concern is by way of receiving its quietus; is about to be buried—and mainly, thanks to our patriotic endeavours; the Navy League of the past is apparently out for the same end. Anyhow, a number of its 'live members have taken a "tumble." Appear to have awakened to the fact that instead of living up to its reason of existence in that it should be a fearless critic of Admiralty bungles, it has been enacting the part of tame apologist therefor, and there is a high time coming. Personally, we congratulate the progressive patriots who have undertaken a cleansing of the Augean stables of the League; the affair has gradually grown into a position where good-tempered tolerance has been meted out to its manifestations; and if the strenuous individuals who have declared war with the peace-at-any-price contingent continue as they have begun; then, the British Navy League—instead of posing as a laughing-stock for the foreigner—will rapidly assume a national importance which, to-date, it has sadly missed.

Anyhow, the awakened members of the League have requisitioned the convening of an extraordinary general meeting of the affair, and in connection therewith, adduce some facts which are hardly in line with the assertions and word of honour of Lord Tweedmouth. Among other items, we note that the new meeting will be faced with information that, in three years, the Navy Estimates have been reduced by more than six million pounds—and this, in spite of the extravagant expenditure of our bitterest foes in the same direction: that in the same period, the *personnel* of the dockyards have been reduced by eight thousand men—instead of a similar addition thereto; that the Navy has been reduced to the extent of three thousand men—and mainly for the reason that, under existing conditions, our fellow citizens will not accept service under the flag; and that the programme of naval construction is smaller than that of—yes, we'll put it out in plain words—Germany, which means to try conclusions, directly it has reached the notch which justifies the hope of success. Going further, they call attention to the decline in the efficiency of the Channel Fleet—placing the fall here, from sixty-seven units to twenty-one units. Much of "efficiency" in this, isn't there? Of course, the "economy" is there, right enough. But it is an economy with which the country could do without.

Poor old St. Helena! Truly has it fallen on evil days. In effect, it is suffering the fate of a number of provincial towns in this country, which, in a weak moment, accepted

the assistance of a library-founder. The libraries were faked-up, and a rate for their maintenance established, and now all that is perceivable of good from those institutions is, that they are the rallying points of the Tired Tims and Weary Willies! If you are in search of an object lesson as to how you may live without working, all that is essential is for you to proceed to the nearest "Carnegie library," and heigh, presto, you have a limitless opportunity for study right at your hand. But you might think that we have dropped away from St. Helena. Not at all, sirs. We claim the right to digress—especially if by so doing, we are enabled to point the moral of our current review of men and matters. It's like this. St. Helena has been disrated from her erstwhile proud position as a garrisoned island. The fighting men—and their lady friends—were removed; so was the ammunition. But the guns were allowed to remain in charge of one officer and a small staff of two men.

THE question cropped up in the House of Lords on Monday last, and although nobody present appeared to be inclined to split straws about the "small staff"—whether it consisted of two men, or merely one, or half a dozen—there was some genuine sympathy expressed for the unhappy islanders. Not that the sympathy was really worth a toss. It wasn't. It was of the conventional kind, and all that sort of thing. But in the days when St. Helena was considered as of national importance, the Government of that time beguiled the natives that they were in sad need of a system of drainage and water works. So strongly in evidence was this beguilement, that the said system was carried out on a most elaborate plan. The natives didn't object very strenuously, because they fondly believed that "once a garrison town always a garrison town" would apply with Jamestown. In other words, as the health of the Tommies must be set up before all other considerations, the drainage works and water supply was rushed through with a haste which might reasonably be considered indecent—in such a clime. That was alright, and everybody seemed pleased—we happened in there just at the height of the island's prosperity, so we write from personal knowledge.

BUT in St. Helena, as in other and less favoured climes, the natives have learned that it is ill to place one's trust in Governments. The Tommies have gone, but the drainage and water-works remain. Moreover, the tax to keep them going is inclined to be a drain, and brings tears to the personal waterworks of the St. Helena folk who now find, that they are assessed up to about fifteen per cent. on the value of their properties—for what? To pay for an elaborate scheme of sanitation that was fixed up for Government purposes, and on its suggestions. Of course, to a Government which prattles considerably about economy, a fifteen per cent. tax for water on an island's community, may not appear unduly large. Especially as otherwise, the upkeep of the fit-out would devolve upon the nation. Many of the natives are asking why the white elephant is kept up at all. Argue that with the removal of the soldiery, the need for the drainage and water died a natural death. But this is precisely where our digression anent those libraries comes in with telling force. You can see it, of course? And you'll be glad to know that the Government is inclined to view the St. Helena situation sympathetically. Indeed, they "feel very great sympathy for the inhabitants of St. Helena"; and anyhow, the inhabitants have "at least received value for their money," yes. Which is a nice way of wriggling out of a grave injustice?

THE Japanese/American fuss is by no means dead and buried. We counselled in our last week's issue, that it is ill shouting until one is out of the wood, and now there are persistent rumours that the Jap is so far Westernised, that he seriously contemplates a boycott of all American goods that may be sent to his market. There is method in this seeming madness, for Brother Jonathan better understands a touch on his pocket, than would he a dozen biffs on the side of his ear. Besides, as an effective means of showing one's displeasure, the boycott takes a lot of beating. See how the merchant officer is putting the fear of things into those good souls who lately exploited him, by working a boycott against a continued employment under the exploiters! And in connection with the Japs, they have a splendid tradition—albeit belonging to another nation—on which to go. Some two years ago, Uncle Sam was making things hum in connection with the Celestial gentlemen. Ah Sin didn't make a lot of fuss about war-talk. Not he! The gentleman is altogether too leary, and has enjoyed too many thousand years of high-class civilisation for any such dodges to materialise. He simply placed a boycott on the 'Melican man's goods, and the latter worthy rapidly assimilated the truth of the situation. The Japanese folk are acting sensibly in following suit.

VIEWING the matter dispassionately, there would appear to be a quantity of misapprehension in the minds of some of the "experts" employed by the Board of Trade. For instance, in connection with the Select Committee which is engaged upon that section of the Merchant Shipping Bill which has to do with tonnage dues, and which had another field day on Friday last. The learned K.C. who represented the Board of Trade, asked if our local export trade in coal largely depended on cheap freights, and Mr. W. Brace, M.P. opined that it did. Of course, "largely depends" is a sliding-scale sort of quantity, but if a real expert had been asked the same question, he might easily have remarked that freights have little to do with the matter; that foreign demand was altogether responsible for the colossal output from the Port of Cardiff. We have a shrewd suspicion that if a shipowner were willing to carry the stuff for absolutely nothing, and the coalowner kept his prices up above parity in other coal trades, then, Cardiff's stupendous output would rapidly dwindle down to zero. Of course, we do not expect a Board of Trade exponent to see things in this light. It would, perhaps, be expecting too much. And there was another delightfully ingenuous query worked off at the same time, and by the same expert.

THAT query read: "If you were to decrease the deductions for propelling power, it would be natural to expect other countries to follow?" and Mr. Brace supposed it would. Now why this maritimely supreme country should fuss about with the might, could, would or should of countries which, added together, have nothing better than a handful of ships, is somewhat obscure. In any case, "other countries" do not bother unduly about the action of this country. Not at all, for they have had it emphasised, over and over again, that as long as they please themselves, the "Little Englander" will surely come along with a suggestion, that his own countrymen follow suit. Mr. Brace also remarked that Cardiff coal is carried largely in British bottoms, and counsel then suggested that the British owners would then have to pay heavier dues at both ends. But why bother about "the other end," good sirs? You aren't legislating for the foreigner—at least, you are not supposed to be, although in the result that oftener happens than otherwise. Continuing with his same pessimistic train of thought counsel further asked if a raising of rates wouldn't

mean a raising of freights, and thus lessen the volume of trade. 'Tis marvellous how little those learned gentlemen know about the peculiarities of the shipping trade! The local shipowner would welcome the dodge which would mean a raising of freights in any shape.

AYE, if only to admit of his "taking it out" of the crowd who have been exploiting him for such a number of years! And why should the Board of Trade be so anxious about the raising of freights in this connection? Why bother with the abstruse? The Select Committee isn't asked to run the shipping industry, neither in its ship phase, nor in its dock-accommodation aspect. It has been asked to examine into the justice, or otherwise, of an arbitrary set of tonnage rules which were good enough, in the days when shipping was of the picayune persuasion; but which is a gross imposition at the present moment. Nobody believes that an alteration in the existing rules will please everybody. That is too much to expect. Vested interests will ever fight for their own. But if the dues are assessed on an equitable basis, then, when the growler ambles along, it will be merely necessary to assure him of the justice of the regulations involved, and if he doesn't like it—well, nobody compels him to send touting circulars to a more or less confiding public? Never mind the freights, gentlemen. You couldn't raise them at any price—no, not even if you took a screw-jack for the job. But you might succeed in working up a just set of tonnage rules—an' you really feel so disposed.

PERSONALLY, we are at one with Mr. Brace when he suggested that the dues should be assessed on a basis that would provide for work really done, and not on a fluctuating make-shift which is at the mercy (and ingenuity) of every sucking genius who ultimately hopes to write himself "naval architect." It has been argued that were this method to be adopted, ports which cater for liner traffic would be "out of it," altogether. But that is their affair. Nobody compels them to cater exclusively for liner traffic, and once they saw that the liners were a more or less expensive luxury, well, they might undertake to cater for the presently contemptuously regarded tramp steamer. If they wouldn't, it would still be their affair, and when the whole matter is sized up in an honest manner, there is only one legitimate style of assessing the tonnage rules. If you bring in twenty tons of merchandise, pay for it. Don't muss around with a monkey's puzzle of a thing, which, after a little manipulation, will conclusively show that although you have brought in twenty tons, you should only pay for seven. As we have previously remarked, such a line of argument was good enough in the dark, and comparatively benighted ages of the world; at the present moment, however, any such an argument is provocative to mirth, and is also a cause for much unnecessary language.

OF course, it would be too much to hope for a plain statement of fact in this connection. One may never hope for the plain truth in a shipping question. At least, that line of argument has applied heretofore. But as the Select Committee is really engaged upon an effort to act in line with modern requirements, there should be no necessity to fuss around with a given percentage for propelling power, or whether the captain's room should be exempt from tonnage? Doesn't all such notions partake very much of the "substitutes at master's option, no spirits allowed" which figures in the shellback's articles of agreement? Then again, of what use is it to call witnesses to prove that dock dues have declined because of the iniquitous assessment of registered tonnage? Doesn't everybody concerned realise that the whole thing is a swindle, and that if the dues are to be based on equitable lines in future, there will still be no need for the shipowner to grumble—other than as a bit of bluff. In any case, he will have had a good time up to the present, and he is sport enough to realise that now he is found out, so to put it, there is but mighty little use in crying. So—why not base tonnage dues on actual worked performed?

WE have already commented on one phase of the trouble between the Japanese and the San Francisco bureaucrats—for that is quite all there is to say about the matter. The American nation as a whole, do not care a cheap and inconsequent swear word for the few Japanese who might succeed in obtaining a living under the Stars and Stripes. Especially as they realise that Japan contains about ten times as many American exploiters, as America contains Japs. At the same time, the 'Frisco Jacks-in-office appear to be anxious to bring on a conflagration, so that in the consequent scuttle, they might be in a position to pick up where they haven't laid down, etc. Anyhow, another pin-prick is to the fore, and it takes the form of refusing to Japanese subjects, who have already conducted employment agencies in San Francisco, a renewal of the requisite licence. Of course, the Japs have protested—but a Japanese protest doesn't amount to a very great deal "out there." None are so blind as they who will not see, and if this ridiculous conduct is allowed to continue, there will be red ruin all over the United States at no very remote period. A few weeks ago, when there was a possibility of early war, the thinking portions of the community out West, were keen on counselling moderation. Their counsels had good effect, but now that the counsellors have returned to their dollar hunt, trouble is again imminent.

NEEDLESS to say, this continued pin-pricking is bearing the obvious fruit, and the Japanese nation is beginning to show signs of restlessness. We note that a Baptist missionary has returned to 'Frisco from Japan, and is giving a further warning to his countrymen. The worthy missionary impresses on the minds of his compatriots that their administration of the immigration laws is raising Cain generally, and in no quarter of the world is it more in evidence than in "Happy Japan." Furthermore, the suggestion is given that if the Western men are riding for trouble, then, their present course will fetch them right up against it, quicker'n a wink—to use their own expressive language. Being a somewhat new-old nation, the Japs are a "touchy" lot. Furthermore, they have a thumping big appreciation of the amiable manner in which they got the Russian Bear down on his haunches. Rightly or wrongly, they believe that they can repeat the trick against all comers—and it shouldn't be forgotten that the Jap has now a very formidable Navy, as well as a goodly number of transports. Under the circumstances, then, won't it be as well for Brother Jonathan in the lump, so to speak, to advise his neurotic children in the West, to go slow? That is how it appeals to us, good people.

We are in receipt of the following:

Milan, 1st June, 1907.

Branches:—
Genoa, Savona, Venezia.

Dear Sirs,—We beg to inform you that we have established ourselves here for the transaction of business in Coal, Iron, Metal, etc., and trust to have the pleasure of doing business with your goodselves.

You will kindly note that Messrs. Ernesto Gamba and Co., of Cardiff, are our appointed Chartering Agents.

Yours faithfully,
Società Nazionale Ferro, Metalli, Carboni.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1907.

CARDIFF'S APPROACHING TRIUMPH.

NOW that the visit of their Majesties, the King and Queen, to the City and Port of Cardiff (or should it be the Port and City of Cardiff?) is within measurable distance, the smouldering excitement of months is rapidly assuming pronounced dimensions, and the purveyors of tittle-tattle are quite as busy as the proverbial bee! This is as it should be, and although the said purveyors have given about a dozen different programmes for the auspicious occasion, nobody will be disappointed on that account. To the time of writing, the actual programme has not been made public—even supposing that it is definitely settled—but the interested millions in South Wales (and elsewhere, for the coming festivities are by no means of a parochial kind) have acquired a fairly-comprehensive understanding as to what will take place on July 12 and 13. For instance, it is known that their Majesties will arrive in the Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, late on Friday afternoon, from Ireland; that at some time in the evening, that magnificent vessel will enter the sea-lock of the about-to-be-opened dock which has already been given a dozen names, but which, to all appearances will settle down to history as the Queen Alexandra Dock; that the august visitors will remain on board over-night; and that in the forenoon watch, next day,

In Cardiff's New Dock—Some of the Electric and Hydraulic Cranes.

Improved Lewis-Hunter Patent Coaling Cranes—New Dock.

the official opening will transpire. With this phase of the undertaking, the cognoscenti—probably for the reason that they have not been consulted on the matter—are inclined to be head-shakey. It is supposed to be a questionable piece of sailorising, to place the Royal Yacht in the new sea-lock, and to keep her there after the tide has receded from outside. "The weight on the sea-gates will be colossal, don'tcherknow, and—well, you understand, my dear sir?" Precisely why the cognoscenti should stultify itself in this childish manner, is among those things which no fellah can understand. If the new sea-gates aren't good enough to support the weight of one steamer, then, is there very little use in making all this fuss and bother in opening to the world's traffic, Cardiff's commercial coping stone—if we may put it thus. We have an idea that if the heads of the cognoscenti don't ache until those sea-gates prove troublesome, then, they are "in" for a fairly-long run of healthy enjoyment, and the patent medicine vendor is "in" for an equally-long slump in his own trade. Still, those good souls must be given their little run, and while they are fussing over what is extremely remote, they are surely giving something nearer at hand, a bit of a rest. With the intended route of the Royal party, later on in the day, and when the silk ribbon which will guard the new dock has been successfully "parted" by the Yacht's keen stem, we have no concern. A number of our "newsy" contemporaries will give a whole-souled attention to this phase of the undertaking, and if they spread out a different route daily, that is only as it should be. To stick to the

same tale every day for a fortnight, would be monotonous in the extreme; and it wouldn't bring in nearly so many pennies, as would a system of "one day, one say—each different day, a different say." But as far as the shipping portion of the community is concerned, it is definitely decided that addresses of welcome will be delivered by the Cardiff Railway Company, the Cardiff Chamber of Commerce, the Cardiff Shipowners' Association and one or two societies which are not nautically inclined. The President of the chamber of commerce, and he of the shipowners' association, will doubtless render a good account of themselves in the execution of the duties which will be entrusted to them; for Mr. Clifford Cory on the one hand, and Mr. W. J. Tatem on the other, would be hard to beat for all-'round ability, and earnest desire to keep the integrity of the Docks right up to concert pitch—to say nothing of ancient and honourable tradition. The outcome of that same ability and desire—well, we are not prophets, so we patiently await the denouement. In any case, it won't be altogether a surprise—we submit. That the new dock which is causing all this patriotic excitement is far and away the greatest of all the undertakings carried out in Cardiff's behalf by the Bute

The Hydraulic and Pumping Engine House, New Dock.

workers responsible for all these facilities, need no lessons from a community which is world-famous for its hustling propensities. With the opening of the new dock, the water area of the Bute Docks as a whole, will be increased to 162 acres—truly a stupendous amount of commercal facility. It is impossible to give more than a brief idea of the immensity of the new dock in the space at our disposal;

Modern Coal Tips at the New Dock.

family, goes without saying, seeing that its cost has already passed the two-millions stage. As all the world—at this late epoch in its history—knows, it is the fifth dock for which the House of Bute—commencing with the second Marquis—has been responsible; and in view of the fact that the whole system has been brought to completion in a period of about 70 years, it will be admitted that the strenuous

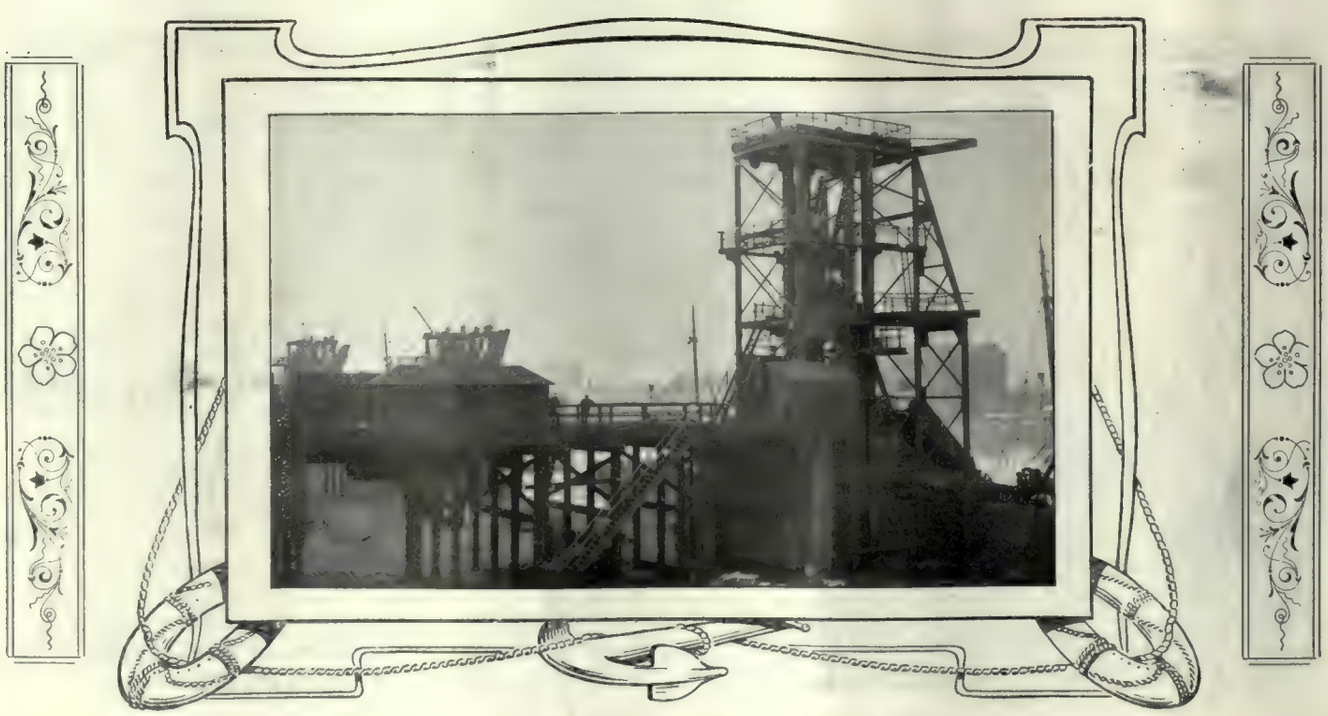
Dredging the entrance of the New Dock.

but we may remark, *en passant*, that it was authorised in 1894; that for nearly three years, reclamation works had to be indulged in (works which would have broken the hearts and the pockets of less determined and resourceful people); and that in 1898 the construction of the dock was commenced in real earnest. As usually happens in these colossal undertakings, events were marching ahead in good style meanwhile; and the dock as originally projected, would have been obsolete before completion, had not those responsible therefor kept a keen eye on the trend of affairs nautical. Ships were increasing in size, yearly; the limit thereto could not be definitely assessed; so there was nothing to be done save "jump" the size of the dock into figures of measurement, which would fit all needs for many years to come. Of course, this "jumping" meant delay in completion, for it is impossible to build a really big dock in the same time which would suffice for a moderately big dock. And as usually happens in these affairs, the good souls who couldn't successfully project a white shirt laundry, were filled with ideas as to what should have been done (and also what would have been done) if they had been consulted! This is one of the jokes in commercial life! Now that the work has been brought to a successful

Fixed Tip, Low Level—East Side Roath Basin.

Discharging Iron Ore—Loading the Trucks.

issue, a number of the commercial comedians referred to, grudgingly admit that the work was carried out in the face of "exceptional difficulty and anxiety owing to its exposed condition, the great rise and fall of the tide, and the thickness and soft nature of the mud." Yea, lor'! "Thickness and soft nature of the mud" makes us wonder if the words were written feelingly? You will observe that the foregoing is by way of a quotation? Very well. We might as well give you another, from the same source—and our thoughts thereon. Here it is: "The Bute authorities might have prevented the creation of the Barry Docks and more than doubled their (the Bute Docks, you know) trade of 1888 had they seen their way to meet the demands for increased accommodation which were made to them in the early Eighties by the leading colliery owners and shippers of South Wales." Some of those up-town "dailies" appear to believe that it is no more expensive to build a set of docks, than it is to change the slugs in a "stop press" telegram! As a matter of fact, the Bute authorities had nothing to do with the formation of Barry Docks, so why all that prattle? Again, in view of the fact that the expansion of Cardiff has doubled since the construction of those same docks, why should any sane man suggest the advisability of preventing the creation alluded to? Some of these parochial-minded "educators" cannot look far enough to admit of their seeing the possibility that, in a few years hence, the "run" of houses locally, will extend from the Roath Park in the east, to Whitmore Bay in the west; that in all that distance, there will be but one city—Cardiff and Greater Cardiff! Again, did the "leading colliery owners and shippers of South Wales" supply anything more than the "demands" referred to? Did they offer to bury their little differences, to romp in shoulder to shoulder, and for the common good, make one common effort? Not they! They made their "demands," right enough, but they offered no assistance; and if the Bute family had been built of similar stuff, there would be no City of Cardiff, and no King and Queen about to place the hall-

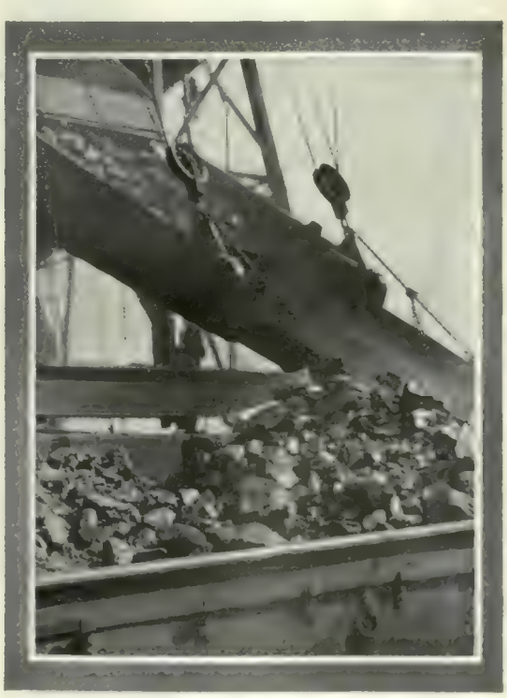


Improved High Level Tips—West Side East Dock.

Low Level Movable Tip—East Side Roath Basin.

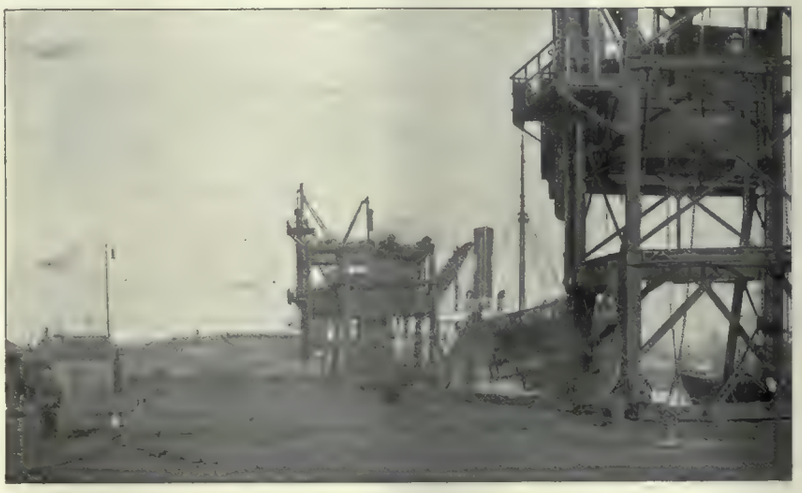
mark of their approval on the life-work of Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart. To those who are in the know, the suppositionary strictures (and halting commendations) of that up-town contemporary are amusing in the extreme. You see, the output of the Port of Cardiff at present, is nearly as great as was the output of the whole South Wales coalfield, when Cardiff's last dock—the Roath—was opened to traffic. In other words, in 1888 (the date referred to) the output of the whole of the South Wales coalfield amounted to some 27,000,000 tons; and the present output of the Port of Cardiff approximates into the 23,000,000 tons stage. Needless to say, the Bute Docks are not responsible for the whole of that output, but then, the community has reaped the benefit thereof, and if with the opening of this newest dock, the output romps into the 27,000,000 tons range, will not the said community benefit therefrom? Of course it will, and with the increase in population (built locally and imported), will synchronise the tale of pennies received from the sales of the heaven-sent sheet to which we have alluded in this somewhat remote manner—and yet pessimism is about in its editorial sanctum! Some people are never satisfied, and while attempting to deal with the beauties of the present, they must, perforce, allow their unfortunate minds to ramble among the miseries of the past. But a truce to this did-she-fall-or-was-she-pushed from St. Mary Street. "Human Wails"—no, no, "Human Wales" is in the ascendant, and even if some of the London "dailies" have been persuaded to prattle about the journalistic abilities of one of their own brood which has been "lent" to Cardiff—it will be all the same, fifty years hence? The wise man is he who profits by past mistakes; not he who attempts to profit by hugging those same mistakes up to a more or less deluded bosom, and who is now as willing to unload them on to an unsympathetic public, as he was in the days when they were all thick upon him. But reverting to the new dock, even while dealing with its actual measurements, these are—as has been previously stated in these columns; Length, 2,550 ft.; breadth, generally, 800ft.; and depth, from coping to dock bottom, 50ft. We have written "breadth, generally," and did so advisedly, for in the north-

Tipping the Coal at a High Level Tip.



Tipping the Coal, Manipulating the Doors.

east portion of the new dock, the breadth has been carried out to a clear 1,000 ft., and if this is not keeping an eye on future possibilities, we should like to hear about it. Obviously, it is impossible to swing a thousand-feet vessel in a seven-hundred-feet dock? Under those distressing circumstances, it would be imperative to run your boat in stem on, and back her out when laden; or back her in, empty, and steam her out, bows first, when loaded. In either instance, the operation would be attended with danger, difficulty, and the possibility of an increased insurance premium. But with the biggest ship afloat well under 800 ft. in length; and with that "biggest ship" the



Low Level Wharf showing the Nests of Lines leading to and from the Tips, with the Capstans and Dollies for working the Wagons.

High Level Tip showing the Roads for Laden and Empty Wagons and Weighing Machines.

despair of the heart of the modern builder as far as increase in length is concerned; then, as far as this new dock is affected, "Let 'em all come," is distinctly the tag which applies. Furthermore, and judging by indications that are about, "Let 'em all come" will apply for very many years ahead—perhaps for ever and ever, amen. Shipping men are beginning to seriously question the advisability of those overgrown monstrosities which, although "cheap" from a man-handling sense, are also cheap where freight is concerned. And as freight, after all, is what counts most in nautical expansion, the leviathan is gradually being looked upon with eyes which show, plain as day, an awful amount of misgiving. At the same time, whether the shipowner elects to proceed on his present dangerous course of "going one better" than his neighbour; or whether he decides that, after all, the "handy boat" is handy in every respect; the matter will cause no undue anxiety in the minds of the proprietors of the Bute Docks. Their system is now in a position to guarantee accommodation for all comers; there need be no tedious calculations as to whether the *Flopsy Dopsy* is too deep, too wide, or too long: all that is essential is to stem her with the Cardiff Railway Company, and they will find her a safe, snug, and facility-abounding berth. In connection with those facilities, we are enabled to give you, herewith, illustrations of a few of the more important. We shall allow the "pictures" on this occasion, to "speak for themselves," and if you have hopes of receiving quick despatch in coal loading—in which the Improved Lewis-Hunter Cranes will come in with telling force; or if you have designs on some hydraulic or electric cranes with "arms" as widely-extended as those of an American millionaire—then, in either instance, you will find them in the Queen Alexandra Dock—as, we understand, Cardiff's latest maritime triumph is to be named. As already stated, the dock walls enclose a space of nearly 51 acres, and

provide altogether, an additional 6,700ft. of quay space, so that the word "congestion" in this respect, will not be truthfully available for very many years to come. Needless to say, every detail in this newest undertaking has been carefully attended to, and although it is essential to "think big" in affairs of this kind, the largeness of the various items has in no wise detracted from the perfection of each. In the matter of the pumping plant, this is quite the largest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and although the development of an undertaking such as this Queen Alexandra Dock (if such is to be the final name thereof) is a matter of years (as well as of money): it yet may be taken for granted that, with its opening to the world, it will be in fit and proper condition to successfully cope with anything that may happen along. In connection with the opening ceremony, we have it on good authority that the first commercial vessel to use the dock, will be the new steamer *Lady Lewis*, of the Tatem fleet. That the name is a happy choice, will be conceded by all. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the fitness of things in this connection, is in line with all the traditions which surround the modern history of the Bute Docks. With the beauties of that same *Lady Lewis*, we shall concern ourselves more minutely at an early date. On this occasion, we shall be content to say that from a nautical consideration, the vessel is far and away the finest sample of steam tonnage which, so far in history, has ever found a place in Cardiff's Registry. In fact, we heard an enthusiastic nautical man declare, a few days ago, that the steamer referred to is as fine an example of nautical excellence, as was her namesake for all that counted best in womanhood —and that is admitting a very great deal. We also have it on equally good authority, that the second vessel "through the dock," will be another of the Tatem fleet—the *Torrington*. Truly is the new dock opening to the world under pleasing conditions. A Royal Yacht, first; a really first-class cargo vessel, next; and as a set-off, one of the latest triumphs of naval architecture, a 9,000-tonner of the turret brand! No wonder that the Cardiffian has resolved to let himself go on Great Saturday. That he—and his friends from the hinterland—will "make history" on the occasion to which we have thus briefly referred, may be taken as a foregone conclusion. For once, at least, in the career of the Dockite, we believe that never a discordant note will jar the music of his strenuous life. Here's to all of us, friends, and may the coping-stone of to-day, continue to be the starting-point of tomorrow,—for that is surely Cardiff's working motto.

High Level Roads leading to and from Tips.

Empty Wagon being Retared after Shipment.

Lord Charles Beresford on Naval Matters.

AT a luncheon that was given to the officers of the Channel Fleet at Grimsby, on Friday last, Lord Charles Beresford had a few words to say that, while addressed to those present, are of equal interest to the remainder of the community. After remarking about other matters, the gallant Admiral touched on the subject of efficiency, and while admitting that it is a somewhat difficult feature with which to contend, it is by no means an impossible one.

IN a Navy the size of Britain's, no one will deny that efficiency is a tough proposition, although in view of the centuries of tradition which hang about, it should not be so difficult as would appear at the first glance. Of course, we have frequently admitted that it is highly probable that those traditions are our greatest stumbling blocks. That the country which has all her traditions in front of her, is likely to win under modern conditions.

BE that as it may, the traditions are here, may not successfully be denied, and under the circumstances, are best grappled with right from the start. One of the greatest of those traditions teaches that the fool of the family—as long as it is an exalted family—is quite the best youth to pitchfork into the Senior Service. The suggestion here has ever been, that if the fool is hopeless, the Navy will soon settle his hash; if not altogether hopeless, that same Navy will reform him, and thus turn him into a useful member of the community.

WELL, traditions die hard. This particular sample is especially tough. There is no room for a fool in a modern navy, whether it is under the white ensign, or some other and more gaudy emblem of nationality as nautically rendered. True, a number of the fools still succeed in finding a resting place under that white ensign, but they are quickly spotted, so to say, and find themselves relegated to a back seat, among the growlers and malcontents. If the foolishness is too apparent, then, they are cashiered, and gravitate around in the vicinity of half-pay-land, there to sow dissent—and worse.

BUT coming back to Lord Charles Beresford's beliefs in this respect, we find that he is convinced that efficiency may only be achieved, by being always ready to act instantaneously. He says that, "As the Americans put it, we have to 'get,' and 'get' quickly if necessary." It is all very nice to give out reminiscences of that American tour, but even supposing the Americans counsel the "getting" idea, they seldom follow it, and thereby exemplify the fact that taken anyway, they are genuine Anglo-Saxons! So genuine, in point of fact, that they are ever ready to give advice which they have no intention of following.

IN this connection, Lord Charles Beresford sees eye to eye with us, for continuing with his remarks on the occasion already referred to, he admitted that "By our habits, by our customs, by our sentiments, we shall always start late, and the need of being ready is, therefore, the more imperative." There you are! Counsel to "get up and get" idea, but by habit, custom and sentiment, we shall for ever be late in starting. Furthermore, and because of that proneness to start late, the need of being ready is of first importance.

HAVING seen the need of being ready, how are we preparing for that pregnant advice which is tendered by probably the greatest naval authority possessed by this naval country? Well, in the main, we are not preparing for it at all. On the contrary, for true to "our habits, our customs, and our sentiments," we are shirking the responsibility wheresoever possible. A battleship comes to grief—place her in rotten row. Her repairs will cost money; that money was not in the Naval Estimates; by asking for a supplementary vote we shall emphasise our unfitness for the task which is laid upon us; so, shove the lame duck in rotten row.

WHAT are we to do with her when war's alarms are heard over the land? Oh, this country has a special dispensation that admits of her muddling through. Leave it at that. We shall muddle through, right enough! In the old days, and when British pluck decided the victory on land or sea, the muddle through was good enough. In every rumpus from the Crimean War down to the Boer War, rank inefficiency was in evidence from those who were in authority, but all the same, doggedness won a way through, where preparedness should have had a road already made.

BUT is that doggedness to be depended on for ever? No! For in an era where men who are contending each with each, and yet where neither sees the other without the aid of a powerful binocular, doggedness counts for little, skill counts for all. A machine gun is a marvellous institution, but on a pinch, so to write it, a monkey may be trained to give that gun its initial explosion, leaving the automatic machinery to do the rest. And we do not expect much pluck from a monkey? The same thing applies with a foe that is nothing to look at, from a physical standpoint. Skill has wiped the question of pluck out of the plan of campaign, altogether.

WE remember sailing with a skipper who was a bit of a hard case, and a big, powerful man withal. His mate was quite the reverse, and we were half inclined to pity the poor fellow, when he showed up on board, arrayed in a P. and O. cap, long cuffs, an irreproachable collar, and several other items which need not be enumerated. The Old Man had a mortal contempt for a "P. and O. mate," and told the newcomer of the fact. He, poor soul (as we thought) looked at the Old Man in a way that was child-like and bland, and expressed sorrow at the fact referred to.

LATER on, during the first watch at sea, the skipper made an occasion to show that "P. and O. mate" what kind of Old Man bossed that particular steamer. Catching the mate by the arm, the skipper lifted him up bodily, and carried him the whole length of the after deck, afterward laying him out at full length, to the accompaniment of a loud guffaw. The mate seemed to take it as a bit of a joke. In bad taste, of course, but still a joke. However, at noon, when the Old Man was going below, we saw that if the mate hadn't muscular development, he had skill.

THAT mate had seized a handspike, and just as the skipper's head had cleared the upper edge of the companion-way, that same handspike was brought across the scuttle with an awful crash! Needless to say, the Old Man dropped into the cabin, and while he was rubbing himself down to ascertain if he had been struck by lightning and had any bones shattered or flesh torn, that "P. and O. mate" leaned over the scuttle and remarked, somewhat inconsequently, "Cap'n, that's how I shall cop you, when the need arises." You may take it from us that there was no more trouble between that skipper and his "P. and O. mate." Indeed, the same Old Man now swears by that sort of mate!

THE moral is obvious, and taken in conjunction with Lord Charles Beresford's remarks already alluded to, should give cause for some very uncomfortable searchings of mind. Britain as constituted at the moment, is that skipper; sundry foreigners are prepared to take the rôle of the mate. To be ready for the handspike is of imperative importance—what are you going to do about it? Will you go on listening to the twaddle of the Amalgamated Union of Federated Legislators (the Governmental trades union) —or will you relieve the wheel, and give the present helmsmen a chance to go below for a smoke?

"PERILS"—OF DIFFERENT KINDS.

BEING in a moralising vein (consequent on reading sundry tales of piffley nonsense concerning "yellow" and other "perils"), we feel constrained to admit that virtue is merely a comparative affair. That is to say, and by way of example: If of two men each earning thirty shillings a week, the one puts into the chapel collection bag the sum of five shillings, while the other works off a battered and seemingly useless trouser-button, well, the first-mentioned would be considered the more virtuous of the twain—by all save the wife and kiddies which he might have thus defrauded out of their just rights? True, in addition to being virtuous, the man would also be an ass, and in danger of an enforced visit to a lunatic asylum. This is the first phase of our "peril" moralise, and you can see that it is comparative—although virtuous.

GOING further, vice is merely a comparative affair—and we don't greatly care who knows about it. Casting our thoughts around for an example here, we submit that if a given man merely "runs" two separate establishments, he is only two-thirds as vicious as another man who "runs" three of those semi-detached affairs—all things being equal, of course. True the poor fellow who placed five of his weekly thirty shillings in the collection bag might suggest that both of the men are vicious, but as we told you that he might also be in danger of an enforced visit to a lunatic asylum, you won't bother unduly about that man. Will you now? No, you will rather admit, right away and so as to save a quantity of unnecessary argument, that most items in human life are all a matter of comparison.

VERY well. And supposing that a local "daily" should commission a London man to come down here and throw mud up against the local people; if that "daily" should succeed in persuading one or two in-the-slack-season-London-sheets to back up their compatriot in his questionable tactics; and if the same "daily" should print a number of anonymous letters for the purpose of inducing swelled head on the scribe already alluded to, and which said letters might, or might not have been written by "a member of the staff;" well in striking an average through all the comparisons and "perils" involved, do you believe that there will follow a boom in hair restorers? There are a number of bald-headed people about, and the state of their pows is another peril. Disease germs might get inside the skin, and—heaven knows what then. Anyhow, you'll see it is a "peril," won't you?

ESPECIALLY so, if now that public attention has been called to the latent (and active) beauties of "snatcho," there should be a run on the stuff. Why, it might easily happen that a bottle of the much-advertised (with half-tone or line-block of the "inventor" included) concoction will ultimately be found on every toilet table in human or the other sort of Wales. That's a peril, too. You see, the stuff is guaranteed to make hair grow, considerably. Now if, when there is a bottle on every toilet table, wee Johnnie should undertake to get outside the major portion of the contents of one bottle; if the heaven-sent fluid should get its beneficient work in on his kidneys, say, and they developed more than the normal amount of hair in consequence—well, then, isn't that a "peril?" We should say so, anyhow.

ONCE more. There is a "yellow peril," and people in Liverpool appear to have been struck with the same complaint which abounded in St. Mary Street, Cardiff, some time ago. But here, again, there is an awfully large-sized chunk of comparison in the way these good souls look at the said "yellow peril." For that matter, there is the same trait in the manner in which Ah Sin (at home, you understand) regards white invasion of his Treaty Ports. Indeed, the "white peril" was so awfully much in evidence, that John Chinaman had to fake up a number of Treaty Ports, for the purpose of keeping the "foreign devils" from annexing his ancient land at one fell swoop. Comparative, did you say? Very good, sirs.

ALL the same, you need not imagine that you are going to make those newspaper scarers see the comparativity (excuse us, won't you?) of the theme. They have never been away from home—save, perhaps on an excursion to Treorky; and consequently, know but little about the hordes of white men that are to be found in Hong Kong, Tientsin, or other smelly place, out East. But having strolled around Butey Roadey after dark, and feeling that the odd Chinaman that was encountered, might be the nucleus of something really big, later on; they commissioned the expert on hair—but we have dealt with that, already. Excuse us. We don't often offend that way.

STILL, there is no getting away from the fact that both Liverpool and Cardiff contain a few Chinamen. Most of them are law-abiding kritters, and as long as you let them alone, they will pay up all rates and taxes, and the only offence of which they will be guilty, is to look at you somewhat cross-eyed, and treat you to a smile that is childlike and bland. At the same time, the penny-a-liner must have his little say, and if the majority of him had a shy at a man of substance, well, the latter would raise Cain, prosecute for libel and slander (either or both), and things would hum. To save all that wrack, the Chinaman is dealt with—with all the rigours of a linotype, yes. "John" smokes opium, and as his morality is only so-so, he sort of leers at sundry white women.

DREFFUL, isn't it, and you are sure that a white man in Hong Kong (or other Chinese territory) wouldn't lap saké, whisky, or liquid chain-lightning; and that under no circumstances, would he wink the other eye at Miss Wing Chee Foo, with her eyes askew. Of course, you are, and mainly because the stay-at-home scribe (who has but a school boardy recollection of where China really happens to be, and who would gravely assure you that Pekin had been bombarded by the British Fleet, if a press association issued the intelligence!) says so. You see, one hundred and twenty Chinamen winking at one hundred and twenty "lilly gals" of doubtful morality, constitutes a vice. But if one hundred thousand white men wink at the same number of equally depraved white girls—that isn't a vice to anything like the same extent. This is where you get the comparative trait in big lots.

AND taken altogether, you feel a lump in your gorge, when you read all that piffley "peril" stuff from the pen of a journalistic Stiggins? Don't you? That is how we feel, and long (with a very great longing) for the advent of the legitimate silly season topics. Those which deal with "Shall a man marry his aunt on the step-mother's side—if she's young, and tasty?" and, "Ought cats to be rubbed with hair-restorer, when, through performing on the roof, they have lost most of their erstwhile lovely fur." We haven't space for any more comparisons, nor for any further "perils." But perhaps you have had enough?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 3, 1907.*

RAIN, rain, rain—excuse us. We have heard nothing but the same old cry for so many weeks past, that it appears to be growing up with us, so to speak; to be a part of our life and being; to be like the straw hat that we wore last summer, and which we cannot get away from, now! But never mind. Coal is the theme with which we are presently concerned—coal, and the market therein. Tonnage, too, comes into the purview, but not to a very great extent.

YES, there is still an absence of tonnage, and for our part, we do not blame the tonnage. Any steamers that would willingly leave fine weather outside the Longships, and enter into the mirk, dampness, and general discomfort—but there it is again! Let us make another attempt. Here goes: "Absence of tonnage continues to be a deterrent factor to the traffic in Cardiff (and other) coal." Thus our notist, and you may safely believe him.

THROUGH that scarcity of tonnage, the easiness which has been manifest for a week or two past, is yet in evidence. The easiness is fairly general too, for it is to be seen in demand, in price, in everything save supply. That is around all over the landscape. This means, that the buyer who is in a position to offer anything prompt in the way of a ship, is in for a lovely time. Concessions are simply thrown in his way—and that's a fact.

IT must not be forgotten that tonnage is coming in very much better. You see, the wind has given place to rain, and the latter element of present-day life never delays a steamer anything to speak of. It is Boreas who puts the hoodoo on these little matters, and as a natural consequence, the gentleman comes in for a quantity of objugatory language.

BUT as we remarked last week, the easiness is merely for present business, and solely for the reason that wagons must be obtained if possible. For forward stuff, the same old forbidding look spreads itself over the face of the seller. He isn't going to discount the future, sensible man. He won't mind obliging you with a drop in the quotation—if you'll load the consignment up, right away. But if you insinuate that you want the stuff for somewhere in the middle of next month say—!

YES, it's a hard world, and the hardness is just as apparent in the coal trade, for the period referred to, as anywhere else in life. All the same, present indications show that there will be no further upward move for a while. If tonnage becomes abnormally plentiful, it will; otherwise, it won't. As matters are progressing at the moment, there is what our young man somewhat grandiloquently styles a lethargy in the market.

IT'S a good word, and broadly, means that nobody seems to care much about giving a quotation, because everybody knows that tonnage is scarce! That spells lethargy in the coal trade! Smalls continue plentiful—because but few ships come in to bunker. In fact, the whole thing might safely be summed up with: Prices slack, demand ditto, ships scarce, and rain plentiful!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 9d., 19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.
Seconds ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d, 11s. 3d.	10s. 9d., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 6d., 29s. 0d	28s. 6d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 3, 1907.*

The market hereaway for the past week has shown but little change, either way. If there is any change at all it is on the easier side, prices not being quite so firm as of late. This is due to the fact of the demand not being up to its usual level, consequently there is more free coal knocking about. Here and there, it is true, quotations are as firm as ever; that is where stems are full; but on the other hand there are other collieries which are not so well off in these items, and are disposed to meet the buyer somewhat—providing the date of shipment required by the latter suits his little book.

BEST ANTHRACITE come under the first category, and the Inferior qualities under the second. Prices for the latter are easier, especially for RED VEIN which is more freely offering. MACHINE MADE COALS show no alteration, stems remaining well filled. DUFF is to be obtained at 3d. under recent quotations, as also CULM.

STEAMS show no improvement, supplies being plentiful for prompt shipment, and stems easy. There is a better enquiry around for forward shipment, for which position higher figures are being asked. Sometimes they are obtained, sometimes they are not. Anyhow, buyers are confining bookings to their immediate and pressing requirements.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ... ,,	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	23s. 0d.	23s 0d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 6d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d
Machine Made Cobbles ...	21s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. 0d	26s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6 l.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0 l.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.
Duff ...	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d., 15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, July 3, 1907.

N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Shanghai, *St. Bede,* about 17s. 3d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Las Palmas, *Hazelwood,* 4,400 tons, 7s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Eskside,* 4,000 tons, 14s.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, *Airedale,* 4,500 tons, 16s.
Harley, 5,900 tons, 16s. option Monte Video, 15s. 6d.
Bahia, Steamer, 14s. 9d.
Bahia Blanca, *Iran,* 5,500/6,000 tons, 16s. 3d. 250, 1s. (N).
Cape Verdes, *Monomoy,* 6,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Trader,* 4,800 tons, 15s. 6d. option Buenos Ayres, 16s.
City of Cardiff, 4,500 tons, 15s. 1½d. ppt.
Rosario, *Portmarnock,* 3,900 tons, 17s. 4½d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Columba,* 5,300 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Tredegar Hall, or sub., 5,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Amana, 4,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Genoa, *Bengar,* or sub., 3,200 tons, 8s.
Barry, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Attiki, 4,700 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Lamia L., 3,200 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Or Savona, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
,, *Benrath,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
,, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Luigino Accame, 4,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 4,300 tons, 8s.
Iddesleigh, 6,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
/Savona/Spezzia, *King David,* 5,500 tons, 8s. 6d. option Venice, 9s. spot, (B).
Algiers, *Alexander Shukoff,* 2,200 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Frederick Retzlaff, 3,000 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Alexandria, *Rosslyn,* 5,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Naples, *Constantinos Embiricos,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d. 800, 10d.
Penvearn, 5,500 tons, 7s. 3d. 1,000.
Girgenti, 2,900 tons, 8s. 600.
Venice, *Inchborva,* 5,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
Leghorn, *Elwine Koppen,* 2,500 tons, 8s. option Spezzia, 8s. 1½d. (s).
Barcelona, *Pendeen,* or sub., 2,200 tons, 9s.
Cagliari, *Amisia,* 2,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Palermo/Messina/or Catania, *Upcerne,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 400.
Sulina, *Cape Colonna,* 3,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Messina, *Epirus,* 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Marseilles, *Olanes,* 4,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. (C. or N).
Annapolis, 2,500 tons, 8·75 fcs. coal, 9·75 fcs. fuel, (S).
Tarragona, *Homewood,* 2,900 tons, 7s. 10½d. coal, 8s. 10½d. fuel, (S).
Taranto, *Tremorvah,* 5,500 tons, 6s. 4½d. free discharge.
Oran, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 8·50 fcs. (N).
Syra or Piræus, *Rosemount,* 4,800 tons, 7s. (N).
Corcubion, *Auckland Castle,* 1,350 tons, 7s.
Smyrna, *Horsa,* 3,850 tons, 7s. (C. or N.)
Palma, *Westergate,* 2,100 tons, 8s. 300.
Malta, *Ethel,* 3,350 tons, 5s. 7½d. (Admiralty).
Oporto, Steamer, 1,450 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 800 tons, 6s. 3d.
Lisbon, *Archanda,* 3,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Sagamore, 3,300 tons, 5s. 9d. 350.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Friedheim,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Kiel, *Labor,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cronstadt, *Thetis,* 1,150 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).
Jupiter, 2,600 tons, 6s. 3d.
Tuborg, 2,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Carlshamn, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6s.
Helvoetsluis, *Fane,* 1,350 tons, 6s. 3d. ppt.
Libau, *Grete Gronan,* 2,000 tons, 6s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Mersey,* 500 tons, 6·75 fcs.
James Turpie, 2,400 tons, 6·62½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Ingoldsby,* 1,600 tons, 5·50 fcs. option Rocheforte, 5·75 fcs. or Charente, 6 fcs.
Oiz-Meudi, 3,200 tons, 6 fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·25 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Thor,* 1,900 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Penfeld, 1,000 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Camargo, 2,600 tons, 6·25 fcs. ppt.
Nantes, *Porthcawl,* 2,300 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Earl of Dumfries, 1,900 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Huelva, *Curt Retzlaff,* 2,400 tons, 6s. (N).
Pasages, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 6d. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Invergordon, *Hatfield,* 2,450 tons, 5s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Portland, *Carn Marth,* 2,250 tons, 3s. 3d. ,,
Sheerness, *Muriel,* 3,000 tons, 4s. ,,
Achroite, 1,500 tons, 4s. ,,
Fleetwing, 2,000 tons, 4s. ,,
Haulbowline, *Swiftsure,* 1,000 tons, 4s. ,,
Skipjack, 1,500 tons, 4s. ,,
Chatham, *Enterprise,* 1,500 tons, 3s. 10½d. option Sheerness, 4s. (Admiralty).
Devonport, *Yukon,* 1,400 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Portsmouth, *Calgarth,* 2,400 tons, 3s. 3d. one option, two or three voyages, (Admiralty).
Dartmouth, *Deerhound,* 480 tons, 4s. 9d.
Plymouth, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Youghal, *Harold,* 300 tons, 4s. 6d. (N).
Belfast, *Effie Gray,* 430 tons, 3s. 9d. (S).
Fowey, Steamer, 240 tons, 3s. 9d. (N).
Newhaven, *Galava,* 430 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Rotterdam, *F. C. Andersen,* 750 tons, 6s. 3d.
Brest, *Mazeppa,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Calais, *Hans,* 2,000 tons, 5s.
Honfleur, *Test,* 560 tons, 6s. (S).
Maywood, 1,550 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Rouen, *Swansea Bay,* 1,800 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).
M. J. Craig, 800 tons, 6s. 9d. (S).
Constantine, 900 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Dieppe, *The Queen,* 650 tons, 6s. (S).
British Empire, or sub., 600 tons, 6s. (S).
Havre, *Ravensworth,* 980 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).
Caen, *Armourer,* 700 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).
Galtee, 600 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Newport, *Uriarte No. I.,* 4,300 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Rivadeo to Swansea, *Daphne,* 2,000 tons, 5s.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 20, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

12,335/06—SIEMENS BROS. & WRIGHT—***Improvements in steering gear for ships or boats.***

According to this invention which relates to steering gear for ships, the rudder is operated by means of two hydraulic rams, fed by a number of suitably driven pumps, which may be put in or out of action, either individually or in groups, according as the load varies, each pump cylinder being provided with a solenoid in series with the armature of the driving motor, such that when the load exceeds a certain value, the solenoid lifts the inlet valve of the corresponding cylinder, throwing the cylinder out of action.

13,019/06—PARSONS—***Improvements in and relating to ship propulsion systems.***

The object of this invention is to increase the efficiency of propulsion of steam ships by utilising the energy of the exhaust steam on its way to the condensers. For this purpose, one or more high speed turbines are adapted to work with the exhaust steam, and mounted on the turbine shaft is an electric generator coupled to a multi-polar low speed electric motor, with its rotor mounted on the propeller shaft. The exhaust turbine is bye-passed, and can thus be put out of action when the engine is used for reversing.

13,756/06—GALLEY—***Improvements in audible alarms for use on locomotives, motor cars, ships and the like.***

This invention consists in mounting tubes on an adjustable bracket, which can be fitted onto any exhaust pipe. The tubes are cut in the form of whistles, so that they produce a very loud sound when the exhaust from a steam or internal combustion engine is passed through them, the exhaust pipe being temporarily closed to cause the compressed gases to pass through the whistles and give distinct tones.

13,983/06—WHITE—***A detonating compound for use in torpedoes, mining or blasting cartridges and the like.***

According to this invention which provides a substitute for fulminate of silver for use as a detonator, fulminate of mercury mixed with small proportions of fulminate of silver may be used.

15,097/06—HAILWOOD—***Improvements in miners' safety lamps.***

According to this invention, the wick tubes in miners' safety lamps are made of two portions in such a manner that they may be easily opened for the insertion of the wick, and replaced in position and retained by means of projections engaging in corresponding recesses formed on the lamp body. To prevent oil leaking through the joints, the edges of the portions of the wick tube are overlapped.

17,591/06—RICHARDS—***Improvements in and relating to steam capstans and towing posts or bollards.***

This invention relates to that class of steam capstan which is mounted upon a pan and elevated by means of wood chocks above the deck, the steam engine being located upon the top, and the steam pipe within the hollow spindle of the capstan. The object of this invention is to overcome the difficulty of making repairs owing to the inaccessibility of the parts. According to this invention, the pan and elevating base are formed in one casting and shaped as a towing post. The under part of the base is hollow, and the upper surface is fashioned as the pan with a central collar and a passage for the pipes which pass through the hollow spindle of the capstan. The base is fixed to the deck over an aperture cut therethrough, so that access to the steam connections can be easily gained.

22,849/06—MILKER—***Improvements in insubmersible ships and boats.***

According to this invention, insubmersible ships are constructed with seamless metal tubes of triangular cross section with rounded off edges, which are bent according to the shape of the hull, and placed the one above the other, forming a wall with smooth continuous surfaces. Compartments are provided in the tubes by means of partitions of cork, which are forced into the tubes in such a manner as to form water-tight compartments.

24,125/06—HURD—***Improvements in machinery for cutting coal or the like.***

This invention relates to coal cutting machines of the "Hurd" type, the object being to provide efficient means for tilting and adjusting the level of the cutter bar. Each of the rear end columns is screwed and a nut engages therewith carried between faced brackets upon the machine. The nut is fixed to a worm wheel with which there engages a worm carried upon a longitudinal shaft, which is carried upon brackets upon the machine, and is provided with hand wheels at its ends. The screwed columns are prevented from rotating by a groove therein engaging a feather in the faced brackets between which the nut is held.

213/07—GLOVER—***Improvements in oil-discharging shells or projectiles for sea-calming.***

This invention relates to oil-discharging shells adapted to be fired from a cannon for the purpose of distributing oil over a body of water at a distance, the object of the invention being to provide a device which is automatic in action. According to this invention, the usual cylindrical casing having a weighted front end and a perforated diaphragm at its rear end, is provided with a disc valve for normally closing the perforations of the plate. The valve is provided with a longitudinally extending stem, and is adapted to move lengthwise of the casing according to the inclination thereof. A rolling weight is enclosed in the casing and operates the valve in the rearward direction for the purpose of enabling the stem to displace a stopper which normally closes its rear end.

3,524/07—KLAPROTH—***Improvements in ship's logs.***

This invention relates to ship's logs of the kind in which a plate is subjected to water pressure. According to this invention, the plate subjected to the water pressure is in elastic and fixed so as to be rotatible about a pivot so that it transmits the pressure of the current to a piston moving in a cylinder and to a column of liquid under the piston, which then actuates in known manner one or more indicators located at a suitable part of the ship and connected by tubes to the cylinder.

These applications for patents, are until August 5 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on June 26, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending July 26.

Class 4.—KOHLIT—

289,916—Coal, coke, breeze, and partially coked coal, Coalite Limited, 3, London Wall Buildings, London Wall, London, E.C., Manufacturers,—January 28th, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Maritime Review

CANDIDE ET SECURE

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 178. FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907. Threepence.

The Most Hon. the MARQUIS OF BUTE.

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ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: "Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Most Hon. the Marquis of Bute	129
Maritime Murmurs	130
Cartoon: Cardiff Welcomes their Majesties the King and Queen	132
Single-Ship Shareholders	134
With reference to Cardiff's Red-Letter Day...	135
"John Bull" on Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P.	136
A Navy, or a Nucleus Therefor?	138
The Investing Skipper—is He a Success?	140
Just by the way	141
Cardiff (and other) Coal	142
Coal Freights and Fixtures	143
Patents and Trade Marks	144

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

Elsewhere in this issue, we have commented on the ways and doings of that enterprising soul who has been euphemistically-named "sailors' champion"—Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, M.P., to wit. That, however, is no reason why we should refrain from a further consideration of the dodges of his Maritime Legal Aid Association. We might remark, *en passant*, that since the birth of The Maritime Review, quite a number of enterprising people have seen good in the word "maritime," for they attach it to all kinds of undertakings. Imitation being the sincerest form of flattery, we ought not to complain. We won't, for instead of complaining, we will remark that the Maritime Legal Aid Affair was established to "provide and render legal assistance to all those in need of same, more especially to the seafaring classes." At least, its boss man puts it that way, and it is only when one goes into the financial side of the enterprise, that one might think the portion which we have placed in inverted commas is, after all, but a negligible part of the whole. Mainly, the M.L.A.A. was established to supply a livelihood to those who engineer its infantile beauties, and apparently on the assumption that the sailor was born into the world for the sole purpose of posing as a human jay.

There is no getting away from the fact that the sailor is a "jay;" that he was born to be plucked; or that the "founder" of the M.L.A.A. appears to be choke-full of a knowledge of the circumstances. As far as that goes, indications are somewhat in favour of the belief that 'Aavelock—of evergreen memory—is well in the running in the same business. Let us explain. If so disposed, the sailor may become a member of the Workmen's Legal Aid Society, upon payment of a penny, which entitles him to a full year's benefit. In the event of that Society undertaking a case on his behalf, and winning, then, the charge for the law side of the undertaking, amounts to ten per cent. on the compensation gained. That is when Jack undertakes to rank in with sensible workmen, you'll note? But when the same fellow chips in with the "sailors' champion's" undertaking, he first has to pay one shilling (exactly as if he were under the Shipping Federation's "benefit scheme!") for membership—that is, twelve times as much as the ordinary worker; and in the event of a win under the Compensation Acts, he will be mulcted in fifteen per cent. of the stake. One or two hard-hearted wretches have assured us that there is scarcely a sailorman at sea, who could tell the difference between an alleged fifteen per cent. reduction, and one of eighty per cent.

Be that as it may, we have a strong suspicion that if the sailorman parts with his shilling to the M.L.A.A., then, he will deserve all that he will receive, later on. For the matter of that, he deserves all he is getting at the present moment, for were it not for the asinine conduct of the sailorman, that so-called "sailors' union" would have been wiped off the list of existing affairs years ago; and by this time, the whole-souled patriots who are aching for a chance of really benefiting Jack, would have received their opportunity. As things are, and while a Wilson is allowed to amble around as a little god, well-meaning people stand aloof. So much so, that the *personnel* of the Mercantile Marine is a national menace—and for why? Merely that Mr. Wilson and his satellites may continue to reap a living without work? Everybody knows that sailors' wages are in the rut which has applied for ages past. That accommodation—although slightly better—is only showing the natural improvement which the march of civilisation demands. And that as far as the eternal "grub question" is concerned—well, that has been niggled with until nobody seems to know quite what is expected; and yet Wilson has had but little to do with any of it. Furthermore, does anybody remember seeing a balance sheet emanating from the "sailors' union?"

True, we have asked the question before, and echo, alone, has replied. But that seems to be in line with the affair. Much cry and little wool—and three cheers for the "sailors' union!" The arrangement might be depended on to breed dissatisfaction and incipient mutiny among its few members; but for any real benefits—well, we are of opinion that these are all to come, someday, perhaps. And yet, since first Wilson embarked upon his self-made mission of "nautical ameliorator," he should have collected several hundreds of thousands of pounds? Where has it gone, and for what purposes? That it has gone is emphasised by the fact that the "gang" recently petitioned the world at

large, for the means of defraying the libel expenses which bade fair to unseat Mr. Joseph H. Wilson from his berth in Parliament. Exactly why the world at large should have been placed under contribution in that manner, wasn't very clear—especially to the world at large. Anyhow, the response was anything but sufficient, and that possibly accounts for Wilson's identification with the Maritime Legal Aid Association? At the same time, it must not be forgotten that 'Aavelock manages to muddle through—somehow. He appears to have saved his hash on this occasion, and we are patiently awaiting the next move in the "uniony" game. The one feature in the business which makes us wonder, is why Mr. Lloyd-George, and other serious politicians, allow their names to wander forth to the world bracketed with that of Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson?

At a rough estimate, there are surely thousands of able men available, who have forgotten more about shipping, than Wilson will ever know? Men who would be equally willing to give their services for the good of the profession, and without attempting to make the ill-paid sailorman foot the resultant bill of expenses. But those men are passed over, and the "sailors' champion" is thrust forward at every opportunity, instead. True, he appears to be pushed into the background rather more of late; but even so, we have an idea that he occupies altogether too much of the nautical picture. Why not pass him for a period, and use up a portion of the really nautical talent that is available? In that case, we shouldn't have such a sorry showing in matters maritime; shouldn't be committed to a number of temporary wheezes which are merely veneered over with good intent; and shouldn't be laid open to quite so much of the world's laughter as applies at present. In this connection, we have in mind that "grub question" to which we have already referred. There is an example of ineptitude if you like! Think of the Gilbertian character of every portion of that same question, and having thought, laugh! After finishing with the laugh, consider the facts of the case.

Pickles. Piggles—the alien seaman styles it. What the stuff is, in reality, doesn't matter, but in any case, Jack has to be partially fed on "piggles." He is to have a half-pint of "approved pickles" per week, so that in a vessel carrying twenty hands, the "piggle" side of the show will total up to ten pints per week. Where that vessel is being stored for a twelve-months' voyage, then, the sea-stock of this particular comestible (don't laugh, please) must romp into the 65-gallons stage! Think of it, you good souls who wax indignant over these matters! Also remember that there is just as big a percentage of seamen who never touch pickles, as there is of 'longshoremen. Remember also, that the "whack" has to be served out, whether the sailor touches the "luxury," or otherwise. This phase of the business makes you wonder, doesn't it? You naturally wish to know what Mr. Sailorman does with his accumulated pickles, in view of the fact that he doesn't eat them, and that they are still served out to him? Of course. In reply to your imaginative query, we hasten to assure you that he does as did one of the cult which passed under our observation last week—he sold his "piggles," and with the money thus received, became gloriously hilarious (one of our young men wrote it "drunk," but we prefer the more poetic word).

Now, we are not among they who affect to believe that the sailor has no right to sell his accumulated (and unwanted) stores. He has every right, and if he happens to be an unwashed alien (one of the crowd whose stomach has become unused to anything save the meanest of diet), and can save three-fourths of his "whack," why should not he sell the reserve stock, ultimately investing the unearned increment in the stuff which exhilarates—and tends to mutiny and thick ear? Right is with that alien, isn't it? Certainly. At the same time, you might be inclined to wonder why the shipowner should be robbed in this idiotic manner, and why a beneficent Board of Trade should decide that the cubic capacity of a seaman's stomach should be of a regulation size. But don't wonder. The Board of Trade has become so used to apportioning tonnage capacities as per their own schedule, that they have established a registered tonnage, so to write, for the sailors' "Little Mary." The Board reasons the thing out on fairly good lines. It argues thus: If all seamen wear pants and shirts; if the said pants have two legs and the shirts two arms, then, the body inside of the two-armed shirts must carry so much provender. Nobody has explained to the Board, that one man's pants are shorter than another's, or that his shirt is longer. No! Uniformity obtains (in their belief), so "Little Mary's" must also be uniform.

Then, as the inward capacity is assessed at the same figure, the "piggle" ration must be the same all 'round; so must that which deals with beef, pork, "Harriet Lane"—what you will. The Board of Trade is sure that vegetarians go not to sea, as, since the death of the fore (or main) top, market gardens are no longer to be found on shipboard. Again, sailormen (in the Board's view) are all of precisely the same size, and each are blessed with similar appetites. Furthermore, seamen never get troubled with biliousness; their eating ability is a fixed affair; if they manage to walk off with one pound of bull-beef on the Thursday of this week, they will do precisely the same on the Thursday of next week—or the week after. The Board knows, for it has been obtaining points from a man who put in a few months as flunkey on a tramp, at a time when the nautical business was altogether different to that which applies at present. Times change, and we change with them—as long as we are not connected with the Board of Trade. In that event, and when fitting out a wind-jammer for an eastern trip, we should be careful to see that the supply of flint-lock muskets is up to concert-pitch, because—well, because, some fifty years ago, wind-jammers carried that sort of musket (and no powder!)

Going further with this little "grub" idea, why hasn't the inspection commenced? Time passes—as it has a habit of doing; but the inspection of "grub," lingers. And don't forget that the old law is still in force—the law which made inspection apply only to deep-water voyages. The new law is supposed to be in force, and as it applies to all shipping, one is naturally wondering how the Board will square the circle in this respect? One law says that only deep-water vessels shall be laid under commissariat-inspection; the other says that all vessels shall be so touched up. Funny, isn't it? And Board of Tradey? Of course, and that is probably why both the laws are more honoured in the breach than in the observance? It's like this: It didn't cost the Department anything to pass the law, and the passing had to be brought off, for the purpose of redeeming pledges given to certain professional agitators. But to administer that law, will necessitate the establishment of quite a number of inspectors—and that means money. True, in a dilettante manner, a number of applications for the post of grub-inspector have been considered. But in view of the fact that the appointments are merely for three years, what are we to think?

Cardiff's Welcome to their Majesties the King and Queen.

Does the limit imply that the present members of the Department realise that with the advent of a number of nautically-learned Government-men, the presently impossible food-enactments will have to be wiped off the slate as impossible, idiotic, and fitting for an age when education was remarkable for its absence? We hate to appear unkind, and write this way because we happen to have been at sea for more years than the "framers of the new Act" have been for days. We quite realise that Jack's food needed to be brought into line with modern requirements. But there was no need to give John a sort of digestive registered-tonnage; to compel him to lay aft for an amount of food for which he had no use; and which, accumulating, must be sold, in the first foreign port where pisco, or saké abounds. Moreover, when the inspection really commences in dead earnest, what sort of spectacle shall we be treated to? Shan't we see a number of callow youths (because they are cheap) pitchforked into a job, which calls for careful previous training and some really good knowledge of the business dealt with? In other words, shan't we see a young hobble-de-hoy condemning good food which, in the opinion of experts, is quite in line with the new Act?

Of course, we shall—to each of the queries. Why, even as "inspection" is carried out at the moment, we heard of one instance where food which was considered good enough for first-class passengers, but which, being ultimately placed in stock for the crew, was condemned by the youthful chappie which a kindly Department had placed in authority—because his dad, or other relative, had tootled for votes at a bye-election! And this is what is fictionally considered as "making the sea more attractive to the youth of the nation!" The average shipchandler serves very many years for the purpose of knowing how to manage the storing of a given number of vessels. He is *au fait* to every wrinkle on the board, and for his own profit, will not be inclined to send on board stuff which is in any risk of emulating the cat—will come back, you understand. In other words, he will translate the new Act in the light of experience gained over a number of years. But after his work is finished, a callow youth who could hardly tell American beef from that of the Argentine (were it not for its label), is allowed to veto the experience of years—and there is no appeal! This is attractive, isn't it? Why, it's worse than the "piggle" episode to which we have already referred! For this time, let us get away from the unsavoury subject, and sincerely hope that with the coming change of Government, will also come some semblance of sensible treatment to the sailor and shipowner alike.

Eh, what's this. "German Dream of Empire!" Great Scott, are the Teutons dreaming again? But let us see what 'tis all about. A London contemporary is out upon the wily German, and has been reading a book from the more or less facile pen of a German Imperial Councillor named Rudolf Martin. The book is entitled "Kaiser William II and King Edward VII." We have no wish to split straws in this little review, but we have an idea that the two names should be transposed. Not only for the purpose of giving credit where it is due, but also because age has its privileges. When it is remembered that the British Empire was an accomplished fact centuries before anybody heard of Germany—other than as a few disjointed principalities—well, you will understand what we have in mind. However, the Imperial Councillor named above, is also a Professor, and if the brand is somewhat common in Germany, that fact doesn't detract from the beauty of the undertaking. Anyhow, adopting the clairvoyant rôle, Mr. Martin has been tootling to his fellow countrymen. Mem. If you wish to sell your book, strike out into the high patriotic tone, and then, supposing that none of your pals believe you, they will still shout "Hoch," because of such is the kingdom of man!

The tootling referred to is hardly remarkable for originality, for the same features have been discussed in these columns, *ad nauseam*. Commencing with the query as to why the British headed by their King—is so "intensely suspicious" of Germany, the answer is given to the effect that King Edward and other far-seeing Englishmen "recognise that Germany is bound to expand into a great world power." Personally, we believe that the assertion is only partly true. The expansion will come off right enough—if the remainder of the world is willing to stand down while the trick is being worked. But will the world show that essential willingness? We much doubt it! When all is said, Germany's greatest claim to world-wide importance as yet, lays in the able manner in which she has been allowed to advertise herself. She has no really creditable victories on her banners, for quite a number of thinking people are inclined to believe that in her one-and-only war, German marks did more than German men; and although her Army might be all that is claimed for it, that same organisation didn't shine so very gloriously in the African embroglio? We wish to be both just and generous in this little affair; but we must first be just, leaving the generosity to a later date.

Continuing with the Martinesque prophetics, we note that, "Within the next twenty or thirty years, Germany will absorb Austria-Hungary, the Balkan States, Turkey and Asia Minor, so that the German Empire will extend from Berlin to Bagdad." Great Jehoshaphat! When it comes to "absorbing" and according to the Martin, Germany would appear to be a whole ream of blotting-paper? It's good in this connection, to remember that as one martin doesn't make a summer, neither will one Martin make a Berlin/Bagdad Empire. Especially as in the same period, the British Empire is likely to embrace the whole distance between Hades and Hackney, with Fiddlers' Green, and other inappreciable territories thrown in! What about the "Cobbler of Ispahan," then, cockie? Still, "when the favourable moment comes, she will strike a decisive blow at her rivals"—the "she" in this instance, being Germany. So, all that you Admiralty gentlemen have to do, is to see that the said "favourable moment" never comes. You have had a quantity of warning; have been given a free hand; and now, in face of this grave Martinian statement, you had better increase the battleship Fleet, commence shipping hands instead of paying them off, put your dockyards in an efficient state, and having finished everything in an up-to-date manner—parade your newly-acquired might through the Straits of Dover.

Still, "Having achieved a military victory, Germany will proceed to annex the northern part of France in order to gain possession of the coastline from Dieppe to Dunkirk, thereby securing a most favourable base for successful operations against England." What France, and the remainder of the world is to be doing meanwhile, is not stated in the Martin prophetics. But Belgium will next go to pot—to the German pot, you know—and being boss of the coast from Dieppe to Antwerp, the amiable Teuton could then inaugurate a successful invasion of wicked England. Thus will come "the death-knell of Britain's naval supremacy and predominant position in the world." It's all over save shouting! None of you need purchase more than a hundredweight of coal at one time, for "when the favourable moment comes"—save us, people! Aren't we "in" for a doing?

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

SINGLE-SHIP SHAREHOLDERS.

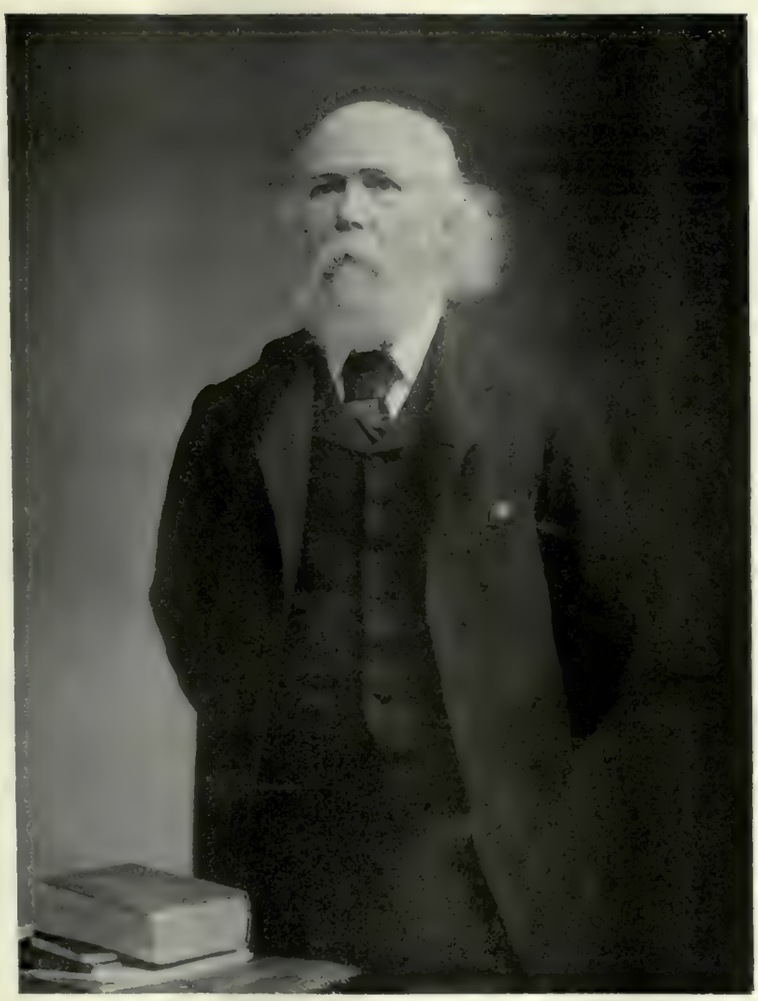
WITHOUT laying claim to inward knowledge of the late meeting of the shareholders of the Glanhowny Steamship Company, Limited—although we were asked to send a representative thereto—the report thereof, and which appears in the financial columns of our up-town contemporaries, appeals somewhat to our love of fairplay. We have laid no claim to "inward knowledge," and yet truth compels us to admit that one of the dissatisfied shareholders asked us to air "his little grievance," submitting "copy" to that end. Being willing to oblige, if possible, we sought an explanation, and listened patiently to the tale of woe. In the main, the yarn worked out to: The steamer *Glanhowny*, the property of a limited company registered under the usual style of articles, had, after a greater or lesser struggle with adverse fortune, been lost, and the money which represented her insured value was then in the keeping of her late manager. He—Mr. H. A. Bartlett—was warily watching the trend of the market, for the purpose of availing himself of the permission given by one of the clauses in the said articles, to re-invest that insurance money in another vessel. That was alright—as far as we could see—and the manager was acting altogether within his rights. The shareholders of the lost steamer, were, presumably, business men, and we have a shrewd suspicion that if a clause in the articles had empowered them to annex, say, the bed of the manager, then, we are in favour of the belief that, by this time, he would be slumbering on the boards? Being business men, then, is there any sense in making a quantity of fuss, and indulging in a cluster of personalities, simply because matters had pursued a direction opposite to that which they had originally hoped, and believed? The steamer was lost, the manager availed himself of the clause referred to, and then all the fat was—metaphorically—in the fire. Without going into a long and tedious consideration of what the steamer *Glanhowny* did, or did not, earn in the way of dividends, let us ask those discontented shareholders if, in the event of their receiving say, fifty per cent. on their money, they would have objected? Of course not. Fifty per cent. is the recognised amount of dividend—in steamer prospectuses. Under the circumstances then, and as the boat didn't leave the hoped-for fifty per cent., is it sportsmanlike to make a fuss because the facts are somewhat different to the anticipations? We wish to be just in this little affair, especially as we have a shrewd belief that there is more than a love for the general shareholder, in the workings of the minds of those who engineered the present trouble. True, they appear to have been hoisted with their own petard, so to write it, for at the meeting which was held on Monday last, and at which we were asked to be present, the majority obviously believed in the *bona fides* of Mr. Bartlett. The official report of the meeting states that the resolution in favour of purchasing another steamer, was carried by an "overwhelming" majority, and we have no fault to find with the word. Three votes to two would be "overwhelming" on the part of the former, and bearing this in mind, there is absolutely no need to bother with the actual figures. Particularly as the majority also wished to exclude representatives of the Press—a fact which makes us glad that we didn't trouble to send a man. We should hate to send along one of our youthful geniuses, only to find that, on the presentation of his credentials, he would be condemned to wander forth into the cold, unfeeling world, with never a note on his cuff, or on the bottom of his white waistcoat which he would wear on such occasions. However, we have it on fairly good authority that a long and heated discussion took place, and that personalities were bandied about in quite a lively manner. Personally, we expected some such thing, when that dissatisfied shareholder called on us one day last week, with the "copy" to which we have already referred. The gentleman in question was hardly the man to make a fuss—judging by appearances. But the latter are ever deceitful we are assured, and the present occasion would seem to be no exception to the rule. Still, as we have a wish to do some little good in our time and generation, we do not object to give intending shipowners a hint as to what they might expect, later on. The dissentient alluded to assured us that it was his intention to call the attention of the labour leaders, "up the hills," to that iniquitous clause which gives permission to the manager, to purchase another steamer in certain eventualities. Naturally, this phase of the explanation gave us pause. We have made it fairly clear, as to what our opinions of labour-leading as practiced in Wales amounts to; and if we are to attach any importance to the statements which are given us on this terrible occasion, then, future steamer managers are in for a bad time! According to our informant, the labour leader "up the hills," not only regulates a man's earnings and his hours of work, for he also advises as to what the "butties" shall patronise in the way of investment! This is surely becoming serious, and to our mind, there is but one way out of it. Needless to say, it takes the form of advising all steamer managers (supposing they are "out" for the decent bits of capital saved out of coal mining) to get the good opinion of the labour leaders in the district which is to be placed under contribution. The matter also opens up another vista of beauty which should not be lost sight of. The collier, instead of being the hardly-used and heavily-sweated individual portrayed by those labour-leaders, is rather a highly favoured individual, who annexes enough money to admit of green pianos in the parlour, trips to the seaside in summer (when we get such an item allowed us), and also for investments in shipping properties! Not much hardness about a life of that sort, is there? And after this, when the labour gentlemen come snivelling around with a tale of the wickednesses of the employers, will you be good enough to remember that quite a goodly number of those down-trodden souls, have appreciable bits "on" their fancy in steam, as well as "on" their fancy in horseflesh? We do not mind admitting that it was this feature of the explanation, which took our sympathies over to the side of their Mr. Bartlett. So far in the deal, we haven't had the pleasure of seeing the gentleman referred to. Perhaps if this should meet his eye, he will favour us with a few minutes of his valuable time? Meanwhile, and in view of the fact that he had to face some 495 shareholders either in person or by proxy, we can assure him that our sympathies are all in line with himself. Viewed in any manner, he merely did what was his by right—availed himself of a clause which was in his favour, exactly as his shareholders would have done had the trumps been on their side? We note that the dissentients threaten to contest, in a court of law, the validity of the clauses which made for their own undoing on this occasion. We have a notion that the gentlemen learned in the law will not object to this course of conduct—as long as somebody will foot the bill; and in the interval, Mr. Bartlett has been empowered to purchase the steamer *Mary Thomas*, for the good and comfort of all those good people who originally figured as owners of the late steamer *Glanhowny*. Why couldn't all this have been carried out on business lines, and without so much washing of dirty linen? It's hard kicking against the pricks; apparently it is just as hard for some people to see the said pricks. Our congratulations to you Mr. Bartlett, for you distinctly showed that a majority of your friends believe in you. More than that, none of us may hope for.

With reference to Cardiff's Red-Letter Day.

ON the front page of our this week's issue, we are enabled to present our readers with a very good photographic illustration of the Most Noble the Marquis of Bute, who, in company with Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart. (and photo of which gentleman appears herewith), is responsible for the honour to which the City of Cardiff will, to-morrow, be treated.

Cardiff's further history will be equally in line with her past traditions. That those traditions are honourable to a degree, everybody will admit.

AT a time like the present—when everybody is on tip-toe, so to say, to give honour to their gracious Majesties the King and Queen—it is as well not to lose sight of the real cause of all the splendour, which hasn't been won through letting I dare not wait upon I would. On the contrary,



SIR W. T. LEWIS, BART.

WE have no wish to pose as prophets—the trait being somewhat out of our line, in view of the fact that we are reviewists—but at the same time, and judging by indications, Cardiff will continue to be favoured with the earnest attention of the present descendant of the whole-hearted stalwart who gave us the Cardiff of to-day—the second Marquis of Bute.

THAT such attention will be for the continued benefit of the city and port goes without saying, and all that remains for the Cardiffian, is to line up zealously behind those who are so strenuously working in this connection, when rather, for the eye of faith was very much in evidence in the early days of the struggle.

HE would have been a hardy soul who dared venture on forecasting the Cardiff of our times, when the first sod was cut to form the West Bute Dock? Throwing the mind ahead over the years, it will take quite as much hardihood to forecast what the combination which, to-morrow, will be known as the Bute Docks, will bring. Of a certainty will the essential facilities for a colossal trade be there, and as we have already remarked, the native must get his usual hustle on to bring it.

"John Bull" on Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P.

AT this late date in its history, it is unnecessary for us to acquaint readers of THE MARITIME REVIEW with our views on the general business conduct of Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, M.P. Those views have been scattered broadcast for many a day (and night); but hitherto, we have failed to see evidences of that attention which should be given by the popular Press, to this somewhat serious subject. True, if the so-called "sailors' champion" elects to spread himself at Cory's Corner, say; if, from that historic quarter, he declaims—from the altitude of an "union" office chair—about the woes (real or apparent) of the alien scum with which his

STEAMER ARRIVING WITH PIT-PROPS.

questionable dodges have filled British forecastles; then, some of our up-town friends will chronicle the fact—aye, 'fore all the world as if the "intelligence" were of world-wide importance.

BUT it has been left to *John Bull* to chip in with that solid assistance which the shipping man on shore, and the seafarer, should value. In its issue of July 6, our outspoken contemporary discusses friend 'Aavelock, and "The Strange and Undesirable Bedfellows with Whom Adversity has made Him Acquainted." Let us admit right away, that the word "Bedfellows" is to be taken in a figurative sense; and—well, as we do not often transgress in this particular manner, we will take the liberty of reproducing our contemporary's opinions, which are:

IN our last issue we briefly referred to the Maritime Legal Aid Association, and advised any person whose assistance was invited by it to examine narrowly its claims to confidence. Its founder is a Mr. Daniel Morgan, and its objects, as stated in a document before us for which Mr. D. Morgan makes himself responsible, is to "provide and render legal assistance to all those in need of same, more especially to the seafaring classes." It will more particularly concern itself with claims for compensation under the Act that came into force on the 1st inst. The avowed object of the Society is in itself legitimate enough, but whether the sailor should join its membership is another matter.

To begin with, its terms are much more onerous than those of competing Societies. For example, a sailor can become a member of The Workmen's Legal Aid Society, of Chancery Lane, upon the payment of 1d. for a ticket, which gives him a year's membership, and entitles him to legal assistance free of charge. If he joins the Maritime Legal his membership costs him 1s. The Workmen's Legal Aid Society charges 10 per cent. of the sum received as compensation for its trouble in the matter; the Maritime Legal charges 15 per cent. Under these circumstances it seems, on the face of it, surprising that Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., should associate himself, as he has done, with the Maritime Legal, undertaking to use all his influence with the National Sailors' and Firemen's Union to induce its members to make the Association their agent for the enforcement of claims.

BUT Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P. has received his *quid pro quo*. As most of our readers know, he has been in sharp conflict with the Shipping Federation. Into the merits of the quarrel we will not enter here. It is sufficient to say that it carried Mr. Havelock Wilson into the Courts, with disastrous results to himself. Heavy costs, amounting to many hundreds of pounds, were incurred, and in course of time payment was insisted upon. Mr. Wilson found it impossible to pay, and bankruptcy proceedings were taken. An appeal was then made to the public for the purpose of raising the necessary moneys to clear him, and a considerable sum was found. But a balance of some £700 remained, and as many of our readers will have noticed from the legal reports, only a week or two ago Mr. Havelock Wilson was before the Official Receiver, when it was stated that a portion of this balance had been paid, and that the rest was about to be paid. How was this money got? Our information is that it was obtained from the Maritime Legal Aid Association, that is to say, from Mr. D. Morgan, who apparently advanced it in consideration of Mr. Havelock Wilson's undertaking to use his influence with the Sailors' and Firemen's Union to persuade sailors with claims against shipowners to employ the Association to recover them.

AND what of this Association? The moneys it has lent Mr. Havelock Wilson are moneys borrowed from solicitors who have been induced to accept its agencies. We have before us a draft agreement which explains matters. It binds the solicitor to make a loan to the

Maritime Legal Aid Association, to be repaid one year from date of the agreement, the consideration being the appointment of the solicitor as agent of the Association. Clause II. runs :—

> In consideration of the said ——— advancing to the Maritime Legal Aid Association the aforesaid sum of ———, the Association hereby appoints the said ———, his heirs, executors, or assigns, their solicitor and general legal adviser to represent and act for them in all legal matters appertaining to the Association that may arise in the seaports of ———, in the county of ———.

The sums paid by these solicitors vary from £60 to £150. The various cheques are paid in to the account of Mr. D. Morgan with the London City and Midland Bank, Fleet Street branch, and on May 28th Mr. D. Morgan handed Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., two cheques. Mr. Wilson immediately passed them over to the Official Receiver, and in this way saved himself from being adjudicated bankrupt.

It may be said that in the transactions we have described there is nothing unlawful; that the solicitors were within their right in paying for the agency; that the Maritime Legal Aid Society was within its right in lending £700, more or less, to the Seamen and Firemen's Union; that the Sailors and Firemen's Union was within its right in handing the money over to Mr. Havelock Wilson for his private purposes; that Mr. Havelock Wilson was within his right in accepting the loan. It is not necessary for our present purpose that we should accept or traverse these propositions. Our contention is different. It is that Mr. Havelock Wilson, a public man and member of Parliament, ought not to have any dealings with such a person as Mr. D. Morgan.

Mr. Daniel Morgan describes himself as an insurance manager, and in January of the present year he registered the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, Limited. The date of registration was January 17, 1907. The business of the society, as its name implies, is accident insurance. Its nominal capital is £1,000, in shares of £1 each. On May 1, 1907, the total number of shares allotted was 607, of which 307 were allotted for cash. The directors were Mr. Daniel Morgan and Mr. J. R. Burnell, who was also secretary. Mr. Burnell is a youth of twenty-two, who was persuaded by Mr. Morgan to take up 200 shares, in consideration of becoming director and secretary. Soon afterwards Mr. Burnell was satisfied that the thing was unsound, and put the matter in the hands of Mr. Coote, solicitor, of Bow Street, W.C. Mr. Coote gave Mr. Morgan two days to return Mr. Burnell his money, the alternative being—unpleasant. The money was returned within the stipulated time. Mr. Burnell was moved to sudden action by the information that the trustee of the Workers' Accident Compensation Society, Limited, is a person who has stood his trial at the Old Bailey, gaol being the result. The company has issued a considerable number of policies, and we have before us one signed "W. Hunt, director." Mr. Hunt, whose name appears among the signatories to the articles of association, is described on that document as a "commercial clerk." Mr. Burnell tells us that the signature "W. Hunt, director," on the policy handed to us was written by Mr. Morgan. However that may be—and we have good reason to believe it true—the only two properly appointed directors were Mr. Morgan and Mr. Burnell, and as Mr. Burnell has resigned, there remains only Mr. Morgan. The balance at the bank to the credit of the association to meet claims that may come in at any moment was, at the beginning of last week, some £13.

It behoves a member of Parliament—especially one in Mr. Wilson's position—to be chary of his associates, more especially when those associates are trying to induce the public to trust them with monies. No doubt Mr. Wilson has been in a tight corner, and it may be that the only way to save himself from the consequences of bankruptcy was this association with Mr. D. Morgan. But, if that be so, he would have done well to let the process of the Court take its course. Now that we have called his attention to the facts, we doubt not that he will do the right thing and forthwith dissociate himself from the strange bedfellows into whose acquaintance adversity has driven him.

What do you think of it? Is it in line with the opinions which, in the past, we have given you? Can you recognise the same old master mind running through it all? Do you remember that when—not so long ago—a local solicitor passed through the circle, a contributing cause of his ultimate shortage of the root of all evil, was the financing of this same "sailor's union?" And do you believe that now *John Bull* has called 'Aavelock's attention to the facts, he will dissociate himself from "the strange bedfellows into whose acquaintance adversity has driven him?" Or would you rather gamble on the possibility that he will pursue the even tenour of his way with, perhaps, a change in the name of his "legal aid" fitout, but with the same spirit still in evidence?

Don't worry about sending us answers to the foregoing queries. We aren't at all anxious on the matter. Furthermore, we wish we could work up the same belief which is expressed by *John Bull;* the belief which commences with the words, "Now that we have called his attention to the facts"—as set out above. We have it on very good authority that the leopard cannot change his spots, and although Mr. Wilson, M.P., is in no sense a leopard (we make the admission, because we might have to traverse the jungle once more, and wish to stand well with its denizens), we much doubt if he can be persuaded to turn away from a line of trading which has enabled him to live fairly easily, for quite a number of years.

East Bute Dock.

A Navy, or a Nucleus Therefor?

IT is fairly safe to assume that when the popular Press lets itself go on the need of a revision of the Naval forces of the country, there is a very great need for the action? As a matter of fact, the Press of the sample referred to usually deals with items which are gaining increasing attention from the public—not, as is sometimes claimed, with an intention of working up a "newspaper scare."

THE memory of the public is, notoriously, a slippy kind of affair, and no amount of newspaper controversy will keep a subject alive, if there is nothing to justify the "smoke" of the thing. Under the circumstances, then, it may be taken for granted that this subject of a Navy, or merely a nucleus therefor, is of national importance, and we claim a large amount of credit for having consistently urged attention thereto. In our case, "newspaper scares" came not into the purview.

ON the contrary, rather, for we are in constant touch with those who sail the warships of the nation, and thus—in addition to obtaining our information at first hand—we are enabled to give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth in this connection. In our last week's issue, we dealt at length with Lord Tweedmouth's "word of honour" on the business, and since that time, the matter has been dealt with extensively, in many quarters.

As we remarked, last week, the country is not at all concerned as to whether the Navy is, or is not in better fettle than ever before applied. What would be more convincing, is the belief that the British Navy is fit for the strains which may be thrown upon it at a moment's notice. The man who would pretend that it is fit in the direction indicated, would be an optimist of the first water.

IN actual numbers, the Fleet is larger than ever before, but the fact is in no wise a credit to the present Government. That numerical superiority was fixed up by the late Government, who, thanks thereto, succeeded in steering the ship of State through some very troublous waters. As a matter of fact, there would appear to be too much of that disinclination to "enter into technical details which, in the interests of the public service, must be withheld."

THE public has no hankering after the said "technical details." It is a practical statement of fact that is sought. The taxpayer is assessed at a war rate, and as a consequence, has a right to be the judge of whether a practical statement is in the public interest, or otherwise. At this late date in the history of the world, nobody is misguided enough to believe that the British Government has the copyright of maintaining Naval secrets.

As a matter of fact, there are no such secrets. The Secret Service Agents of each country are too busy to admit of anything being "kept dark." Britain knows all about her possible foes; those possible foes know all about Britain. "Technical details" in this connection, are as fallacious as would be a statement that the road to a given fort is a secret matter. The amiable foreigner may purchase an ordnance map of any given district for a few coppers; the Briton may do the same, when cycling abroad.

UNDER the circumstances, then, isn't it merely begging the question to affect to refrain from making a public

DIGGING DOWN IRON ORE IN HOLD OF VESSEL.

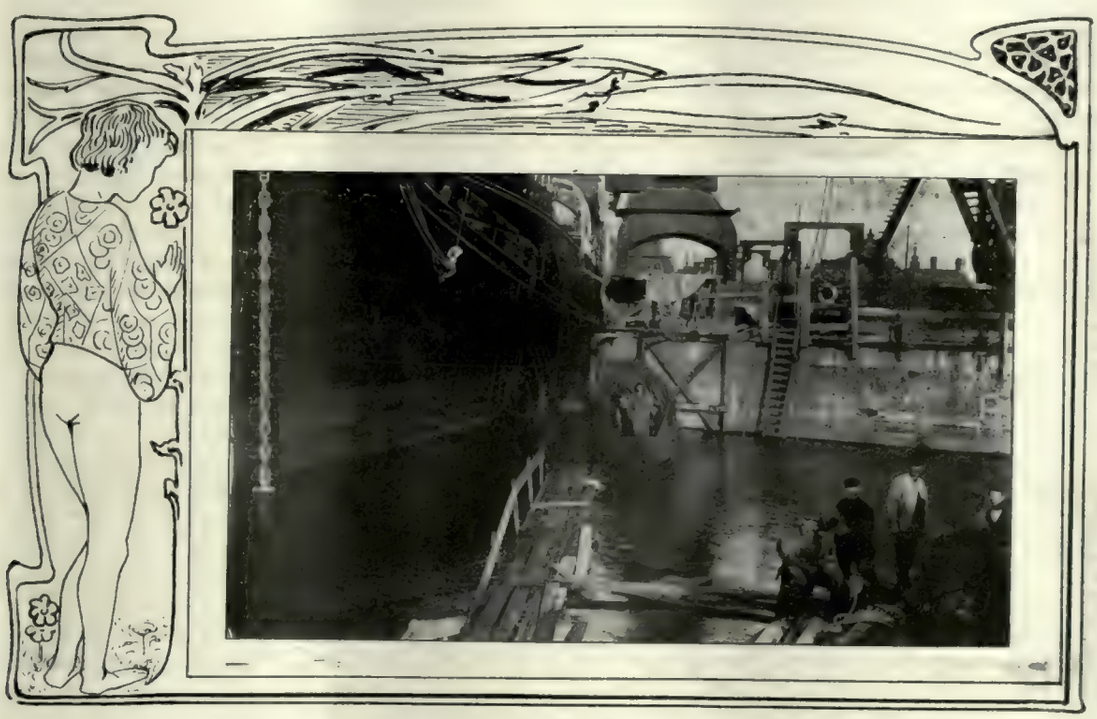
statement, on the grounds that such conduct would not be in the interests of the public service? Of course, it is, and we are surprised to note that a responsible politician should be so ill-advised as to crack that ancient wheeze, in the present year of sin. The same thing applies to a peer's word of honour. The gentleman might easily believe that all that he is saying is gospel truth; but he may not be quite the best sort of person to judge the matter?

It is all very pretty to pretend, for instance, that there is no need for any alarmist feeling, in connection with Lord Charles Beresford's recent hurry to London. As far as we have been able to glean, nobody suggests that there is any alarm about. All that is asked for, is a plain statement of fact. A statement which will bear the light of day, and which will stand by itself, if, at a later date, something goes wrong with the works.

Without going into figures, we are willing to admit that the British Fleet is stronger than ever it was—from a *materiel* point of view. Everybody knows that it is, for a so many millions per annum on other Fleets? As well argue that a man's motor car is efficient because it has a new sparking plug, although the crank-pins are all twisted, and the chauffeur has gone out to see a lady about a dog.

In our opinion—and in that of a number of men who sail therein—the British Fleet, as a whole, is dangerously unfit for war, and the plain facts would appear to be that Lord Tweedmouth is afraid to make a plain statement on the subject. Instead, he fusses around with nursery stories concerning his word of honour as to his beliefs; refuses to lay the facts before the nation; but will tell one who will not be denied—Lord Cawdor—in confidence!

If that isn't juggling with the nation's safety, we should like to hear about it. Again, in connection with the Prime Minister's statement on the same subject, we are informed that the reductions which have been made heretofore, add to the fighting efficiency of the Fleet—whatever "fighting efficiency" might mean to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We are willing to admit that if you have six ships which



Divers at work, removing portion of Roath Dock Wall at end of Communication Passage into Queen Alexandra Dock.

Navy List is among the easiest things in life to procure. It is a public affair, and is sold at a stated price; therefore, its information is open to all. But of what use is a stronger *materiel* fleet, if to work it, the *personnel* is many thousands below what was considered essential, when that Fleet was much smaller?

And most of us have awakened to the fact that the *personnel* is smaller than it ever was in our time, while the *materiel* side of the undertaking is discounted by a further knowledge that an altogether too large number of vessels are half-manned, are sheer hulks in harbour, are in rotten row, or needing repairs? Mr. Robertson has assured the nation that the Home Fleet is ready for instant war, but of what use is it to have a Home Fleet ready, if half the other Fleets are out of repair and undermanned?

If the said Home Fleet is all that we have to bother about; if it is powerful enough to put the fear of things deathy into an enemy; if, in short, it is our be-all and end-all in a Naval sense; where is the necessity to spend are only half manned, and you dispose of three of them, then, in the result, you have a greater "fighting efficiency" in the remaining three.

But an expert in Euclid would find it difficult to persuade the man in the street, that three fully-manned warships are more efficient than six fully-manned warships, what? When all is said on the subject, the Fleet as a whole is in parlous state, and those who are responsible therefor, know all about it. At the same time, and as a General Election might be nearer than some of us think, it is best to keep the knowledge of this ineptitude up a capacious sleeve.

The main trouble is that every would-be foe of Britain's knows all about it, and he wonders (even although he may gloat over the fact) why the native isn't equally-well posted. That would-be foe realises that to learn news, it is essential to go away from home. He also realises that as the average Briton is a home-staying affair, all the chances are on his remaining ignorant!

The Investing Skipper—is he a Success?

LET it be admitted at once, that the word success in this connection, may be viewed from two standpoints—that of the shipmaster, and that of his employer. On this occasion, we are concerning ourselves mainly with the success which might, could, would, or should gravitate around the path of the owner: aye, even as we admit that the investing skipper's utility—if not his success—may also be considered from the purview of the comfort of his crew.

One of the great peculiarities in connection with the majority of investing skippers, is the rabid care which is taken on his behalf by his employer, to cover the fact that he does invest. Why this asinine trick should be indulged in, we cannot say, for although the owner might arrange with great care, that the "returnable terms" agreement (so-called) shall not be published, the Old Man himself, is by no means so particularly careful.

You see, he has money on the old crock (or modern triumph, for that matter) and he means to reap the benefit of his forethought. At least, in the early days of his endeavour he considers it as such; but when, later on, he suffers the fate of the squeezed lemon: when, in the bitterness of his soul, he hies him in to these offices for the purpose of obtaining sympathetic advice; well, on those occasions he isn't at all so sure about his forethought!

Be that as it may, he is inclined to assure all and sundry that he holds a given sum in "ours"—and let the fact not be forgotten that the sum indicated is seldom less than twice as much as he really has invested; and if he weren't built on precisely those lines, he wouldn't be inclined to buy his job. That the rank and file of the profession is "down" on the investing skipper goes without saying, and that same "downness" is one of the rocks on which the owner is likely to split.

That is to say, in the majority of instances where an investing skipper is in charge, that vessel carries but one responsible head, although three or four might be paid for that purpose. In other words, mates—with the i.s.—are more or less a negligible quantity, and for the simple reason that this brand of navigator is generally so choke-full of his own assumed superiority, that he seldom "hits it" with his juniors. Mind you, there are exceptions to this rule—but you do not happen upon them any too frequently.

When the Old Man doesn't "hit it" with his mates, it may be taken for granted that in the interests of the ship, a change in the executive is essential. Some owners oblige by shifting the mates—until more capital is needed, when they incontinently shift the investing medium of command! Where the mates are constantly being changed, the resulting conditions are bad for the owners. On the face of it, a mate should have the interests of his ship at heart, at all times. But seeing that a junior officer is distinctly human, he doesn't—unless he can see some reasonable hope of continuity of employment.

Naturally, then, where the i.s. is in evidence, and the change of mate is frequent, the vessel involved is anything but a dream of beauty. Her tarpaulins are expensive items—and disgustingly unsatisfactory from a cargo saving point of view. Her hatches are in precisely the same condition—for the passing officer doesn't unduly trouble as to what the next fellow shall find, on his taking over the evanescent job. And the bilges—well, these are exactly as they should not be. That is to say, they are filled with all kinds of rubbish.

Of course, in theory, the Old Man is responsible for all these little items, but candour compels us to admit that it is but in theory—where the investing skipper is concerned. Being somewhat of an owner, he is also somewhat inclined to be lordly in his goings forth; and anyhow, he is anything but a good and dependable servant—on very many occasions. Going further with this phase of general neglect, the mate will scamp the accumulations of rust on various parts of his job: will be careless as to separation cloths, grain baskets, and what not. In short, he simply doesn't care a hang!

He realises that he is there for one voyage, so who shall blame him? Certainly we do not. Moreover, is it of any use to wonder at any lack of nautical knowledge on the part of this class of commander? He isn't shipped for his nautical value, but solely for his investing ability. He might be the biggest duffer on earth, but as long as he can pay the outward portage charges and bunker bill, he is—according to the class of man who "employs" him—a right down good skipper man. On arrival out, he may stop the ship, and send a boat on shore to ask the natives if "this is Eupatoria"—an actual occurrence—but it doesn't matter!

The reasons which bring on that denseness in connection with practical knowledge, might be over fondness for the cup which cheers—and does something else. And pursuing the theme yet another notch, the investing skipper might be good enough to "lap" up the perfumes which are on board, after the whisky has petered out; but he may still retain his job—if he is an investor! He mightn't know opodeldoc from cayenne pepper, and if a fireman falls down a hold, he might rub his wounds with watered-sauce, and drink the whisky which was saved for such contingencies—but if he is an investor, he will still be all right!

You simply may not get rid of the investor—if he has had sense enough to see that his agreement is so tight, that his thousand pounds must be returned when you sack him. And sometimes, this class of investing skipper does amble along—although we have to admit that he is not unduly frequent. Still, this veritable Old Man of the Sea does exist, and we have a nodding acquaintance with several of the brand. True, he is dying out—in part. Reputable shipowners are beginning to realise that such men are likely to be a mortifying of the flesh to themselves; and a source of ultimate loss, also.

When the shipowner assimilates the truth of the foregoing, then, the investing skipper will have passed out with other good old has-beens: and thereafter, promotion will follow on merit, to the everlasting good of all concerned. Meanwhile, we have to admit that the sore to which we have referred on this occasion, is still about in disturbing numbers, and as a natural consequence, he is responsible for much of the discontent, unhappiness, and dearth of officers which is more and ever more in evidence, in the British Mercantile Marine.

Here at the docks, it is fairly easy to "spot" a few of those old-time investing gentlemen. Taking time by the forelock, they have been famed for the amiable manner in which they romped themselves into the position of preferential shareholders; the style in which—no matter who else suffered—they collected the precious metal with which they now practice as business men; in short, by the way in which they conclusively showed that they were "downy" birds. But sad is it to say that they are exceptions! In the majority of instances, the investing skipper is mainly famous for enriching a number of adventurers who ought never to have been enriched; and for bringing the present dearth of respectable navigators into existence. All things considered then, the i.s. is a biped which the world could do without?

JUST BY THE WAY.

ON occasion, the Amalgamated Union of Federated Legislators at St. Stephens have some fun introduced into their otherwise dull, and gloomy lives. In the House of Commons, one day last week, one of the members emulated the sailorman by growling about the grub, supplied by the Kitchen Committee. At the first glance, you might be inclined to wonder if we are truthful reviewists, and to doubt if responsible legislators could be found wasting the time of the House, by dissertations on the needs of "Little Mary." But 'tis the truth, we assure you, and Mr. Rees, the Liberal member for Montgomery Borough, feeling somewhat lonely without his usual dose of Welsh mutton, asked the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee whether he would consider the propriety of substituting the Welsh article for Canterbury lamb. Well, the Chairman referred to declared that he wasn't prepared to work up this phase of substitutes at master's option, although he had been informed that the *panem* demanded was on sale in London, from October to March; and during that spell he would see about it. After some little consideration, this brought a reply from Mr. Rees. A really straight-out reply, too, and let the fact not be forgotten.

THE reply was so apposite, that we feel compelled to quote it herewith: "Is the hon. member aware that he somewhat exaggerates, immensely magnifies the merits of the Colonial animal by describing as Canterbury lamb what may more properly be called New Zealand mutton?" and then the crowd laughed! Come to think of it, our A.U. of F.L.'s must study the columns of THE MARITIME REVIEW to some good effect. We have educated the world up to a due appreciation of life in the shipping industry—especially in that portion which "takes to the sea"—and as a result, our legislators are in a position to infuse a little originality into their business in the House. Before the advent of this journal, who would have thought it possible to hear a number of serious-minded members of Parliament "growling about the grub," in this straight-out manner? Not many, we are sure. Still, now that Mr. Rees has undertaken to break a lance for his own mutton, so to speak, Mr. A. Dewar (on behalf of Edinburgh, South) wished to know if the hon. member was aware that Scotch black-faced mutton was the best of its kind in the market? That was alright—for a time. Later on, Mr. O'Shaugnessy (N. Limerick—where the nonsense rhymes come from) wished everybody present to bear in mind the fact that Irish mutton, "the best mutton of all," should be supplied. And that ended it. Yis, sorr, Irish mutton takes a lot of batin' so it does. Yis, indeed.

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THE tale with reference to "Human Wales" continues in the columns of our up-town friend, and judging by the reek of things generally in this connection, there should soon be a run on the wares of some of the local hatters! No, we didn't write the words "swelled head." We merely suggested a new hat or two! Anyhow, the facile writer has got down to a consideration of Nigger Town, and if the yarn is somewhat overdone, who shall complain on that account? Is not this the "silly season," and if you happen upon big gooseberry tales written up in a more or less original vein, are you going to grumble on that account? Certainly not, for having paid your penny you are at liberty to take your choice—exactly as applies with ourselves. For that matter, we do not mind admitting that directly we saw the words "In Nigger Town," and in the columns referred to, we squandered the whole of a penny on our own, so to put it. We have written you tales on Nigger Town philosophy, ere this, and if we were satisfied to write the truth, what are you going to say about it? Nothing? Very well.

BUT in St. Mary Street's version of "In Nigger Town," we happened upon this gem of purest ray serene: "A good many of the 'establishments' in this quarter are kept on the money of 'absent friends' in the shape of sailor's 'half pay.'" Same old jape, you'll note; same old story; same old belief that although the times change, the shipowner doesn't change with them. In the fiction of the past, the Handy Man was reputed to be of that kind which allowed a "half pay" to his 'longshore Tiger; that sundry of those Tigers were in receipt of half-a-dozen half-pays from as many men—and the tale sticks to those who know nothing about the facts of the case. Of course, these 'longshore writers who venture into waters that are altogether too deep for them, might easily drop across some freakish fish. But in a life-time at sea, we never knew of one sailor who was allowed to leave his "half pay" to a denizen of Nigger Town. In fact, and being inclined to the generous side of the thing just at the moment, we don't mind assuring the writer of "Human Wales," that a sailor's allotment note carries an italicised foot-note to the effect that a superintendent of a mercantile marine office may demand to see the marriage certificate of an allottee.

UNDER the actual conditions, then, there would not appear to be much room for the offices of these dillettante reformers—or would-be reformers. If the gentlemen would stick to their mutton, so to say; if they would keep down to subjects which are more in their line of business, we shouldn't say a word. But when they wrack out a quantity of alleged thunder of a supposedly pathetic kind (but which, in reality, is more of the nature of bathos), we feel that in the interests of the City of Cardiff, the actual facts should be tabled. Nigger Town is no worse, and no better than other communities. There is the same love and hate, hopes and fears, intrigue and human nature, generally, as exists elsewhere. By the same token, there are the same shining lights, the same manly struggles to win through, quite as much morality, and equally as much happiness as exists in the gilded walks affected by some of those writer chiels. It might be a bit unkind of us to explode these plagiarisms on "Darkest England:" but then, we are convinced that it is ill fouling one's own nest—especially when that same nest is in no wise worse than the nests of other cities. Indeed, a very great deal better than a number.

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HULLO! What's this? Mr. Joseph Havelock Wilson, M.P., has really settled up his outstanding scores! We are glad, and after this, let no man pretend that there is no compensating blessing in being an agitator. Most of us have to plunk out twenty shillings in the pound, or go bu'st. Mr. Wilson appears to be in a position to liquidate his expenses at half-price. Ten shillings in the pound fetches a clean slate for him, and although we have no time to comment on the worthy judge's remarks upon the business, we yet have to admit that we subscribe to all of them. To paraphrase a wicked sailorism heard in our youth: "And the Fates said unto Moses, 'Luff;' and Moses, being a seafaring man, did Luff; and although the weather sheet of his mainsail caught fire, and he only paid ten-shillings in the pound: he yet weathered the gates of—the Bankruptcy Court." So mote it be!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 10, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local staple during the past week, although not unduly brilliant, has shown considerably more activity and, at the time of writing, is showing a stronger tone in all departments. And not only for prompt stuff, for forward accumulations are romping ahead strongly. Of course, the strength alluded to must be taken in a comparative sense, for it by no means approximates into the volume in evidence during the late boom.

PERHAPS we ought not to write "late boom," for as we have previously remarked in this connection, the gentle lull was more in consequence of bad weather, than because there was a real falling off in demand. Bad weather! That starts us off again! Did you ever see such rott— but never mind. We shan't go on with it, and mainly because we are still hoping for fine weather on Saturday.

WHEN folk are anticipating favours ahead, it is ill to start saying things up against the clerk of the weather. All the same, he appears to have had a fairly good holiday during the present year of grace. Indeed, some knowing ones have declared that he has been given the sack! Be that as it may, his department couldn't have been much more unsatisfactory, if never a "clerk" had been in attendance.

YES, we know that this is a coal report, and not a meteorological consideration of that phase of British life which ranks in under the word "weather." But let the fact not be forgotten, that weather has a very great connection with a successful coal trade, and therefore, one is justified in trotting out the Briton's stock subject of conversation. We remarked above, that the trade had received a fillip—or words to that effect.

WELL, the said fillip is solely in consequence of the change in atmospheric conditions. The wind has died down—as they say on shore—and has been relieved by rather more rain than prevailed heretofore. Wind is antagonistic to light steamers; rain isn't. Thus it comes about that tonnage is very much more plentiful in amount. Plentiful tonnage has necessarily meant a depletion of stocks, and when stocks get that way—giving a fair amount of empty wagons—the coalowner is inclined to harden his heart, and incidentally the price of his coal.

STEMS have been flocking in—promptly and otherwise—and shipments again approximate into the normal. If you have any doubt on the matter, a careful (or casual, for that matter) perusal of last week's returns from the various dock companies, will convince you of the truth of our remarks. This is as it should be, for a dull market is good to neither seller nor buyer. When coal is unduly plentiful—in South Wales—it is because there are no ships to carry it away. When coal is scarce—again in South Wales—it is because there are too many ships awaiting an opportunity.

BY the foregoing you will see that the coalowner plays a game where heads I win tails you lose comes in, with monotonous regularity? Yet, on occasion, he is inclined to growl!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.. 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	18s. od.
Drys ,, ...	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	16s. 9d	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 1½d.	17s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Seconds ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 9d.	10s 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Best Newport ...	10s. od	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	10s. od.	10s. 3d	10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	9s. od	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. od., 29s. od	28s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. od., 26s. 6d.	26s. od., 26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...						
Patent Fuel ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 10, 1907.*

WHILE there has been very little variation in the Swansea Market during the past week, that little item known to the trade as "the tone" thereof has been steadier. Tonnage supplies, which have been the detrimental factor of late, have improved; and this has naturally caused brisker shipments, with collieries placed once again in a comfortable position. Prompt coals are therefore not quite so readily obtainable as of late, stocks being depleted, and this coupled with improved stemming over the month, has enabled sellers to more firmly maintain their quotations. There is also a better enquiry noted, and as a lot of this enquiry is materialising, the market has a tendency to further harden.

ANTHRACITE COALS keep steady all 'round, being favoured with a fairly regular inflow of business. Stems in this department are sufficiently satisfactory to uphold quotations for some little time. CULM is, if anything, firmer, both for prompt and forward shipment. Other sections of this branch of the trade keep satisfactory, both in point of price and business.

STEAM COALS have been rather quiet, but nevertheless prices are much steadier than of late. For immediate shipment there is not much alteration in prices, but for anything required beyond this, higher figures are being asked.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked / Malting Large ...	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 3d., 22s. 9d.	22s 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	21s. od.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od
Machine Made Cobbles ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. od , 27s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. o l.	26s. od.	26s. od., 27s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. o.l.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. od.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.	6s. od.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. o.l., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. od.	15s. od	15s. 1½d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od., 15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, July 10, 1907.

N. denotes Newport. (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Cardigan,* 4,500 tons, 17s.
Pruth, 5,300 tons, 17s.
Las Palmas or Teneriffe, *Diana,* 5,500 tons, 7s.
Huntcliffe, 4,000 tons, 7s. option St. Vincent, 7s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Hillbrook,* 5,000 tons, 14s.
Elvaston, 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
La Plata or Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,500/4,800 tons, 16s. 250, 15 (N).
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, *Ventmoor,* 4,400/4,800 tons, 17s. Steamer, 4,000 tons, 16s. option Rosario or Villa Constitucion, 17s.
Madeira, *Trunkby,* 3,200 tons, 7s. 3d. (P.T.)

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Hanley,* 4,900 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 6,800 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Parana,* 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d.
Espiro, 2,400/2,500 tons, 8s. (C./P./or B.)
Cavi, 3,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Silverdale, 3,800 tons, 7s. 9d. option Savona, 7s. 6d. with 350 dely.
Dowlais, 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d.
Raithmoor, 4,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Cardiff, 4,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Durango, 4,500 tons, 7s. 9d.
/Savona/Spezzia/or Leghorn, *Rosalba,* 2,400 tons, 8s.
Polymitis, 5,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,300 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Cairntor, 5,000 tons, 7s. 8d. (C./N./or P.T.)
Alexandria, *Belford,* 4,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Treloske, 4,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. 700.
Antonio, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d. 700.
Appledore, 6,000 tons, 7s. 400.
Savona, *Elton,* 3,200 tons, 8s. 500.
Venice, "ADRIA LINER," 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Or Ancona, *Illtyd,* 2,200 tons, 8s. 4½d. 500, or 8s. 6d. if 400.
Lady Lewis, 5,300 tons, 8s.
Obi, 4,000 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Clifton, 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Paddington, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Sofia Brailli, or sub., 3,800 tons, 8s. 4½d. 400, or 8s. 6d. if 500.
Naples, *Euterpe,* 5,200 tons, 6s. 9d. 1,000.
Or Leghorn, *Eftikhia,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 1½d. 800,
„ *Asimina,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 800.
Regent, 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 1,000, (N).
Steamer, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Leonidas, 3,900 tons, 7s. 1,000.
Valencia, *Crimdon,* 2,000 tons, 9s. 1½d. fuel.
Buckminster, 2,500 tons, 7s. 7½d. coal, 8s. 4½d. fuel, 350, (s).
Algiers, *Gorbea Mendi,* 3,900 tons, 8 fcs.
Marseilles, *Elantsobe,* 3,000 tons, 8·37½ fcs.
Laura, 4,500 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Leghorn, *Lady Iveagh,* 2,750 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, 6½d.
Barcelona, *Dartmoor,* 4,300 tons, 8s.
Cagliari, *Isle of Ramsey,* 2,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Patras, *Therese Heyman,* 3,100 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Seville, *Edvard Greig,* 1,100 tons, 7s. 3d. (N).
Alicante, *Cordova,* 2,900 tons, 8s.
Palermo, *Cereda,* 3,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Or Messina, *Chicklade,* 3,200 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel, (N.R.)
Trieste or Fiume, *Gena,* 3,500 tons, 8s.
Beyrout, *Nethermoor,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 9d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Torre/Civita Vecchia, *Enosis,* 5,300 tons, 7s. 9d. 400, option Leghorn, 7s. 6d. 500.
Sulina, *Cornilios,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option Danube, 7s. 6d.
Bougie and Bona, *Gafsa,* 2,700 tons, 10·25 fcs. coal, 11·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Taormina, 1,600 tons, 10 fcs. coal, 11 fcs. fuel, (s).
Bari, *Everest,* 3,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Gibraltar, *Cassia,* 1,350 tons, 7s.
Vesta, 1,400 tons, 7s. (N).
Ruabon, 2,650 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Malta, *Sydmonton,* 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Windsor, 5,200 tons, 6s.
Clara, 3,750 tons, 6s. 3d.
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,750 tons, 6s. 1½d. (N).
Mazagan, 2,300 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Gaute,* 1,600 tons, 6s.
Aarhuus, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 6s. option Fredrikshavn.
Stettin, *Josey,* 3,700 tons, 6s.
Marpessa, 2,100 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Cronstadt, *Hekla,* 3,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Waverley, 3,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Zeebrugge, *Belgica,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Wisby, *Lizzie,* 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Helsingfors, *Hofding,* 1,100 tons, 7s. (s).
St. Petersburg, *Beta,* 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d. spot, (N).
Hango, *Terror,* 3,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Holtenau, *Cairnmore,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Reval, *Skane,* 2,000 tons, 6s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

Charente, *Rosehill,* or sub., 1,800 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Pauillac, *Innesmoor,* 1,700 tons, 6·50 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Fernlands,* 2,900 tons, 6 fcs. (C. or P.T.)
Somorrostro, 2,500 tons, 5 fcs.
La Pallice, *Bernabe,* or sub., 3,200 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Oteren,* 1,300 tons, 6·62½ fcs.
Boucau, *Rosario,* 3,000 tons, 6·62½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Muriel,* 2,900 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Resolution, 2,100 tons, 5·87½ fcs. option Rochefort, 6·12½ fcs.
Nantes, *Rosehill,* 2,100 tons, 6·50 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Arden,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Hylton, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Chatham, *Wear,* 1,550 tons, 3s. 10½d. option Sheerness, 4s. (Admiralty).
Dieppe, *Berne,* 1,450 tons, 5s. 6d.
Commercial, 1,800 tons, 5s. 3d.
Paris, 1,700 tons, 5s.
Treport, *Berne,* or sub., 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 1,150 tons, 5s. 6d.
Speedwell, 1,200 tons, 5s. 7½d. second voyage.
Honfleur, *Moringen,* 650 tons, 6s. (s).
Boulogne, *Gazelle,* 700 tons, 6s. (s).
Havre, *Southmoor,* 1,250 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Volscian,* 720 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Devonia, 1,050 tons, 6s. 3d.
Huddersfield, 3,300 tons, 6s. (s).
M. J. Craig, 820 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Stokesley, 1,250 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
Eastcheap, 1,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Ely Rise, 1,500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
Calais, *Castleford,* 2,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Cherbourg, *Asteria,* 550 tons, 6s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, Steamer, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Port Vendres to Cardiff, *Pino,* 2,400 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 4s. 7½d. ppt.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Ragusa,* 1,950 tons, 5s. 1d. ppt.
Baracaldo, 1,600 tons, 5s. 3d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on June 27, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

15,781/06—KRACHT—***Improvements in and relating to rock boring carriages.***

This invention relates to a rock-boring carriage with a pendulum-cutting-body, the invention consisting in the means for engaging the pendulum-body, which may be effected hydraulically or by hand. In the first case a lever swings freely on the shaft on which the pendulum-body rocks, the piston rod of a hydraulic cylinder mounted on a slide being flexibly connected to the lever, to which is also connected the pendulum body. If the motion is to be affected by hand, an arm keyed upon the pendulum shaft is coupled with the segment of a toothed wheel which turns freely on the shaft. The motion can then be made by means of a worm and worm-wheel engaging the segment.

16,555/06—HINK—***Improvements in or related to the means for automatically closing and tightening of ships' doors, hatches, and the like.***

According to this invention, which relates to means for closing and tightening ships' doors, the energy necessary for closing the doors is accumulated in springs during the opening of the doors, which are held in the open position by means of an arrest arrangement which can be released electrically, whereby the accumulated power instantly closes the door.

16,755/06—GALLIFORD—***Improvements in miners' safety lamps.***

This invention relates to improvements in miners' safety lamps, the object being to facilitate examination of the roof in a mine without risk of breakage of the lamp glass. According to this invention, a reflector consisting of a nickel-plated metal ring is clipped around and over the body of the lamp below the glass, or the reflector may form part of the frame below the detachable upper part. The reflector is made detachable and reversible so as to throw the light downwards instead of upwards when required.

18/306/06—HIRST, HOUGHTON & ELVIN—***An improvement in or in connection with rotary coal and rock drills.***

This invention relates to coal and rock drills which have to be used in confined spaces, so that drills of increased length are used as the depth of the hole increases. According to this invention, the drill is formed with a long shank and a short boring head, with the usual clearing screw fitting inside a sleeve which has the feed screw formed on the outside. The screwed sleeve transmits the motion to the boring head by means of a cross pin inserted through a hole in the shank. To minimise the size of the machine, the feed of the driving sleeve is much shorter than the length of the drill, so that it is necessary, when the driving sleeve has been fed to its full advance, to draw back the sleeve, leaving the drill in its place, and to again commence the feed of the sleeve. To enable this to be done, the shank of the drill is provided with holes to receive the cross pin at distances apart slightly less than the feed of the sleeve.

18,922/06—BURRELL—***Improvements in the construction of ships.***

This invention relates to the construction of cargo steamers of the "straight back" type in such a way as to provide great structural strength and facility for handling cargo in the hull. The sides and deck of the ship are supported by cantilever webs built out from the constructed bulkheads, and of plates suitably stiffened, connected and steadied by brackets. The deck plating is pierced by a series of trimming hatchways arranged diagonally in every frame space in such a way that there is practically no more than the equivalent of one frame space in distance between any of the openings. By this arrangement the strength of the deck plating to resist bending remains unimpaired, whilst the deck is available as a platform for the carriage of cargo. The boundary plates may be placed at any desired position relative to the breadth of the ship, thus affording great latitude in the disposition and capacity of the ballast tanks.

27,460/06—BELL—***Improved rest bars for ships' hatchways, and the like.***

This invention relates to rest bars for ships' hatchways, the object being to produce bars having an improved form of shrouding for retaining the wooden sections of hatchway covers in position. According to this invention, the rest bar is formed with the shrouding having a face inclined at an obtuse angle to the bearing surface, thus facilitating the removal of the wood covers in the event of their expanding and becoming jambed. Also the outer surface of the rest bar is formed with a flat surface portion which extends tangentially from the upper part of the rest bar to the junction of its base with the coaming plate. A battening cleat is fixed to the coaming plate arranged so that the binding edge of a tarpaulin covering may be battened against the coaming plate. By this construction, the formation of the exterior surface of the rest bar presents a supporting surface for the binding edge of the tarpaulin covering to lie against.

791/07—DUTTENHOFFER—***Improvements in and relating to the manufacture of explosives.***

This invention relates to the manufacture of explosives, the object being to prevent muzzle flames with explosives containing nitro-cellulose and nitro-glycerine. For this purpose instead of adding in different substances and alkali bicarbonate to the powders as formerly, a small quantity of soaps or colophonic compounds is added.

7,108/07—NELLEN & VOIGT—***Props for mines.***

According to this invention, which relates to telescopic props for mines, the prop consists of a hollow cylinder closed at its lower end through a bottom having an upper edge of cone shaped cross section, engaging with the bevelled surface of the bottom end of the cylinder. The cylinder and the bottom piece are made from limestone, and the former is covered with a casing made from shavings. The cylinder is filled with gravel, and a piston is placed thereon. The pressure of the ground when the prop is used gradually compresses the filling of the prop.

These applications for patents, are until August 12 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARK.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on July 3, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending August 3.

Class 4—***Including coal.***

293,023—INSULDERM—May 16, 1907—Raw or partly prepared vegetable, animal, or mineral substances used in manufactures, not included in other classes. Griffiths Bros. & Co., 29, Macks Road, Bermondsey, London. Paint, Colour and Varnish Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

Registered as a Newspaper.

The Mariner Review

An Illustrated Weekly Journal.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.: Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XIV.—No. 179. FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907. Threepence.

MESMERISED!

Mr. Lloyd-George: "Ladies and gentlemen! This is my chief attainment in the hypnotic line. My friend, the Mariner, imagines that I have given him a great thing on food supply, but—well, I haven't. See?"

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—MESMERISED!	145
MARITIME MURMURS	146
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	149
SIR WILLIAM S. CROSSMAN—AN APPRECIATION	150
"OPENING" A MODERN DOCK (Illustrated)	151
TYPICAL SCENES IN THE BUTE DOCKS ENTRANCE CHANNEL (Illustrated)	153
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	159
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	160

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WITH fitful earnestness, the debate on the preparedness or otherwise of the British Fleet continues to occupy the attention of the legislature. Personally, we are of opinion that the tale which assures us that the Fleet is within a five days' run of "immediate serviceability," is an insult to the national intelligence. With regard to this arrangement, Mr. Robertson (Secretary to the Admiralty), on Monday night said: "The system only came into force generally two months ago, and there had been neither time nor occasion for experiment with it, but the Admiralty were absolutely satisfied that the ships could be mobilised in the time given"—five days. That is all right, and we have no fault to find with the optimism of the Admiralty. Future events might, or might not justify those earnest souls, and no harm (to them) result. But the nation has a right to expect something more than the "absolute satisfaction" of the Admiralty, with reference to something with which there has been neither time nor occasion to experiment? Time and again, it has been emphasised that official satisfaction doesn't amount to a very great deal, so on this occasion we might as well retain an open mind on the subject.

BESIDES, the question isn't whether a five-days' preparation will suffice to justify the Navy claim of "Ready, Aye, Ready." One doesn't need to be a member of the Board of Admiralty, to realise that the Fleet which will take five days' preparation before it is ready to answer the fire of an opposing fleet, will not amount to much from a national safety consideration. For the matter of that, one doesn't need a very vivid imagination to think up the scene which would be staged, when a possible enemy commenced to pump shot and shell into those "getting ready" warships? One can realise, with a disconcerting ease, that the nucleus-crewed vessels would never be ready in the eventuality suggested. They would simply lay quiescent, until they were pounded into a shapeless mass of scrap iron, and the Board of Admiralty must know this, as well as the remainder of the nation which isn't on the Board. It took less than five hours to hash up the further chances of Port Arthur, 'way back, and if the same sharp sudden attack were levelled against the "partially mobilised" Fleet behind which the Briton fondly thinks he is resting in safety, it's all Lombard Street to a China orange that in ten hours at the outside, there would be no further need to talk of preparation.

THE "partially mobilised" fit-out would have gone to join the ranks which are usually available for those whose lives have been wasted in seeking good intentions; and, needless to say, the nation would have followed suit. If the legislature is earnest in its endeavours to consolidate the might and majesty of the Empire, they will get a hustle on for the purpose of sheering off from those five-days' readiness dodges; will see that the only protection which the country possesses is ready for instant reprisals; or, in the alternative, will see to it that no foreign power is in a position to start war in less than seven-and-a-half days. We might be fairly sure that the preparation of the Fleet will take at least half as long again as the estimate given for the job, and anyhow, of what use is it to have a five-days'-off Fleet? If the whole of the British Navy were stationed at the Azores, and never a ship were a mile nearer, would the Government which allowed such suicidal work be in authority for twenty minutes longer? Of course, not, and yet the situation is on a par with that suggested.

THE country is just as vulnerable to attack, as it would be if its Fleet were at the Azores, and meanwhile, responsible legislators are contented with academical discussions as to the might, could, would or should be, if sudden emergency should necessitate the mobilisation of the warships of the Empire. And let it not be forgotten that nucleus-crews amount to from an eighth to a tenth of the full crew. In other words, a warship which—on paper—is supposed to have a complement of, say, 700 hands all told, will carry in her nucleus (chrysalis would be better and more truthful) stage, some seventy men; and—to again quote Mr. Robertson—"The additional men are at the depôts and training establishments." That is to say, out of a possible crew of 700, some 630 men are merely 'longshore-sailors. Men who, as likely as not, would be as sick as the proverbial cat, at the very moment when their

services would be most needed! Fine people aren't we? Train our sailors on shore, and our soldiers afloat! Prattle of nucleus-crews, and put the country off with a tale that this is practicing economy! Heaven send that the Admiralty will receive no "opportunity" until some bigger ideaed people are in power.

For our part, we should give no attention to this Gilbertian method of running a big Empire, did we not know from actual experience, that the circumstances are a thousand-fold more dangerous even than we have cared to suggest. It might be somewhat satisfying for the Secretary of the Navy to say that "the additional men are at the depôts and the training establishments;" but what guarantee have we that the supply is really sufficient? Moreover, are those depôts and training establishments run for nothing, or do they cost a pretty round sum of money per annum? Obviously, they are an additional expense over the cost of the various warships. The latter have to be supplied, are in existence, and will serve as potential training establishments. Where is the sense in building all those vessels, if they are to be laid up, and separate establishments formed for the accommodation of their crews? Isn't this like building a big university college for the use of our children, and when the said college is complete, send the children to a number of subsidiary schools, leaving the colleges to caretakers? Certainly it is, and in the face of all this humbug, supposedly responsible legislators will split straws about the time needed for the preparation of the fighting forces of the Empire! Let's get away from it, or we shall be seasick.

Truly has one to go away from home to learn news! Not satisfied with adjudicating on cases that must be brought to London, although all the portents point to the necessity of a Marine Court at Cardiff, one of the Admiralty Court judges appears to be intent on telling the provincial folk who have had a life-time of training at dock-work, how to run docks! The judge in question is Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, and if we may form an opinion from his own pronouncements, he is hardly the better person to give the local dock folk points. This is the little gemlet which catches our eye in the columns of a contemporary: "As far as he (Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane) had been able to learn, each dock had its own dockmaster, and there seemed to be no authority supreme." The dock referred to, of course, is that system which is known as the Bute Docks. We are somewhat sorry to note that Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane's opportunities have been so limited, and if he had thought fit to send us a query, we would have told him that he appeared to be under a misapprehension; and that the Bute Docks, the Penarth Dock, and the Barry Docks, were all romped in under the words Port of Cardiff, and that as such (and in view of the fact that there is rather a goodly distance between each system) each group had its own dockmaster.

But that if dealing with the Bute Docks (as he was on the occasion referred to)—then there was only one dockmaster, although he is assisted by about as able a set of deputies and berthing-masters as it is possible to find anywhere on earth. The more one considers the matter, the more one is convinced that his Lordship was mussed up with a multiplicity of docks; that he had but a vague idea of what he intended to imply; and to read that "the result was that each dockmaster had control over his own dock and let in or let out ships as he pleased," was calculated to raise a smile on the faces of those who are really in the know. However, we don't mind assuring his Lordship that there is but one dockmaster to each dock system, and as they happen to belong to different proprietaries, it would be somewhat difficult to appoint that "head authority" suggested by the legal gentleman referred to. As well suggest that the various railways in the land should be run by one headman, and regardless of the fact that each one is a corporation to itself. In plain language, the whole complaint emphasises the fact, that the time has come when London should be allowed to look after London's shipping cases, and that Cardiff should have the same privilege with its own.

When a learned judge will give vent to such peculiar beliefs as those with which we are presently concerned, it doesn't augur too well for the justice that will be meted out to the mere provincial? Furthermore, Cardiff has now a Law Courts which make the London sample dwindle into pale insignificance; its many rooms are poorly occupied; there is ample space for the establishment of a Marine Court; London's judges obviously have but a so-so appreciation of Cardiff facts; so what is wrong with pressing for the institution of a Marine Court, here, at Cardiff? In that event, shipowners could depend on receiving a verdict based on the actual facts applying, and not run the risk of being put off with something that has been worked up through a misconception. On previous occasions, we have mooted this same subject; have given many good reasons for the institution of that Marine Court; and now we submit that Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane has bolstered up our cause, by suggesting that the Bute Docks are administered by the one-dock-one-dockmaster notion, when, in actual fact there is but one dockmaster, who is the supreme head of the docking business, and who is also personally responsible for the manner in which his phase of the business is carried out.

Again, it might be good forensic knowledge to talk about a *cul de sac* in this connection, but if a mere nautical man were to give vent to such an expression, his shipmates would certainly tell him to "go and bag his head," or offer other equally expressive advice. Where is there a *cul de sac* in the dock systems around the Port of Cardiff? For considerably more years than Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane has been acting as an Admiralty judge, vessels have sailed in and out of the various Cardiff Docks, and in view of the colossal amount of tonnage dealt with annually (over 21,000,000 tons, your lordship), the accidents are so few and far between, as to constitute an absolute record of safety in the docking business of the country. At the moment, we haven't the actual returns by us, but writing from memory, we have an idea that the accidents are somewhere about '002 per cent. on the overturn per annum. Of course, we understand that Tuesday was somewhat warm for the time of the year; we also know that the ventilation of the Admiralty Courts leave something to be desired; but even so, the combination is scarcely a justification for the promulgation of a number of remarks which have little to do with the case; and which, considered anyway, are wide of the truth?

Each dock has not its own dockmaster; there is no *cul de sac* outside any of the Cardiff docks; accidents are not frequent there; but each dock system has its own head authority. What more can we say? Only that the time has surely arrived when a Marine Court should be established at Cardiff, so that the colossal interests of South Walian shipping men may not be at the mercy (and delay) of a number of London "experts," who do not

appear to acquaint themselves with the facts which apply in the course of their legal practice. If it is impossible to establish a Marine Court at Cardiff (and we do not admit the suggestion), there is one next best thing to do. Invite the Admiralty judges down to Taffside, "do" them well, show them all that is worthy of attention, and then they will be able to assimilate the following facts: that the Bute Docks open out on to one common waterway, where is ample room for thrice the quantity of traffic, and where one dockmaster only, is in supreme control of the traffic which abounds; that the Penarth Dock has a channel to itself, is free, safe, and easy, and has a dockmaster who is personally responsible for the traffic using that dock; that Barry Docks—situated several miles further down the Channel—have an entrance on to the Channel, cannot possibly interfere with any other traffic, and that there is but one supreme head to regulate the traffic using those docks.

INCIDENTALLY, too, those judges will learn that when they are in search of really good traffic managers—men who are to be depended on in face of an abnormal rush of steam tonnage—then, the brand which is to be found in charge of either the Bute system, the Penarth, or the Barry, are past masters in their own work; and that, as we have already remarked, the percentage of accidents per annum, is ridiculously low, in view of the exceptionally heavy amount of tonnage handled. And the points which those judges might glean in connection with expeditiously handling legal cases—well, this is not a law journal, but actual experience at the Admiralty Courts has convinced us that the local legal luminary, could give the Londoner points and a beating—where expedition, and the wiping away of sickening delay is concerned. Yes. Anyhow, the Bute Docks total is quite up to 10,000 vessels per annum—say, 20,000 handlings, in and out: and the page of typical scenes appearing elsewhere in this issue, should convince the most sceptical that the work is varied in the extreme; that anything, from a Royal Yacht to a deepwater rat-trap, or from a warship to a water-tray, is available; and that, generally considered, the safest portion of a given steamer's voyage, is that which is included within Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane's "cul de sac." Otherwise, the Bute Docks Entrance Channel. Here, we leave it, with the remark that we write from personal knowledge, and not from interested hearsay.

TIME and again, we have commented upon the more or less amiable manner in which some of our local competitors favour us by subjecting our efforts to that sincerest form of flattery—imitation! During the recent jubilations, some of the local printeries have attempted to arise from out the slough of mediocrity which is generally their own, by issuing some alleged "souvenirs," and which have been peddled around the streets at prices varying from sixpence to threepence for the same "brochure." Now, if those good souls had made an endeavour to *print* the "souvenirs" referred to, then we should not feel annoyed at seeing our copyright expressions made free use of. That is to say, when we see the words "Maritime Mark Maker" cribbed from our copyrighted pages without as much as a by your leave, and also see the title of our own articles, "Cardiff: Past and Present" filched to add a few shillings to a more or less deserving plagiarist; well, we look to see that, at least, the stolen words shall be placed out in a craftsman-like manner. But that is where disappointment rests with us! The colour of the ink is all right, the words which we have placed in inverted commas are all right, but the printing—well, the less said about it the better. Our one surprise is to think that reputable business houses should act as if they believed the plagiarism is inclined to further their interests. Let it go. It has been said that the copy is never as good as the original. Personally, we are willing to subscribe to the suggestion!

IN connection with that "German Dream of Empire" with which we concerned ourselves last week, we have received quite a number of queries. Some of our friends write us to the point, others of them appear to have forgotten the point—which, in view of the jubilations, is only to be expected! "Did you give us all the points that were in the book referred to?" Thus a querist. The idea! Mr. Martin has a quantity more of the opium-induced stuff in his book. Poor old France is going to receive the first burst of the Teuton's anger—you see money is again plentiful in Germany!—for the German army will inflict a crushing defeat on the French forces, exactly as it did on those trade-gun-armed Africans to which we alluded, 'way back? The result will be, that Germany will take over the greater portion of France as a going concern—but why be satisfied with the "greater portion," Mr. Martin? When out upon a blotting-paper séance, why not lick up all the blots?

PERSONALLY, we are a bit disgusted with the whole Martin outfit. It is a discreditable plagiarism of that yarn about the fellow who owned a basket of crockery-ware. Mr. Martin had obviously lighted upon that tale, and for the purpose of winning a little cheap notoriety, he has re-hashed it up to suit his "Imperial Master's" taste. Tell you the crockery tale? Very well. It lilted along like this: Timothy had invested his savings in a basket of "seconds" crockery, and plunking the stuff on the side-walk in front of him, indulged in a day-dream as to what he was going to do with the "china," and with that girl Mary who had lately frowned upon his suit. Gazing lovingly down at the crockery-ware, Timothy—in imagination—had sold the lot at a profit. He—still in imagination—purchased more and sold at more profit. Later, he owned a donkey-cart, then a horse and wagon, anon a small shop, and finally a big china-ware emporium. Fortune favoured him, and Mary began to reconsider her former decision. Of course, Mary was still as young and trusting as heretofore! only Timothy had developed age, rheumatism—and ooftish! Just at this phase of the clairvoyant stage, Timothy imagined that he could see Mary making goo-goo eyes at him, and by way of getting a bit of his own back, he spurned her with his foot.

UNFORTUNATELY, that foot struck up against the basket of crockery-ware, capsizing its equilibrium, and scattering the erstwhile clean side-walk with a choice assortment of "shords," as they say in Devonshire. Needless to say, the dream of wealth was dissipated at once, Mary married the barber, and business pursued the even tenour of its way, much as if the whilom merchant had never existed. In winding this little review up, so to put it, we note that according to the Martin, "Sooner or later, Germany will declare war against England," and this is mainly where we differ from this prophet. Germany might be drawn into war, yes; but we much doubt if ever she will declare it. She isn't a girl of that sort, and has too many hornets around her frontiers to admit of any such a declaration proving advisable. If the declaration were to come off, we have an idea that instead of Germany annexing Austria-Hungary, the latter combination would annex Germany. As a Midsummer Night's Dream, Mr. Martin's little hold-forth has much to recommend it; as a pregnant lesson to our own Admiralty, it has more. With the sincere hope that the said lesson will sink in, we leave the subject, and offer our respects herewith to Professor Martin. He can spin a fairly decent yarn—but we have heard better!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 17, 1907.*

JUBILATIONS are "off," business has resumed its fell sway, and if there are any disappointments about with regard to the last week's outgoings—social, political, or commercial—there is a compensating blessing in the improvement which is apparent in the coal trade. At the same time, it will be as well to state right away, that there is nothing of a particularly startling nature to record.

AN upward movement, yes; but even so, it is gradual, and is therefore more pleasing than if the feature were on panic lines. You see, a panic is just as likely to go wobbly at the psychological (sakes! A learned judge objected to the word, a while since. But then, he doesn't have to eke out a coal report in the dog days—fortunately for himself).

ANYHOW, and as we meant to say when the foregoing digression wooed us away from the paths of a strict reviewist, a panic is just as likely to go wobbly at the psychological moment, and prove equally bad for seller and buyer. What is more appreciated, is the gradual trend—especially when it is upward, even as applies at the moment. Yes, the trend is distinctly upward—the fates be praised!

MOREOVER, prices are fairly regular in all departments, and current quotations—as shadowed out below—are maintained (or have been maintained) without the slightest difficulty. Needless to say, then, the seller is in great fettle, and if his bosom friend, the buyer, is beginning to feel the pinch of a decided shortage of coal, well, that is his own circus.

A FEW days ago, the market was supposed to be in the buyer's favour; but, as he, fond soul, couldn't obtain tonnage for love or money, and his "favour" was merely for prompt loading, you can easily understand that he had his doubts about the situation, and its blessings as far as he was concerned? That's how he felt, anyhow, and for our part, we aren't going to blame him.

COLLIERIES' stems are good—passing good, our own notist assures us, and we never like to disagree with that young man; tonnage is in fair amount; under those conditions, then, you can see with half an eye, that free coal isn't likely to remain around in any very great amount? It isn't, and when free coal is scarce, it is not of much use to the buyer, to note that the docks are fairly-well supplied with tonnage?

OR that more of it is due in daily, and furthermore, with the spell of tropical weather which has been inaugurated (or has arrived, whichsoever you please) that it will come to hand (or dock) as per schedule. Poor buyer! He has our sympathy, for he is invariably between the devil and the deep sea—with all the odds on the devil. Not that he appears to suffer unduly from the conditions which apply. He doesn't, and that's a fact!

STILL, summing the state of the market up as briefly as possible, we find that there is plenty of available tonnage, little free coal, more tonnage due in the immediate future, and the seller has once more the bulge on his friend the buyer. For the actual figures, day by day, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	HOLIDAY.	19s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 3d.
Second (Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.		18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.		18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.		17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.		17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.		17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.		15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.		18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.		19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 0d.	14s. 0d.		14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.		16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.		12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.		12s. 0d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.		11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s 6d.		10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. 0d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d		10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.
Seconds ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.		10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d	10s. 6d.		10s. 9d.	10s 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.		12s. 10½d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.		29s. 6d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.	30s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	26s. 6d.	27s. 0d.		27s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.		24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d		19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.		19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened

SWANSEA, *July 17, 1907.*

THERE has been no material change in the market in this quarter since our last writing, the conditions that prevail now, being much the same as those at that time. That is to say, steadiness is the chief characteristic in prices, and which, needless to say, have been maintained without much difficulty on the part of the seller.

THERE has been little that is new about to warrant any movement either one way or the other, but the prospects are all in favour of upward, rather than otherwise, as stems with the bulk of collieries are well filled, and are sufficient to keep them busy for some little time. Furthermore they have been favoured with improved tonnage supplies, which has helped them in this respect. The demand too, continues good all round, and as time goes on, supplies are barely adequate. Quotations are much about the same, but there is a firmness in them, as may be expected.

ANTHRACITE COALS keep active, and the quantity of free Coal offering is on the limited side. Sellers experience no difficulty in getting rid of what they have to spare at the demanded figures. Inferior qualities are also firmer, thanks to an improved demand. MACHINE MADE COALS keep in the skies, as it were. CULM and DUFF are steady markets. STEAMS can also be termed an improved section, stems getting more attention than of late, and quotations are higher. Bunker qualities are being maintained, but there is no appreciable alteration in prices.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d, 23s. 0d	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.
Big Vein Large ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 7½d.	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d
Machine Made Cobbles ...	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 9d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 0d., 27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 0d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 0d.	19s 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 0d	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d	15s. 7½d	15s. 9d	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. 0d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907.

SIR WILLIAM S. CROSSMAN.

An Appreciation.

AS a commencement to this present writing, we tender our heartiest congratulations to Sir William Crossman, Lord Mayor of Cardiff, and not because fate has placed him in the seat of the so-called Labour Cause, but rather for the reason that he is a man in every sense of the word, and because his Majesty, King Edward VII., realising the truth of the situation, was pleased to make that realisation manifest, and without any "party" recommendations. Cardiff is proud of her Lord Mayor, but not more so than are the inhabitants of the little West Country town which claims him as its own. To the time of writing, no one appears to have had time to think up the similarity which exists between the career of Sir William Crossman, and that of his more or less legendary predecessor, Sir Richard Whittington. But we need not bother unduly on that account. The "historian" will surely be along later on, and if he doesn't work up a splendid tale of how the bells of Cardiff suggested to the then youthful Crossman, the advisability of turning toward Taff-side, well, we shall be surprised! In this connection, the name Crossman might be considered as somewhat short to enable the alleged poetry of the thing to shine; at the same time, "Turn again Crossman, Lord Mayor of Cardiff," is beautifully true, even supposing that it isn't poetry. And after all, it is the truthfulness which has ever laid around the latest knight's path, which has won him the honour that is giving pleasure to his fellow citizens—for, needless to say, every Cardiffian feels that he is shining with reflected glory on this occasion. The knighthood was conferred on Cardiff's Lord Mayor, and solely for the reason that his whole life had proved him eminently suitable for the position in which his fellow citizens had placed him. It will be admitted that it is no short cut to fame, to attain to the Chief Civic Seat in a city of the importance of Cardiff? That is to say, no man may hope to rush into that seat in a year or two, or by any meretricious action. The promotion has, necessarily, to be slow, and although many start out on the path with everything in their favour, but few continue in the road until the Chief Magistrate's position is attained. Municipal honour is about the most evanescent thing on earth, and as a consequence, a man might be boosted into the council with an overwhelming majority in one year, only to find himself hopelessly out-classed at the next attempt. This is exactly as it should be, for in the result, a municipality has thus the better chance of securing the services of the better men. And while on the subject, is there any reason for such sloppy nonsense as the following: "No more honest man nor one of greater integrity could be picked out for such an honour graciously conferred by the King upon the Labour movement?" That it would be difficult to find a more honest man, or one of greater integrity than Sir William Crossman, we have already admitted; but to suggest that his lately-conferred honour has anything to do with "the Labour movement" is, we contend, absolute balderdash. Aren't we all labourers? Do not we all attend to the earning of our livings in variously sweaty manners? And although many of us might be inclined to give attention to the so-called "Labour movement," how many of us would have the patience, or the ability, to win through its heart-breaking vicissitudes to the end? Sir William Crossman would be just as good a man supposing he had "gone in" for boot-repairing, and the reason that he has been chosen for the personal reward of our gracious Sovereign, is that he was found in the seat of the powerful; a seat which merit alone will give. Going further with this consideration, how many of our fellow citizens can remember hearing a quantity of rhodomontade from the mouth of plain "William Crossman"? Or of reading any effervescing twankey from his pen—either as regards the "Labour movement," or otherwise? When all is said on the subject, wasn't the present Sir William, more in the nature of a "dark horse" while yet plain Mr. William? Of course he was, and for the simple reason that he believed in deeds rather than mere empty words, and of such are they whom the King delights to honour. Empty pitchers make the most sound, but the full pitchers are the more useful; and all this old twaddle about honouring the "Labour movement," is just that, and no more. If the labourers among us wish to glean a lesson from the career of Sir William Crossman, it is palpable enough. Do, rather than talk—that is the main lesson. In the present year of grace, it is comparatively easy to pick out a hundred loud-mouthed demagogues; men who do little for the "movement," save shout and collect a living therefrom; at the same time, it is more than difficult to drop upon a handful who have been considered worthy of ennoblement because of their sterling worth. All of which goes to show, that honour, in the present day of grace, is precisely what it was in the dark old days of which we read in our off moments. Honour is the reward of merit, rather than of mouthing, and the fact should not be forgotten. To dub a man a "Labour knight" might be good enough in the first flush of the untoward happening; but when the labourer has had time to think the matter out for himself, he will assimilate the fact that the knighthood has but little to do with the "Labour movement," having more to do with the inherent ability of the recipient. Having assimilated the truth in that manner, the labourer might then decide to go and do likewise—or as near thereto as is possible to his own particular possession of talent. As we have already remarked, Sir William Crossman's honour was not given on the recommendation of any "party" cabal; it was given to a man who had proved himself worthy of that honour, by being found in the seat of the mighty. And the worthiness was all the more apparent, in view of the absence of wealth and powerful friends, although in view of the circumstances, those same friends might reasonably be expected to come forward and do the needful, now that their man has proved himself a winner, and possessed of the real grit. In this connection, we have but little concern, but we realise that as the King has effected the half of the undertaking, his loyal subjects should find it a real pleasure in finishing what he has begun. And while this honour has been given to Cardiff's Chief Citizen, the country is being wracked with all manner of tales about the purchase of honours. Obviously, the accolade which was given to Cardiff's Lord Mayor (given, too, in plain sight of the assembled multitude) had nothing to do with purchase, other than that sample of the thing which buys a Monarch's love and respect—worthiness and general merit. So, if the Sovereign is willing to show his approval in this signal manner, is the citizen likely to hang back? No, a thousand times, no! We have enough faith in the other great ones in Cardiff society to feel that, in due course, they will take the matter into their own hands; they quite realise that the knighthood had but little to do with the "Labour movement;" and that as the aristocracy of the Empire is constituted of two component parts (money and brains), then, Sir William Crossman is thoroughly eligible for inclusion among the former, seeing that he has already won a seat with the latter. Here, we leave the subject for this occasion, and again we tender to Sir William and Lady Crossman, our sincere congratulations—not so much for the honour which has been accorded them as such, but rather that the merit which has been their's for years, has, at length, won acknowledgment from that gracious Sovereign, who is ever to the 'fore when true merit is seeking recognition.

"OPENING" A MODERN DOCK.

NOW, when the wild excitement consequent upon a Royal Visit has died down; when the native has saturated himself with "information" that dealt with subjects which passed before his own eyes, were therefore, within his own knowledge, and as a natural consequence was no information at all; when the said native is beginning to realise that, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, he has merely been filled with a quantity of journalistic wind; it will be as well if THE MARITIME REVIEW comes to the rescue and, with a quantity of really solid information, explains what "opening" a modern dock really amounts to? Very well. The task is pleasant—the more so because, hitherto, and locally, it has either been shirked, or glossed over with a number of impossible illustrations of the "souvenir" kind.

As applies with all really serious undertakings, it is better to begin at the beginning, in a manner of writing, in which case we shall not emulate those of our contemporaries who appear to have commenced at the end, and left off in the middle. The beginning, then, was when the Royal Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, showed first, her mastheads and funnels above Lavernock Point, following that peep almost immediately, with her graceful prow and the remainder of her hull. Judging by the wild enthusiasm which ran through the assembled mass of people on the high land around Penarth Head, the first phase of the dock "opening" had then taken place!

AND here it occurs to us to point the moral regarding punctuality. The Yacht was scheduled to round Lavernock Point at 6-30 p.m., on July 12, 1907, and practically to the minute, she did so. The vessel had come from Ireland, and had to undertake a run sufficiently long to admit of all manner of happenings tending towards delay; but so well had the arrangements been mapped out, that with the moment came the ship; and the mass of people already referred to were wonderstruck. So much so, that we personally heard a number declare that the appearance of the Yacht so much "on time," was a "bit uncanny."

BE that as it may, the Yacht was "there," and manœuvred around in the magnificent summer evening, awaiting the arrival of the two fussy little tugs which had been commissioned to render her assistance. Later on, the "watchdogs"—two four-funnelled cruisers, and a

Photo by] The Royal Yacht about to enter the Queen Alexandra Dock, Cardiff. *[H. J. B. Wills, Cardiff.*

"creepy" looking torpedo boat—appeared in view, and this small but important Fleet was soon surrounded by practically every sample of small craft that could be procured for the job. The craft referred to, consisted of pilot boats, toy-yachts, motor boats, steamers of all sizes, passenger-boats, and Neptune only knows what beside! Needless to say the excitement on the high land between Lavernock Point and Penarth Head ran high, and even the smug conventionality and superiority of the inhabitants of Penarth was forgotten for a time—by which happening you will admit that the patriotic fervour was very real?

Quite well-to-do Docks gentlemen could be seen hobnobbing with their less-favoured fellow citizens, and ladies decked out in "Paquin frocks" (we were privately assured!) deigned to remark about the gracefulness of the Yacht's appearance, to other ladies who were decked in plain (but becoming) somethings-or-other averaging around the proverbial "two-three-a-yard" from the local draper's! Mem. It would be conducive to comfort and sisterly-love, were the King to honour this end of the world a bit more frequently?

Slowly and majestically, the Royal Yacht drew in from the Roads, and by the time her attendant "watchdogs" had drifted up Channel to an anchorage, the vessel was off Penarth Pier. Here, we cannot help repeating a pretty little expression which came from the lips of a sunny-haired maiden in our vicinity. The "tot" in question was probably "rising ten," and she suggested that the marine pageant, "looked like a wedding, for with the King's ship in front, and all those pretty little pilot boats behind—well, the big ship was the bride, and the smaller ones the bridesmaids!" At the time, we thought the expression most appropriate—we think so, now.

Bute East Dock: G.W.R. wharf (first two tips on right hand side).

However, the punctuality which brought the Yacht around Lavernock Point "on time," also took her into the sea-lock of the dock which, on the morrow, his Majesty would declare open to the commerce of the world. With the anxious preparations which had to be attended to by the Bute Dock officials, we have, on this occasion, no concern. But when it is remembered that every item had been carefully thought out, and that the whole of the subsequent proceedings went off without a hitch, then, that those same "anxious preparations" were not in vain, will be conceded.

By the time the *Victoria and Albert* had been snugly moored in the Sea Lock, the onlookers were in a position to grasp in the immensity of the new dock works, generally, and the Sea Lock in particular. Here, we will make a slight digression. The word "yacht," to the man in the street, is a movable-feast-sort-of-thing. The little panfish which sails in the Cardiff Regatta as a member of the "mosquito fleet" is a "yacht." The steam-propelled toy affected by some of the Docks gentlemen is also a "yacht." What, then, is the difference between the one sort, and the Royal Yacht?

Disregarding the "one sort" alluded to, let us give you a few details of the King's Yacht. Don't get restless, for we will merely touch lightly on the theme. Her length, over-all—which, of course, includes her long and delicate "snout"—is just 439ft., although between perpendiculars she is but 380ft. in length. Her beam is 50ft., and her mean draught 18ft. *En passant*, we might remark, that she is credited with a speed of 20 knots per hour, although her sea speed is assessed at 17 knots; and to supply that power, she has engines of 11,000 indicated horse power, which are kept going by no less than eighteen Belleville boilers. Again, her displacement of water is 4,700 tons, and the weight of her hull, alone, is 2,900 tons; and she cost to build, £512,034.

Taken altogether, then, the Royal Yacht is a very creditable sample of naval architecture, even in the present era of "big things"? She is, and yet as she lay snugly-moored in the Sea Lock of the dock which is now known as the Queen Alexandra Dock, she appeared to be anything but big! But in view of the fact that the Sea Lock is 850ft. in length, and 90ft. in breadth, you can see the reason? Of course, and there is one other feature to which we should like to call your attention. That Royal Yacht was built in Wales (in Pembroke Dock), and was, therefore, the more fitting to open a Welsh Dock?

Yet another digression, and this time for the benefit of those good souls who would "do" things in a very expeditious manner—if we are to believe in their claims thereafter. We have in mind the clever folk who prattle about the time that it has taken to build the newly-opened dock. Listening to them, one wonders why the Fates have left them to pine in oblivion when, were it otherwise, the world would have been so very much better off.

But pointing our moral in this respect, let us remark that the Royal Yacht was laid down (that is to say, was commenced—her plans having been already completed) on December 12, 1897, and was launched on May 9, 1899. Even then, she was anything but ready for work, for a fair amount of after-thought had to be requisitioned, before she was accounted fit to be trusted with the safety of King Edward VII. In other words, this vessel which about half-filled the Sea Lock of the Queen Alexandra Dock, occupied the whole of one year and five months in construction; and even then was anything but a commercial success. Mem. (once more): There have been no after-thoughts in connection with the Queen Alexandra Dock. It has been finished, is now open for business, and although necessarily not so well-equipped as increased traffic will necessitate, is ready and able to maintain the Bute Docks motto of, "Let 'em all come."

We have no wish to pretend that the good folk who are responsible for the working of the Bute Docks have ever expressed the motto written in the preceding paragraph. But in view of the able manner in which they attend to their share of the white man's burden, the motto is implied—right enough.

With the bonfires, fire-works, illuminations, decorations, and excitement, generally, we have no concern. Those of our home-staying friends who will read these lines, were present and therefore know all about it; to our legion of friends in far-off lands, it will be kinder for us to refrain from a detailed account of all the jubilations in which a seemingly-unkind Fate have debarred them from participating.

At the same time, and as the witnessing of the actual opening ceremony was possible to but the favoured few, we feel that we shall be doing the correct thing if we go into detail, somewhat, thereon. Needless to say, the Marquis of Bute and Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., were at hand to greet their Majesties the King and Queen on their arrival; and later on, those Makers of Modern Cardiff returned

Typical Scenes in Bute Docks Entrance Channel.

BUTE DOCKS ENTRANCE CHANNEL.

"THE MARCHIONESS"—HOMEWARD BOUND.

BRISTOL CHANNEL PASSENGER STEAMERS.

H.M.S. "DIDO"—Squaring up for Roath Dock.

H.M.S. "DIDO"—Entering Roath Dock Lock.

to dine with the King. On their arrival on board, Sir William was taken to the King's private apartment, where his Majesty expressed warm appreciation for the hon. baronet's strenuous services to his country, and in token thereof, conferred upon Sir William the honour of Knight Commander of the Victorian Order.

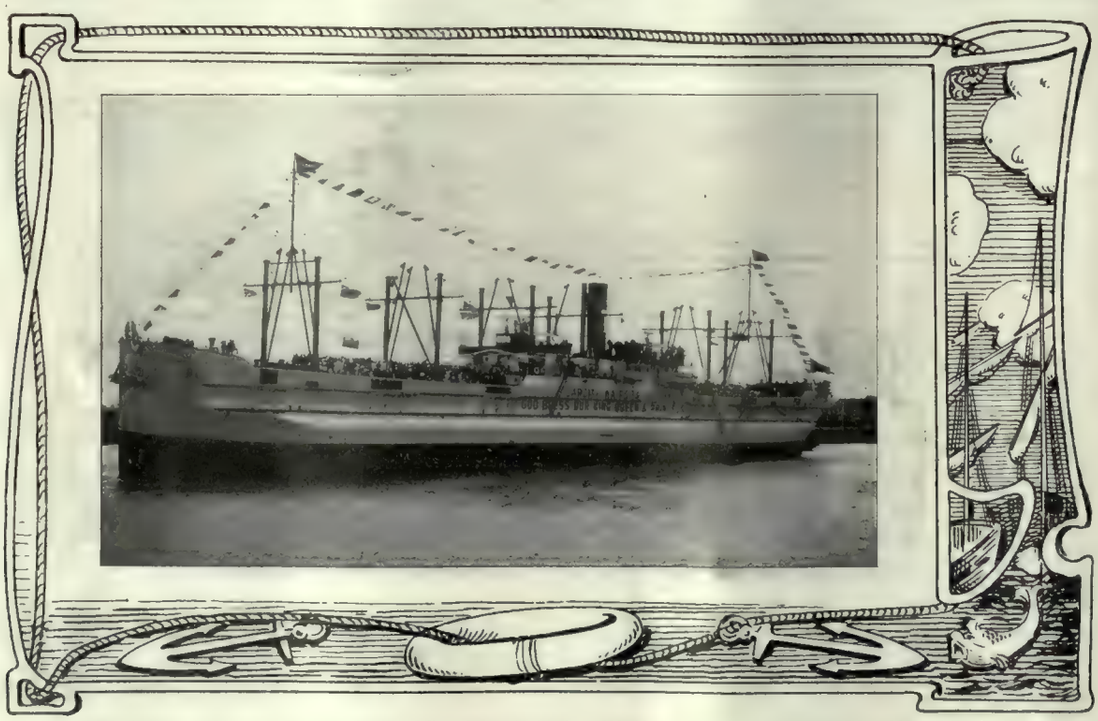
The King formally declaring the Queen Alexandra Dock open to traffic.

His Majesty attached the brilliant star of the Order to Sir William's coat, and the Lord Chamberlain placed the ribbon appended to the sparkling cross around his neck. As this honour was conferred in private, we have no means of knowing what was said on the occasion; but in view of the fact that the investiture is a personal mark of esteem from the Sovereign—that it has no connection with party services, or "hack" work, generally—we may rest assured that all Wales (to say nothing of the great business world outside of Wales), will feel that by this honour to their fellow countryman, they are, each one, shining by reflected greatness. And the consensus of opinion at Cardiff Docks is: That never was a mark of personal esteem from the Sovereign better deserved, while everybody joins with us in sincerely hoping that Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., K.C.V.O., may long be spared to wear his honours—aye, and to add thereto.

When the Royal Party had finished dinner, they were given samples of the singing for which "gallant little Wales" is no less famous, than is she for her "smokeless" coal, and, simultaneously, the seething crowds in Cardiff's streets, were making a whole-souled endeavour to enjoy the feast of colour which had been spread around with a lavish hand. Sleep—for once—appeared to have been banished from the district, and this, too, in spite of the fact that the following day would be, in deed and truth, the red letter one in Cardiff's existence. Fortunately for all concerned, "Royal Weather" was in evidence, and for quite the first time since Easter, it was safe to leave umbrella and rain-coat at home!

Come we now, to a consideration of Great Saturday. Although rain had kept off hitherto, there was just enough suggestion of its near approach, to add a spice of uncertainty to the minds of the millions who were early astir. At the same time, and with true Cardiffian courage, all hands undertook to defy the elements as far as sartorial effects were concerned. Judging by the prodigality of "store clothes" that were everywhere in evidence, the decision on all sides had been: "Bother the weather. The King and Queen, with (or without) Princess Victoria, do not come to Cardiff everyday. Let's dress, eat, drink, and be merry, and show the Royal Visitors that we can appreciate their kindness in coming here after a fagging week in Ireland."

We remarked above, that the spectators were early astir. We have an idea that if their convenience had been consulted, the function would not have been carried out so early in the day; but as everyone knows that time and tide wait for no man—well, this was no exception to the universal rule. We have a notion that Cardiff's dear, dirty, docks have never been favoured with the presence of so much youth and beauty (to put the matter as politely as possible, and without too



The Tatem Steamer "Torrington," conveying the Waifs and Strays into the New Dock.

great a stickling for the absolute truth !), at so early an hour in the day.

However, the sight see-ers were early astir, and long before the appointed time, eager feet were hurrying to the different coigns of 'vantage, whence a sight of the great event might be obtained. There were "stands" at various points around the docks—stands where spectators sit until the excitement runs away with them, when the "stands" are that, in very truth ! But on this occasion, we are concerning ourselves with the happenings at the "stand" which had been thoughtfully erected at the eastern end of the new dock—right opposite, that is, to the Sea Lock, and where his Majesty would come ashore, after having traversed the length of the dock which would then be considered "open."

Deal Steamer being Docked.

As early as 9 a.m., there were many of the favoured ones awaiting admission to the stand, and needless to say, this contingent had the choice of seats. This same contingent represented the strenuous members of the congregation, and they exemplified the fact that they were grateful for the opportunity accorded them, and in consequence, "were making no bones about it." In other words, they admitted the favour which included themselves among the number ; "got a hustle on," so that they may be a credit to the kindly feelings which had extended towards them an invitation : and in the result, obtained a pleasant seat, in a favourable position.

There is another side to the shield, of course, and it is fairly-well occupied by those very superior persons who accepted the invitation to attend as a mark of grace from themselves. Needless to say, those superior persons were late ; their superiority demanded it, for they couldn't be expected to rub shoulders with the common herd who rushed down to secure a seat, in the very plebeian manner natural to such folk ! As far as that goes, the same superiors will be left out of heaven, by and bye. They will be too late for entry ! St. Peter will become tired of holding the gate ajar, and even as they found no seats on the "stand" on Great Saturday, so will they fail to gain admittance on the other great occasion.

Still, superior persons notwithstanding, the majority of the visitors were in great fettle, and furthermore, were anxious to show King Edward VII., and his equally beloved Consort, Queen Alexandra, together with Princess Victoria, that they hadn't come down to the dock-opening in any pessimistic frame of mind. Their Majesties had been good enough to honour good old Cardiff ; the Cardiffians meant to show that they appreciated that honour ; also, that they were able to give as good as they received. Judging by the amiable smiles which wreathed the faces of the Royal Party, we have an idea that conviction was with them. But we anticipate.

Weighing the Coal.

Certainly, time hung a bit—especially as constant fears for the breaking of the weather would intrude—and what with impatient

glances at watches, wonderment as to whether the civic side of the undertaking would be as punctual as had been the Royal side, and general nerve-tension all 'round, 10.30 a.m. (the time for starting the yacht through the dock) appeared long in arriving. By and bye, the inner gates of the Sea Lock opened a bit—that was a diversion! Later, the north gate was opened wide, and the spectators immediately declared that they could see the red ribbon which playfully barred the vessel's progress! Later, yet, and the south gate was swung away clear of the entrance, when the said ribbon really could be discerned.

The nervous strain on the spectators was beginning to tell by now, and right on the "tick" of the scheduled time, a splash near the Yacht's port bow suggested that it was made by the dropping of her bow-rope—that she was now about to "do the deed." The suggestion was correct, for almost immediately, the first boom of the royal salute of twenty-one guns was heard, and the *Victoria and Albert*—playfully parting that silk ribbon—stemmed her way into the waters of the new dock. By this time, the northern side of the dock had become literally packed with spectators, and judging by the cheerful manner in which they "let themselves go," they seemed to wish to make the Royal Party realise that they were not alone on this auspicious occasion!

But nobody had time to bother with the onlookers. The Yacht took up all the attention available, and although she appeared to be coming along in fine style, she yet took some little time to draw up near enough for swinging round to her appointed berth. You see, the dock happens to be 2,550ft. in length, and even a Royal Yacht needs a little time in covering the major portion of that distance—especially when she jibs off from scratch, so to put it, and has not made a "flying start."

Once having got well clear of the sea Lock, the fussy—but able—little tugs which were to assist in turning the Yacht were seen wobbling along in good style, and without wasting any time in the operation, the *Victoria and Albert* was laid alongside the fenders which had been placed *in situ*, and the mooring proceeded apace. Conjecture as to "who was who" on the Yacht's bridge deck was rife among the spectators; but there was no conjecture when his Majesty was seen conversing with Sir William Thomas Lewis, or when the Marquis of Bute was seen standing by the side of England's much-loved Queen Alexandra.

The persons of those enumerated were as well-known to the assembled spectators, as were those of their dearest friends. Indeed, all hands could now understand why the saloon carriage which had erstwhile carried the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute and party, including the veteran commercial chief Sir William Lewis had not returned to "our end" of the dock! That saloon carriage had taken the Bute party to the Sea Lock, so that they might return in the first vessel which had navigated (if we may use the term) the Queen Alexandra Dock—as it will be henceforth styled.

It necessarily occupied some little time in squaring the yacht up so that her gangway should coincide with the landing-pavilion which had been erected on the dock-side, and while this was being skilfully attended to by Captain Rosser (the dockmaster) and his staff, the Royal Party were indulging in a brief interchange of ideas, on the Yacht's bridge deck. In this little interval, the onlookers on shore were speculating as to who the various groups on deck might be, for needless to say, there was quite a smattering of colour, "around on deck." The Naval contingent were noticeable chiefly for their refined and "quiet" rig-out, while the military contingent was just as noticeable for its splashes of harsh colouring. Times change, right enough; but we do not always change with them—and red is an unbecoming colour, come to think of it?

But, hello! What's that noise? Another development? Anybody hurted? No, no! It's the Tatem steamer *Lady Lewis* steaming in from the Roath Dock—through the junction—and she is the first commercial vessel to enter the Queen Alexandra Dock. She's a fine ship? Rather! She has a queer assortment on deck? Quite! Queer and altogether pathetic. But hold on. That banner hung up amidships will possibly explain matters. Let us read it. It is very clear and distinct. Eh? "We cannot shout, We cannot sing, But we can love Our gracious King." Funny, what a mist gets over one's eyes on occasion? It's a good job the next line is in bolder type—"God Bless the King and Queen." That "cargo," friends, was composed mainly of the deaf and dumb children from Cardiff and Treforest.

Pathetic, did you say? It was pathetic, and the more so when we saw his Majesty take especial trouble to stand out so that his stricken subjects should at least be able to say that they had seen their King. Yes, it was pathetic, and tears were in the eyes of most of the spectators whose nerves had already been somewhat overwrought by

Loading Patent Fuel from Barges by Fuel Elevator.

unusual happenings. The *Lady Lewis* also carried the children of Nazareth House and the St. Margaret's Home of Mercy, and if the other half of the "cargo" was dumb, these latter made up for the deficiency by the whole-hearted manner in which they cheered their King, and asked God—in childish trebles—to Save him!

But hold on a bit! There's another "something" happening, out there to starboard. What is it? Another Tatem boat—the *Torrington*—with another "queer" cargo. This time, the consignment is made up of waifs and strays, and judging by the amiable manner in which they cheered Mr. Tatem, later in the forenoon, their love and admiration is about equally divided—half for the King, and half for the benefactor who for years past, has scattered seeds of kindness among those same generally-uncared for souls. Life is "awfully rum," and gainsay it who will, it puzzles more than the Quaker!

In the interval occupied with the advent of the *Lady Lewis* and *Torrington*—and which conveniently filled in the spell while the gangways were being fettled up—preparations for landing had been accomplished, and the waiting spectators were gratified to see his Majesty spring up the gangway from the Yacht, and on to the prettily decorated dais which had been erected for the occasion, "just like a young man," as we heard several remark. That the King was looking "fit," may not be denied, and the fact certainly gave his loyal and admiring subjects present, the greatest satisfaction. One thing about his people's love is: That it is sincere, and their singing "Long may he reign" is no mere conventionalism on their part.

However, having arrived in this nimble manner, his Majesty formally

declared the dock open, and gave it the name of "Queen Alexandra Dock." Thereupon, the band and the massed choirs that were in attendance, rendered the National Anthem, and the thousands of persons present joined in, in a fashion which was calculated to give one that creepy feeling in the spine. You know the sort we mean, don't you? The feeling which has wrought up so many heroes for the Old Country, and which will continue to send them to death or victory, for exactly as long as the said feeling can be manufactured by the Ruler of the Realm. It has often been remarked that there is little poetry in the National Anthem. It may be so, but there is an awful lot of fight in it—and although poetry might not go far in maintaining an Empire, fight surely will. Under the circumstances, then, let us disregard the poetry, as long as it works up the fight!

By this time, their Majesties and the Princess Victoria had reached the platform of the dais, and they continued there until the singing was finished with. Indeed, they had to wait until the enthusiasm had died down in numberless British cheers, in which each section of the community present, endeavoured to outvie the other! Healthy emulation, good people, and while it continues, the fate of the British Empire is safe enough.

Accompanying their Majesties, was a goodly suite among whom we noticed Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, Minister in attendance; Viscount Althorp, Lord Chamberlain,; Earl Granville, M.V.O., Lord-in-Waiting; and Lord Knollys, G.C.V.O., private secretary.

When the induced enthusiasm of the spectators had simmered down to working order, once more, Master Ronald Forrest (a grandson of Sir William Thomas Lewis) presented to her Majesty the Queen, a beautiful bouquet of lilies of the valley; while Master William Ware (a grandson of Mr. John Stuart Corbett) handed a bouquet of roses and ferns to the Princess Victoria. Not the least pleasing feature of this little presentation was the fact that the lads were dressed as Handy Men—in white! And bonny little sailor boys they looked, too.

Now come we to that pleasing part of the function which is lumped in as: Presenting the addresses. To begin with, the Marquis of Bute read the address from the Cardiff Railway Company, and to which, in his usually clear voice, his Majesty replied:

It is a pleasure to the Queen and myself to receive the loyal address which you have handed to me from the Cardiff Railway Co., whose dock I have come here to-day to open.

I may say on behalf of the Queen that it was a source of gratification to her Majesty to grant permission for the dock to bear the name of the Queen Alexandra Dock.

The prosperity of the city, which is mainly dependent on its enormous export trade, is so bound up in the efficiency of your land and sea transport that any undertaking which has for its object an improvement of means of communication is deserving of all possible encouragement.

But such an undertaking as the present is of more than local importance; British trade, notwithstanding its vast volume, is sensitive in a high degree, and responds through its whole mass to local changes; the improvement of shipping facilities in this great port will be felt wherever the commerce of the Empire extends, and any increase in maritime commerce is necessarily followed by an increase of the influence and prosperity of the country.

The success of your enterprise has my hearty good wishes.

Then, Mr. W. W. Hood, Chairman of the Coalowners' Association, presented an address on behalf of that body, and to which the King handed a written reply. Next on the roll, and which is of greatest importance to ourselves and the industry which we represent, was the address presented by Mr. W. J. Tatem, as chairman of the Cardiff Shipowners' Association, and on behalf of that body, to which his Majesty replied as follows:

I have received with much pleasure the loyal and dutiful address from the members of the Cardiff Shipowners' Association which you have handed to me. The Queen is very glad to be present here to-day, and wishes me to thank you for your kindly welcome. I have always taken the greatest interest in the mercantile marine of this country.

Upon its progress depends very largely the prosperity of my people, and I shall do everything in my power to promote the friendly relations with other countries which are so essential to the growth of commercial undertakings.

In the shipping trade of my kingdom, Cardiff holds an important place, and I trust the new dock opened to-day will be of great assistance in the development of trade and the prosperi y of this city

With the ending of the addresses, came the presentations. Lord Tweedmouth called the names of the debutants, and the formal presentation was made by the Marquis of Bute, of the following gentlemen: The Lord Mayor of Cardiff (Sir William Crossman, Kt.), Mr. George N. Abernethy, M. Inst. C.E. and Mr. H. S. C. Ree, engineers of the new dock; Mr. James Railton, of the firm of Topham, Jones and Railton, contractors for the dock; Mr. W. J. Tatem; Mr. James Hurman, superintendent of the Bute Docks; and Captain Rosser, the dockmaster. The king shook hands with each gentleman presented, also saluting each as they retired.

This ended the purely formal portion of his Majesty's work, so he was enabled, then, to indulge in a bit of "play!" To facilitate this, the Royal Saloon train was brought up to the dais, and the engines were things of beauty in their resplendent trappings. Really, it was hard to believe that either of the locomotives employed were the ordinary engines of commerce, for each appeared to be moving examples of Covent Garden. However, their decorations took nothing from their efficiency—of that we may be sure.

Low Level Tip, Wagon on.

As the Royal party entered the saloon, the choir sang the Welsh National Anthem, and pending the completion of the singing, the King and Queen stood at the saloon windows obviously interested in all that they saw and heard. Then, the saloon train started off on its journey around the south side of the Queen Alexandra Dock, and as they passed the occupants of the stand—verging up to some 4,000 in number—their Majesties nodded and smiled, while everybody again waxed enthusiastic in the extreme. This, as far as the opening of the new dock was concerned, ended the story. The Royal train made a tour of the whole dock, around the Roath Dock, and over portions of the East and West Dock.

A brief stoppage was made so that the King might be initiated into the mysteries and ability of the Lewis-Hunter Coaling Crane as a coal loading device, and although we are sure that His Majesty was impressed with the able manner in which his warships could be bunkered on occasion, no record of his remarks have reached us. To leave the docks, their Majesties were taken to a point outside the Board of Trade offices, where a large tent had been erected, and fitted with a raised floor. From this, they stepped into their carriage, and commenced a really triumphal entrance into Cardiff proper.

With the subsequent proceedings, we have little to do, and have

merely written this present description of what really happened, so that our friends who were not present, may understand the significance of the undertaking.

Needless to say, a number of reflections occur to us as we write, even as they occurred to us during the march of events which we have thus imperfectly described. For instance, we have wondered if the King was struck with the absence of saluting cannon, and with the scarcity of burning gunpowder right through the festivities? If so, another wonder crosses our mind, to the effect: Did he realise that this, his Fleet's last hope (and therefore his Empire's) is to all intents and purposes, unprotected? Soldiers and sailors galore are in the South Country, but here where everything depends upon a state of defence, there is practically nothing.

New Dredger and Steam Hopper in Bute East Basin.

Of course, we quite realise that here and there are what the War Office is jocularly inclined to dub forts. But most of us understand that for practical purposes, they might just as well be in the Fiji Islands. The Queen Alexandra Dock is a compound of waters second to none in the world; it has been constructed after almost superhuman efforts, and at colossal cost; yet with all its up-to-date facilities, one hostile torpedo boat could, with moderate ease, sneak up and blow its gates as high as the proverbial kite, thereby turning it into a tidal harbour—to say nothing of wrecking its contents and blocking its entrance with a few of our own vessels which happened to be waiting outside for admission to the dock.

That this is no idle fear, every shipping man realises, and the same thing would apply to any of the docks which the enterprising South Walian has called into being. The local man is not a warrior, being essentially a commercial individual. Those who regulate the country's defences are not commercial, being supposedly warlike. Under the circumstances, then, is it too much to expect that at least a portion of the taxes which are supplied locally, should be spent on local defence; and that the Fleet of the Empire should be exercised a little more frequently, in the waters which, at any moment, they might be called on to protect with all their might?

We are assured that to enjoy peace, a country must be prepared for war. Certainly, the land which leaves its coal supply to the mercy of any adventurous soul who inclines to the feat of posting a few torpedo boats handy to the seat of action before declaring war, is by no means prepared for war. We write this in no carping spirit of criticism, but rather from a serious appreciation of the facts of the case, and with the sincere hope that the presently unsatisfactory state of affairs shall be rapidly altered. It will do us but little good to come in after the docks have been ruined in the manner suggested, and suavely remark; "We told you so."

Ere leaving this brief description of the opening of the new dock at Cardiff, we beg to assure all those good people who, after examination of the Royal Yacht, have expressed surprise that such a costly fabric should be built of wood, that they are altogether wrong in their surmises. The belief expressed is pardonable, for the Royal Yacht with her wooden sides and copper-bottom, suggests all that has been said in this connection. But be easy in mind, you good people. The *Victoria and Albert* is constructed of good honest English steel, although she is sheathed and coppered.

As a matter of fact, she is supposed to stand as an example of the might of her gracious owner. That is to say, that although portions of his Empire appear to be covered with wood only, there is good steel underneath. Let us hope that the simile will bear the strain of actual war, and that some of the fears which we have ventured to express, will never materialise into actuality. At the same time, it would be ever so much more convincing (both at home and abroad), if the Fleet's coal supply were placed beyond the temptation of every would-be smasher who is invested with a little brief authority.

Loading Steel Ship's Plates.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, July 17, 1907

N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo, *Loch Tay,* 9s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Marthara,* 5,600 tons, 17s. 3d.
Mab, 3,600 tons, 17s. 6d.
Eric, 3,200 tons, 18s.
Cymbeline, 4,200 tons, 17s. 6d.
Wandby, 17s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,800 tons, 17s. 7d.
Brooklands, 17s. 6d.
Olive, 4,700 tons, 17s. option Upper Ports, 18s. or Rosario, 18s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 17s. 3d.
Wilberforce, 17s. 3d.
Las Palmas, *Virginia,* 4,000 tons, 7s.
Acacia, 4,200 tons, 7s.
Kansas City, 3,000 tons, 7s. 3d. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres or Boca, *Strathnevis,* 5,000 tons, 17s. 6d.
„ „ or La Plata, Steamer, 4,600 tons, 17s. 4½d.
/Boca/La Plata, Steamer, 4,900/5,400 tons, 17s. 250, 1s. (N).
La Plata, *Torgorm,* 4,200 tons, 17s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Blue Cross,* 3,500 tons, 16s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,700/5,200 tons, 17s. 250, 1s. (N).
Bahia Blanca, *Hartland,* 6,500 tons, 17s. 6d.
Valparaiso, *Crossby,* 5,000 tons, 21s. 9d.
Rosario, *Carnmuir,* 17s. 9d.
Teneriffe, *Stagpool,* 6,500 tons, 7s.
Dakar, *Haxby,* 4,400 tons, 9s. 6d. coal, 10s. 3d. fuel.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Blake,* 5,800 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Ribera, 4,800 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Genoa, *Cyclades,* 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d.
Nador, 4,000 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Or Savona, *Thorndale,* 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d. 500, or 8s. if 350.
Blue Jacket, 5,000 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Torridge, 6,100 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 5,100 tons, 7s. 3d.
Ariel, 5,300 tons, 7s.
Cairndon, 3,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Elorrio, 3,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Wileysike, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 7s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Lydford,* 4,800 tons, 6s. 9d. 400, ppt.
Tempus, 4,500 tons, 6s. 6d. 700.
Trelyon, 4,500 tons, 6s. 7½d. 700.
Penare, 4,600 tons, 6s. 7½d. 700.
Kingtor, 4,600 tons, 6s. 6d. 700.
Valencia or Gandia, *Frutera,* or sub., 1,100 tons, 9s.
Leghorn, *Rom,* 2,400 tons, 7s. 6d. 500, 6½d.
Isle of Kent, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d. 500, 10d. (C. or N.)
Dora, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (S).
Algiers, *Kirkwall,* 3,300 tons, 8·12½ fcs. (N).
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Naples, *Erminie,* 2,500 tons, 7s. 4½d. (S).
Carthagena, *Elorrio,* 1,600 tons, 8s. (N).
Venice, *Broadgarth,* 4,800 tons, 8s.
Trieste, *Proteo,* 5,000 tons, 7s.
Marseilles, *Mokta,* 3,300 tons, 8·50 fcs. spot, (N).
Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (S).
Barcelona, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Delamere, 9s. for part cargo, (S).
Otterspool, 3,550 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (S).
Oran, *Carlisle,* 1,200 tons, 9 fcs. coal, 10 fcs. fuel, (S).
Piræus, *Duchess of Cornwall,* 2,200 tons, 7s.
Porto Empedocle, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 8s.
Porto Ferraio, *Ellerslie,* 5,500 tons, 6s. option Tyne loading same rate.
Licata, *Zeta,* 2,800 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt.
Galatz or Ibrail, *Tregarthan,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Messina, *Florenz,* 2,200 tons, 8s. (S).
Spezzia, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 4d. 800, or 6s. 7d. if 600.
Torre/Civita Vecchia/or Leghorn, *Norfolk Range,* 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Gibraltar, *Cassia,* 1,400 tons, 7s.
Tana, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Eureka, 1,600 tons, 7s.
Malta, *Byron,* 2,700 tons, 6s.
Lisbon, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 3d.
Oporto, *Ella,* 1,130 tons, 6s. 3d.
Yukon, 1,300 tons, 6s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Hyllos,* 3,800 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Heros, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Dalmally, 3,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Wladimir Reitz, 3,200 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Stockholm, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Elsinore, Nyborg/Copenhagen/or Aarhuus, *Elsinore,* 1,300 tons, 6s.
Tromso, *Marna,* 1,000 tons, 6s.

BAY, Etc.

Bayonne, *Melrose Abbey,* 7 fcs.
Bordeaux, *Camargo,* 2,600 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Maria, 5,700 tons, 6 fcs. (S).
Rikard Nordraak, 1,500 tons, 7 fcs. (S).
La Pallice, *Rhio,* 3,700 tons, 5·62½ fcs.
Bachi, 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Trafalgar, 2,150 tons, 6·25 fcs. option Rochefort, 6·37½ fcs. (S).
La Rochelle, *Daphne,* 2,100 tons, 6·25 fcs. (S).
Folsjo, 2,100 tons, 6·25 fcs. (S).
Chantenay, *Saltwick,* 2,000 tons, 6·50 fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Mundaka,* 3,400 tons, 5·75 fcs. option Newport or Port Talbot ldg. same rate.
Ravelston, 3,400 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Huelva, *Emil R. Retzlaff,* 1,900 tons, 6s. 6d.
Cambro, 3,000 tons, 6s. (P.T.)
Nantes, *Gustav Bogel,* 1,500 tons, 6·87½ fcs. (S).
Sables, *Spurt,* 1,400 tons, 7·25 fcs. (S).

COASTING, Etc.

Devonport, *Monksgarth,* 2,800 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Fleetwing,* 2,200 tons, 3s. 10½d. option Sheerness, 4s. (Admiralty).
Enterprize, 1,500 tons, 3s. 10½d. option Sheerness, 4s. (Admiralty).
Invergordon, *Dalegarth,* 2,200 tons, 6s. (Admiralty).
Lamlash, *Kathleen,* 6,000 tons, 4s. 3d. „
Calais, Steamer, 1,600 tons, 5s. 1½d. ppt.
Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s.
Havre or St. Malo, *Dunelm,* 980 tons, 5s. 4½d. (S).
Lionel, 1,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rouen, *Quickstep,* 1,150 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Normandiel, 1,600 tons, 6s. 1½d. (S).
Volpone, 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Congress, 1,450 tons, 6s. (S).
G. N. Wilkinson, 900 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).
Hildur, 1,250 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).
M. J. Craig, 830 tons, 6s. 3d. (S).
Dieppe, *Swansea Bay,* 1,780 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Abermaed, 1,450 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
St. Malo, *Amethyst,* or sub., 650 tons, 5s. 9d. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Belgica,* 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Auckland Castle,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.
Bilbao to Newport, *Anita,* 1,700 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 4, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

18,335/06—BODE—***Improvements in and relating to devices for hauling ships on an inclined plane.***

According to this invention, which relates to a device for hauling ships on an inclined plane, one end of the hauling rope is fixed whilst the other end travels in several turns over the grooved auxiliary drums, and thence on to the main drum which is mounted on a frame. The latter is mounted on rollers fitting on rails for the purpose of allowing an axial movement of the drum, which is rotated by means of a gear train. By this arrangement the rope is coiled on the main drum under very low tension, the strain of the stretched rope being taken up in the auxiliary drums.

19,162/06—TILLING & CROWLE—***Improvements in and relating to the construction of sails for ships, yachts and the like.***

The object of this invention is to provide sails which will retain their shape for a longer period than was formally the case. For this purpose the sails are formed of parallel sided cloths, of which the main cloth extends, in the case of a four sided sail, from the clew to the throat, and in the case of a triangular sail, from the clew to the nearest point of the stay, all the other cloths having their seams parallel to the main cloth.

19,507/06—LOWE—***Improved construction of adjustable prop for supporting the roof of coal and the like mines.***

The object of this invention, which relates to props for coal mines, is to render the props easily adjustable to compensate for variations in the load thereon. For this purpose the props are formed of two pieces of timber, the piece forming the base of the prop being considerably longer than the piece forming the head. Upon the upper end of the longer piece is fixed a metal cap closed at one end, and having a flange formed outside its other end to operate as a support for an open sided sleeve fitting loosely upon the cap. The open side of the sleeve is provided with projections to receive a bolt by means whereof it may be made to evenly grip the cap, whilst at the same time permitting the sleeve to yield when subjected to an abnormal pressure. In order that any excess of after weight may not be transmitted directly to the lower part of the prop, the short head piece has a number of taper angular pieces cut out of the wood to weaken it as a prop, and thereby ensure that it shall be crushed down in proportion to the increase of weight.

21,646/06—IMRAY—***Improvements in pneumatic rock drills.***

The object of this invention is to provide improvements in pneumatic rock drills. According to this invention a cap is screwed upon the outer end of the cylinder, and has a rearwardly projecting hollow portion which constitutes the lubricant reservoir, which has an outlet passage and a flexible semi-porous diaphragm arranged in front of the passage and through which the lubricant is drawn during the reciprocation of the drill hammer. A further improvement consists in providing a throttle valve mechanism having a handle independent of the swivelling handle provided, thereby enabling the drill cylinder to be turned independently of the swivelling handle.

28,191/06—BROMHEAD—***Improvements in rowlocks for oars.***

According to this invention, which relates to improvements in rowlocks for oars, the oar is suspended from the top of the rowlock by means of an attachment fixed to the aft side of the oar. Consequently, when the oar is not in motion it hangs with its aft side upwards and its blade horizontal.

18,237/06—FAIRWEATHER—***Hoisting and conveying two-rope grab buckets.***

This invention relates to two-rope grab buckets used in connection with overhead tramways for the purpose of conveying ore or coal. The operating devices of this kind include a double operating drum mounted upon a shaft driven from an electric motor. The drums are usually provided with means for clutching them to one another, and are loosely mounted upon the shaft, the clutching apparatus being actuated by a hand lever. According to this invention the hand lever, in addition to being provided with a circuit-breaking apparatus, serving through a solenoid to operate the devices for clutching the drums to one another, is also equipped with a second circuit-breaking apparatus acting through a solenoid to operate the device for clutching one of the drums to the shaft.

These applications for patents, are until August 19 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the under-named.

TRADE MARK.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on July 10, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending August 10.

Class 30.—*B*.

No. 202,053—April 12, 1907—***Cartridges.***

The Birmingham Metal and Munitions Company, Ltd., Adderley Park Rolling Mills, Adderley Park near Birmingham, Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

The Maritime Review

CANDIDE ET SECURE

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Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XIV.—No. 180. FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907. THREEPENCE.

THE WELSH COAL BOOM.

THE LADY: "Here you wass, whatefer. Take it quick, min. Tomorrow, it will be dearer, look you!"

NOTICES.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE WELSH COAL BOOM	161
MARITIME MURMURS	162
NAVAL MOBILISATION	166
CHASING CHIMERAS—AND CASH!	168
THE PROTECTION OF THE BRITISH FLEET	170
THE MERCHANT SHIPPING ACT'S AFTERMATH	172
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	174
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	175
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	176

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

SOME three years ago, and when the machinations of the South African "Shipping Ring" was first receiving serious attention from the merchants of the country, we suggested a way out of the alleged embroglio. Briefly, we counselled the formation of a merchant's combine, and assured the malcontents that if they would give their support to, say, a combination of Cardiff shipowners, they would soon see the wicked "ring" scotched—if not entirely killed. In giving that advice, we remarked that there could be no possible necessity for running out heavy goods to South Africa, in the holds of a palatial liner; but that if a liner must be used, then, liner freights would have to be forthcoming. Since first offering the advice referred to, we have repeated it on several occasions, and now, just as we had become convinced that our words had fallen on deaf ears, so to say, the merchants and exporters of Manchester have held a meeting for the purpose of putting the thing in shape. Of a surety is the British merchant a long-suffering kritter! He has gone on for three years, apparently with the hope that a miracle would come about in his behalf. That sets us wondering! Wondering in a big way, too!

FOR this reason, if it takes three years to work the merchants and exporters up to the decision to form a powerful association of the kind indicated, how many years will it take them to bring that same association into active working order? Ostensibly, the new idea is being run for the purpose of fostering an oversea trade, and for negotiating with combinations of shipowners, for the purpose of obtaining just and equitable freight contracts, bills of lading, and carrying matters, generally. Certainly, the move is in the right direction, but if the resolutors take as long in bringing the idea to maturity, as they have taken in giving it birth, then, the "Shipping Ring" need not bother itself on account of the merchants and traders. By the time the latter have settled into their stride, there will be no further need for their steamers. South Africa will either have been over-supplied, or it will not be under British protection! True, a committee has been formed for the faking-up of the suggested association, and personally, we wish them every success. There is no getting away from the fact that the "Ringers" have had a splendid time of their own, and if their monopoly is by way of being torn from them, they should still feel grateful that they have been given such a long spell of luck?

IN view of the cost of a wreck such as the *Berlin's*, off the Hook of Holland, it would appear that prevention is considerably cheaper than cure. We note from the recently published balance sheet of the Great Eastern Railway Company, that the loss referred to is assessed at £108,000. That, too, is the amount which the Company, alone, has to face. When all the losses are accounted for, to say nothing of the life loss, one would appear to be justified in believing that a couple of hours' delay would have been of vital importance in this connection? To the time of writing, we hear of no improvements in the dead-end which the fleet has still to face, when negotiating the New Waterway on night runs, and in stormy weather. The breakwater is still that in name, only, and the light appears to be of the same alternating beauty which obtained aforetime. Possibly the opportunity of a Prince undertaking to chivvy his not-to-anxious countrymen is considered cheap at the price? Opinions on this count might reasonably be expected to vary, and for ourselves, we should much prefer the Prince to stay at home in bed, what time we had to negotiate the Hook navigation with a semblance of a chance of winning through. Of course, we know that it is impossible to please everybody. At the same time, we believe that the Hook navigation could be safened, without any undue cost or difficulty.

IT is a saddening spectacle to see enterprise of any kind coming to grief. Even if it happens to be a steamer of that name—*Enterprise*—the saddening particular is still in evidence? However, we note that the Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the steamer so-named, and the property of the Rhondda Steamship Company, Limited, was finished and judgment delivered on Friday last. The Court appeared to be inclined to take a lenient view of the happening, for they not only censured the second mate for neglecting to report his sighting of land on two occasions while he was on watch, but also for omitting to state that he had been obliged to starboard the helm a few minutes

before the stranding. Personally, we should have thought after that, that the captain would have been exonerated. A navigator who hits the beach, and a contributory cause of the hitting is supposed to be a starboarding of the helm —well, the navigation was a bit "fine," don't you think? All the same, the master was not let off on that account, although his certificate was suspended for one month, only. In this case, the old, old, tale came in: " . . . the stranding, would have been averted if the master had taken a cast of the lead." Perhaps so. Perhaps not. One never knows until afterward? We have ideas about those Court-like avertings—and about casts of the lead.

THE good folk who are indulging in a summer junketing at the Hague, and which function will be handed down in history as the 1907 spasm of the Hague Conference, are having a good time. The net result to date, would appear that each representative has been instructed to table his own proposal, to stick up for it with all the manhood at his command, and to object to every dodge suggested by the other fellow. Under the circumstances, it follows that unanimity is as far off as it was three years ago, and as it will be ten years hence. Dr. Drago has been formulating views of his own—or rather of the South American Republics which he represents—and precisely why his little tin-pot shows are represented at all, is rather among those things which no fellah can understand. However, the various persons must have a run for their money. That goes without saying, and if no unanimity is possible, well, most of them will have shown willing—and that is the main point in affairs of this kind. So far in the game, the immunity of private property at sea is as far off as ever, and this is just as it should be. Of what use is it to go to war, if you are to be debarred from enjoying the fruits thereof? Tell us that, an' it pleases you! At some time in the dim vistas of the future, a Hague—or other—Conference will settle all these little differences; but by that time, we presently here, shall have ceased from troubling—being at rest, more or less.

THE steamer *Lord Londonderry* will be passed along in history as the first vessel which entered from sea, the Queen Alexandra Dock, Cardiff. First, that is, after the Royal Yacht, for the other commercial vessels entered the new dock from inside, and to exemplify the ease with which, say, a 9,000-tonner could steam from the Roath Dock into the newer enclosure. The *Lord Londonderry* docked on Thursday, last, and carried a cargo of grain and general merchandise from Canada. Of the latter consignment, there was about 3,000 tons, and the new electric cranes were used in the discharge of the cargo. This constitutes the first cargo to be handled in Cardiff by electric crane, and judging by the able manner in which the stuff was jibbed on shore, the "invisible fluid" will soon rank as first favourite, even as do the Lewis-Hunter cranes for their part of the loading facilities. Somebody had to be first "in from sea," and it is essentially fitting that one of the Canadian traders should have that honour, for it calls attention to a side of Cardiff's industry which, in the vastness of her export trade, is somewhat overlooked. Yet the imports at the Bute Docks would, in other and lesser favoured localities, be considered a "thumping big traffic." May that same trade increase, until the local *quid nunces* again prattle of congestion. But it won't be for a day or two, be sure!

DEAR, dear, why is there such a fatality about those good people who deal in coal? Some of the good people, that is to say. Complaints in South Wales are not altogether unheard of, for now and again, a complaining purchaser is willing to take his "Alfred Davy," that the stuff delivered him abroad, is by no means the kind he purchased in Cardiff. On occasion we are sadly afraid that he is right, and the local go-between wrong. However, these little dodges are by no means confined to South Wales, for the German friend is receiving an example of all that it means to be "had" on coal. The Coal Syndicate is the great offender, "over there," for growls are fairly frequent that the minions of the Syndicate either neglect to deliver the quantities ordered, or substitute inferior qualities therefor. Really, it's awful, and one hardly cares to think of the inevitable result! In the end, those good German friends will have to forsake their own countrymen, and fall back on the "old firm"—Cardiff—when there is bound to be trouble around on the breeze. Mind you, the Coal Syndicate is at hand with a whole bundle of excuses—or reasons for their inability. The coal is there, and the machinery is handy, so that their side of the undertaking is arranged for.

THE whole trouble would appear to be a shortage of labour, and there is some truth in the contention. You see, the German coalowner doesn't pay such "fancy" rates of wages as his Welsh competitor, and in view of the industrial boom with which Germany is undoubtedly blessed, her workers keep clear of coal-digging, as long as they can obtain a soft snap somewhere else. All this is very human, and the Coal Syndicate will indubitably find that this is but one portion of their share of the white man's burden. Coal is a fairly quick road to wealth, but its manipulation "takes it out" of its devotees. At the same time, Rhenish Westphalia is so filled with Poles, Galicians, and Italians, that—to quote a German contemporary—"this most German of German districts seems to be changed into a Slavic enclave." That's a neat method of putting it, and reminds one of the fact that "gallant little Wales" suffers from a similar disease, only in its case, the Welsh land is filled with West Countrymen! At the same time, the German Coal Syndicate is dropping in for a quantity of objurgatory language, and if its ears do not burn, then, they should do!

IT's like this. Early last year, the Syndicate went into prophetics, and opined that the home boom was about finished. So much so, that its wire-pullers were convinced that in the present year of sin, the home contingent wouldn't possibly use up the half of the established output. With that belief before them, the managers of the Syndicate lighted out for markets new—and found them. Now, there is trouble in the camp, for the boom is by no means finished; the foreign markets were not needed; the home consumer is short of stuff; and there is no end of trouble brewing. By this you will see that abroad—as well as at home—a man might be a number one coaldealer, and yet not be worth shucks as a prophet. It has been exemplified here, at home, time after time, and the gentle reader might easily pick out examples of the prophetics that did not come off, to suit his own individual idiosyncrasies. Last year, the Syndicate exported to Belgium, Holland, France, Austria, Russia, and Switzerland, quite an amount of coal—for Germany; and at a much lower cost than the home consumer would have been glad to give. Thanks to its contracts, the Syndicate is still in business for the same purpose, and taking it all 'round, it would be advisable for the bosses of the thing to stick to coal in future, leaving prophesy to the prophets. There's money in coal, and everybody knows it. There is mighty little in the prophetical profession—and everybody ought to know it, too!

KEEPING to German items for a space further, our Teutonic friends, having sown the wind on a socialistic racquet, are now reaping the whirlwind. Every sane man knows that socialism was a played-out theme, in the dark ages of the world, and when there weren't nearly as many mouths to feed, and bodies to clothe. Apparently, however, sane men are somewhat at a discount, and as much in Germany as elsewhere on earth. This might be running it a bit low on Teutonia, with its high-falutin' claims to a higher education than applies elsewhere on God's earth; but it is the truth, nevertheless, and the German ameliorator is beginning to realise that he has about reached the limit of possible exploitation. Under the circumstances, then, it is not surprising to note that he is out for still higher education—not surprising, because the socialist, wheresoever found, is a paradox. He prattles of education, and aims at filling his lambs more, and ever more with it; yet, at the same time, education and socialism may not go together. In other words, socialism is the natural birthright of the ignorant, which is the disquieting feature of the whole fit-out. All the same, the German big-wigs of the movement are out to foul their own snug little nests, by attempting to educate their lambs, so that the latter might be enabled to "meet their opponents on their own ground." The fallacy of all this will be apparent some day—soon; and then the Socialistic bosses will either have made a pile, or they will be seeking a new job.

CLUCK, cluck! Liverpool—where, according to the "cullahed" gentleman, the Queen lives, and where, according to a number of misguided sailormen, a "guild" flourishes and repeatedly breaks its own rules—is not to be frowned down because the liners have decided to leave it. Not at all, for the new offices for the use of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, having been duly finished at a cost of some £300,000, have also been entered by the officials for whose comfort and convenience they were constructed. In other words, the staff is now in residence, and although the offices were commenced ere the lost liners were a theme of painful remembrance to the Dicky Sam, they are an imposing-looking pile—while the gloss of newness is on them. The main roof of the building, for instance, is 91ft. from the ground, and although we believe there is no truth in the rumour that the Liverpool "guild" is to be given sanctuary underneath the dome, some such thing ought to be done—in our opinion. A height of 91ft. is fairly tall, and away from observation, so, when a double balance-sheet were intended—well, but few old whales would venture on climbing that height, you take it from us. Not that any of it much matters. Most of the membership appear to take matters for granted, so why should we bother any further with it?

YES, yes, international amenities are pleasing affairs, even if there is but little to recommend them, at times. Anyhow, the Inspector-General of Military Instruction in Japan, has been giving a dinner in Berlin, and as a matter of course many Japanese and German officers were invited. Equally as a matter of course, speech-making was indulged in, and the Inspector-General—among other interesting items—remarked that forty years ago, when Japan desired to adopt modern methods of throat-slitting, she had sought a model among European States. As a further matter of course, Germany was the model, and to her teachings Japan had been faithful for the past twenty years. As a post-prandial affair, the statement is fairly good, but hitherto we had a much greater belief in the Japanese friend to think, for one moment, that he would slavishly follow anything so untried as the German army methods. To follow the lead of the old-time British Navy is good business (although it isn't good enough for present-day British legislators who have been used to the hustling of a bargain counter in the draper's shop on the wife's behalf!); and we commend our Japanese allies for their forethought in the matter.

THE dodges learned that way, put the Russian warships underwater in the twinkling of an eye; but we much doubt if German Army moves had much to do with the bursting of the Manchurian hash-up-of-misfits. What do you think, good people? Still, these eastern gentlemen must have their little way, and if they have forgotten all the sneaky little underhand bits of assistance that was given to Russia by the same German friend in the late war (or walk over), what would you? It is distinctly nice to forget and forgive, or to forgive even supposing that you do not forget. And in this connection, we must admit that the Japanese Inspector-General has learned one phase of German Army procedure in good style, and let the fact not be forgotten! That is to say, he expressed a hope that in future, his country would go on taking (and giving) lessons from (and to) Europe, and notably from Germany; "and thus grow from youth to manhood." After that felicitation, are you surprised to hear that the gentleman called for cheers for the Emperor and the German Army? Well, he did, and that concluded the function. Don't tell us that the amiable Jap is slow to take a wrinkle when it is offered him—for nothing. Without those cheers for the Emperor, where would the loyalty of the undertaking have been?

That a quantity of flapdoodle concerning the movements—now and hereafter—of the American Pacific Fleet should be about on the breeze is only natural under existing circumstances, and when all is said, the replies which are bandied about are merely conjecture. The same thing applies to the "secret treaty" talk between the United States and Germany. It is conceivable that—in dire extremity—a secret treaty might be possible; secret, that is to say, as far as pushing the matter through the American Senate "on the quiet" is concerned. But it is very much open to doubt as to whether any such a dire extremity exists at the moment, or is likely to in the near future. Certain sensationalists are attempting to attach a quantity of importance to the supposed fact that relations between Germany and the United States are now so roseate-hued, that the latter is enabled to send her Fleet away to the Pacific, with never a misgiving as to what Germany might be tempted to do meanwhile. This is al very pretty, but to our mind, it is somewhat unkind to the British nation. It never seems to strike those good souls that it is just possible that Great Britain's nest of hornets might be more concerned with keeping peace between Germany and the United States, in the absence to the Pacific, of the latter's Fleet?

FURTHERMORE, these sensationalists argue against themselves in this connection. For instance, they are footering around with such questions as, "After San Francisco, what?" suggested that when the voyage to San Francisco has been safely made, and a thorough refit and dry-docking has been brought about—somehow, perhaps by a miracle?—that same Fleet might steam away for the Philippines. This is running the spirit of conjecture to a very great distance, and no mistake? If the Atlantic sea-coast of America is to be considered at the mercy of the Germans (or anybody else) while the San Francisco voyage is "on," what about it when that Fleet ultimately goes away on the suggested Philippine trip? Moreover, are we to suppose

that the American nation is so foolish as to recklessly steam their fine Fleet all that distance, only to find at the end of the trip that they are dirty, slow, and weather-worn, while the supposed "enemy" has his up-to-date Fleet in tip-top order, and fit to man off twice as many ships as the American Fleet contains—big and all as it is? Some of these sensationalists do not appear to be able to see beyond their noses, and as a natural consequence, they wallow about in a sea of conjecture which is a credit to neither themselves, nor the persons they affect to teach.

As we remarked some time ago, it is ill shouting before one is out of the wood, and it behoves both the Japanese friend and the American to "go slow," in the maze of wickedness which a few unscrupulous schemers have been allowed to bring about. But if we were to go in on the prophetic lay—and basing our prophesy on a fairly intimate knowledge of the American people and their methods—we should say that President Roosevelt and his advisers, are seizing the present golden opportunity to impress upon the people who hold the dollars, that an Atlantic Fleet is by no means sufficient; that a Pacific Fleet of equal dimensions must be constructed; and this faked-up "tension" between the far east and the far west is a heaven-sent opportunity with which to point the moral. Personally, we incline to the belief that all this talk about Japanese dissatisfaction at the Portsmouth Peace is just that and no more. The Japs were just as pleased to get an excuse to drop a devastating, and nation-destroying war, as were the Russians, and no amount of poppycock will alter that fact, at the present moment.

In the Bute Docks—Discharging Log Timber.

It is also very pretty to prattle about European relations being serene and all that kind of thing. But everybody knows that such serenity is by no means assured, for we might awaken any morning to find that the said serenity has taken unto itself wings, and—vanished like a morning mist in summer. It is never safe for a great nation to expose her coasts to the temptations which an unguarded state ever brings about, and the British Government should remember the little truism. The American legislature realises this great truth as well as anybody, and if they have been privately assured that they may safely risk an object lesson as suggested, who is to grumble about it? Those with an interest therein will not, we may be sure, and as usually happens, it will be just those who have nothing to do with the case, that will have most to say about it. 'Twas ever thus, and instead of saying "After San Francisco, what?" it would be more in line with the actual facts to ask, "Why San Francisco?" And when the American citizen is represented as saying that in view of the disparity of strength between the two navies, Japanese talk is all moonshine—well, as already remarked, it is amusing. If Japan—in the event of hostilities—could be persuaded to cross the Pacific, well and good. But we may take it that the Jap has too much sense.

He has no ambition to attempt to annex the United States, although the Philippines might appear as a tempting morsel. If the Yank doesn't cross the Pacific, the Jap may annex the Philippines at any moment which pleases him; and if the Yank does cross the Pacific, then, for reasons already stated it is by no means all Lombard Street to a China orange that he will win in a canter. Under the circumstances, then, isn't it wiser to refrain from piffling about the situation? In any case, we may be sure that German goodwill is a very small factor in the game—aye, even in view of the fact that Britain and Japan are allies. As far as the Yellow Press in Japan is concerned, it is no better (and no worse) than the same unit of journalism in the United States, or at home with us. Generally speaking, the Yellow Press is run by aliens; by men who left their country for their country's good; and under the circumstances, their emanations are of use only to brother aliens. Thinking men purchase the various rags, mainly to see to what depths perverted ingenuity can descend. In the Japanese/American fuss, the Yellow Press (on both sides), is quite the biggest factor.

Would-be aspirants for Board of Trade honours as navigators will feel pleased to know that pyrotechnic signalling is "off." The Navy has decided to throw the quiff overboard—possibly they have considered that it partook too much of the methods in vogue with the Heathen Chinee?—and as a natural result, the Board of Trade will not require masters and mates to qualify in the foolishness in future. As things are pending, the difficulty soon will be that the navigator will not be bothered with what he is supposed to know, as much as he will with what he need not know. Experiments are so common, and so varied (to say nothing of childish, and all that), that the difficulty is to keep the run of them all. Of course, the idiocy of the thing is beside the question. The Navy has a separate staff of men for each set of monkey-tricks; the merchant service has but one man for the lot. Sometimes the latter is so choke-a-block filled with "notions" that he incontinently forgets the half of them, and then a senior officer in the Service writes to the Admiralty; they pass the growl on to the Press; and there's a pretty little kettle of fish to boil! But it will be all the same fifty years hence—praise de lor'.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907.

NAVAL MOBILISATION.

WHEN all is said on the matter, too much blame should not be attached to the present Government, for the amiable manner in which it neglects national defence against outsiders. The plain facts of the case are, that the present Legislature has so many enemies among it own members—within its own ranks, if such a chaotic conglomeration of units is worthy the name—that it has absolutely no time to bother with a possible enemy outside the gates. The inside traitors are in existence, and are for ever up and doing, while danger from outside is merely possible, and as yet is not too palpable. But of that feature of the shipping entity anon. On this occasion, we are concerned with the 1907 Governmental Joke, ycleped Mobilisation of the Fleet. Needless to say, a quantity of amusing stuff is going the rounds of sections of the Press, and if that same stuff is manufactured at head-quarters, and is given out viâ a press association, who is going to blame the section which is beguiled into using it? Nobody, of course. A newspaper subscribes to a press association, so that it may be in a position to obtain matter already prepared for it. The alleged brains are at the offices of the association, and to hoodoo the supporters thereof, it is merely necessary to square the association circle, when, as a natural consequence, the man in the street is hoodooed in precisely the same manner. Always supposing, you understand, that the man in the street is inclined to follow the lead assigned to that individual from time immemorial. The lead which gars him believe anything which appears in print. But the trouble to the circle-squarers is, that the said man is benefiting from the unlimited free education which has been scattered around over the landscape; he thinks for himself; and to see a thing in print, is by no means a sure thing that he will believe it. Our metaphorical man might not be an expert on the subject implicated. Indeed, he might know but little about it—at first-hand. But thanks (or otherwise) to that free education already alluded to, he brings commonsense to bear, and if the "inspired stuff" won't pan out under the strain of a commonsense consideration, then, Mr. Man goes off and inquires from those who are experts on the subject. Time was, that Mr. Man was ashamed to admit that he was ignorant on any given subject, and therefore looked wise and said nothing—when he was brought up against one of the dead-ends of his knowledge. But education has convinced him that there is no shame in not being universally posted; that no given person is wise on all counts; and that as most of us come into the world without speech, or power of thought, then, all the knowledge that is about must have been gleaned from other people. Under those circumstances, then, it is considered quite the correct thing (outside of certain sections of newspaperdom) to seek enlightenment from those who are likely to be in a position to supply it. Thus it comes about, that the country is keenly interested in this mobilisation dodge which is being engineered at the moment, and as we were possibly the first to call attention to the grave danger lurking beneath the said dodge, we make no apology for continuing the theme until the world has at least assimilated the truth of the situation. More than that, we may not hope for. And in this connection we feel that we are justified in claiming the first call to the attention which is now fairly common throughout the land. The more so because we note that a number of our contemporaries are, each of them, first in this affair (judging by their own claims); but if a search be made through the files of the different journals, THE MARITIME REVIEW will come out an easy first, and let the fact not be forgotten. However, it doesn't unduly matter who was first or last, so that the attention be general, and coming along to the "inspired stuff" to which we have already alluded, the following excerpt is a fair sample of the jape:

> The mobilisation order was a test of the working of the nucleus crew system, under which the men stationed in shore depôts are told off to man various ships in reserve and know their destination well in advance. The signal was made at 7.30, and within five minutes the men affected by the order had gathered their kits and accoutrement and were ready to march to their respective ships.

There you are, and as a bit of flamboyant nonsense, it has points. Of a surety did those men "know their destination well in advance!" We are asked to believe that a number of shore-trained sailors are as efficient and handy, as is the Metropolitan Fire Brigade—an obvious absurdity! But leaving that absurdity, and without having as much as one cavil over the mobilisation which is supposed to be causing such thrills and jubilations in the spinal attachments of the Admiralty, let us ask a pertinent question. Is it pretended that in the event of a sudden incursion by an enemy, and where our 'longshore seamen did not "know their destination well in advance," the same happy results might be expected? In the suggested eventuality, would the fighting Fleet be ready for reprisals in five days? No, sirs, nor in thrice five days. The various depôts were prepared for that mobilisation order—in fact, it was not made until the powers that be were sure that all hands were ready—and the men implicated were stood by their kits and accoutrements. More than that, they had a saving kind of knowledge that the momentous signal would not be made, until everything was ready, so of what use is it to prattle in any such an aimless manner? If the Government is serious in this affair, let it pick out a thoroughly unbiassed and disinterested committee of non-Governmental men; allow that committee to give the order for mobilisation even at any moment which best pleases them; and then stand by to watch developments. And that is how the real order for mobilisation will come. The enemy is not going to be good enough to send along a few weeks' notice, nor to say, in effect: "If you fellows are quite ready to give me a setback in accordance with the traditions of your country, I am just about to invade your seaports." In plain language, the time has come when this country should give over playing at sailors; when it should go in on up-to-date lines, and hang the expense. We maintain that the present mobilisation—as a test to efficiency—is nothing but a delusion and a snare, and it will end in a mortifying of the flesh. Furthermore, we have an idea that the trick will deceive nobody, in which event it is just a waste of good money, which would have been better utilised in repairing some of the old crocks which will take part in the piffley pageant, staged at some out-of-the-way place upon the South Coast. As stage thunder, the mobilisation has much to recommend it. But the day for that class of thunder is gone, and in a thinking community, something more in line with commonsense is required. So far, we have written never a word with regard to the chaos which will reign on the mobilised vessels, and as a consequence of filling them with a horde of men who are new to the ship and to each other. Discipline is the one feature which wins a sea-fight, and how a rabble imported from shore depôts can be considered as tending toward discipline, is among those things which no fellah can understand. Serious-minded seafarers admit that months of co-operation is essential, before a large body of men will work together with that precision which tends toward the winning of sea-fights; and yet Britain's one line of defence is made up of a disunited horde of men who have never worked a gun together, and who have no spirit of comaraderie, *esprit de corps*, style it what you will. They might be summoned to ghastly war in the

middle of the night; without notice; to meet as strangers; with not a particle of unanimity among them: to race around a warship in the midst of a rain of shot and shell from the enemy, in a hopeless endeavour to find something with which to fight the foe; and the stay-at-home contingent which has brought about all this wickedness, poses before the nation with an old jape anent "Ready, Aye, Ready" on their lips! And now for a brief spell, let us consider the conditions which apply to the possible enemy. He will swoop down on us without a word of warning. Each of his warships will be models of perfected discipline. His crews will have been on board at full strength, for months, at least, before he attempts his big job. In other words, he will not give his order to mobilise for the Armageddon, until he is certain that every man-Jack under his flag, is stood-by his gun, has his pals around him, and they are working altogether as a well-oiled and beautifully made machine. This is no fairy-tale, don't forget. It is happening now, in several countries which have a careful eye trained on the ineptitude of the Briton. What chance, then, will this country have under existing conditions? Leaving pluck, and all that sort of thing out of the question, is a disorganised mob likely to stand a chance in combat with a beautifully organised foe which sweeps on as a body, relentlessly, and prepared for anything? Surely not, and every sane man must admit that the present mobilisation is exemplifying the fact that the British Fleet is merely a disorganised mob. When the actual summons comes to mobilise in earnest, will it avail us anything to know that we have a hundred thousand sailormen en route for Tor Bay, where a fine Fleet manned by a tenth of the proper complement therefor, is awaiting with gangways lowered? Does anybody suppose that, with the present rush of warfare, that Fleet will be in being, by the time the mobilising men have reached Tor Bay? Will it not have been wiped off the map, long before the seamen have had a chance to rub the sleep out of their eyes, so that they may properly understand whether they have been ordered to mobilise, or if rather somebody is playing a game with them. Think of it, you stay-at-homes, and having thought, say if we are wrong in being insistent on the matter? The proper place for a sailor is on his ship. This country will win no fights with depôts, or so-called training establishments. You cannot send a depôt to sea while a training establishment will be useless in war-time. Moreover, it cannot be too strongly impressed upon all concerned, that the result of the coming naval war will be settled in less than five hours. The fittest will be on top in that time, while the other fellow will be under for ever. This being so—and everyone of us knows that it is—is there sense or reason in keeping our sailormen so far from the scene of action? Again, why are both warships and depôts run at the same time? Obviously they form a double expense where but one is needed. Why? Is it because a number of self-seeking politicians have agreed to sell their country, or is it for the reason that men have been placed in supreme power, who would be better employed growing spuds? We have dealt with this phase of the subject for years, and shall go on dealing with it until the man in the street realises the sort of fools' paradise that has been reared for his delectation. If a man were to suggest that a rabble of undrilled soldiers made the best nucleus for an army, he would be laughed to scorn; and yet the Government is committing the defence of the Empire to a rabble of undrilled sailormen. True, they have been drilled in the depôts, but on the ship where they will ultimately stand between the country and annihilation—well, they know nothing about it. And when the men have arrived at Tor Bay in this instance of mobilisation, they will have no danger to face, no enemy to fight to the death, and no seasickness to become inured to. They will be allowed to mooch around the ship until they have acquired sealegs, and later on, they will take part in a smooth-water, and gun-less marine parade. Notwithstanding, the whole flangary is blatantly written up as a test of efficiency! We are sadly afraid that there is a quantity of truth in the old saw which lilts along as "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Of course, and as we have already remarked, if an enemy will undertake to give this country the same kindly warning, and preparation time which has already been given for the toy effort, well and good. But the enemy will do nothing of the sort. He will swoop down suddenly, and without notice, and if his calculations are adrift to the extent of enabling this country to get her men on shipboard, we may be sure that he will then man them off while they are trying to become used to the ship, and to the motion of a heaving deck. The Admiralty is acting as if sea-legs were the natural birthright of the Briton; as if seasickness were kept off for ever, by the wearing of a blue-serge jumper. Of the mobilised men who will join at Tor Bay, how many would come safely through an instantly undertaken sea-trip—even now, when summer seas are about? Of that crowd of alleged "gun-layers," how many would succeed in laying a gun so that a hay-stack would be hit at a hundred yards? These are the little points that are awaiting a test. It is of no sort of use to the men who find the money, to learn that on a summer's day, a number of seamen (save the name) were ordered from a number of depôts, and that they ultimately got to the spot grandiloquently-named a rendezvous, without mishap. Nobody doubts that portion of the "test" in time of peace. What the country would rather learn, is the ability of the men as warriors, on arrival at the rendezvous. Were the men fit to fight, to undertake a sea-trip, to render a good account of themselves, and to justify the colossal sum of money which their alleged training has cost the country? Personally, we consider the answer to all these queries, to be an emphatic No. And as it is with the men, so is it with the ships. On paper they form a satisfactory fleet, but in reality, are they any better than the scratch lot of crocklets which one Rozhdestvensky took out East, so that they might be given a decent and expeditious burial? The Russian Admiral was defeated because his men were depôt sailors, were constantly seasick, and couldn't be depended on. Is anybody going to pretend that a Briton is so well-favoured by the gods, that different results will apply in his case? We have no wish to go into the detail of the repairs that are essential among the Fleet that will flutter its pennons in Southampton Water—there or thereabout. At the same time, it is fairly common knowledge that the resultant repair bill for the whole combination (if carried out) would be a colossal affair. And yet the nation is being put off with tales of "tests!" Here have we a Lloyd-George stalking through the land engaged in dealing out japes anent one Oliver Cromwell and his predilection for the abolishing of churches: but the great Lloyd-George appears to forget that the same Old Noll's first job was to throw out an inefficient Parliament: that he put the outside part of the undertaking in proper fettle, before (and to admit of his) placing the inside in proper shape. The "Oliver Cromwell" that is needed at present, is the man who is strong enough to plunk the predatory politician into his proper place, what time he places the national defence on a plane that precludes the possibility of laughter from every foreign strand. With his arrival, will synchronise a Fleet of warships that are in good repair, that are manned with ship-trained seamen, and who, together, are honestly ready at a minute's notice, to keep off all cowans and intruders. To enjoy peace, a nation must be prepared for war. That Britain is in no sense ready for war is obvious to the most casual observer; what right then, has she to hope for peace? These are the queries which should occupy the minds of responsible politicians, in which case they would quit raking over the bones of one Oliver Cromwell.

Answers to Correspondents.

"H.R.L."—First-class. Couldn't do better, and P. knew a thing or two when giving you the tip. 2. Not quite sure, but believe it is worthy of attention. Anyhow, being on the spot, you have the best chance of satisfying yourself?

CHASING CHIMERAS—AND CASH!

THAT there is a quantity of entertainment in the study of Socialistic propaganda goes without saying, and since the Colne Valley fiasco, the amiable Socialist appears to imagine, that the time has come when he is in a position to throw aside his veil, even while he plumps solid for all the loaves and fishes which may come his way. This is the great weakness of the Socialist, generally. For a time, he will grope along like a mole in a cabbage patch, and make good headway. So much so, that he loses his head, comes out in the open—and is euchred.

Look where you will, and it is fairly difficult to find a "union" leader, or the boss of a socialistic shebeen, who had the proverbial tuppence to jingle on a tombstone, ere he embarked upon the career where buncombe pays better than brains. For that matter, if those leaders would be honest in the arrangement of matters, and would own up (fair and square) that they are out for personal aggrandisements and cash, we shouldn't offer one objection. If the man in the street is silly enough to pull chestnuts out of the fire for these so-called stormy petrels, who is going to bluffing the small earner out of a share of his earnings.

Deal Steamer in Berth.

It isn't the fault of the Socialist, really; it is his misfortune. Starting with nothing, he rapidly learns that his preaching "goes down" with a crowd of malcontents who have a little, and after the fashion of the cat that pulled the chestnuts out of the fire, the latter do the devilling for the Socialistic boss. Ultimately, the last-named benefactor having become wealthy beyond his dreams of avarice, wishes to hedge a little, to sheer off socialism, and to adopt conservativism (seeing that he has something to converse), and then the fun commences!

There is no getting away from the fact that, at the first blush, "Ours for Us" is a taking phrase, and the crowd which accepts the tale, are very much in love with it. It's catchy, rings more or less true, and includes the mob with its leaders. "Ours" for "Us." Not yours for me—which is exactly what the socialistic leader really means. For our part, we have consistently claimed the belief that socialism, trades unionism, or any of the same kind of fakements of to-day, were established solely for the purpose of grumble about it!

Everybody wishes to live, and to do it as easily as the circumstances will admit of. So, if a man happens to be cursed with cacoëthes loquendi, and an inability to engage in honest work at the same time, is anybody going to blame him for scheming out a soft living at the expense of a number of juggins, who will listen to any sort of fairy tale? Surely not—as long as the man will be honest about it. Of course, there is always the fear that honesty will hash up his chances in life; but that is altogether the affair of the man in the street. If he doesn't care, why should we?

When all is said, the labour leader, equally with the socialistic sham, starts out with nothing—save a quantity of talk. In a few years, he succeeds in cornering more or less of this world's goods, and his "leading" propensities suffer an astonishing amount of shrinkage. You see, he has attained to the rank of capitalist—albeit on a small scale—and as such, he must not be too hard on the ranks into which he has succeeded in squeezing himself. At the

start, his erstwhile dupes do not quite realise the new situation. But they will, later on.

Even then, the situation will be no better, for the dupes will simply throw out the last lot of exploiters, even as they take to their deluded bosoms, another lot of the same kind of schemers. Really, it would pay the dupes better to hang on to the same old gang. Having made the latter wealthy, it is ridiculous to throw them aside, and commence with another set who are as poor as were the first lot in the beginning? But that is one of the features of the game, and as each set of exploiters is made wealthy, it incontinently looks around for ways and means of conserving its lately-acquired wealth—always at the further expense of those who supplied the money, the workers!

However, as we remarked in the beginning of this present writing, the socialist isn't a brainy individual—right down the line. He has brains, of course, even supposing it is merely enough to constitute him a triton of the minnows; but not sufficient to admit of his covering his slimy tracks for although he has a small amount of brains, he has altogether insufficient to admit of his understanding facts—or he wouldn't be a socialist. Instead of styling it snivelling, your amiable socialist dubs his conduct by the swagger word *finesse*, and that is what wrecks his whole undertaking. It will be all the same fifty years hence, and if the really brainy contingent would quit treating this class of menace with contempt; would set it right down in the niche which it should never have left; then, fifty years hence, matters would be a lot better.

As things are, and as we have frequently remarked, this modern cult starts out by apologising for living; works along until it has schemed from nothing-a-week into a fairly good salary; ultimately succeeds in roping in a quantity of shekels; and then swelled-head intervenes—or the socialist recants. To-date, nobody possessed of the ordinary quantity of brains, and a little capital, ever undertook to preach the doctrine of socialism. Moneyed-men *have* tackled the thing—but then, moneyed-men have

Slinging Deals out of Steamers' Hold.

continuously. The trouble is, that the average socialist is subject to severe doses of swelled-head. At the outset of his career, he is inclined to be pessimistic; to doubt his ultimate success; and mainly for the reason that he, above all others, realises the idiocy of his teachings and doctrines.

Realising it in this manner, he is somewhat surprised to note that even the unwashed millions take him seriously, and when he also notes that the brainy contingent treats him with a silent contempt—well, his ideas open out, and in a few months he assimilates the fact that if he goes slow, he might win a competence, after all! Obviously, then, he goes slow, and after the manner of his kind (which is a plausible manner) he snivels up all the support possible. Having gained that support—solely as the result of a whining plausibility—swelled-head comes in, and the poor unfortunate gives the whole undertaking away, by owning up to his snivelling tactics.

Of course he doesn't think it is snivelling. Not at all; also helped to fill our lunatic asylums, so nothing is to be gained from that phase of the undertaking.

In the main, however, a number of mouthy derelicts have been the brightest ornaments of the cult; men who in pre-socialistic days, were either on the scrap-heap, or were assessed as worthy of a pound a week; but who, as fully-fledged preachers of the new creed, are assessed as worth the whole of three pounds per week, or who, as socialist writers (save the name) are "good" for from £700 to £1,000 per annum. There is no need for us to particularise in this connection. The reader might easily do that for himself. Having done so, he might just as easily admit that the whole range of labour leading, socialistic shebeening, or what-not of a similar kind, is just a money-making profession of impossible beliefs.

Impossible as a belief, but a number one affair as a means of rooking those with least to lose. Don't tell us about chasing chimeras. The socialist doesn't chase a chimera—he is after good red gold, and gets it.

The Protection of the British Fleet.

AS showing the levity with which a trades union of legislators can treat a serious matter, the following travesty which took place in the House of Commons on Monday night should be instructive:

"MR. LUPTON (L, Sleaford) inquired whether in time of profound peace, when our battleships and cruisers were anchored in the waters near Portsmouth and elsewhere, any precautions are taken which would make it impossible for a treacherous foe to surprise our vessels and destroy them with torpedoes; and, if not, whether the Admiralty will consider what means should be taken to provide against such a contingency."

DISCHARGING DEALS OVER SIDE.

IN reply, the nation was treated to the following:

"MR. LAMBERT—I think my hon. friend's question can hardly be intended seriously—(hear, hear)—but I may say, by way of reply, that an attack on the Fleet by a friendly nation at a period of profound peace without any warning, is not, in the opinion of the Admiralty, a possible contingency."

So far, so good, and as Mr. Lupton gave notice that he would again raise the question on the motion for the adjournment of the House on the same night, a remark which was greeted with the laughter of those good souls who appear to know more about regulating a parish meeting, than they do of the regulating of a mighty Empire—we might as well endeavour to see if there wasn't a fair amount of method in the seeming madness of the hon. member for Sleaford.

FIRST of all, why should Mr. Lambert affect to believe that the foregoing question was not intended seriously? Will anybody pretend that with a paltry 70 out of a full complement of 700, a warship can possibly be safeguarded as she should be? Certainly not, and it is time that others in addition to Mr. Lupton drove home the same question. Not only drove it home, but insisted on a better administration of matters naval.

ONE doesn't need to be much of a naval expert to see that with a horde of nucleus-crewed vessels around the coast, the country is as good (or bad) as unprotected altogether. And all that talk about times of profound peace is piffle of the most pronounced kind. The potential enemy that awaits until everything in our midst is in the best possible fettle, is not to be seriously regarded as an enemy. The one that we have to fear, is just that enterprising gentleman who will decide to strike, precisely when he knows that we are least prepared to retaliate.

MOREOVER, we submit that in view of recent happenings, "the opinion of the Admiralty" is not altogether the best thing for the country to trust in. For our part, we can quite understand that there is nothing new under the sun, and that as a Nero fiddled while his Rome burned, a British Nero might easily undertake the same pleasing (to him) pastime. But at the same time, we aren't all Neros, and those of us who would rather postpone the burning idea until a later date, should see to it that a number of amateurs who are more intent on giving Poppleton a pump, than they are on seeing that the country is safe from outside dangers, should be laid to rest.

IN our opinion, Mr. Lupton was serious enough, and if his colleagues would postpone their efforts at righting the universal world, until they have squared up the particular chunk which has been entrusted to their questionably-efficient care, we should all be able to sleep in greater peace than can possibly apply at present. We have a shrewd suspicion that the bureaucrats of the Russian Government had just such a sloppy reply to make, when they were asked about the safety of

their Port Arthur contingent of naval efficiency.

All the same, and times of "profound peace" notwithstanding, the amiable Jap meandered in and scattered that same contingent. Scattered it past all hope of a remedy, and there was little of the nucleus-crew idea on the Russian warships? Of course, such a dire calamity couldn't happen to Britain, and for the simple reason that Britain has a special dispensation of Providence to help her along. To the "other fellow"—well, it is fairly easy to switch on proverbial philosophy for the delectation of the "other fellow," even while we forget that to him, we are the "other fellow."

Anyhow, that is mainly how the present saviours of the nation appear to argue, for we have in the words of Mr. Lambert, one of the apologists for naval misrule: ". . . an attack on the Fleet by a friendly nation at a period of profound peace without any warning is not in the opinion of the Admiralty a possible contingency." Of course, not. None of us thought it would be. At the same time, we should like to know the exact number of hours that are essential to turn a friendly nation into an enemy? We moderately dangerous to have a Colenso on the land; to work up the same thing at sea, means total annihilation to the British Empire, for once she is placed in the position of under dog, we may be sure that her blood will be sucked out most effectually before the then top dog will consent to withdraw his fangs.

And yet in face of all this dire possibility, your "hon. member" will work off the ill-timed joke which appears to be so dear to his soul! It never seems to have struck those good souls that possibly Mr. Lupton was speaking by the book; that he had taken the trouble to acquire bed-rock information from reliable sources; and that as a natural consequence, he had every right to receive careful, and courteous, attention. If a question had been asked about the right of compensation to some off-side wastrel belonging to an "union," the case would probably have been different.

In that event, we should have had the loud fulminations of the "Labour group" to tire us out, and the old, old, tale about the inalienable rights of the subject, would probably have been mussed around over the scene. But when it

Discharging Deals into Barges.

hazard the opinion that the period would be considerably less than that which is required to "mobilise" the British Fleet, all claims to the contrary notwithstanding.

However, true to his promise earlier in the evening, Mr. Lupton once more called attention to the modern equivalent of *Mene, mene, tekel upharsin*, by again demanding "what steps were taken to protect British warships while they were lying at anchor." He also remarked that as the nation was spending some £30,000,000 a year on the Fleet, then "the Fleet should not go to bed every night." This is reported as having evoked "loud laughter," and gars us remember that old tale of Goldsmith's—you know? That about the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind. It's a long time since we learned it, and we haven't a quotation book handy. Still, we give it near enough for all practical purposes.

There must have been a number of vacant minds about on Monday, anyhow, for we note that a "hon. member"—it's a blessing his name isn't handed down to posterity?—remarked: "Have them vaccinated." Poor fellow! He has our sympathy, for as things are tending at the moment, that vaccination act isn't so very far away. It is only comes down to the safety of the whole nation, all that we get is "loud laughter," and an old tag about vaccination! Honestly, now, isn't the government of a big Empire too big a job for such small-minded folk? Think it over, please, and while thinking, be good enough to remember that Mr. Lupton was speaking by the book; that your much-vaunted Fleet is gloriously unprotected at night, and by day; that as long as you consent to the depôt idea it will be ever the same; and that it only takes one licking on the sea, to undo your splendid heritage.

The crux of Mr. Lupton's remarks were in his closing words: "If it is unnecessary to protect the Fleet at night, it is unnecessary to have a Fleet at all." That's it, and the Fleet is unprotected by night, for with the best intentions in the world, seventy out of seven hundred can make but a poor shape at protection. Especially when about the half of the seventy are on shore, on leave. Of course, all is well that ends well, but at the same time, we have a shrewd suspicion that really capable legislators would never consent to take down their front door, merely because they were whitewashing the back-garden wall. And that is what the whole fit-out amounts to, at the moment.

THE MERCHANT SHIPPING ACT'S AFTERMATH.

The Gentle Stowaway, and the Shipowner's Liability therefor.

WE are not altogether clear as to whether our sympathy should go out to the shipowner, or if "serves you right" wouldn't be nearer correct, in the vista which is now opening before him as the result of Mr. Lloyd-George's "merciful kindness," in not making the Act suggested a bit more drastic. Times out of number we have called attention to this phase of nautical economics, and we remember one large-minded shipowner who assured us that the Shipping Bill (when it was merely that) might have been worse. We admitted the truth of the assertion—but added, mentally, "not much."

As things are drifting at the moment, we should like to hear that large-minded one's appreciation for "Georgie"—if he has any of it left; and one of these odd afternoons, when the weather is a bit less sultry, we shall look him up, and endeavour to get him to sing us another song about the "great Lloyd-George." Meanwhile, we have an idea that our sympathies should go out in the direction indicated, for although the shipowner (in the bulk) is somewhat prone to listen to anything which will spin him a duffer, he is, on the whole, deserving of a little pity.

LANDING DEALS AND PILING ON QUAY.

ANYHOW, there is no getting away from the fact that the present Government—in addition to mussing up the Navy—is also making a bold bid for smashing the Mercantile Marine; for between impossible grub questions, liability for deporting stowaways, light dues which should be borne by the nation, and sundry other items which need not be enumerated on this occasion—not forgetting the creation of a million tons of shipping at one stroke of the pen and thus robbing the trades union supporters of a whole year's work—well, you see how it is?

HOWEVER, it is the gentle stowaway with which we are most concerned at the moment, and in view of the fact that a sort of test case to determine shipowner's liability, or otherwise, has just been decided (against shipowner), we have an idea that a little open consideration of the matter might not be amiss. Briefly put, a steamer was homeward bound, and had called (as per schedule) at Teneriffe. While laying there, an alien (pushful German, to be exact) stowed himself away "down below," and he was not discovered until the ship had been at sea, from Teneriffe, for two clear days.

To most people, the issue would have been clear enough, for after taking the German friend to a labour colony, he might have been put to good remunerative work, and when his savings (kept by Government) had romped into the amount needed to defray his passage right from Teneriffe to the Happy Fatherland, he could have been deported, and a sprag thus placed in the wheels of future would-be get-a-passage-on-the-cheap gentlemen. But as a natural consequence, it is absurd to expect a business transaction of that sort from the present Government.

IN the first place, it is too susceptible to foreign pressure—as evidenced by the amiable manner in which British ships were sunk to foreign freeboard, instead of vice versâ; next place, it is up to its neck in a struggle to bring on the Millennium in a week or two from now; and lastly, it doesn't appear to know a very great deal about business of any kind—which is more or less a pity. But reverting to the Teneriffian-*cum*-German stowaway, and as the counsel for the defendant shipowner remarked, "as the master couldn't tie a stone around his neck and drop him into the sea like a kitten, he was compelled to bring the stowaway to England." Sure!

FUTURE "instructions to masters" might easily take the form of advising that in similar circumstances, the Old Man should use his best endeavours in seeing how much opium a stowaway could carry, without falling down—dead. And that if the experiment should end up disastrously, then, the said Old Man should be held blameless in his efforts for the advancement of science—especially if he

had kept his own counsel in the matter, and had refrained from logging a word about the said stowaway. Of course, that is merely a suggestion, and we give it for what it is worth.

Viewed in any light a stowaway is a nuisance—especially on a steamer where the provisions have been whacked out with a minute regard for the ethics of life and death. And everybody will admit that when a ship is getting toward the end of her voyage, and the bread-locker is consequently suffering from the blighting influences of a southerly wind—well, opium is cheaper than bread, and stowaways are just as prone to cholera, as are other and more manly members of the human race! Very well, then. We'll leave it at that.

In the case which we are reviewing, the shipowners involved appeared to be filled with a very pregnant understanding of their responsibilities in shipping life, for they prosecuted Mr. Stowaway. You can see at once, that such action was praiseworthy in the extreme, for one may as well expect to get blood out of a stone, as passage money out of a stowaway. In fact, any man that had the needful about him, would never consent to remain for two consecutive days, in a coal bunker—and in the latitude of Teneriffe, in the summer-time.

Still, that stowaway was prosecuted—and convicted. That was alright, and instead of allowing virtue to be its own reward, the Government folk laid themselves out to work up more virtue on the part of the shipowner, by compelling him to pay the cost of deportation to Germany, under the plea that the stowaway was an undesirable alien. That's what's the matter, sirs. You might successfully pass any number of dirty Jews from Russia, and each one of them might be half dead with trachoma, or other noxious disease; but if you bring in one healthy, and quasi-respectable German, then, you are "in" for it—if you are a shipowner!

This is one of the beauties of the Merchant Shipping Act which is being run on experimental lines, and 'fore all the world as if its framers thoroughly realise that it will be wiped from off the Statute Book (or a fresh Act nullifying it passed) directly a number of business men succeed in getting into Parliament. As we have remarked, the German stowaway was deported to the Vaterland—which was precisely what he aimed at, in Teneriffe—and if you wish to know our straight opinion on the subject, it is: There is at least one German who is filled with admiration for the amiable (if somewhat asinine) manner, in which the British people frame their laws—and administer them.

Naturally, some sort of excuse had to be forthcoming in this deplorable case, for it is bad policy to rob even a shipowner, *a la* Dick Turpin. You need to work up some little semblance of justification, for you never know how many votes a shipowner might influence at the coming Election. For the shipowner, it was contended that if nineteen other stowaways had obtained a free passage, then, the steamer would have been an emigrant ship—a perfectly sensible and logical deduction. But sense and logic is wasted at times. It was here, for the Solicitor-General in siding in with the crown, observed that this was one of the risks of the shipowners' trade.

This being so, it must be insured against, right away? The mere fact that the shipowners were doing their duty to their country by obeying the law, and prosecuting the stowaway, had nothing to do with the case. They were right in prosecuting; they were equally right in paying Hans' passage money across to the Vaterland; they must have been, for the Solicitor-General said so, and if he doesn't know all about these little affairs, we should like to know who does? Come to think of it, that opium will have to be used—in future eventualities!

Loading Trucks.

But stay! There is another way out of it. Make the gentle stowaway earn his passage at the end of a number fourteen boot; and on arrival, kick him on shore with never a remark about it. In stirring up a mess of this kind, it is obvious that you merely make matters worse; and there is absolutely no utility in your attempting to obey the law—if you are a shipowner. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why so much log-book flogging is indulged in? We never thought of that before! Seems to us that a shipowner is about justified in anything which he might do (or undo), with the exception of voting in favour of a Liberal Government! In that event, he certainly deserves all he gets. Otherwise, he will merely get it all, without deserving it, and that is mainly all there is to say about it.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 24, 1907.*

FIRMNESS, to an exceptional degree, has characterised the market in Cardiff (and other) Coal since our last time of writing. Indeed, that same old firmness not only continues, for it is being accentuated daily, and the selling contingent of the coal trade is justifiably pleased with itself in consequence. Not only pleased with themselves, for they are congratulating each other on the good time that is coming—and for the advent of the smile that won't come off!

IN effect then, prices have encountered a further improvement, and mainly on account of the scarcity which we forecasted in our last. For some little time past, we have animadverted on the pleasing condition of stems, and at the moment, these are literally choke-a-block full. Under those circumstances, then, it doesn't need a quantity of explanation from us, to convince you that matters are panning out to a nicety—for the seller.

SHIPMENTS, too, have reached a very high level, from which you will understand that tonnage has been fairly plentiful, but with it all, the seller's lot isn't altogether a case of beer and skittles *ad lib.*—nor yet unprecedented indulgences at the Flower Show. Generally considered, the seller's lot is notable chiefly for his proneness to take the bad with the good. Moreover, and as a rule, the bad and good come along in separate amounts. This week it is good, next week it is bad.

BUT at the moment, the good and bad synchronise in a manner of speaking, for the good is exemplified by an ability to sell any amount of coal at fancy prices; the bad comes in when the seller undertakes to find for delivery, the stuff which he has sold! That might seem something of a paradox—but it isn't, being, instead, the solid truth. As such, we shall leave it, and with the sure and certain hope that you will see the point—later on!

YES, prices are undoubtedly high, and the demand is most pleasing. But free coal is disgustingly scarce, and that's a fact. So much is this in evidence, that there has been an active purchasing over the week, buyers fondly thinking that by this action, they will secure prompt shipment, and before the scarcity becomes more apparent. With this end in view, promptness has exercised the minds of those concerned, much more than has the question of price.

IT has been suggested that sundry of the manipulators have a fair amount of the commodity up a figurative sleeve—but we don't believe it. It is all very pretty to suggest that "up your sleeve" business, and the keeping of it there until an opportune moment; but judging the whole subject dispassionately, we are inclined to doubt the existence of any such a reserve stock. The weather, presently, is hardly conducive to too great an amount of thinking; and the would-be buyer is altogether too keen to admit of the seller obtaining the time essential for thinking.

IN other words, the "rush" is affecting both sides, and for the nonce, seller has the bulge. Long may he keep it, for it comes but seldom—all things considered.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. od, 19s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 9d	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 3d.	11s 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Best Newport ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. od	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d., 11s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. od.	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.	28s. od., 30s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 24, 1907.*

TRADE in the local staples continues satisfactory, and the market during the past week has maintained a good tone throughout. ANTHRACITE COALS of the best descriptions show little or no change, prices remaining very firm. The demand and supply are just about level, so that there has been but little room for variation. If there is any movement, it is upwards rather than the other way. BIG VEIN COALS continue to experience an active request, and with stems well filled, quotations are higher, and stand in a fair way of being obtained, as there is but little free coal about. RED VEIN is hardening in sympathy. MACHINE MADE COALS continue scarce, and prices therefor, easily maintained. CULM and DUFF are also sound commodities.

STEAMS also show a marked improvement in prices. The demand has quickened considerably, and with stems now bordering on the full line, buyers have had to pay up. BESTS stand at about the nimble 20/-, and SECONDS at about 19/-. BUNKER qualities are also firm for the above reason.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d., 24s. od.
Seconds do. ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d
Machine Made Cobbles ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. od.	26s. 3d.	26s. 3d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	18s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, July 24, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Singapore, *Garfield*, 5,000 tons, 10s. 6d.
Hong Kong, *Brighton*, 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d. coal and coke, (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Lord Sefton*, 5,500 tons, 17s. 3d. (P.T.)
Lena, 4,900 tons, 16s. 9d.
Commonwealth, 4,750 tons, 17s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Meridian*, or sub., 5,000 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Eastwood, 5,300 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,600 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Or Madeira, *Brookby*, 5,200 tons, 7s.
" *Miramar*, 3,400 tons, 7s. 3d.
Or Teneriffe, *Vera*, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d. ppt.
Madeira, *Bengar*, or sub., 3,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Bencroy, or sub., 3,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
W. C. South America, *Minerva*, 21s. 6d. fuel.
St. Paul de Loanda, *Phœnicia*, 3,500 tons, 15s.
Bahia Blanca, Steamer, 4,800/5,400 tons, 17s. 6d. 250, 1s. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Palestrina*, 4,900 tons, 5s. 3d.
Tremeadow, 5,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 5s.
Tre—, 5,000 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 6,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Tre—, 5,000 tons, 5s.
T. R. Thompson, 5,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Genoa, *Monza*, 3,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Sir W. T. Lewis*, 5,700 tons, 6s.
Algiers, *Maroc*, 3,500 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Blaenavon, 2,500 tons, 8·25 fcs. coal, 9·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Franz, 3,900 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, (c. or P.T.)
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Greenwich, 8 fcs. for part cargo of 3,000 tons, spot.
Alexandria, *Talavera*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Trewyn, 4,500 tons, 6s. 7oo, (c. or P.T.)
Constantinople, *George Royle*, 3,400 tons, 6s.
Valencia, *Opal*, 1,300 tons, 9s.
Seville, *Radnor*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 11d. (N).
Savona, *Reresby*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Marseilles, *Felix de Abasolo*, 4,900 tons, 8 fcs. (N).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
D. Negropontes, 3,800 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Gafsa, 7·50 fcs.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Barcelona, *Charing Cross*, 3,700 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Hasland, 2,100 tons, 8s.
Monkseaton, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Varna and Bourgas, *Ottringham*, 4,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Varna, *Iser*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 3d.
Catania, Steamer, 2,800 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 2,400 tons, 7s. 7½d. coal, 8s. 4½d. fuel, (N.R).
Naples, *Llangorse*, 5,600 tons, 5s. 6d. 1,000.
Waltham, 5,300 tons, 5s. 4½d. 1,000.
Llanover, 5,600 tons, 5s. 9d. 1,000, option Port Said, 5s. 500.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5s. 10½d. 800.
Venice, *Wathfield*, 4,600 tons, max, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, 400, option 3d. more if 4,500 tons max. with 400 dely. (s).
Annie, 5,000 tons, 7s. (s).
Ancona, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
Bari, *Trevarrack*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Trieste, *Rowena*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Aguilas, *Canganian*, 1,250 tons, 9s.
Sfax, *La Vienne*, or sub., 1,900 tons, 10·25 fcs. (N).
Braila, *Whitehall*, 2,700 tons, 8s. (s).
Cagliari, *Vera*, 3,100 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel,
Spezzia, Steamer, 2,100 tons, 6s. 9d.
Syracuse, *Comino*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 3d. if 400, or 6s. 4½d. if 300.
Oran, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 7·75 fcs. (N).
Danube, *Northumbria*, 2,900 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Whitehall, 2,500 tons, 8s.
Malta, *Wagner*, 4,900 tons, 4s. 9d.
Adelina Patti, 4,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Cadiz, *Dronning Maud*, 1,750 tons, max. 7s.
Oporto, Steamer, 1,900 tons, 6s. 3d. (N).
Lisbon, *Kirkwall*, 2,200 tons, 6s.
Coventry, 2,000 tons, 6s.
Stakesby, 1,650 tons, 6s. 1½d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Copenhagen, *Fri*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Alfred, 5s. 6d. with options.
Carlshamn, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Zeebrugge, Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. (s).
Stettin, *Marie Horn*, 1,700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Stockholm, *Hudiksvall*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.

BAY, Etc.

La Pallice, *Clieveden*, 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. ppt.
Three Steamers, each 3,000 tons, 5 fcs.
Nantes, *Auckland Castle*, 1,400 tons, 7 fcs.
Discovery, 3,000 tons, 6 fcs. (N).
Rosehill, 2,000 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
St. Nazaire, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 5·62½ fcs.
Boucau, *Vivienne*, 1,400 tons, 6·37½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Santiago*, 3,000 tons, 5·62½ fcs.
Pluton, 1,250 tons, 6·50 fcs. ppt.
Pluton, 1,250 tons, 6·50 fcs. Aug.
Pomaron, 1,950 tons, 6·37½ fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Rocio*, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 5·87½ fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·12½ fcs. (s).
Sables, *Ragusa*, 1,700 tons, 6·40 fcs.. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Cork, *Theory*, 250 tons, 4s. free dely. (N).
Greenock, *Clifford*, 350 tons, 4s. 9d.
Dartmouth or Plymouth, *Glassalt*, 950 tons, 4s. 3d.
Harwich, *Vulcan*, 480 tons, 5s. 6d.
Shoreham, *Dunard*, 220 tons, 5s. (s).
Devonport, *Greenhill*, 2,300 tons, 2s. 7½d. part cargo, (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Enterprize*, 1,550 tons, 3s. 6d. option Sheerness, 3s. 7½d. (Admiralty).
Calais, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Trouville, *Volscian*, 680 tons, 5s. 4½d. (s).
Granville, *Congress*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Honfleur, *Quickstep*, 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d.
Volpone, 650 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Glynn, 1,450 tons, 4s. 9d.
Havre, *Rive de Gier*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d.
Caen, *Stokesley*, 1,250 tons, 4s.
Fecamp, Steamer, 530 tons, 5s. 6d.
St. Malo, *Sea Spray*, 650 tons, 5s. 3d. coal, 5s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Devonia, 1,950 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bremerhaven, *Gedania*, 2,200 tons, 5s. 4½d. (N).
Naval, 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Vlug, 1,750 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rouen, *Electra*, 640 tons, 6s. (s).
Volscian, 700 tons, 6s. (s).
Burton, 780 tons, 6s. (s).
Vectis, 1,150 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Lucy Andersen, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Oporto to Cardiff/Barry/or Newport, *Hawthorn*, 1,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Newport, *Egero*, 1,900 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Italia*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 11, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

16,098/06—GIBBS AND MOON—***Improvements in sprays for rock drills.***

According to this invention, which relates to sprays for rock drills, a receiver for the exhaust air encloses the exhaust port of the machine. The casing of the receiver is constructed with an outlet communicating with a pipe fitted with a cock for regulating the quantity of exhaust air. The pipe to which the cock is fitted connects with a hose pipe communicating with one branch of a U-shaped piece constructed with holes which form the inlets for the water. The other branch of the U-piece has fixed thereto another length of hose, connected to a pipe passing into the receiver. The rigid pipe is surrounded by means of an exhaust pipe which constitutes the spraying nozzle, which is in direct communication with the receiver, so that all the air except that used for drawing the water is permitted to escape through the nozzle where it mingles with the water.

16,798/06—MCCAIN—***Improvements in mechanism for propelling boats.***

This invention relates to boat propelling mechanism of that class in which flexible bands travel over rollers and have paddles attached thereto, the object of this invention being to provide means whereby the paddles are efficiently braced. According to this invention the paddles are of greater length than the outer edges of the bands, and have their ends slotted longitudinally for the bands to be fitted within the slots. The inner edges of the paddles enter the spaces between the sprocket teeth, and are kept at right angles to the bands by brackets bolted to the side of the paddles and to the bands. The brackets consist of triangular pieces of metal on two edges of which are flanges at right angles thereto for attachment to the band and paddle respectively, adjustment being obtained by means of bolts passing through aperatures in the flange.

20,495/06—FORSTER—***Improvements in or relating to self-levelling apparatus for ship's berths, saloons, platforms and the like.***

This invention relates to self-levelling apparatus of the kind wherein the object is swung on two sets of pivots at right angles. According to this invention, the berth is suspended in a rectangular swinging frame so as to be free to swing longitudinally by two pairs of swinging arms pivoted at their lower ends to the berth, and having their upper ends mounted on two pairs of transverse pivots carried by the swinging frame. The frame is provided at each end with a cross bar, and is suspended so as to swing transversely by arms pivoted to the cross bars.

21,851/06—PIERI—***Improvements in propelling devices for ships.***

This invention relates to propeller devices for ships wherein the propeller devices are arranged on the longitudinal axis of the ship and inside the hull. According to this invention the blades of the propeller, which consists of arms made up of multiple blades emanating from a hub, are formed of several pallets joined together and resembling the shape of spoons, the concave side of which is turned downward in the direction of the movement of the propeller, and the adjacent edges of which form active surfaces of V shaped section both in radial and transverse direction.

2,057/07—PRESTWICH—***A new or improved miner's lamp.***

In constructing a miner's safety lamp according to this invention a skeleton is formed of a screwed base in which are fixed pillars of which the upper ends are fixed in a ring. In this ring are fixed more pillars fitted at unequal distances so that a space of sufficient width for the introduction of an outside cover is left between two of them. The cover has holes for the admission of air and is retained in position by a wire gauze top that is passed up into the cover through the base, followed in the same way by a cylindrical glass, a burner, a wick holder, and an oil container, all firmly secured together by a locking device.

5,660/07—DUNCAN—***Improvements in the construction of screw propelled ships.***

According to this invention, which relates to the construction of screw propelled ships, the roof of the shaft tunnel is extended laterally to form a water-tight ceiling for the spaces between the sides of the tunnel and the sides of the ship whereby these spaces can be used as water ballast tanks.

These applications for patents, are until August 26 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on July 17, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending August 17.

Class 21—***Motor Boats.***

288,103: NAPIER.—D. Napier and Son, Ltd., The Napier Motor Works, Acton Vale, London, W., Engineers, November 21, 1906.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XIV.—No. 181. FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907. THREEPENCE.

DER "FRENDT'S" SOLILOQUY.

HANS: "Ach! Yohnny Bool! You dinks you're safe, but choost you vait until I knocks yer in der vitals!"
(Meaning, of course, the Bristol Channel).

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—DER "FRENDT'S" SOLILOQUY	177
MARITIME MURMURS	178
CANDID CRITICISM FOR CARDIFF	181
"REVOLUTION" IN NAUTICAL TRAINING	182
EXPERIENTIA DOCET—	184
"AND BACK TO A FINAL PORT OF DISCHARGE"	186
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	188
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	190
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	191
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	192

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

As is but natural under the conditions of severe criticism to which the British Navy has been subjected at home, the foreign "friend" is following the matter up in a more or less whole-hearted manner. Especially the German "friend," for he distinctly emphasises the fact that with the opportunity to test that Fleet himself, will come the trial. In reviewing the present naval glorification, one of our German contemporaries prattles about the "so-called mobilisation," and labels it as altogether worthless. Without going so far as that, we yet maintain that the system in vogue is a poor one, and that it will land the country into difficulties at no very remote period. No mobilisation which admits of a Fleet taking the sea can be truthfully styled worthless, for as in every other mundane affair, mobilisation is to be considered comparatively. The contemporary already referred to remarks that while, with careful manipulation, the British Fleet has been manned in some sort of fashion, the reserve of men which will be essential directly fighting begins in deadly earnest, is conspicuous by its absence. This may not be truthfully denied, for at present, the country has no reserves, and wobbles along under the seeming belief that with the advent of war and its wastage of human life of the seagoing persuasion, a horde of C.I.V.'s will meet the case as it did in the South African humiliation.

NEEDLESS to say, any such a belief is erroneous in the extreme—nay, is fraught with national danger. As we have frequently remarked in this connection, a Colenso might be encountered on land, and no everlasting ill result; but with the same condition at sea, the British Empire's tale is told, its sands have run, and somebody else will undertake the World Empire business. Again, in regard to gunnery practice, this leaves much to be desired. We quite realise that a comparatively few practiced gunners are perpetually in course of manufacture; but they are manufactured as a sort of side line, and without any regard to the conditions which will apply in actual warfare. It is fairly easy to instruct a number of gunnery neophytes when they have the place to themselves, so to speak, and when no disturbing element is in evidence. But will it be contended that a practiced gunner who has picked up his knowledge as an isolated man, will be of much use when the stir and strife of a battle are around him? "Fancy" shooting is all very well in its place—which is on a holiday or "granda festa" occasion. In other words, and although we are proud to note the prowess of the few at Bisley, say, we should be much better satisfied if the whole ruck of soldiery could do as well as the Bisley "stars."

THE soldier and sailor is supposed to be a practical tradesman, and his trade training embraces the art of shooting from all arms. At least, it should embrace that training. But when we see that the favoured few are experts, while the vast majority are but little better than the man in the street, isn't there something radically wrong in the whole system? We know that firing away good powder and shot is expensive. We also know that the present Government affects a devotion to economy. But is it true economy to supply a number of high-class shooting implements, only to find them at the mercy of the first hardy invader, and for the reason that, as usual, the metaphorical ship has been spoiled for the proverbial ha'porth of tar? In practical gunnery training, there is but one way to effectually carry it out, and that is: With everything on a war-footing, with crews and guns at full strength, and with conditions as near to the pandemonium that will exist, when the actual scrap is "on." Of course, it is competent for the powers that be to engage in a game of bluff with the foreigner—if it can be worked. But then, the same foreigner is no fifth-rate exponent of the said game of bluff. He is, in fact, a past master at the game, and thus it comes about that British bluff is likely to be discounted at the very first flush.

MEANWHILE, the Home Fleet has been cavorting around the waters set aside for its prancing, and while we are willing to admit that it makes a noble display, and sets the minds of the casual observers at rest, it yet leaves much to be desired. True, it keeps station with beautiful precision—and mainly for the reason that the whole fit-out is carried out under gala conditions. There is no excitement about, and no thunder of guns, accompanied by a death-dealing hail of shot and shell. In those circumstances, it would

be futile to expect less than beautiful evolutions? That is to say, if the Fleet were badly manœuvred on parade in peace, what sort of show would it be likely to make in war? And the most disquieting feature of the whole thing is, that although long-thought-out preparations made it possible to mobilise that Fleet, the stock of available men is used right up to the last notch, and never a pennyworth of reserve is available. Of course, if Britain still continues to hold the Divine dispensation to rule the waves; if she can make no possible mistake, and can lose no battles; well, in those circumstances, a reserve of fighting men is unnecessary. The order will simply go forth, and the fighting Fleet will leap at the opposing force, when the game will be all over except shouting.

But quite a number of thinkers have an idea that the dispensation alluded to is no longer the property of this country; that others have a sort of right to a rub from the same affair; and that taken altogether, matters are not at all clear, as far as Naval supremacy is concerned. In a music hall sketch, or song, it is all very well for the British heroine to appeal to a merciful Father to bring back a fighting lover safely from the war. It is most comforting, too, to note in the denouement, that the lover is spared as suggested, and that he comes back with banners waving, and with smiles on his powdery phys. But that is on a British music hall. Strange to say, the same thing applies to a German, on a German stage, and both sides of the undertaking appear to forget that both are exhorting a merciful Father in the manner indicated, and for the self-same end! Obviously, that Father cannot bring back both contestants, even as He kills both in answer to the prayer of the beautiful maiden? In other words, if one of them comes back in safety, the other fellow must have been wiped out—or at best, severely damaged? Very well, then. Which is most likely to be the survivor? Naturally, he that is best prepared for the contingency in which he finds himself.

Prayer is a powerful affair, no doubt; but we are wicked enough to prefer a Fleet manned with a plentiful supply of really hard-cased sailormen to carry us through, than are we to the prayers of a number of hysterical maidens of the common or garden sort. Yes, and we are no more ungallant than the remainder of our fellow citizens. And in this Naval bluff we are having no concern with the *materiel* side of the undertaking. That is good, admittedly, although it might be considerably better. But when one comes down to the *personnel*, one has to admit that the whole contraption is little better than the whited sepulchre of which one reads, and that at the first real essay on the part of an enemy, that sepulchre will be eked out with quite a number of dead men's bones. Twaddley discussion on the Mercantile Marine abounds, even while its *personnel* is absolutely useless as a reserve for the Fleet: its case rapidly becomes worse; and nobody seems to care very much about it. On the other hand, the *personnel* of the Fleet is kept at working mark only by superhuman effort, and that working mark is by no means the beautifully sufficient affair that is suggested by the various Parliamentary Papers which deal with the subject. What are you going to do about it?

And although that *personnel* is limited in the extreme, new battleships abound, and are taking the water under circumstances of pomp and panoply. Saturday, last, saw the launch of the *Bellerophon*, and she—although one of the famous (or infamous) *Dreadnought* class—is the largest, and most formidable battleship afloat! Truly a magnificent fabric, to be handed over to a possible nucleus crew ranging into some seventy hands (when they are all on board?) With the launching function, we have no concern. No doubt it passed off in the manner usual to these affairs, and if it didn't, well the magnanimous Pressman will assure you that it did—if he has been mollified to that end, in the way that is considered usual. Anyhow, we have it on credible authority that "the great mass of steel gathered impetus as it went, and took the water beautifully." If you happened to approximate into the launching weight of *Bellerophon*, and had your nether portions well tallowed; if you were at the head of an inclined plane, and somebody gave you a shove by way of a start; then, you would gather impetus as you went, and if you didn't take the water at the end of the inclined plane beautifully, well, you would make a big splash, and that is precisely what *Bellerophon* did. One of these days, she'll probably make another splash—albeit of a different sort. You see, she is one of the terrible *Dreadnoughts*, so just wait a bit.

There are a number of pessimists who aver that the world is hardly worth living in. At the same time, we note that they take a terrible amount of precaution, when the possibility of leaving it in a hurry materialises. Still, there is room for many more precautions, and if they were attended to in a proper shape, the world would be in no whit the worse off, in consequence. There is the carriage of explosions through a crowded thoroughfare, for instance. Time and again this subject has received attention from the local Press; time and again the crass stupidity of allowing tons of dynamite a free stem through the streets has been condemned; and time and again those interested have shaken a dissentient head, and have then passed on to something of more importance. It takes an earthquake to move some communities; others become seriously damaged by a tidal wave; others again, appear to wait until an explosion on really gigantic lines does the shifting. Anyhow, a few days ago, Bute Street came near to resolving into its original chaotic state, through a collision between an electric tramcar, and a dynamite-laden lorry. All's well that ends well, of course, but exactly how near to a catastrophe Cardiff was on the day referred to, will never be known.

All the same, and as the Government appears to have no power of veto in the matter, and as the local bumbles are just as helpless, would it be too much to expect the passage of a short Act, giving the essential power to somebody? It has been proved, over and over again, that it is useless appealing to the manhood of those who traffic in these combustibles at a safe distance. They do not appear to care who becomes damaged, as long as their percentage of profit is assured. And we may take it as a foregone conclusion that those traffickers will never be found near to the seat of danger. In a former issue, and when another accident nearly occurred, we reminded our readers of the terrible hole in the ground which resulted from an unpremeditated dynamite explosion in Johannesburg, some years ago. On the occasion referred to, the said hole resembled the crater of an extinct volcano, and desolation extended for miles around. Of course, there was the usual call to charitable effort. There always is, for to administer a charity, some hangers on to the fringe of civilisation will "make a bit." But instead of waiting for the advent of a charity fund, wouldn't it be better for the native to take the matter into his own hands, and failing a legal remedy, manufacture an effective one?

If that lorry of explosives had "gone off," it is open to doubt if a pane of glass would have been left in Cardiff, and the resultant concussion would have certainly shifted the whole of Bute Street, and the Taff Railway there; while such ornamental items as the City Hall and its resplendent caretaker, would have gone to realms unknown. And for whose benefit? Merely for that of one or two persons who attempt to raise a living through jeopardising the lives and property of the whole community? Explosives must be used, we know. But is there no snug little cove along the coast, and far from the haunts of man, where the stuff could be just as easily unloaded, and much more safely handled? And do the explosive importers pay a tax that is in line with the dangers which their traffic engenders? Not much! Yet if a fat-works is started in our midst, or a chemical factory, down comes the inspector with all manner of asinine regulations—for the community might suffer, you know! If a printer lays down a guaranteed-safe machine, that inspector ambles along, and out of the fulness of his ignorance, suggests an "improvement" on the work of a number of men who have given a life-time of study to the machine in question. The "improvement" might consist of a soap-box around a pulley (which couldn't be reached even with *malice prepense)* but it must be done. Yet tons of dynamite are allowed to be carted openly through the streets, and nobody seems to care a dump. Truly is the part greater than the whole, and we don't care a toss who knows it.

The new Factory Acts are beginning to bring in their crop of prosecutions, and as sailormen, we are aghast at the amount of apparent danger which was around us, in the "good old days" before we pawned our sextant! A fine of forty shillings and costs has been imposed upon a local shipowner, because one rung from a hold ladder was missing! Aye, that is the way to rope in the shekels, good people. Keep an eye on the rungs of your hold ladders—or else do away with them altogether. Hold-ladders are troublesome affairs, and we have an idea that but a few are afloat to-day, where the rungs are above suspicion—and the strictures of the inspector. As far as we can see, the few remaining British seamen would be doing well to give up the sea, and go in for inspectorships. There is plenty of work for the cult, and plenty of time in which to do it! Another fine of forty shillings and costs was imposed, because it was claimed that the coal trimmers of a given colliery company used hatch-coverings as stages for the loading of coals. From time immemorial, this has been a custom, and nobody was hurted in consequence. But with the new oof-gleaner—the Factory Act, you understand—things are different. It doesn't really matter whether you give instructions that hatch-coverings shall not be used, and if you supply new staging for the purpose. The coal trimmer has been used to rigging a stage with hatch-coverings, he will continue after his wont, and you, as an employer, must pay the fine—and costs.

It's even risky to cock a ladder up against your ship's side in dock, these days. At the time of placing that ladder, the ship's rail might be level with the dock wall, and therefore, it might be possible to walk straight on board over the improvised gangway. Possible, if you are a healthy man, have the use of your legs and faculties, and are a bonâ fide dockworker. But if you are a decrepit sort of man—a cripple, say—and have no real business in the dock under any circumstances; well, in that case, the shipowner should either have a couple of men to carry you about, or he must be prepared to pay a fine (and costs) for his "negligence." You see, the ship's rail—through a rise in the water level of the dock—might easily get quite a distance above the dock wall. In that event, it will carry the ladder along with it, and in the result, you might find that ladder a foot or eighteen inches below the top edge of the bulwark. That's a danger, and although you might plead that the ladder was merely a temporary accommodation, and was not intended for the use of Royalty, say, it is all the same in the end. You might get off with a fine of twenty shillings and costs—but pay up and look big. You allowed that Act to come in without any grave objections, so of what use is it to grumble, now? If you wish to keep clear of trouble, don't supply a ladder. Let your ship's visitors bring their own, then the onus of fitness will rest with them. Indeed, if their ladder is a bit "short," you might claim damages from them, and thus get a bit of your own back. Queer world, isn't it? Queer Acts in it, too?

Is the "erudite and vivacious editor of the *Cambrian News*" a bit of a wag, or are visions about, and things are not really what they seem? We are not altogether insistent upon an answer you'll please observe, but when a callow youth brings us in a cutting from some "Wales Day by Day," or other, and we read therein an excerpt from the *Cambrian News* which lilts along as: "The Royal Visit to Cardiff passed off most successfully. Monday's *Western Mail* contained sixteen pages, well-printed and wonderfully got-up. It is a very remarkable performance, etc."—well, we are wondering if this is intended as a bit of leg-pulling, or what? The sixteen pages were there, right enough, and it was "wonderfully got up," in all conscience. But when we get to the claim that it was well-printed—well, sirs, opinions vary, so do copies of the same edition, evidently. We did notice that *South Wales Daily News* was decently printed—at least, the copy which was shown us was that way inclined; but with regard to the "other fellow," well, as already suggested, opinions vary. Personally, we heard quite a number of equivocal remarks anent the alleged blocks which appeared in that particular issue, and the grouping of the notable men at the Docks– well, it was marvellous.

Our office boy has been singing, "All in a row," ever since his youthful optics were favoured with a view of the issue in question. Of course, we know that we set a most difficult example in printing; but then—well, the shouters should easily be able to follow us in some sort of shape. So far in the struggle, they do not appear to be in that position, so we must forgive them for prattling about their "well printed and wonderfully got up" effort on the occasion referred to. Buck up, *Western Mail.* Watch us a bit more, and soon you'll do something worth emulating. Even our thistle and shamrock borders were copied in a carping spirit, weren't they? But never mind! You might easily do worse than cull inspiration from the pages of The Maritime Review, although we should think more of you if you were honest enough to put the tag "After The Maritime Review," underneath your obvious plagiarisms. Still, the editor of *Cambrian News* deserves some little praise, for if he didn't really mean to flatter our up-town friend, he unwittingly gave us subject matter for a couple of paragraphs, which are now complete. Thank you, our Western friend, and now please say something nice about us, won't you?

Answers to Correspondents.

"Grib."—If you care to, please. 2. Thanks, very much. 3. Safe enough, as far as we know. Anyhow, it's better than "Nap." 4. Glad? Rather! In fact, the word but poorly expresses the state thereaway—what?

Candid Criticism for Cardiff.

BE it understood that in no portion of this present writing do we lay claim to any "inside" information, nor have we any bias either one way or another in connection with the matters herein dealt with. We merely undertake to live up to our motto of *candide et secure*, in that we openly and fearlessly write what our neighbours are muttering in the byways and lanes of Dockville—aye, what they are muttering at the moment, what they have muttered since the late Royal Visit, and (judging by indications) what they will continue to mutter, for quite a time to come.

THE looker-on is generally credited with the opportunity of seeing most of the game, and may do so—providing he is not visually affected; at the same time, it should be remembered that none are so blind as they who will not see, although that a quantity of wilful blindness exists in Dockville, is not for us to say. We do not make history—merely write it. Therefore, as historians, we are satisfied to write that his Majesty, King Edward VII., has been here, has gone, and—if we are to judge by the variety of tales with which we are worried—has left a quantity of bitterness behind him.

How did it all come about? the "it" on this occasion being the honours which were given—and those which were not. Still keeping to the rôle of historian, we have no concern with the latter, and merely a watcher's interest in the former. As applies with most of our local friends, we can but surmise; but if we do that in a more or less intelligent manner, we submit that we shall thereby soar gloriously above a number who have affected the same rôle. Very well, and once more be it understood that we are merely surmising. Don't overlook the fact, if you please, and forgive us if you think we are unduly insistent. We have our reasons—which are invariably sufficient for all that appears in THE MARITIME REVIEW.

IN reviewing the situation as it applies locally, it will be as well if we commence at the beginning. That will be with the arrival of his Majesty, who (having been successfully persuaded by Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart.) graciously consented to show himself to the Cardiffian and, incidentally, to open the magnificent dock which may be justly considered as the crowning point in a career which has been crowded with a goodly assortment of large items—the career of Sir William Lewis. Continuing on the historical lay, we are enabled to state definitely that on Friday, July 12, 1907, his Majesty, the King, entertained to dinner on the Royal Yacht, then snugly moored in the Sea Lock of the Queen Alexandra Dock, a company of gentlemen of light and leading.

AMONG that company, was Sir William Lewis—whose sagacity and pertinacity had made the function possible. But before going in to dinner, we know that Sir William was summoned to the King's private apartment, and here we reluctantly resign the rôle of historian. Surmise comes in, for only two persons really know what happened in that private apartment, and unfortunately for the peace of mind of the curious among us, neither of them are at all likely to be communicative. Getting along with our "intelligent recapitulation," let us suppose that in effect, his Majesty said:

"Well, Sir William, this is a splendid city—this Cardiff; but isn't it a bit provincial in some of its manners? You have a number of merchant princes, shipowning magnates, and wealthy men, generally; yet out of a population running into some 170,000, the best go-between available from a civic point of view, happens to be a working stonemason. I am prepared to believe that he is a most estimable man, and thoroughly deserving of the honour which—in the interests of the city—I should like to accord him; but surely some of the local stalwarts have some little idea of the fitness of things? It will be no honour to your stonemason Lord Mayor, if, out of respect for the loyalty shown me by your countrymen, and through a knighthood, say, I am the innocent cause of his eventual undoing?

"You see, Sir William, a man may not make much of a showing as a knight on three or four pounds a week, and although the man is in every way worthy (or he would not have been found in the Chief Magistrate's place), it will be no kindness on my part if I carry out my intentions as suggested. On the other hand, if I return to London without doing what is usually considered essential to occasions such as this, then your progressive city will justifiably consider that it has been subjected to an unmerited snub. Under the circumstances, then, what is there for me to do? If I dub your Lord Mayor a knight, I shall ruin him; if I don't, I shall be said to have snubbed your city.

"Obviously, then, there is but one course open to me. I must give the knighthood, and either the House of Bute or myself must see to it, that something sufficiently remunerative to admit of a proper upholding of the dignity, is provided. Which is it to be?"

HERE, we have to leave the surmising, and be satisfied to remark that the knighthood was given—as all the world knows. The provision—well, that will appear at a later date, and meanwhile we may profitably consider the causes which helped to place His Majesty in an altogether unnecessary dilemma. Moreover, and before going into those causes, it will be just as well for us to believe that the King has attempted to put the Cardiffian on his mettle; to show him that it is good business to profit by past mistakes; and to convince him that *noblesse oblige* is just as applicable to the merchant prince, as it is to the prince who is not a merchant.

As we have already remarked, we have no "bias" one way or the other, so without attempting to draw invidious distinctions, we will be satisfied with asking a few questions. With regard to the Cardiff City Council, how many really solid men are there installed as councillors? How many with a substantial interest in the city's welfare? Again, how many past and present councillors' financial improvement synchronised with their first success at a municipal election? Going further, how many councillors have we who are fitted by education and previous training, for the management of anything larger than a fried-fish shop, say, or a hard-up sailors' boarding house?

IN the City, and at the Docks, are men who have been habitually concerned with the management of big businesses; who have been reared to "think big," and who have emphasised the fact that they are able to. But do we find them in their correct position—the City Council Chamber? These men—who have a financial stake in the town, and who should therefore be found in the seats of they who rightly belong there—do not appear to concern themselves with municipal matters, other than to grumble at the rates which are levied by other men who can hardly be considered as sufficiently trained, to enable them to carry out big things successfully. Why is it?

AND writing from a purely patriotic consideration, is it to be pretended that in a community with a population as large as that of Cardiff, no higher dignity can be attached to the Chief Civic Seat, than that which usually applies? Don't mistake us, mind. We quite realise that it would be somewhat difficult to find a man who would uphold the dignity of Cardiff better than, say, Sir William Crossman. But if these honours are really worth having, doesn't it take all the gloss away, when it is considered necessary to form charity committees, and organisations of that kind—'fore all the world as if the Lord Mayor of Cardiff were no greater person than a broken-down sailor at the docks?

WHILE surmising that the King has placed the community on its mettle, will it not be as well if we accept the challenge; and if a future occasion should bring his Majesty among us, wouldn't it be gratifying to be able to convince him that although the lesson was needed, it was also taken in good part? We have no wish to decry the spirit which prompts the gratuitous erection of all kinds of charitable "institutions" in our midst; but this sample of patriotic endeavour is provided from the superfluity of cash which must be left behind at death, anyhow; and it is too often thrown out as a sop—or an advertisement. What the city is most in need of, is the personal service of these almoners, for gainsay it who will, a name that is graven on the hearts of the people, is ever so much more lasting than is the same if merely dug in on a chunk of freestone.

THE country is being "socialised" to extinction, and solely for the reason that those who ought to accept the burden imposed by their riches, elect to dodge Pompey, and to imagine that a gift of a few hundreds of pounds (that will never be missed by themselves) will meet every case. As usual, his Majesty, the King, has pointed the way. Will the responsible Cardiffians give over grumbling, even as they mend their ways? Let us choke off irresponsibility. All hands are really tired of it; also of its exponents and examples.

BESIDES, one has to remember a little of what that redoubtable old lady, Mrs. Grundy is likely to say about these little affairs, and it isn't a bit of use for the Cardiffian to prattle about his big city, if he is content to see it engineered on lines which would hardly be creditable to a fifth-rate village up the hills? It isn't as if the city and port had no wealthy men of high mental training; they are here in goodly numbers, and although there is a satisfying amount of pleasure to be gained from the continued accumulation of wealth, we have it on the words of those who have tried it, that there is an equal amount of pleasure in attending to the spending of that portion which is earmarked for public purposes. What about it, then, you brainy ones in our midst?

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 2, 1907.

"REVOLUTION" IN NAUTICAL TRAINING!

IN dealing with the above subject, we cannot do better than lead off with a quotation which comes from no less a personage than Lord Tweedmouth, First Lord of the Admiralty, and which reads: "About five years ago, an entirely new system of training was adopted in the British Navy on account of the great change made in the ships of that Navy. Our great ships, whether ships of the Royal Navy or merchant ships, were dependent on steam and machinery for their life and their motion. It was then decided that every branch of his Majesty's Navy should receive instruction and education in machinery and in engineering, and no greater revolution in the training of young men desirous to go on the sea had ever been made." There you are, and the admission transpired on Saturday, last, during the presentation of prizes on that relic of a more or less barbarous age, the training-ship *Conway*. With the advantages or otherwise of that fine old crusted specimen of antique white wings wherein is no machinery worth mentioning, we have, on this occasion, but little concern. At the same time, we are willing to admit that the *Conway* has her uses—if only for the supply of opportunities when 'longshore Naval Lords might be enabled to prattle according to tradition that is, again, more or less honourable. What we are more concerned with, is the elucidation of the fact that the great "revolution" referred to merely came into being some five years ago, and after steam propulsion had been in existence for more than half-a-century. Obviously, and supposing there is anything to recommend that "revolution," the old-timers must have been awfully "slow," or the present-day representatives of our alleged nautical might, must be exceptionally smart? That the old-timers were anything but "slow," is emphasised by the fact that they bequeathed to us a Naval supremacy which is probably the greatest known to history; equally certain is it that the present-day "revolutionists" are doing everything in their power to muss up that same supremacy. Gainsay it who will, the fact remains that the decadence of the services—both Naval and Mercantile—synchronised with the "revolution" referred to, and we who have seen sea service, are in no difficulty as to what it is all about. Of course, if we were employed as the chroniclers of the doings of these mutual admiration societies which amble along to posterity under various names, we should affect the same rôle as do those chroniclers. But ours is a loftier ambition. We have no part in the mutual admiration affairs of a more or less moribund sea-life, and on that account are enabled to write without fear of competent denial, that the present decadence in the Fleet is consequent on the rôle of making responsible officers jacks-of-all-trades but masters of none. Between the nautical profession and the engineering trade there is a wide gulf fixed. And we write the words without any after-thought as to that pernicious doctrine which is written deck *v.* engineroom. As we have been assured that "East is east, and west is west, and never the twain shall meet," so might we say in connection with the nautical entities which are known as deck and engineroom. That both have much in common goes without saying, and in safeguarding their common lot they should stand shoulder to shoulder. But until oil and water mixes in a natural manner, deck and engineroom will be separate contingents at sea. As far as we can see, this is only what one has a right to expect, bearing in mind the different methods of training which are in vogue. The sailor has to take to the sea with an undivided affection. Failing the affection, his mind must be undivided. He starts as a lad of fourteen, and realises that, come weal or woe, he is booked for a lifetime on the briny, be circumstances fair or foul, comfortable or miserable, remunerative or the reverse. The sailorboy realises at the outset, that he is "there," for good or ill. If he can work himself into a command, well and good—he will be duly grateful. But supposing he fails in attaining the Board of Trade certificate which is neither a guarantee of worth, nor of efficiency, then, he has to content himself with a subordinate position until death, and that is all there is about it. With the engineering brother, he seldom starts a sea-life until he has grown to man's estate, and in the interval between leaving school and attaining to that estate, he has had the benefits of a continued parental guidance, even while he has worked continuously at a bench in company with travelled, and worldly-wise men. Furthermore, and in addition to being worldly-wise, the latter are, in the main, but little in love with the seagoing executive officer, seeing that they have spent intermittent years afloat in the latter's company, and under his disciplined rule. Under those circumstances then, it is fairly easy to realise that the engineering neophyte, by the time his apprenticeship is complete, is "filled up" with the pernicious training of the bench-mate referred to. The natural corollary to this is, that the youthful seagoing engineer is "fed up" with a number of tomfool notions regarding sea-life; notions which are not at all conducive to brotherly love, and general amity; and he also has the disturbing knowledge that when a sea-job becomes too warm for him, he is easily able to return to the bench for as long, or as short a spell as he may decide on. In other words, the marine engineer, and as far as his trade is concerned, is a sort of amphibian, for he is equally able to earn a living either ashore or afloat. The executive officer is nothing at all of the kind, for his whole education and living has been cast in a nautical mould, and taken outside that life, he is like the proverbial fish out of water. And the nation which attempts to alter this natural law is riding for trouble. To make a trustworthy sailor, it is essential to catch him young—and this, too, without regard to the mere mechanical side of the unit on which his services are to be utilised. Types, and methods of propulsion are merely a passing idea, for the trunk engine of the early days was superseded by the compound surface condensing opportune affair, which ultimately gave place to the triple and quadruple. This latter, again, is giving way to the turbine, later on will come the internal combustion engine, and finally the electric affair. But through the whole evolution referred to, the sailor's life has continued the same. He uses the same "sights," the same charts, the same wrinkles for dodging a head sea, and above all, he has to be trained from his youth, to a realisation of the fact that with his calling, it is a distinct case of "His not to reason why, his but to do or die." In other words, discipline is as essential to-day, as it was when St. Paul took a trip to Melita in company with the first shipmaster who didn't fake a log-book! And if you catch your boy while he is yet a lad, it is possible—all things being equal—to fill him with a whole-souled belief in the virtues of discipline. But where that boy has passed through the most impressionable time of his life in company with the Bills and Toms of the orthodox fitting shop; and where the Bills and Toms know as much about really genuine discipline as do they of the dodo; well, you can easily see the point without any undue labouring on our part? Can see it so plainly, that like ourselves, you naturally wonder why First Lords of the Admiralty are so far left to themselves as to prattle of these dangerous revolutions, on prize-day, on a vessel which would appear to have long ago outlived any reason for existence that might have been hers? The plain facts are, that the dearth of officers is consequent on the continued experimental stage which is presently cursing the sea calling; and because a lad who wishes to be a sailor doesn't

essentially hanker after a knowledge of a trade that will earn him a decent living on shore. With the advent of the mechanical "revolution," came a distaste for a sailor's life proper, and the country is beginning to see the idiocy of it all. For our part, we have continually called attention to the facts, and in face of the following quotation, our opinion is that we yet have plenty to do in the same direction. Here you are, again, and Lord Tweedmouth worked it off on the occasion already alluded to: "Under the old system of sail the captain of a ship was master of everything, but now it was only too common in the Mercantile Marine for the captain of a ship to know very little about the machinery on which the successful navigation of his ship depended. That was a great mistake." Why? What, by all that is great and glorious, has the Old Man to do with the engines? And if he is to be a mechanical expert, why handicap shipping by carrying an ornamental chief engineer who is there solely in the event of something out of the common transpiring? To follow the argument along to a logical conclusion, why not expect the Old Man to know how to make a new compass, to print a complete set of charts, to understand the chemical action of the balsam copaiba with which he doses one of Mr. Lloyd-George's nice, alien seamen; or how to manufacture a new chain cable and stockless anchor to replace the one he loses in the Bosphorus, say? Having got through that part of the show, why not insist on the captain understanding all about making steel-hawsers, the casting of lamp-lenses, and the most approved methods of rolling the thin steel which goes to make a deck for the old crock on which he earns four or five sovereigns per week? Don't let us stop short at the mechanical arrangement, only. Once more, "The captain of the ship, and the officers of the ship, generally, ought to be acquainted with those wonderful machines by which the modern ship now moved." Very well, give the captain and officers a formal introduction, and for ever after give over talking poppycock about the matter. If there is anything in the Tweedmouthian contention, why not begin at the beginning, and after making the captain an expert on the geology of the rocks which go to make the ocean's bed, insist on his proving conclusively that the chemistry of the waters upon that bed is "wide open" to his five-pound-a-week mind. The bed supports the ocean, the ocean supports the ship: surely it is of more academical importance for a captain to know what precisely keeps his ship afloat, than it is to know what moves her when he telegraphs easy ahead? We hate to appear rude, and we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are nothing at all of a 'longshore lord of an admiralty affair, being, instead, practical sailormen; but when a man seriously assures us that it is essential to introduce the same devastating tactics into the Merchant Marine which has already played the devil with the Navy—well, we wish to be excused, please. Neither the captain of a ship, nor his officers, have any necessity to know more about a set of engines, than is implied by the manipulation of the telegraph which is installed for their operation. Navigators and engineers have certificates of competency; they are both amenable to the same authority—the Board of Trade; let us, then, have no more of this attempted shuffling of the Board's responsibilities on to the skipper. The game, really, is played out, and we are somewhat surprised to see that a reputedly responsible Minister can make an attempt on such worked out lines. We have an idea than an actual example of how Lord Tweedmouth's advice pans out, will be of interest. You see, we have a fairly-big stock of actual experience to fall back on, and that is why we invariably score over these academical gentlemen who appear to imagine that a beneficent Providence had them built expressly for the purpose of saving a world with the making of which they had no concern. We seriously commend the following to the careful attention of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and assure him that we are in a position to give names and dates, in the event of his doubting our statements. For our present purpose we will use "purser's names." The *Rollmore* was a decent steamer loading at Galveston, and her first engineer had been a "B.I." ornament of some note. Anyhow, we know that he wore the "B.I." uniform on the *Rollmore*, although she had nothing in common with the concern in question. Anyhow, in addition to that uniform, Mr. B.I. also possessed a nice pillar sextant, and from which it will be inferred that he was one of the exponents of the "new system." In other words, he was a navigating-engineer, instead of being an engineer-navigator. You see the subtlety, of course. We became acquainted with Mr. B.I., on his own introduction, and at a time when his soul panted for information as to the best elucidation of the supposed subtleties surrounding Ivory's method of double altitudes. Somebody had assured him that we had a nodding acquaintance with old Ivory's method, and thus the introduction! This happened more than a week or ten days ago, so we have but a vague remembrance of the actual advice tendered by us to Mr. B.I. We are certain that we propounded none of the said subtleties; were more likely to have told him to go to—heaven, let us suppose. But we were interested enough to seek further enlightenment on the matter. It took the form of an assurance from the master of the *Rollmore*, that Mr. B.I. was in the habit of taking a "sight" every day at noon, and that the *Rollmore* succeeded in making one knot less per hour than her sister ship the *Scudmore*. On the face of it, this appeared queer, for the cylinder-tops on *Rollmore* were things of beauty in as far as white lead and tallow was concerned, and the graining and stencilling in her engineroom was calculated to strike one dumb with admiration. All of it the work of Mr. B.I., the navigating-engineer! But the owners of *Rollmore* were singularly unappreciative people—at least, in as far as dandy "tops," and high-class graining was concerned. They seemed to be "gone" on speed, and argued that if *Scudmore* could run ten knots per hour, then *Rollmore*—seeing she was identical in every respect—would jolly well have to! Both vessels were in Galveston, and when *Rollmore* had finished loading, and was about to sail on the following morning, the chief of the *Scudmore* interviewed Mr. B.I., showed an official authority to relieve him of his onerous duties—in short, exchanged jobs. Mr. B.I., didn't like it, but accepting the inevitable, packed his pillar sextant, charts, nautical treatises, and swagger uniforms, when he left the *Rollmore* for good and all! Incidentally, we learned that he had to "rest" on arrival at home—the horizon-glass of his sextant needed silvering, or something of the kind, and he had to give the matter personal attention. In the meantime, the non-navigating chief of the *Scudmore*—now installed on the *Rollmore*—divested himself of his coat, and while apologising to the second for the unavoidable mussing up of all that white-lead-and-tallow, had the cylinder tops off in short order, reset the valves, and had her "boxed up" again, in readiness for starting in the morning as scheduled. It is well to remember that *Rollmore* on her next passage, did equally as well as *Scudmore* had ever done, and her new chief received an encouraging nod from the superman who had brought the deal off. The *Scudmore* man was a mechanic, and a master of his trade. The other fellow was one of the cult recommended by Lord Tweedmouth. Now as an ounce of truth is worth a ton of fiction, and as we assure you that our moral, as set out above, is the actual truth, there is precious little need for us to run riot over the matter? It is very pretty for Lord Tweedmouth to inform the *Conway* kids that as a number of them were going into the Mercantile Marine, and that "in that capacity they would become the representatives and ambassadors of this great country to all the different ports of the world:" but it would have been infinitely better to have assured them that ambassadors at £7 per month didn't amount to much; and that to ask for British sailors who were "steady, honourable and brave" at the same figure; well, we submit that the whole fit-out was a piling of Ossa upon Pelion?

EXPERIENTIA DOCET—

YES, and things are not always what they seem. For the matter of that, men are in precisely the same boat—to keep the example down to the nautical side of life. But although Tacitus is credited with having first worked off the jape which appears above this present writing, it was good old Virgil who, in his Æneid, gave the real root and branch of experience, by remarking "experto credite"—or, believe one who knows by experience. There might be more in the quotation than meets the eye; again, there mightn't.

ANYHOW, we have been scanning through a speech which was thrown forth to the world, on Saturday last, as ever was, and as a result, we are caught somewhat by the lee. Cannot quite decide whether to plump solid for "experience teaches," or to throw in our lot on "experto credite." It's like this. A fairly-long spell of sea-service—mostly in the tramp of commerce—necessarily brought us into contact with boats which (on Gymmrodorion days, and King's birthdays) flew the honoured house-flag affected by the progressive firm of Messrs. Evan Thomas, Radcliffe and Company.

THAT was all right, for the flag referred to is as good as anybody's flag—as long as it is in good condition, and the hem on the fly isn't too reminiscent of the battle and the breeze. We have seen it that way, you understand; we have also seen it hoisted new from the shipchandlery which might or might not be of the bye-producty persuasion, although that is a mere detail, and has but little to do with the speech with which we coquetted some way back. Perhaps, though, it will be as well for us to admit, right away, that the speech in question emanated from Mr. Henry Radcliffe, J.P. (you'll remember how the present Government has been turning out ready-made Radical J.P.'s, won't you?)

IT was a fine speech, and we don't care a hang whether Mr. Radcliffe made it on the spot, in the sacred seclusion of his own happy home, or in his office, where a more or less choice assortment of literary talent (considering the price paid therefor) is available. Let it be understood that the speech was good—aye, and effectually did away with a number of ideas which, heretofore, had found currency in connection with the same esteemed gentleman's business entourage. (Fine word, that? We like it, immensely. E-n-t-o-u-r-a-g-e. Yes, it looks all right, and is suggestive of the language of which, these days, Mr. H. Radcliffe is so unqualifiedly proud. The language of Eden, you know. The place where all our present-day sin came from!)

HOWEVER, we are not concerned with Edenesque sin, nor with its language, and mainly for the reason that Mr. Radcliffe's speech already referred to, was rendered in the vernacular which has raised him from—let us say—oblivion, into the proud possessorship of ancient "Druidstone." A West Countryman previously had the place, but sold it. Why, of course, we have no means of learning. Still, having made a pile through the use (or otherwise) of the King's English, Mr. Radcliffe is now about to endeavour to conserve his wealth, by turning the rising generation back into the language of Eden. In that event, you know, one phase of competition will have been killed.

BUT, lor', how we do run on! Why, if we continue in this manner, we shall have no space to enlarge upon the gems of English rhetoric given by Mr. Radcliffe, for the purpose of "kidding" the natives that they will earn money, providing they learn Welsh. As a commencement, let us exhort you seafaring people who have sniffed at seeing an apprentice-boy or so, engaged in trimming bunker coal on a Radcliffe steamer in Cardiff Docks, to let up in your wickedness. You, again, who have been wasting

BUTE DOCKS.—HAULING THE LADEN WAGON OUT OF BERTH.

your substance in purchasing, from Somerset House, shareholders' lists of the various Radcliffe steamer companies, and because you noted a plethora of English names therein, said things—avaunt.

We assured you at the beginning, that things are not always what they seem, and you are safe in taking the assertion from us on an "experto credite" basis. That's what's the matter. Roping in Southport or Swindon residents as shareholders for a Cardiff steamer or so, is a phase of business; so is coal-trimming on the cheap; for that matter, any bye-producty shipchandlery, paint store, or what not, would rank in for dividend under the same category. Why, even if a shipowner fakes up a printery, and thence obtains stationery which is anything but a credit to himself or his business correspondents—that, sirs, is pees-i-ness, to say nothing of philanthropy. You understand, it is merely philanthropy, if the business man passes, at top-rates, fifth-rate work, and even then, you need to seek below the surface for the actual profit-sharing affair.

But, dear us! That speech is elusive! Here, we are going into it right away, aye, even if we have to turn our sleeves up, kick the cat, and throw an ink-well at that fellow opposite who is chattering as if that were his sole reason for living. (That fixed him. At least, the audible remark which accompanied the written threat did! "Experto credite," you take it from us!) Speech: "To some extent, I blame myself for not having associated myself more closely in the past with movements in support of Welsh interests, but when I explain that it has been a physical impossibility, I am sure I shall receive at your hands, the sympathy that I believe, under the circumstances, I deserve."

Seeing that Mr. Radcliffe merely asked for sympathy, he got it, for the crowd howled—although the local reporter man appears to have glorified the row with the swagger term "applause." Again, the speech: "In running a large business as I do, with a minimum of strength, one has to reserve his physical resources to the utmost." This being so, why not give over "running" the business? Why not allow it to progress in a gentlemanly manner? To walk along over the landscape in a sedately pretty fashion? And when we are really out for the reservation of our physical resources, we never attempt to monopolise the conversation in a railway carriage, tramcar, at a meeting of business men, or things of that sort. Not us. Hope we have more appreciation of the fitness of things.

Of course, we realise that we are merely humble folk, although our weekly tale travels to considerably more than the few who represent the cargo in a railway train and places of that nature. But—speech, some more: "It has oftentimes been a regret to me to see strangers who have come to live in our progressive city and have been received with open arms, developing the idea among themselves that the Welsh language should not exist in its own country." With the first half of that latter quotation, we are in accord, and on the basis of "experto credite," we believe it. With the latter half, well, we have some little semblance of doubt—which might, or might not amount to a very great deal. We *are* humble-minded folk.

That is why we come down to that speech, once again: "In the past, Welshmen have been satisfied to be industrious and respectable, and to allow other people to occupy and enjoy the offices of honour and emolument, but that is no longer sufficient for them." Somewhat paradoxical, isn't it? At the first glance, you might imagine that, in future, Welshmen are not going to be industrious and respectable? But the gentleman didn't mean that, although we shouldn't be surprised to note that the sailor's "union" brigade will seize on to the jape if Mr. Radcliffe ever attempts another dig at Merthyr, look you. Dig, in a Parliamentary sense, you understand—same as on that other occasion which might occur to you?

Anyhow, one may fairly realise what Mr. Henry Radcliffe, J.P., has in mind, at the moment. Speech: "They (Welshmen) must now aspire to the highest offices in the land," and yet after that doubtful compliment, the Cymmrodorion people actually remarked "hear, hear!" Makes you tired, doesn't it? Mr. Radcliffe means well, we know, but if you suggest that his meaning is somewhat low down, we shan't object. In view of the fact that Welshmen already occupy the highest offices in the land, that they have ever done so, and with signal success—what are we to think? For "Welshmen," should we substitute Mr. Henry Radcliffe, J.P.?

Bute Docks.—Loaded Trucks for Delivery to Timber Yards.

"And Back to a Final Port of Discharge."

ON several occasions, we have animadverted on the ambiguity which has been allowed to enter into the engagement of seamen in so far as what is precisely meant by the words appearing at the head of this present writing. Furthermore, in following the varied attempts which have been made to obtain the English rendering of a few English words, we have continually expressed the opinion which has now been finally rendered in the House of Lords.

ON the face of it, there would appear to be little doubt as to the meaning of the words quoted above, for a final port of discharge is that, no matter how much juggling is introduced to the subject. As is usual under the circumstances, the articles of agreement are generally faked up on a heads I win, tails you lose understanding, the "I" being the owner, and the "you" the servant.

To ourselves who have laboured at sea for a number of years, and can therefore remember from personal knowledge the gradual alterations which the parsimoniously-inclined owner was wont to suggest, the matter was simple enough. In the earlier days of discharging a cargo in a home port, and an ultimate light-ship passage around to a coal-loading port, there was no question of keeping the crew by, pending discharge of the cargo.

THE voyage was completed at the discharging port, the men were paid off, and a new crew signed on to take the vessel from the home discharging port to the outward loading port—and that was all there was about it. But in those days, a handy little two-thousand tonner could depend on getting into a coal dock and out again, loaded, in some thirty-six hours; and in that event, the labour bill for a full crew would be considerably less than the lump-sum charge of the hobblers who officiated at that time.

TIMES changed, however, and the two-thousand tonner gave place to the seven-thousand-tons variety. Obviously, then, the big ship couldn't be loaded and rushed out of port with the expedition which obtained with the smaller vessel. Indeed, and because of the advent of the big 'uns, delays were common, and a fortnight is by no means a long spell for a ship these days, when engaged at loading. Coincidentally, too, the hobblers' charges have decreased, and where two of the latter eked out with the personal services of the "officers," are sufficient to enable an economically-minded super to work the oracle—well, you can see that it is cheaper to bring the crew to a loading port?

IN other words, as the handling of a grain cargo per elevator is a rapid kind of undertaking, and as the loading of the same vessel might easily be somewhat protracted on account of more lay-days, and a scarcity of coal, it doesn't take a prophet to determine that it is more economical to keep the crew by in a discharging port, and to pay them off in a loading port? Anyhow, the practice has grown until there appeared to be a doubt as to whether a voyage ended when it was finished, or rather when the next voyage was about to begin!

FOR, ridiculous as the assertion might appear, that is all the contention amounted to. One of these tricky little clauses is introduced, and after assuring the crew that they should be considered clear of further responsibility once the vessel had arrived back to a final port of discharge, it was put in as an aside, "or to a loading port in the Bristol Channel, if required by the master." There is no *quid pro quo* offered in return for that "if required by the master." It is just a case of heads I win, tails you lose.

AND as such, is in no sort of way a credit to the exponents of the game. Needless to say, the master would never be instructed to exercise his "requirements," unless such action were cheaper? With wages at the out port ruling lower than at the discharging port, the crew would be "required" as scheduled; with wages otherwise,

BUTE DOCKS—DEALS DELIVERED TO THE TIMBER YARD.

Jack and John would be thrown ashore, to get home anyhow, and in any shape. And it should not be forgotten that the little dodge came in insidiously, and without anybody taking very much cognizance of the thing.

The mere fact that a given crew had made a voyage according to contract, that they were now anxious to return to their homes and families, and that the sensible reading of their agreement admitted of their claim—all this had nothing to do with the case, and so the imposition has continued. However, a fireman had the courage to contest the legality of the conditions applying, and as the articles under which he had been employed read, "to any ports or places mentioned within the limits therein, commencing at Cardiff, proceeding thence to Malta, thereafter trading to ports in any rotation, and *to end* at such port in the United Kingdom or Continent of Europe within home trading limits as may be required by the master," the whole thing would appear to be plain enough?

But it wasn't plain to the good people who had a financial interest therein, and on arrival at Southampton, where the fireman litigant considered that his task was finished, the Cardiff where the next voyage would commence—but you understand the drift of the thing, don't you? The Court of Appeal was obviously of opinion that the completion of a voyage had nothing to do with the discharging of a cargo, and that if a shipmaster happened to be instructed to sail his old coke-wagon around the waters of the earth indefinitely, on a seeking-for-cargo-expedition, then, the free and enlightened British sailorman must be contented to emulate the Flying Dutchman of fable. Matters were becoming beautifully mixed, weren't they?

Anyhow, the matter had now assumed national importance, and the House of Lords—as already suggested—were called upon to state, in unequivocal language, whether a voyage concluded at its natural end, or whether it ended at the beginning of the next; whether a Flying Dutchman rôle could be insisted upon if thought advisable; or what the hangment the whole thing really amounted to. With the list of forensic giants involved, we have no concern, but in the result, the Lord Chancellor in giving judgment said that

"Looking at the facts there was ground for saying the

Bute Docks—Deal Carriers on Deck.

trouble commenced. He, hardy soul, sued the master for the balance of wages due, and the master appeared to have claimed that although the end of the voyage had possibly come in the ordinary course of events, it hadn't "in the office." Well, the magistrates referred the case to the Admiralty Court, as being of too weighty a nature for themselves.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane—as would appear to be only possible under the circumstances—gave his decision in favour of the plaintiff, and most people would have considered that there the matter could safely be left. But no! The Court of Appeal were next given a chance to squeeze a little out of the suffering shareholders, and in return for the opportunity, they reversed the decision emanating from the Admiralty Court. The agreement was plain enough—to most people; but the Court of Appeal decided that by the agreement already written above, the master had power to determine where the voyage was to end.

Furthermore, that as the master had decided that his voyage was not ended in Southampton, but would end at arrival at Southampton ended a voyage, and if a voyage, then, the voyage for which this man engaged, seeing that he had engaged for only one. If the master designated Cardiff as the end of the voyage, which he would have been entitled to do, that was another matter. Whether he did so or not was a question of fact"—and not of grammar? At the same time, his Lordship "was not prepared to dissent from the decision arrived at by the Court of Appeal that in the circumstances he was entitled to require the men to take the vessel on to Cardiff in ballast."

This, being stripped of all ambiguity, really means that the voyage did end at Southampton; that the fireman was entitled to his discharge; that the arguments were heard in May, and judgment was delivered on July 29; that the other noble and learned Lords concurred; and that the appeal was therefore dismissed with costs—no small sum, when the object at stake is considered? In future, therefore, please remember that a voyage is completed at its final stage, and that by no amount of argument (and expense) may you succeed in carrying that completion over to the commencement of the following voyage. Q.E.D.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WE note that the directors of the Cardiff Railway Company have decided to recommend the payment of dividends for the half-year ending June 30, 1907, as follows: At the rate of four per cent. per annum on the preference shares; four per cent. on the preferred ordinary stock; three per cent. on the second preferred ordinary shares; and three per cent. on the ordinary shares. This, and after transferring £5,000 to the contingency account, will admit of carrying forward a balance of £56,713.

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THE report and balance sheet of the Barry Railway Company shows that the sum available for distribution (after providing for interest on the preference stock) is £79,363 14s. 9d. The directors recommend that a dividend of 8½ per cent. per annum be declared on the ordinary stock, which will absorb £78,283 12s. 10d., leaving a balance of £1,080 1s. 11d. to be carried to the credit of the current half-year. The Bill authorising the company to subscribe to the capital of the Burnham Pier Company has been approved by both Houses of Parliament.

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THE directors of the Vale of Glamorgan Railway Company, in submitting the accounts for the half-year ended June 30, 1907, state that the sum available for distribution is represented by the figures £11,371 6s. 6d. Of this amount, the directors recommend the payment of a dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, which will absorb £10,826 11s. 3d. and will admit of a balance forward of £544 15s. 3d.

+ + +

WITH coal prices approximating into their present very tempting (to the investor) stage, there is no room to wonder that much attention is being paid to this class of investment. Especially in view of the fact that indications are all in favour of the belief that the coal industry is "in" for an extended run of good things. Not before time—some of you will say. And even then, it will take a number of the prime old has-beens years, before they wipe off their accumulated debts!

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WRITING of coal booms and things of that nature, reminds us that the gentle German is again giving his attention (and a quantity of British-gleaned capital) to South Walian coal. When there is anything good about, it is fairly safe to reckon on seeing the Teuton in the running. Some of his apologists—at so much per column—are assuring the world that in the main, the German intruders are not German in the true sense of the word. In other words, they are naturalised British subjects, and now we are wondering if they are of the "six bob" variety?

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IN any case, we are assured that those Teutonic intruders will merely have the right of pre-empting a very small share of Britain's best bunkers, and we are inclined to think this is correct. But while the apologist is about in such good form, why doesn't he adopt the tactics of the "shipping writers" who affect a belief that because of onerous legislation, British shipping is to be placed under a foreign flag, in quite big amounts?

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BY the same token, why not "flog the cat" over the fall in consols? They are woefully down at present, and mainly for the reason that more onerous legislation has been unloaded on to the country, by a number of those predatory gentlemen who are past masters in the art of pulling the wool over the eyes of the man in the street. He, poor soul, is generally so busy in attempting to earn his share of the taxes which keep the country running, that he has neither time nor inclination to dissect the windy claims of the shrieking brotherhood.

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ANYHOW, consols are "down," and the fact is a fairly-good proof that the folk who actually keep the Empire going (the folk with the money, that is) are becoming tired of the present clairvoyants at St. Stephens. When the moneyed people become tired, the end of the clairvoyants is not far off. Some good people in our neighbourhood are keen on assuring us that "the better, the sooner." Personally, we aren't going to bother about it, either one way or the other.

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COAL is "up," consols are down, shipping is betwixt and between. In connection with the latter, it needs some very careful management to make ends meet, and when the said ends overlap somewhat, then is there cause for congratulation. Needless to say, the coal boom is anything but good to the shipping investor, and the price of coal is but one of the factors which is troubling his little calculations. All the same, with bunkers "up" and freights "down," there is little other than anxiety ahead of the industry involved.

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WHY is it that freights do not respond more readily to the rise in other features of trade? That is a query with which we are often assailed. One would think that the reason were plain enough—aye, and palpable enough for that matter. When a 'longshore sailorman increases the tonnage of the British Mercantile Marine with a stroke of his facile pen, to the extent of something like a million tons—well, is it sensible to wonder about the rottenness of freights? If people will support a modern sample of Aladdin-who-had-the-lamp, of what use is it to growl?

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PERSONALLY, we are surprised that freights are as high as obtain at the moment. When a fleet of ships is added to in one night, so to speak, and without a soul receiving any benefit from the transaction; and when that same increase puts an added million tons on the market, seeking a freight—well, you can see how it is likely to pan out? He would be a sanguine soul who would reckon on a rise of freights under those conditions. Twelve months hence, the ill-advised addition will have righted itself by natural causes. Then, presumably, the conjurer will again take a hand in the multiplication of ships without steel?

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WRITING of ships reminds us that we have received the accounts of the W. & G. T. Jones Steamship Company, Ltd., —one of the soundest of Cardiff's shipowning concerns. Reference to the figures on the following page will show that the profits from all sources amount to £31,252 12s. 1d., and when last year's remainder is added thereto, we have the very respectable sum of £37,503 5s. 2d. to be dealt with. The amount is appropriated as: Depreciation, £12,000; interest to builders £1,274 18s.; dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, £14,000; insurance reserve (which now stands at £6,745 18s. 11d.) £2,269 11s. 8d.; re-classing account, £1,324 2s. 9d.; income tax, £86 18s.; and a balance forward to next account, £6,547 14s. 9d. Truly a good showing.

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MOREOVER, we note from the report, that accounts for voyages actually completed before June 30, (the end of the financial year) are dealt with, and in view of the fact that the company's "star" boat, the *Llongwen* had not yet finished her first voyage, her additional earning capacity is not included with the accounts under consideration. So much the better for the next account? But some of the everlastingly-regretting people should take a leaf out of these managers' note-book—in which event it would be considerably more cheering for their shareholders, what? The complete accounts are as follow:

THE W. & C. T. JONES STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, JUNE 30TH, 1907.

LIABILITIES.

	£	s.	d.
To Share Capital—280,000 Ordinary Shares at £1 each ...	280,000	0	0
,, Loan Account	33,000	0	0
,, Bills Payable	51,466	0	8
,, Insurance Reserve	6,745	18	11
,, Sundry Creditors	11,070	11	10
,, Dividend Accounts	7,000	0	0
,, Balance of Profit and Loss Account	6,547	14	9
	£395,830	6	2

ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Steamers Book Value per last Statement	308,998	0	0			
,, Cost of S.S. "LLONGWEN"	48,600	0	0			
	357,598	0	0			
Less Depreciation	12,000	0	0			
				345,598	0	0
,, Insurance Account				11,790	1	3
,, Stock, Plant, Fixtures, Stores ...				4,328	5	3
,, Sundry Debtors				9,713	3	9
,, Uncompleted Voyages				6,162	3	7
,, Cash at Bankers and in hand ...				18,238	12	4
				£395,830	6	2

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Interest paid Builders	1,274	18	0			
Depreciation	12,000	0	0			
Interim Dividend paid January, 1907 ...	7,000	0	0			
Proposed Dividend at 6d. per Share ...	7,000	0	0			
Insurance Reserve	2,269	11	8			
Reclassing Account	1,324	2	9			
Income Tax	86	18	0			
Balance	6,547	14	9			
				£37,503	5	2

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Balance from last Account				6,250	13	1
Profit on completed Voyages, Insurance, and Stores	30,934	4	3			
Transfer Fees	10	7	6			
Interest Account	308	0	4			
				31,252	12	1
				£37,503	5	2

In accordance with the provisions of the Companies' Act, 1900, I certify that all my requirements as Auditor have been complied with.

I have audited the above Balance Sheet, and in my opinion such Balance Sheet (apart from any question as to the Steamers' values) is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs as shown by its books.

(Signed) NICOL WINCHCOMBE,
Public Accountant and Auditor,
Prince's Chambers, St. John's Square,
CARDIFF.

July 16th, 1907.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *July 31, 1907.*

SINCE our last time of writing, there is but little change to record in the market which is concerned with Cardiff (and other) Coal. The tone thereof is quite as satisfactory as heretofore—if not more so. Indeed, we are rather inclined to think that the satisfaction is in the "more so" stage. Anyhow, there is no getting away from the fact that there is a hardening of prices, while the trend is still on the upward line.

CIRCUMSTANCES, therefore, continue to be in favour of the good soul who ambles along to fame as a coalowner, and from present indications, his favours are likely to hang around in his vicinity for some little time ahead. Demand and supply do not nearly approximate, for the latter is woefully behind the former, and when the state is thus, it is easy enough to see that prices will remain hard—or that they will go on hardening?

No, the coalowner hasn't the slightest bit of difficulty in disposing of any unconsidered consignments which he may have on hand, and as a natural consequence, his ideas of price are frequently in the region which has been named "fancy." You cannot blame him, of course, for if you were selling coals in the present halcyon state of affairs, you would surely do as does the coalowner—that is to say, you would obtain as much as possible, and then objurgate because you hadn't received more!

MOREOVER, while conditions remain as they are, the supply will lag behind the demand, which latter feature too, has increased in consequence of the innate cussedness of things coaley. 'Twas ever thus, you will have noticed. The buyer doesn't appear to value the stuff until he experiences a difficulty in obtaining full supplies; and in that eventuality—well, he doesn't exactly know where he is. It's a hard world, good people, and the would-be buyer of prompt coal is beginning to realise the fact!

FOR the scarcity is especially noticeable in the matter of prompt requirements. Collieries have been very busy—and continue in that happy state; and while tonnage supplies continue adequate, shipments have been well above the normal. In fact, these latter promise to constitute a fresh record—and yet there are growlers around on the landscape! Then, with the near approach of the holidays, there is naturally a quantity of tonnage which both merchants and shipowners would like to see safely outside in the wet.

ESPECIALLY as another goodly quantity of steamer tonnage is due to take the place of that which is anxiously being chivvied outside. This means that the pressure is likely to continue, well after the holidays have been numbered among the things which have been but are not. The truth is, that stems are as full as they well may be—even for the whole of the ensuing month, and as a natural result, the firmness presently existing, should be maintained for at least that period. Actual figures are as scheduled below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	21s. od.	21s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. od	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 6d	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od., 20s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Seconds ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 12s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	12s. od.	12s od.	12s. 3d	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 10½d.	12s. od	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	11s. od	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	30s. 6d.	30s. 6d.	30s. od., 31s. od.	30s. od., 31s. od.
Ordinary ...	27s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. od., 26s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	19s. od., 20s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 9d.	21s. 9d.	22s. od.	22s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *July 31, 1907.*

BUSINESS, hereaway, continues on the even tenour applying of late. That is to say the tone of the Market is equally as satisfactory as at our last time of writing. As is usual at these times, there has been something of an animated feeling about coal dealing, on account of an increased demand for shipment prior to the holidays. This has caused an improvement in prices here and there, where the position of stems is such as not to admit of the seller having a quantity of free Coal to spare, and in such cases the buyer has to anté up to the quotation, without any quibbling. Anyhow, there is something of a scarcity existing for immediate shipment.

ANTHRACITE COALS for this reason are marked very firm in the matter of price. Stems are full, and there is not a deal of the stuff offering, just now. This, in practically all descriptions. MACHINE MADE COALS are no firmer, neither on the other hand are they any weaker! They are ruling steadily, with prices maintained. CULM has been in good request and this has caused sellers to raise the quotation for certain positions. DUFF is firmer in sympathy.

STEAMS show no alteration, the market for them being a strong one. Collieries are very busy and with full stems, buyers experience difficulty in fulfilling requirements. This more especially for the BESTS AND SECONDS. BUNKER QUALITIES are also a firm section.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. od., 25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 25s. od.
Seconds do. ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od., 23s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	21s. od., 22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. od., 22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od.	26s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d., 9s. 3d.	9s. od.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 7½d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	20s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, July 31, 1907

N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Bombay, *Farringford*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Aden, Steamer, 5,500 tons, 8s. 4d.
Shanghai, *Sheikh*, 16s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Starcross*, 3,600 tons, 17s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Restormel*, 3,300 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Benacre*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 1½d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Platea*, 14s. 3d.
Steamer, about 4,400 tons, 14s.
Buenos Ayres, *Drumcairne*, 6,000 tons, 17s. 3d. (B).
Madeira, *Kildonan*, 3,200 tons, 7s. (C./P./B./or P.T.)
St. Vincent, *Kariba*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Pelham*, 5,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Coniscliffe, 6,000 tons, 5s.
Winchester, 4,900 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Genoa, *Spyros Vallianos*, 7,000 tons, 6s. spot.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Antiope*, 6s. 1½d.
Bermeo, 4,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Steamer, 5,800 tons, 6s.
Naples, *Westgate*, 3,800 tons, 6s. 600.
Woglinde, 5,800 tons, 5s. 3d. 1,000.
Algiers, *Huelva*, 3,400 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs. coal, 9 fcs. fuel, (s).
Capua, 2,500 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Steamer, 6,000 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Constantinople, *Scarsdale*, 3,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Valencia, *Albis*, 1,600 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Tudor, 1,100 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Venice or Ancona, *Silverdale*, 5,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 500.
„ „ „ *Dunrobin*, 5,600 tons, 6s. 6d. 500.
„ *White Jacket*, 3,200 tons, 7s. 500, or 7s. 1½d. if 400.
„ *Athina*, 3,800 tons, 6s. 9d.
Ancona, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Barcelona, *Loyal Briton*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Almeria, 3,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Tangiers, *Cap Lopez*, 1,000 tons, 9s.
Marseilles, *Canganian*, or sub., 1,250 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Inca, 4,400 tons, 7 fcs.
Meadowfield, 4,000 tons, 7 fcs. (C. or N).
Venedotian, 1,400 tons, 7·50 fcs. spot.
Steamer, 3,500/4,000 tons, 7 fcs.
Palermo, *Portsmouth*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 3d.
St. Patreck, 3,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Bizerta, *Isle of Anglesey*, 1,700 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Oran, *Beck Freres*, 2,000 tons, 7·50 fcs. 350.
Spezzia, *Lyell*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Blaye, *Hazelmere*, 1,450 tons, 7 fcs.
Savona or Spezzia, *Cresswell*, 4,600 tons, 6s. 350.
Civita Vecchia, *St. Andrews*, 6s. 3d.
Torre or Civita Vecchia, *Eversley*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 400, 10d.
Reggio, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6s. 3d. 350, 10d. (C. or N.)
Bona, *Valin*, or sub., 1,900 tons, 9·75 fcs. fuel, (C. or N.)
Corcubion, *Josefita*, 850 tons, 6s. 6d.
Torre Annunziata, *Helredale*, 5,800 tons, 6s. 400.
Bastia, *Folsjo*, 2,000 tons, 9 fcs. (P.T.)
Ferrol, *Ouse*, 700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Oporto, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 6s.
Gibraltar, *Clarence*, 1,350 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lyderhorn, 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d. option Lisbon; 6s.
Malta, *Pendarves*, 3,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Dingwall, 2,750 tons, 4s.
Lisbon, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 5s. 6d. 350.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Riversdale*, 4,600 tons, 6s.
Cairnisla, 2,400 tons, 6s.
Hersilia, 3,200 tons, 6s.
Therese Horn, 4,400 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Steamer, 2,800 tons, 6s.
Stettin, Steamer, 1,550 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Rocio*, 1,700 tons, 5·87½ fcs. option Rochefort, 6·12½ fcs.
St. Nazaire, *Camargo*, 2,700 tons, 5·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Skeldon, 5·12½ fcs. (N).
Carn Brea, or sub., 2,200 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Carn Marth, 2,200 tons, 5 fcs.
Nantes, *Getso*, 1,780 tons, 6 fcs. (P.T.)
Bordeaux, *Garth*, 1,700 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Mayo, 2,400 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Rochefort, *Devonia*, 1,900 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Haulbowline and/or Queenstown, *G. N. Wilkinson*, 950 tons, 3s. (Admiralty).
Lamlash, *Knightsgarth*, 4,000 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Waterford, *Calchfaen*, 400 tons, 4s.
Stornoway, *Ardchattan*, 300 tons, 8s.
Passage West, Steamer, 400 tons, 4s. (N).
Belfast, *The Baron*, 400 tons, 4s. (s).
Jersey, *Volante*, 290 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Larme, *Rosebella*, 230 tons, 4s. 6d.
Bremerhaven, *Lady Gray*, 3,500 tons, 5s.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Sjogutten, 700 tons, 5s.
Lady Gray, 3,100 tons, 5s. 1d.
Caen, *Rochefort*, 1,150 tons, 5s. (s).
M. J. Craig, 830 tons, 5s. (s).
Jason, 1,000 tons, 5s. (s).
Rouen, *Essonite*, 650 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Glynn, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Rochefort*, 1,250 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *The Viscount*, 450 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Oporto to Cardiff/or Barry, *Acacia*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao „ „ Steamer, 2,700 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Bilbao to Newport, *Belgica*, 3,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Earl of Dumfries, 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Clieveden, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

Continued from page 180.

Eh, what? The sleeping sickness microbe is being successfully tracked to his lair—which isn't in St. Mary Street, Cardiff! The Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine Expedition—there's a name for you!—has been banging money in cablegrams, which read "Send quantity of atoxyl immediately. Cattle experiments indicate success." The wire came from the boss of the Trypanosomiasis (we'd rather have the disease, than be compelled to spell out the word twice!), and atoxyl is the remedy which is recommended for therapeutical treatment in cases of sleeping sickness. Here is a suggestion. Make it incumbent on the victim to repeat the name of his disease three times per minute, for ten times, and we believe that he wouldn't wish to go to sleep again for a week—Trypan—no. It's no good. We aren't going to waste our type in any such a manner, and that's flat. The figgyjiggy Expedition may have its atoxyl for all we care, we wash our hands of the whole caboodle. We are surprised to note that Sir Alfred Jones will bother with such terrible affairs. We are, and that's a fact!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 18, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

14,794/06—LAKE—***Method of and means for raising sunken vessels.***

According to this invention, which relates to means for raising sunken vessels, the water in the vessel is displaced by buoyant material pumped into the vessel. The buoyant material may be a paraffin compound, which will solidify in water, and thus form a lining to strengthen the deck of the ship, and close any openings. The paraffin is heated before being pumped into the vessel, and sufficient cork mixed with it to prevent its escape through any small openings in the deck.

14,800/06—SMITH—***Improvements in screw propellers.***

In a screw propeller formed according to this invention the faces of the blades are radial to the axis near the hub, and then curve concavely from the radia at an increasing angle as they extend outwards from the hub, the forward edges of the blades on the backing side changing to a convex outline to meet the opposite face. To reduce the mass of metal a groove is cut along the end edges of the blades between the diverging faces.

19,771/06—RESTUCCI—***Improvements in or relating to diving and dredging apparatus.***

This invention relates to a cuirassed diving chamber made of metal sufficiently strong to resist the pressure due to the depth in which the chamber is submerged. Where the head of the diver comes four eye holes are provided. Arms are provided in which are means for opening and closing two artificial hands. Rakes are provided for stirring up the bottom of the sea, and for picking up objects. The respiration gear is worked in the ordinary manner.

21,084/06—NORRIS—***Improvements in the construction, formation, and manufacture of the looms of oars and sculls.***

According to this invention which relates to the construction of looms of oars, the loom is built up in two sections, taken from the centre of the top of the blade to the bottom of the handle. The inside portion of each section of the loom is hollowed out, after which the sections are cemented together, thus making the loom tubular. Increased rigidity of the oar is thus obtained together with a reduction of weight.

21,869/06—JONES—***Improvements in couplings for colliery wagons and like vehicles.***

According to this invention, which relates to couplings for colliery wagons, the shackle pin is inserted vertically through the shackle and draw plate, and is held down by a locking ring loosely mounted on an extension of the head of the shackle pin, and adapted to engage when in its lowest position under an underhanging fixed projection on the shackle. When it is desired to uncouple, the locking washer is slid up the tapered part of the prolongation, which enables it to clear the projection of the shackle. As soon as the washer comes against the upper head of the pin it acts as a lifting head for the pin.

54/07—RADFORD—***Improvements in coal cutting machines and in appliances connected therewith.***

This invention relates to coal cutting machines driven from a motor by an endless rope, the object of the invention being to provide a machine which will allow of the feeding and cutting operations being performed simultaneously. According to this invention the driving rope is spanned over two terminal pulleys of which the one is the driving pulley attached to the driving motor placed apart from the cutting apparatus in a side road of the seam to be undercut, and the other is the tension pulley anchored opposite the driving pulley. The cutting appliances are actuated by the travelling rope passed around the pulley of the cutting apparatus placed between the terminal pulleys and adapted to slide on a guide rail.

1,078/07—MACKLIN AND BRENNAN—***Improvements in ship salvage systems.***

This invention has reference to the salvage of vessels which have been stranded on a reef or run ashore. The invention consists in exerting a continuous lateral pull on the vessel and suddenly artificially creating a large wave to lift the vessel and enable the lateral pull to lift it clear of the ground. The artificial wave is created by a number of mines sunk in suitable positions on each side of the vessel and simultaneously exploded. To ensure a continuous lateral pull on the vessel, cables are attached to kedge-anchors and tensioned by means of a piston working in an air pressure cylinder.

4,545/07—CORY—***Improvements in self-levelling mechanism for use in maritime vessels.***

The object of this invention is to render objects on a maritime vessel self-levelling. For this purpose for the transverse movement of the apparatus a segment is employed with each of the ordinary flexible suspending attachments, suspended from two points of support and carrying two pins one of which is always in gear with the suspended frame, of the ordinary attachment, which is thereby given an additional point of support and greater stability. In the longitudinal direction of movement the object is suspended from a single point but guided in a horizontal position by a separate cradle having more than one point of support and to which it is geared by riding pins.

8,157/07—SCHROETTER—***A method of detonating wet gun-cotton.***

According to this invention wet gun-cotton can be detonated by means of nitro-compounds of the aromatic series.

These applications for patents, are until September 3 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XIV.—No. 182. FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1907. THREEPENCE.

JACK TAR TO MERCHANT SEAMAN: "You should agitate for 'Spithead Reviews,' like we have. MARITIME REVIEWS are helping, right enough: but it's a big job to overcome the prejudices of ages. For that——you need the King." *[That may be so, but somebody must call attention to the conditions—or the King will never know about them.]*

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

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Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—JACK TAR AND THE MERCHANT SEAMAN	193
MARITIME MURMURS	194
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	197
LLOYD'S SHIPBUILDING RETURNS—AND THEIR LESSON	198
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	199
JAPANESE IMMIGRATION INTO WESTERN LANDS	200
THE NAMING OF BRITISH VESSELS	202
THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF WELSH COAL	204
POOR OLD "DREADNOUGHT"	206
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	208

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

ON frequent occasions, we have commented on the worth of naval warrant officers, and have shown that in reality, they are the men who practically administer the warship afloat. We have no intention of traversing our old-time statements, which will be familiar enough to those of our readers who take an interest in Naval matters. At the same time, we might be excused for briefly recapitulating enough of our past remarks, to make the present happenings more intelligible. Thanks to the pernicious system of keeping executive positions afloat for the sole uses of the sons of moneyed men (and as if the fact of having a wealthy father incontrovertibly made for brains in his offspring); and also because of the Jack-of-all-trades-training which is meted out to those same sons of wealthy fathers: the executive officer of to-day, is too often in possession of the attributes of a Pooh-Bah. It isn't so long ago that the Service (and the country) was more or less convulsed with a quantity of talk anent that "on the knee" business. It is fresh in every one's mind, so need not be singled out on this occasion, further than to say that if the officers implicated had possessed more tact (and possibly less of naval college cramming), the contretemps need never have arisen.

MOREOVER, a goodly number of folk who were in the know, were inclined to believe that if the executive officer had left the matter to his natural protector—the warrant officer—all the trouble would have been obviated. Be that as it may, there is no getting away from the fact that the "warrant" takes to the sea as a means of livelihood; is promoted from the lower-deck because of his ability as an organiser; and because it is fully realised that the executive is, at times, sadly in need of what the sailorman styles, "an old sea dad." Viewed dispassionately, then, the "warrant" is about all that stands between the Navy and chaos; moreover, these facts are fairly-well assimilated by the antiquated "salts" who engineer the Service, and who appear to be actuated by the belief that they are (individually) quite the last sailor who left the sea. Under the circumstances, it is competent for us to believe that any tampering with the warrant officers' status or privileges, is tending toward chaos and disruption? So far in the game, ships have been "scrapped" wholesale; crews are run on the nucleus system; executive officers are "trained" in a style which turns them out as neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring; and now, the actual backbone of the Service is being hankeyed with. For, according to Mr. Fred T. Jane, economy is stalking through the ranks referred to.

IN other words, and out of a keen desire to save a few pounds which, in all probability, will be added on to the ornaments of the Service, the warrant officer is about to be shorn of his status and privileges, and while he will be expected to carry on the administration of the ship to which he is attached, his position will synchronise with that of a petty officer. No more rooms apart for the "warrant," and no more quarter-deck promenades—save in exceptional circumstances. Is it any wonder that interested persons assume that it is in the minds of those in authority, to eternally spoil the Senior Service of the country which depends absolutely on its efficiency? "Scrapping" practically new ships won't do the trick; nucleus-crewing those that remain is a slow process; so is a Jack-of-all-trades-training; what is there left for us under the conditions applying? Well, we see that it doesn't matter a toss as to how we monkey with executive rank; the Service pursues the more or less even tenour of its way; what is the reason? Thus the authorities, in effect? Then, the truth dawns upon them! In common with that doctor who surgically considered Mrs. De Tone's husband, when he would have been about right if he had confined his attentions to a certain Mr. Testy, the authorities have been operating on the wrong man—or men!

INSTEAD of wasting their time with the executive officer—who usually takes to the sea so that he may be out of harm's way, and may rightfully deck himself out in a female-heart-paralysing uniform—the powers that be appear to have assimilated the ancient truth, that it is the warrant officer who is master of the situation. Being so, the "warrant" is the man on whom a dead set must be made! Of course, the alteration must not be brought about with too great a degree of suddenness. That would be fatal to the antiques who are entrusted with a job which would appear to be several sizes too large for their administrative powers. "Poco e poco"—as the "British

sailor" remarks—will best fit in, and if the warrant officer is pinched a bit to-day, he will be willing to submit to more of it tomorrow; and the day after—there or thereabout—he will be as useless as are many of the good souls who fatuously believe that they are his natural and nautical bosses. In this connection, a happening occurs to us which might be worthy of reproduction—especially as it will effectually point the moral which we have in mind. The parties in question were not of "warrant" rank, one of them being a humble master-at-arms.

But the "other fellow" was the scion of a house which had reached nobility through beer, or nails, or fat, or something of the kind, and he was appointed lieutenant of a tricky little corvette which practiced in the China Seas. That was all right, and the "jonty," as usually occurs, was boss-man of the canteen. He had been just that for one half of the China Seas' commission of the corvette; had never experienced any difficulty in running his unlicensed public-house-and-general-store; and then Lieutenant Beer (that isn't his name, you understand, and merely refers to his method of ennoblement) "came out" from home. Mr. Beer hadn't been told that he knew anything particularly extensive about nautical jurisprudence, but he was a beggar for dreaming. On three successive nights, he had dreamed that what he didn't know concerning his job, wasn't worth bothering about (although in reality, what he didn't know about it would have filled several ponderous tomes, seeing that he was a Jack-of-all-trades man); and having dreamed, he believed the nonsense. There are quite a many who affect the beliefs of that Mr. Beer, and let the fact not be forgotten. However, in the sure and certain belief that he was a born reformer, Mr. Beer commenced to look around for a job after his own particular attributes—if we may put it thus?

Being young (very), our nautical example decided to nibble at something small, by way of a start; and if things turned out according to his dream, well, he would soon be showing the Old Man the way to run a corvette on properly modern lines. The "something small" on this occasion, was the canteen. Mr. Beer, (you can see where the family traditions came in, can't you?) button-holed "jonty," and explained to him that his canteen-running was a disgrace to the Service; was altogether opposed to the spirit of the King's Regulations and Articles of War; that because nothing untoward had happened to-date, was more for the reason that the fates were kind, than because "jonty" knew his business; and, to cut a long story short, his highness, Lieutenant Beer would, in future, organise the administration of the canteen. "Jonty" didn't appear to care much about it, although, as a matter of course, he had a financial interest in the canteen alluded to. Here, then, we see Mr. Beer organising, and the master-at-arms "resting." This went on for a week or so, and the corvette was in the neighbourhood of the Leroot River—somewhere at the back of Siam.

Incidentally, pirates had been the means of taking the corvette in that direction, for her especial metier was to inculcate lessons as to the wickedness and dangers of piracy, on to the Chinamen who practiced the profession in that part of the world. Being a pirate-dispeller, then, you will not be surprised to hear that, on one occasion, the corvette's crew were required to form a landing-party, for the purpose of explaining matters incidental to the game? Neither will you be surprised to learn that the landing-party was required at the dead of night, as the poets would remark. No self-respecting pirate chief would think of giving a British man-of-war's crew an opportunity of showing their agility in daylight, not much. The wee sma' hoors appeal mostly to pirate-men, you'll find—and this applies whether the piracy is of the blood-thirsty kind, or merely in the nature of flogging a set of account books. We know, because we have incontestable evidence to that end. But harking back to the corvette, and to Lieutenant Beer, the former were hardly in a fit state to fake up a landing-party as suggested, and although Mr. Beer was cavorting around with a drawn sword, and looked a perfect terror to cockroaches and the like, that landing-party was an unconscionable time in "getting away."

Of course, they did "get away," eventually. For the matter of that, so did the pirates, and to say that Mr. Beer had thus received one of his worst awakenings, is to put the matter as politely as we know how. Morning dawned—it does whether a reformer is at hand, or otherwise—and by this time the "landing-party" had nothing to boast about in the way of wounds; but their tongues—! Don't ask us anything about it. Yes, they were thick, for Beer-administration of a corvette's canteen hadn't proved a success to anybody save the bibulous members of the corvette's crew. The "Luff" bided his time, and smoothed down his marble cheek, in pensive manner. Nothing happened. The "jonty" brought along no defaulters' sheet; in fact, he said never a word; and just as Mr. Beer was approaching to that stage where apoplexy might intervene, and charitably draw a veil over the conflict, he chanced to meet the master-at-arms! Looks from Beer! Awful looks! Frigid, supercilious, appealing—the whole gamut of human expression was in evidence! At length, Mr. Beer yelled: "Have you no report to make, Master-at-Arms?" That worthy opined that he hadn't. Said he saw no need for it. That Mr. Beer quite knew that most of the men were canteened the previous night; that the said canteen was Beer-managed; and—well, what about it?

Arrest was threatened to "jonty," and a really high-class barney followed. Needless to say, the Old Man heard it all, and in the result, Mr. Beer wrote Lord Brassrule—then connected with the Admiralty—when Mr. Beer was "exchanged," and the "jonty" again took over the canteen. During the remainder of the commission, the corvette was famous for her night scatterings of the amiable pirate horde; but she never had a difficulty with a landing-party. Only once, girls! And that, when the curled-darling from the Jack-of-all-trades' shop took over the manipulation of the strings. When Mr. Beer reads this little explanation of matters which exercised his mind very acutely on the occasion referred to, he will understand the moral which we have tried to point. As far as that goes, the present members of the Admiralty might also make an effort to assimilate the facts—for they are that, you know, and haven't been faked up just for the purpose of a Bank Holiday "fill." And if those facts are assimilated, we might then hope to see the warrant officer's position amplified, instead of, as is now threatened, curtailed until the Navy is a bigger menace to the Briton than it will ever be to the possible invader.

Too old at forty! The jape occurs to us in remembrance of the fact that Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., K.C.V.O., attained his seventieth year on Monday last. Nearly twice as old—more than twice in a business sense—as the supposedly limited period, and yet to all appearances, living

a more strenuous life than was in evidence with him at forty! The plain facts are, that the unfortunate souls who are labelled as too old at forty, were too old—again in a business sense—at fifteen. Unlike most people, they were born old and never recovered it! But strenuous workers such as Sir William Lewis, appear to have been born young, and with the ability to continue in the same enviable state—as far as general utility is concerned. But after all, it is the attribute of brains to keep young. The possessors thereof have the requisite sense to enable them to conserve their energies; the other fellows lose their's in a year or two. Looking around casually, we find among the young old men, Mr. A. C. Swinburne, a great poet at 70, and still "at it;" Sir Lewis Morris, 74; Professor Goldwin Smith, 83; Lord Strathcona, 87; Sir William Crookes, 75; Lord Kelvin, 83; Lord Lister, 80; and many more, all names that are household words among us. Our sincere congratulations to Sir William Thomas Lewis on passing the seventieth milestone in his arduous life. May we be enabled to express the same sentiments when he has cantered past another score of them. All the indications are in favour of the belief that we shall.

Who said there is nothing in Socialism? Why, there is Mr. Keir Hardie "doing" Canada—by the way, sundry wags out there appear to be practicing what Mr. K.H. preaches, and have been annexing some of his supposedly personal goods! Anyhow, Mr. K.H. is doing Canada, and we are wondering if such a fate would have befallen him, supposing he had elected to earn a living by the trade to which he was affiliated in his youth? Opinions on the matter vary, and sundry good people assure us that without the blessed aid of Socialistic spouting, Canadian trips would have been impossible. Personally, we have our doubts, for we rather incline to the belief that the ability which wins in a Socialistic sense, would do precisely the same in other, and more popular channels. But it must be somewhat disheartening to be taken so seriously, that one's personal effects are borrowed in a spirit of communism? If we had chosen the Socialistic field of labour, we should take particular care that when we had succeeded in obtaining, say, a tobacco-box, the cult would be sternly warned off the ground. We shouldn't mind if they annexed the goods and chattels of non-Socialists, as that would be a punishment for their hanging on to more sense than we could acquire. But to commune our own goods! Perish the thought.

While on the subject of Socialistic "leaders," we note that London Socialists and Labour men are attempting to work up a fund that shall be a nucleus for a £200 per annum salary to Mr. Victor Grayson who recently thanked the ladies for his election to the Talking Shop. On the face of it, £200 isn't a thumping big salary for such a job? If the gentleman would take our advice, he would start a sailors' organisation on the lines of a cricket club, in which case he might fob considerably more money; might fake up a committee that would vote when questions of their own emoluments were on the table; might audit the accounts of the club through the kindly offices of the fellows who made out those accounts; might, in short, give Socialism points and a beating. Of course, there is more to recommend the Socialistic attempt of a bona fidé fund which will give a stated salary, while in connection with the suggested sailors' organisation, some frankly-disposed people might say it was an impertinent swindle. One never knows, these days. Impertinence—within certain limits—is a paying commodity. Outside—well, it has been known to be a short cut to chokey. And we are glad that the people for whom Mr. Grayson labours, are going to fix up a fund for his benefit. The labourer is worthy of his hire—when it isn't assessed at about thrice as high as the majority of his supporters are receiving.

A Sydney contemporary would appear to be suffering from a bad attack of ifitis! (All right Mr. Printer. That is exactly what we meant. I-f-i-t-i-s. Thank you.) What makes us think so? Well, read it for yourself: "If Australia begins building *Dreadnoughts*, or improved *Dreadnoughts*, and first-class cruisers and torpedo-boats to-day (or next week, for the matter of that?), and keeps on steadily at work, it will certainly have, about 1920, if peace lasts so long, the most up-to-date fleet, and, with good management, the most efficient fleet on all the seas." Eh? It's a tall order, and when you consider that bit of sloppyness anent "good management," well, you are pleased, and tickled? Of course, and that is mainly why we wrote about the attack of ifitis. We all know—now, when it has been demonstrated—that if the cat hadn't stopped to—what was it, exactly, that the cat stopped to do? But anyhow, if the cat hadn't stop to meow at another cat, the mouse would have been dead years ago. "If Australia begins building *Dreadnoughts*, or improved *Dreadnoughts*," forsooth! Surely the Australian friend doesn't imagine that it is as easy to build the suggested fleet, as it is to Labourise all the commerce out of a country? What?

And when one gets along further with the vapourings of our contemporary already alluded to, we read: "That fleet will be of better quality than the navies of Britain, France, Germany, Russia, the United States, or Japan." Yea lor', and "if" Australia begins building, "and keeps on steadily at work," the "if" might eventuate. But what are they going to style the said fleet? At home, we have a Home Fleet, a Channel Fleet, an Atlantic Fleet, and several other nucleus-crewed affairs. Will the Australians style the suggested creation the If Fleet? If so (no pun, mind) will it be nucleus-crewed, or are the Australians in favour of crewing it with the able-bodied humans of both sexes, that are available. As things are at present, we much doubt if all the able-bodied men in Australia would be sufficient to man that If Fleet. Another chunk of quotation, friends: "It will be the one navy in existence with no tail to it (will it have a head, please?), and containing not a single ship over twelve years old." Tie us loose! It's awful to contemplate! But meanwhile, the Australians haven't started to build; they haven't money enough if they wished to; they haven't a fleet that would scare off a nigger minstrel troupe; and we are sadly afraid that our contemporary has either been visiting a Chinese restaurant, or that the official bottle of opium has been suffering somewhat abnormally. Which is it?

Well, sirs, the record Naval Review "came off" on Saturday last, for their Majesties the King and Queen, on that day, glanced over some twenty-four miles of latent power. Needless to say, the Home Fleet made a magnificent showing, and if the various cupboards which contain skeletons (either as crews, or otherwise) were securely fastened for that day, only, it was all as it should have been. One of these odd days, the British Fleet will be taken in hand by a sort of deep-water Cromwell; a man who will be careless about the prattlings of a "Party," as long as he does the work for which the nation will be prepared to pay him. When that time eventuates, may we be there to see. There is plenty of room for his appearance, and don't let any of us forget it.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 7, 1907.*

THERE is a semblance of a coal market about at the time of writing, although it is given to but few to locate it. As far as we can learn, there is considerably more attention given to an explanation as to what "he" wore, and how "she" treated him, than there is to such a messy thing as coal. Fancy having to come back to coal, after the intoxicating beauties of the past few days!

YES, there is a coal market, although its usual exponents do not seem to care very much about running it to earth. Holidays are still the theme, and even where they have commenced to pall—or the relating of the different episodes which transpired therein—there is a pronounced disinclination to "talk coal," at the moment. Needless to say, all this tends to a hardening of price.

BEFORE the holidays, there was precious little free coal about, and now—well, there is absolutely none! The gentle miners—tendering of notices notwithstanding—are in no more hurry to return below out of the sunshine, than would you or ourselves under similar conditions. When a community is given just enough of liberty to ensure the want of more—well, you can see how it is?

SOMEDAY—soon—the coal people will see the fallacy of dwelling too much on what has been, and possibly by the time our next week's tale is in preparation, we shall have something definite to state. Meanwhile, we can honestly assure you that although business is practically *non est*, prices are in no wise likely to suffer on that account. You see, August Bank Holiday is a purely British affair.

THE gentle foreigner knows it not, and when he mails his orders for choice consignments of the best (or other) brands of Welsh "smokeless," he doesn't search his office calendar for the purpose of learning whether his letter's arrival at Cardiff, will synchronise with Bank Holiday. Not at all. He wants coal, the Cardiff man sells it; send on a letter—and wait.

THE latter part of the tale holds distinctly good at the moment, for that is precisely what the foreign friend is doing. He waits! Shipping is plentiful, and the owners thereof are willing to oblige. Loading facilities are about in good shape. But there is no coal. Will there be any more next week? Sure to. But not enough to ease the pinch of this week. True, the scarcity will be eased a bit. That is only natural. But not to the extent of bringing prices any easier—or loading possibilities.

IN plain language, and although the native has been "doing himself proud" since last we wrote you, the demand is about as keen as ever, while the scarcity of coal is more so. Business is but so-so, although at the time of writing there is an indication that the summer fever has about run its course. But then, even so, and with every good intention in the world, a colliery man may not hope to ship coal, if his source of supply is merely working in a so-so manner. And, friends, that is what applies at the moment.

PRICES—such as have been dealt with—are as follow:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	21s. 0d	HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.			
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.			
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.			
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.			
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.			
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.			
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d	19s. 6d.			
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.			
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 9d.	15s. 0d	15s. 0d			
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6 d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.			
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.			
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.			
Seconds ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.			
Ordinaries ...	12s. 3d.	12s 3d.	12s. 6d			
Best Newport ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 1½d.			
Seconds ...	11s. 3d	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.			
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 0d	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d			
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.			
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. 3d.	30s. 3d.	30s. 9d.			
Ordinary ...	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d	27s. 9d			
Furnace Coke ...	25s. 3d.	24s. 9d.	24s. 9d.			
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d	19s. 9d.			
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	21s. 9d.	21s. 9d.	22s. 0d.			

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened

SWANSEA, *August 7, 1907.*

HOLIDAYS notwithstanding, trade in the local staples hereaway continues fairly satisfactory, and the market during the past week (or for the period in which there is a semblance of a market) has shown but little change, maintaining a good tone; and for the most part, an upward tendency is visible. For actual prices, see figures below.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—				HOLIDAY.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.	QUOTATIONS NOMINAL.
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	24s. 3d.	24s. 3d	25s. 3d.			
Seconds do. ...	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 6d.			
Big Vein Large ...	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.			
Red ,, ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.			
Machine Made Cobbles ...	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 9d.			
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. 3d.	26s. 3d	26s. 9d.			
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.			
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 3d.			
Duff ...	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 10½d.			
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.			
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 9d	19s. 9d., 20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.			
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.			
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d			
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.			

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1907.

LLOYD'S SHIPBUILDING RETURNS—AND THEIR LESSON.

THAT there is a lesson in the Returns compiled by Lloyd's Register of Shipping goes without saying, although in most instances the reviewist is satisfied to take them as written, and to pass on—after giving a pæan of praise for British maritime supremacy. That the supremacy is still in evidence may not be gainsaid: that it is in danger of eclipse is equally certain. When Mr. Lloyd-George jockeyed his late Merchant Shipping Act through the mazes of Parliamentary procedure, we ventured on passing a number of restrictions which, viewed in some lights, were hardly complimentary. As far as that goes, honest criticism (when it is connected with the questionable side of a given picture) seldom is complimentary, and that is the unfortunate part about it. If the given picture were all that it should be, there would be need for no criticism, and the reviewest would have a soft and pleasant task before him. Which is to say, that he would bring out his writing after the lines of a chapter in the Bible, and all that would remain for the reader would be the working-up of a smug, superior look, even as he blessed the fates that he had been born in such a glorified age. At the same time, after events have fully justified us in the prophetics in which we indulged, when that Merchant Shipping Act increased the tonnage of the British Mercantile Marine, to the extent of a million tons, at one fell swoop. And the increase wasn't at all the end of the séance, for an erstwhile efficient fleet of modern tonnage was turned into a slow, and possibly overladen bundle of units, and because a body of amateurs conceived the notion that they had been born into a world gone awry, for the purpose of putting it back into the stage from which it should never have seceded. That their efforts were crowned with success—from their own point of view—goes without saying, and to-day, instead of passing at sea, a number of high-class cargo boats that should be romping along at a nine knot speed, those same old crocks are wobbling over the seas like a drunken man, at speeds averaging anything between six-and-a-half and eight knots. For that the said boats do wobble along is evident to the most casual observer. How can it be otherwise, when a given steamer having been built for a given draught, and with a given factor of stability, is suddenly—and without reason—immersed several inches more than her architect allowed for? Where, aforetime, she rolled over and righted herself in a crisp and able manner, now, she simply goes over to her new "bearings," and in the result seems to impress on each member of her crew, that she doesn't care a dump whether she comes upright again, or lays over at the danger angle indefinitely. Naturally, this doesn't adversely affect Mr. Lloyd-George, nor his stay-at-home and quasi-seafaring advisers. They will be all right, supposing that every ship afloat decides on pursuing her voyage on her beam ends. And if, in consequence of the new degree of heeling error, and which is seldom constant for more than ten minutes at a time, the Old Man loses his way (and the ship concurrently)—well, there is a never-failing method out of the embroglio. "Off with his head." Tell him he was drunk. That he didn't know his business. Anything, save placing the fault on the right shoulders. These are some of the lessons which are inculcated by the Return to which we have alluded, and there are others. For instance, we read that the tonnage now under construction, is 56,000 tons less than that which was in hand at the end of the previous quarter, and nearly 160,000 tons less than that building twelve months ago. Certainly, there is no need for wonderment, here. If the fleet is increased to the extent of a million tons, and by a mere stroke of the Liberal pen which affects to do so much for the British workman, there is no need to go on building, and thus give that British workman an opportunity of earning a livelihood. Of course, not, and as we have frequently remarked: If that increase displaces some thousands of certificated officers and seamen, isn't it matter for gratitude to the present rulers? Indeed, and viewed anyway, aren't the dodging tactics of the present rulers on all fours in every thing connected with the shipping industry? First of all, they haven't sufficient courage to admit of their compelling the foreigner to bring his vessels up to British requirements—or keep off the British coasts; and in the result, they cripple the shipowner even while pretending to do him a good turn. Next the seafarer is hocussed in the same amiable manner, for where, of old, the addition of a million tons to the fleet, would have meant work for thousands of seafarers of all grades, the penmanship-wheeze increases the carrying capacity without giving employment to one additional man. Then to show where the help to shipowner really came in, we find him grumbling about long passages, and port delays over what was in vogue before the advent of the amateur politician. Needless to say, greater draught is a contributory cause to longer passages; bigger cargoes are another contributory cause to port delay. In effect, then, the lesson which is most apparent in this connection is, that shipowner has been shown how to save sixpence, but it will cost him a shilling in working the oracle to that end. The seafarer has been guyed with a tale that as his food bill is now quite twopence *per diem* more than it used to be, he should show some little sign of gratitude, at the moment—and should romp in with any vote and interest that may be his, when the coming General Election is with us. Naturally enough, the sailor is told nothing about the reason for the all-pervadingness of dampness which has been introduced into his erstwhile not-too-dry life. Of old, Jack's life was damp enough in all conscience; but with the advent of deeper vessels, that dampness is intensified. For a vessel drawing six inches more under the new regulations, than ever she drew under the old—well, you can see how it will be directly the sea is as big as the proverbial knife-handle? Where, in the past, light sprays tickled the face of the man on the bridge, or look-out, at present, they are green seas which sweep across his bows, in a manner of speaking. Still, the man has had some pickles added to his *panem*, generally, and if he sticks out for his rights, he can have cheap butter where, before, he had comparatively expensive margarine! Perhaps the sailor should really give over growling, although for our part, we prefer to keep an open mind on the subject. As far as we can see, the shipowner has been exploited on all hands, and without as much as giving one pennyworth to the sailorman. Aye, or adding one iota of cheerfulness to his miserably uncomfortable lot. In other words, and in spite of all the juggling to other ends, the British sailor is continuing to shun the British Mercantile Marine; the dearth of officers continues in as acute a form as ever; and to add to the misery, the 'longshore worker is beginning to feel the pinch of amateur Statesmanship. Partizan papers assure us that the country is experiencing a period of unexampled prosperity, and viewed in some lights, we are somewhat inclined to believe it. The prosperity is about, right enough, for a number of hard-ups have succeeded in obtaining Parliamentary positions, and now, instead of smoking threepenny "shag," they indulge in that desideratum so dear to their hearts—a sixpenny cigar! Meanwhile, the artizan has to face the uncomfortable fact that instead of any "unexampled prosperity" coming his road, he is by way of being defrauded out of the building of some 160,000 tons of shipping, and for what purpose? Mainly to enable a number of "Keep a hollerin'" people to obtain a job for which they appear to have but little aptitude!

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, August 7, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo, *Maroa*, 9s.
Hong Kong, *Orwell*, 5,000 tons, 13s. 9d. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Drumlanrig*, 16s. 6d.
Alconda, 5,800 tons, 17s. 6d.
Steamer, 5,500 tons, 17s. 10½d.
Monte Video, *Moorfield*, 5,500 tons, 17s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Hillfern*, 6,400 tons, 14s.
Montenegro, 14s.
Incharran, 14s. 3d.
Las Palmas, *Azalea*, 5,000 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 18s. (N).

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Genoa, *Arosa*, 4,500 tons, 6s.
Or Savona, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s.
„ Steamer, 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Grof Tisza Istvan*, 4,300 tons, 6s. 500, option Civita Vecchia, same rate with 400.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Jozsef Agost Foherczeg*, 4,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
„ „ *Aeolus*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Reynolds, 4,500 tons, 5s. 10½d. (P.T.)
Alexandria, *Frederick Knight*, 5,100 tons, 5s. 3d. 700.
Naples, *Betty*, 4,200 tons, 5s. 6d. 600.
Valencia or Tarragona, *Oiz*, 2,400 tons, 6s. (c. or s)
Algiers, *Amie*, 3,000 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Michael, 3,300 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6 fcs.
Marseilles, *St. Abb's*, 2,300 tons, 7 fcs.
Erandio, 4,200 tons, 7 fcs.
Taranto, *Elwick*, 2,900 tons, 6s. 10½d. coal, 7s. 7½d. fuel, (s).
Venice, *Broomfield*, 3,300 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Trieste, *Spennymoor*, 4,000 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Catania, *Bracondale*, 3,100 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).
Spezzia, *Clivegrove*, 5,300 tons, 6s.
Navarino, *Milldale*, 3,450 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Danube, *Whinfield*, 3,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Or Sulina, *Thelma*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d. 400.
Antigone, 3,650 tons, 6s. 9d.
Volo, option Kalamata, *Emilie*, 1,950 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 8s. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Auckland Castle*, 1,350 tons, 6s. option Lisbon, 5s. 6d. spot.
Vigo, *Hawthorn*, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Vendee*, 3,300 tons, 5s. 350.

BALTIC, Etc.

Kiel, Steamer, 600 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Cronstadt, *Alfred*, 1,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Stockholm, *Enid*, 1,350 tons, 6s. 1½d.

BAY, Etc.

St. Nazaire, *Alemania*, 3,100 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Marzo, 2,000 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
La Pallice, *Collivaud*, 1,900 tons, 4·75 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Invergordon, *William Dawson*, 300 tons, 8s. (Admiralty). (P.T.)
Queensferry, *Wallsend*, 1,200 tons, 5s. (Admiralty).
Charlestown, Steamer, 250 tons, 4s.
Douglas, *Torrington*, 200 tons, 4s. 9d. option Ramsey same rate.
Falmouth, *Lavinia*, or sub., 500 tons, 4s.
Plymouth, *Onyx*, or sub., 700 tons, 4s.
Belfast, *Nugget*, 420 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Newhaven, Steamer, 300 tons, 5s. 6d. rails.
Rouen, *Inver*, 1,250 tons, 5s. 4½d.
M. J. Craig, 800 tons, 5s. 4½d. (s).
Steamer, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Prudhoe Castle, 1,000 tons, 5s. (P.T.)
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, private terms. (s).
Havre, *Elemore*, 1,150 tons, 4s. 6d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Carn Marth*, 2,300 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Greenhill, 2,400 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.
Villagarcia to Cardiff or Barry, *Ouse*, 1,000 tons, 7s.
Bilbao to Newport, *Carn Brea*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
Pontypridd, 1,800 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

Continued from page 196.

THERE can be no gainsaying the fact that a deserving charity seldom appeals in vain to the wealthy Cardiff Dockite. He is credited with making plenty of money, and sometimes the assertion is correct enough. At the same time, it is only when his donation is rather larger than ordinary, that the public is allowed to know anything at all about it. Somehow or other, the Dockite, generally, gives away with one hand, and keeps the other out in front, in a manner of speaking, so that nobody shall know of his little "weakness." It's a blessed weakness, good people, and were it not for its existence in somewhat abnormal shape, the good old Cardiff of to-day, would be a very different place in which to live—and the difference would not at all tend to increased comfort. However, there are times when a noble gift must be made known—as in the case of handing it over to a public institution such as the Cardiff Infirmary. In laying the foundation-stone of the new wing for the Infirmary on Tuesday, of last week, Sir William Thomas Lewis made an eloquent appeal for additional support thereto. He was all the more qualified to make that appeal, in view of the fact that his own liberal-handedness has helped to tide the Infirmary over many a rock and shoal.

BUT even as Sir William was willing to make that appeal, and to make it in telling phrases, there were others who were disinclined to listen unmoved. What we may term the first fruits of Sir William's appeal has materialised, and in a manner that is worthy the best traditions of a port where blessed Charity is attended to, no matter what other failings are in evidence. In brief, then, the Ocean Coal Company Limited, through their director and manager, Mr. Thomas Evans, has handed to the Infirmary committee, the noble sum of £2,000. That was a lump sum from the colliery company direct, and it was augmented by £100 from Mrs. A. M. Evans, Maindy ; and £100 from Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, Ocean Collieries, Treorky. In connection with the fund involved, we believe there is now a matter of some £13,000 to be subscribed, before Mr. John Cory's promised £5,000 will be due. In face of the promptitude of the Ocean Colliery Company, there should now be no difficulty in obtaining the whole £30,000 required. What are you going to do about it, you usually large-hearted almoners in our midst? Mr. John Cory's £5,000 is waiting. Nobody will be better pleased than himself, to hand it over when due. Any advance on the munificence of the Ocean Colliery Company ? Who will lead off ?

Japanese Immigration into Western Lands.

WHILE Admiral Ijuin is receiving no end of conventional welcomes from Continental nations, his fellow countrymen who have allowed their overflow of population to meander into countries on the Pacific Slope, appear to be up against a hard situation. The gallant Admiral has been feted in Germany, toasted in France, and it is possible that he will end up by being lionised in Britain.

MEANWHILE, and as we have already remarked, his compatriots are receiving no end of abuse for daring to set foot in Western America. In the first place, the friend at San Francisco saw danger in allowing a few of the much-talked-of "yellow men" to obtain a footing in the land where all are supposed to be free. The Californian didn't hesitate a moment, nor did he trouble about remembering that for every Jap domiciled in America, there were probably a dozen Americans domiciled in Japan.

OF course, not, for when the Yank starts across to Japan, and having arrived, endeavours to "corner" the whole of the Far Eastern portion of the world—well, that is business; but if, in a minor manner, the Japanese gentleman attempts to reciprocate, that, sirs, is bare-faced robbery, and must be put down with all the rigour at the command of the great American eagle. It's all very funny, if you care to consider the matter with an open mind; it is very much the same, if you don't.

HERE, in peaceful Britain, the rakings and scrapings of the Continent are accepted with loving arms—at least, in as far as the Government is concerned; and if one or two of the cult do endeavour to undersell the native, then, the worst thing that befalls, is a speech from the Labour member who is most directly interested. But there is no "tall talk" bandied over the landscape; and no hints that relations are in any way strained in consequence.

BUT the same results are by no means obtainable in other portions of the earth where the Briton most does congregate. There's British Columbia, for instance. Seeing that the 'Frisco friend has had an innings that way, the Labour Party of the Province referred to, is attempting to follow suit. A few Japs have done them the honour to affect a belief in the future of British Columbia; in accordance with that belief, they have set foot in the sacred land; and as a result, those good souls who are for ever employed in setting up bogies so that they may have the felicity and kudos which hangs around the knocking of them down again, are up in arms.

BUTE DOCKS.—PITPROP STEAMER IN BERTH.

JAPANESE immigration must be stopped. That's flat. At least, if it must not be stopped, some sort of protest ought to be lodged in connection with the matter. Why, those few Japanese might easily obtain work on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and doing so, might conclusively show that they are better workmen than the present occupants of the land (who are in no sense natives thereof; merely got their first, you know!) All this, too, in spite of treaties, or agreements, friendships, or what not.

ANYHOW, and so far in the deal, the British Columbian is going to be content with the peaceful passing of laws to restrict the immigration which, a hundred years hence, might be really dangerous and worth bothering with. At least, that is the yarn at the moment. Possibly in a few weeks from now, the tale might be stretched even as applied with the American citizen who was stricken with Japanese measles.

FOR it should not be forgotten that, in the early days of the Californian/Japanese trouble, moderation was evident in a very large degree. The native had no wish to haze

the Jap. Not at all, and his whole ambition was to wallow along on constitutional lines. But that was before he had felt the pulse of those who were in authority, so to write it. After feeling that pulse, and noting that it was anything but vigorous in the direction indicated, the Californian friend commenced to pile on the agony, and in a manner which has resulted in about as strained a set of feelings between the two nations, as is easily imaginable.

If Washington had taken the matter up while it was in the incipient stage; had taken it up in a fashion which evidenced the fact that there was to be no fooling; then the world would not have been kept on tenter hooks as to the possible fate of the American Atlantic Fleet which has to get to San Francisco—and then? As things are shaping, there is a splendid case of nerves about in the regions interested, and since the natives have stirred up the mud, they appear to be awaiting a miracle for a settlement thereof.

Needless to say, the age of miracles has passed, and the same old law which suggests settling with the adversary at once, would appear to hold good at present. Instead of bringing about that settlement, the American friend is beguiling himself with a quantity of mutterings, and unless wiser counsels prevail, the countries are just as likely to drift into a collision, as are they to dodge clear of each other.

As a set off to the reputedly bad feeling which exists between the American and the Jap—or t'other way about, an' it pleases you—the "Portsmouth Peace" is said to be causing the Japanese Government, and people, much bitterness. Why this excuse should be set up is somewhat difficult to say, and presumably it is offered on the assumption that as the Yanks would have jibbed—after such a settlement; then, the Japs must be in the same boat?

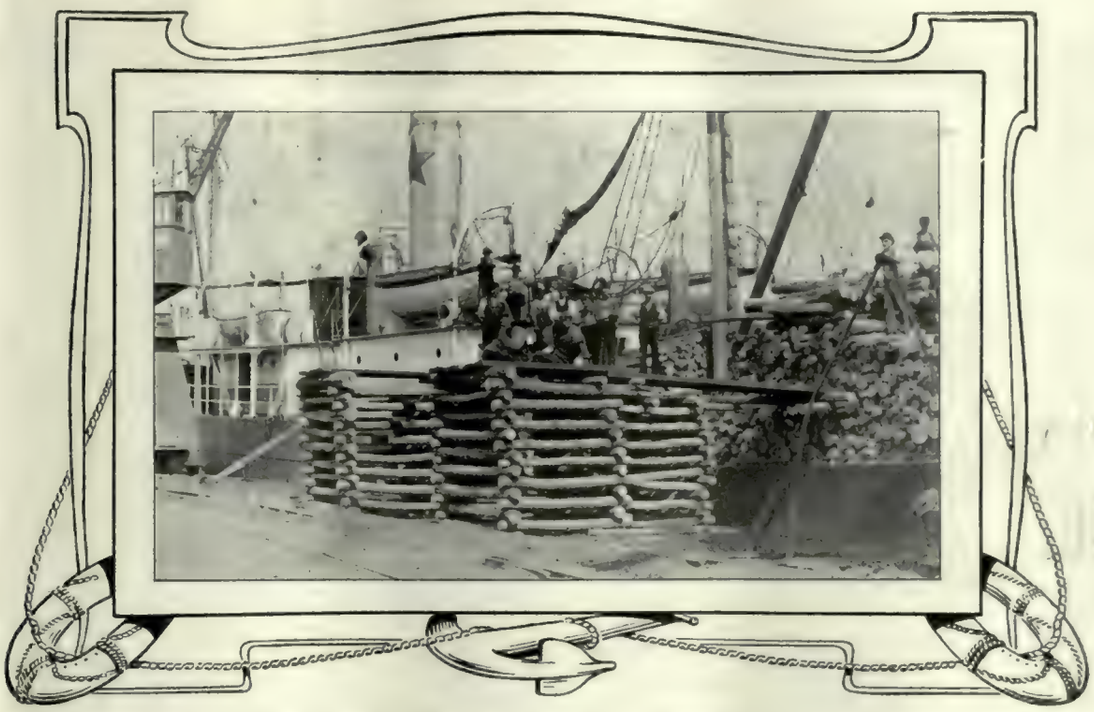
But is there any reason for such a belief? Any reason which has emanated from the land of the Mikado, that is to say? Surely, not, for if the Jap hadn't cared to "let up" on the Russian friend with which he is now coqueting, then all the Portsmouth prattle this side of heaven would not have forced him to. Of that we may be sure. You see, the fellow who realises that he has the best end of the club ready for business purposes, is never the one to call a halt. Human nature is not built on those lines.

The fellow referred to might—as an act of grace—consent to a cessation of hostilities: but prattle will never bring it about; and this is a feature which the American friend, in his interminable hustle for the Almighty Dollar, cannot assimilate. It's a pity of course, and it's more a pity that it's true. But what will you? Washington didn't bother with the theme until it had assumed dangerous proportions, when, as a matter of course, it was a moot point as to whether the interference wasn't too late.

Exactly the same thing might result from the British Columbian outpourings of a minority of the Labour Party which is "out" for an advertisement—unless drastic means are utilised at once. It is sheer nonsense to suggest that the few Japs who favour British Columbia with their presence, are to be viewed in the light of a danger to the present occupiers of the land. And anyhow, when a great railway is in process of construction, and when its completion will benefit the occupiers of the land already referred to, is there sense or reason in delaying that construction, merely for the purpose of giving some few dollars more to the few men who are already employed?

Certainly not, and although we quite understand that the political gentleman is a greater power in a sparsely-populated land, even than he is in older—and better populated—regions; we yet have an idea that the country could better spare the predatory politician, than it can the earnest worker who is prepared to do his best for the land of his adoption. The Jap is showing his usual sense by keeping clear of congested districts, for he favours those lands where labour is scarce. Under the circumstances, then, is there sense or reason in working up international complications, merely for the purpose of satisfying the greed of a few spouters who may be easily done without?

It is suggested that the question alluded to is likely to become the chief issue in British Columbian politics. If so, the native thereaway hasn't much to grumble about. We could mention half-a-dozen items which are more in need of attention—aye, and which, if attended to, would do him ever so much more good, than will the goading of an inappreciable number of Japanese immigrants to desperation.



Bute Docks.—"Bird Cages" ready for running the Pitwood to truck when berthed.

The Naming of British Vessels.

AT intervals which are more or less frequent, the subject of ships' names comes in for public attention, and on the one side we have a combination of shipping men who claim the right to do as they please in the matter; while on the other side is a contingent who appear to be imbued with the idea that they may do as they like, but that the "other fellow" should be restricted by law. For that is practically what the matter resolves itself into.

In other words, those who have already searched the lists for suitable names, and have obtained therefrom to suit their fancy, would now close these lists, and regardless as to who shall suffer, or otherwise. Presumably, such arguments are more or less human—as is also that of the contingent which claims the blessings of Free Trade in shipping nomenclature, as well as in most other features of our national greatness. But what does the whole thing amount to?

Before attempting to answer the question and to suggest a remedy for the dangerous custom which is alleged to exist, let us consider the circumstances as they apply at the moment, and also as they have applied right down the ages. In the early days of shipping endeavour, and when vessels were few and far between; when the increase in their number did not amount to a very great deal—names were as plentiful as we hope blackberries will be next month. Very well. If *Flapsy Dapsy* didn't suit, *Hipsy Fip* might do so.

In those old days, too, the world was cursed (or otherwise) with precisely the same trait which obtains at present—a lack of originality. Furthermore, everybody interested in the subject appeared to be imbued with a tremendous amount of belief in that old Shakespearian jape which lilts along as "What's in a name?" As a natural result, shipowners concerned themselves more with the construction of a vessel, and with her suitability for a given trade, than did they with the ethics of name-finding.

In the result, Britain has been blessed with a merchant marine that is the pride of the country which owns it, and the envy of every other which would like to. But there is a touch of sloppiness about that pride. Shipowner admits that he didn't build a given steamer (even as a novelist builds his book); but he believes that he should be allowed to enjoy a virtual copyright in her name, all the same. Other shipowners, realising that there is no copyright applying to their competitors; and also realising that in the majority of instances, the man to whom the copyright should belong (the builder), generally designates the off-spring of his brain by a number; well, the former naturally ask what all the bother is about.

Bute Docks.—Piling Pit-Props.

Particularly as there is no possible chance of a vessel being mistaken for what she is not, in a freight-earning sense. A 500-tons *Lusitania*, for instance, could not possibly pose on a charter-party as the *Lusitania* which is now giving the Cunard folk such justifiably proud feelings. Everybody concerned would know the difference at a glance; nobody would be bluffed; and on the face of it, there is nothing to justify Government interference with the subject. At least, as far as the shipowner is concerned. Whether there is another cause, we shall see.

In this connection, a liner company is sending around paragraphs for public consumption, and if those pars do nothing more than work out a gratuitous advertisement for the creators thereof, then, they will not have been written in vain. As a reason for the publication of the paragraph referred to, we read: "Only the other day, a minor accident happened to a schooner which happened (an awful lot of "happened" in it, isn't there?) to bear the same name as that of a great ocean liner."

Of course, you understand that the said schooner didn't come to grief merely because she had plagiarised with the name of the great ocean liner. For that matter, the great ocean liner wasn't immune because she had a namesake which was a little schooner affair, and therefore was prepared to accept all the miseries which nautically belonged to the name. Not at all. The minor accident to the schooner transpired because it was written; the immunity of the liner was on account of the same fate. We like to make these little affairs clear, and especially when we are writing up good "copy" while the remainder of the world is enjoying its little self, *a la* St. Lubbock!

At the same time, we learn that "The accident was recorded in the usual way through Lloyd's"—which is somewhat ambiguous, and makes one wonder which, precisely, is the usual way through Lloyd's—"and without further inquiry the incident was used in a sensational way"—that's two "ways" in as many lines!—"with the result that the disquieting announcement of 'Accident to liner' was widely distributed." Well, what about it? Doesn't it appear as if these puff-paragraphists are shouting up a blame—if there really was any—lay with the reporters who afterwards imagined that they had a good sensational bit of news up a capacious sleeve.

And coming down to bed-rock fact in this connection, is there more than one really sensible method of obviating the alleged difficulty? That is to say, without infringing on the rights of the subject, is there any method other than that of numbering vessels available? If a liner firm elects to use the word *Nonsuch* for one of their latest triumphs, is that any reason why a later owner—and when development has reached an altogether higher pitch—should not style his vessel the *Nonsuch*? Coming down to actual fact, which steamer is most likely to be a *Nonsuch*—that built in 1890, or one built in 1907? And if the latter is more truthfully in line with her name, why should her owner be debarred from using that name, and because a presently obsolete vessel was a *Nonsuch* seventeen years ago?

You see what we are driving at, of course, and you will also recognise that there is but one real way out of the difficulty—to number the fleet, commencing at one, and

Bute Docks.—Pit-Props Landed on Storage Ground.

wrong close? Aren't they using the wrong reason—if there is any reason about it at all?

One has to admit that a poor little schooner which is named similarly to a liner, has a right to experience a "minor accident," just as much as would the liner if built that way? Of course, and if the happening is seized upon as a splendid opportunity to stultify the actions of a given liner concern, whose fault is that? Obviously, it is the fault of those who worked off the "disquieting announcement" without any inquiry to speak of? If the Government is inclined to interfere at all in this matter, we submit that the interference is due in connection with those enterprising souls who rush into print, without taking the trouble to verify their facts.

In other words, instead of wasting a quantity of valuable time—to say nothing of ink and paper—in an abortive endeavour to alter the unalterable, why not place the responsibility for those "disquieting announcements" where they properly belong? The owners of the schooner instanced, had nothing to do with the report which was "recorded in the usual way through Lloyd's;" all the continuing. But who would seriously contemplate any such a ridiculous attempt at solving a difficulty which to all practical intents, may be safely ignored? Does the "minor accident" happen often enough to make it worthy of attention? And would the owners of the *Lusitania*, say, be pleased to make their vessel known to commerce as the No. 58,976, for instance—'fore all the world as if she were a convict, or a bottle of eau de Cologne?

Besides, the numbering argument would be just as objectionable as would the case of the *Nonsuch* which we have supposed. With vessels romping along in numbered form, the cognoscenti would see at a glance, to which epoch of shipbuilding a given ship belonged; seeing, they would pass her by for something possessed of a higher number and therefore more modernity. No, viewed any way, the nomenclature of shipping has come to stay. The British Mercantile Marine is too big an affair to admit of any dilettante tinkering with the various names, and if there is a real danger in two of a name existing, then, the coiners of wrong reports might quickly be taught the error of their way, and thus would the matter be definitely settled.

The Immediate Future of Welsh Coal.

THIS is a question which is said to be affecting the minds of those who do business with the commodity—both on the selling and the buying side. Those interested are said to be anxiously concerning themselves as to whether top rates have been reached; whether the present prices will continue for any extended period; or whether the metaphorical bottom is likely to drop out of matters coaly, without any warning, and with disastrous results to all concerned.

From an academical point of consideration, those claims have something to recommend them; actually, and in connection with those with most at stake, they do not exist. When a coalowner is simply inundated with orders from all and sundry, and when he has to sorrowfully admit that the output of his collieries is woefully insufficient to meet the demand; when he is at his wits' end to make past acceptances fit in with present conditions; well, he has absolutely no time to sit down with a thinking cap pressing heavily upon his manly brow.

At least, not a thinking cap that is a sort of first cousin to the prophetic mantle of which one reads. He needs a thinking cap, harassed soul, for he has a dozen or so of various sized steamers on demurrage; the buyer is shouting all manner of uncomplimentary remarks at him over the telephone; sarcasm is about in quite big amounts; and taken altogether, Mr. Coalowner doesn't quite know where he is. Obviously then, he hasn't much inclination to sit down and prattle about what is likely to be the state of the coal market, a month, or three months hence?

In the meantime, those good souls who have but a nodding—and impersonal—acquaintance with the situation, are keen on assuring us that the anxiety abounding in the ranks referred to is dreffful; that at no period in the history of "gallant little Wales" has that anxiety been beaten; and if the man in the street doesn't happen upon a number of paralysed colliery owners in Butey Roadey—then, sirs, and according to the prophetics, he ought to!

Some would-be alarmists are intent on assuring the world (or as much of it as comes within their ken) that the present boom in Welsh coal is unique, in that it is not the cause of any artificial make-up. But is anything in the way of trade artificial? Doesn't the whole thing work along in a cycle, and if the results be taken over a set of years, and compared with the results applying over other sets of years, does not the average with all, approximate very definitely? It does, and any contention to the contrary is of a moonshiney character.

Bute Docks—Running Trolley with Pitprops to Piling Ground.

Of course, there are always folk who are prepared to look a gift-horse in the mouth, in a manner of speaking, and although the district has but recently emerged from a slump that was just as unique in that it had no artificial reason for its existence, that slump is forgotten. The lean years are laid away, and the fat months are expatiated upon! None of the would-be experts think it worth while to throw the outputs and prices into one pot, so to say, and from the mixture, strike a fair average. Oh, dear, no. The community passed successfully through the lean years; in all that period, nobody seemed to be unduly hurted; and the "experts" didn't arrange to give the sufferers a lot of prophetics with regard to a better time coming—for experts are notoriously pessimistic, or they wouldn't be "experts," preferring to work instead.

But now the good time has come without any heralding on the part of those good souls whose mission seems to be the painting of hell's blazes so that the community may appreciate their brief glimpses of heaven, pessimism is

switched on, and we are assured that all hands are anxiety personified, as far as next month's coal trade is concerned. Fatuous argument, did you say? Of course, it is, and no coalowner is bothering about it. For the matter of that, the buyer is quite as clear of that sample of worry. The latter worthy's greatest grief at the moment is, that he has a steamer in the Bute Docks, she is under a high-class coaling crane, but the railway which lays underneath that crane, is a void—as far as coal wagons are concerned.

And continuing with a consideration of the Bute Docks output, it may be blissfully accepted that for the past half year, a record has been constituted. Mind you, there is nothing much to brag about in that, for the same docks are very consistently employed in making (and breaking) records. For that reason, the Man at the Helm—Sir William Thomas Lewis, Bart., K.C.V.O.—has put in some Titanic work over the past few years, with the intention of placing the Queen Alexandra Dock at the service of the frequently harried trader.

As everybody knows, that dock is now ready for work; and is attending thereto, in a beautifully modern manner; but even so, the worry of the seller and buyer has not been laid away on that account. Shipowner has no further need to think up tales anent congestion. He may bring his argossies along in whatsoever numbers best please him. He may be dead sure of a berth, and of a tip or crane—but there, the labours of the Dock Company end. They do not supply the coal—merely the facilities. Under those circumstances, what are we to do?

Generally considered, it will be best to refrain from worrying the coalowner with a number of inane queries as to what he is going to do three months hence. If we really mean to assist him—and therefore the community—it will be best to advise those buyers who each wish to obtain a first consignment at the expense of all the others, to go slowly. To remember that when there is only a gallon of water available, it is useless to attempt the filling of a hogshead. Time, that great ameliorator of everything mundane, will operate here as elsewhere, and if the buyers are just a bit patient, they will ultimately obtain all they are presently seeking in a coaley manner.

At that epoch, the boom might be over; again it might not be. All the same, nobody supposes that the present boom is going to emulate Tennyson's *Brook*. At least, nobody possessed of any knowledge of the conditions will be so far left to himself. In effect, the coalowner is merely living up to the heritage of mankind as a whole; and seeing that the sun of prosperity is shining in good force, he is intent on gathering his roses while he has a chance—aye, even supposing that his roses are rose-nobles, or the latter-day equivalent therefor.

Simmered down into a clear statement, the demand for Welsh coal has increased with a sort of jump, and as applies in dock-work on occasion, there is a congestion. Unfortunately, docks have to abide by a tariff. They may not let their berths out to the highest bidder. The coal-owner is better off. When he can persuade the buyer to romp the price into, say, a twenty-five shilling stage, we may be sure that he will do so, and in that manner recoup himself for the losses which were made when ten shillings were supposed to be a high price for portions of precisely the same seam of coal.

Bute Docks—Landing and Measuring Pitprops.

So far in the contention, we hear of no colliery-manager rushing into print as to the congestion which undoubtedly exists in supplying coal that has been sold, but which, alas! is not available. That colliery man is too busy at the moment, and all of which goes to show that when the gentleman favours a local "daily" with a screed upon congestion at the docks—well, he is somewhat weary of a life of nothing to do. On those occasions, and supposing he were an ordinary trader, he would go in for some window-dressing, and thus attempt to coax custom.

But as he has no window to dress, and when slanging the office staff palls upon his ennuied soul, then, sirs, he rushes off and writes free copy for the morning paper which flaunts the same-coloured flag, as does the writer a necktie. You know this is true. You also know all about it, without our bothering you any further. For that reason, we give over writing—especially as we happen to have arrived also, at the bottom of the page!

POOR OLD "DREADNOUGHT."

THAT'S how we feel, whenever we see her name in print! Built in hope, launched in pride, floated off in trepidation, and now—to be "supramiraculously" chivvied by Mr. Frank T. Bullen! Hard fate, for a really hard ship! But what is it all about? That's it. We wish to explain, and as a start in that direction, will state that as "our special correspondent"—the "our" being London's "soap wrapper"—Mr. Bullen has been enabled to head his "story" with the words, "On Board H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, off Cowes."

THAT's clear, isn't it? You will note that the writer chiel (and more or less nautical expert) was really on board the warship. He might easily have been towing astern in a dingey—but he wasn't. He might have examined the ponderous vessel from afar—but no. And so that there might be no mistake about it, he appears to have placed the matter clear of all misconception, by heading his screed with the words, "On Board H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, off Cowes." Very well.

MR. BULLEN was on board, and she was on the sea—the she, of course, being the redoubtable battleship which, on occasion, can muss up her rudders, on others can footle around with groggy boilers, and now—alas, that it should be written—is found deficient in signalling room, and by Mr. Frank T. Bullen. Why, sirs, it is awful! If some other individual had dropped upon the shortage of room indicated, it might have been different. But for Mr. Bullen to find it!

As far as we can see, the finding was somewhat accidental, for although the gentleman appears to have visited most other portions of that "main ganglion of a great fleet," he hoped that he knew better than to intrude upon the domain of signals. That was all right, and pretty enough to win a complimentary remark from Carmelite Street? You see, "our special correspondent" had a shrewd suspicion that if he were to trespass into the signalling department, he would feel that he were somewhat *de trop*.

BUT why particularise in such an unkind manner! What had the other portions of the warship done, that their privacy should be wide-open to Mr. Bullen, and the only holy of holies be the flag-wagging part of the undertaking? Let us give over speculating on the subject, for Mr. Bullen did go into the department mentioned, and that is just where he appears to have found something not altogether as it should have been, supposing he, himself, had been consulted as naval architect.

BUTE DOCKS—15 TON IRON ORE HOPPER WAGONS.

To quote the gentleman's own words, we get: "So I went, and lo!" Reminds us of the days when our Chief matriculated as parable writer for another London journal. Those stories usually lilted along with the "Verily, I say unto thee," and the "lo" idea much in evidence; so we are somewhat surprised to note that a man of Mr. Bullen's parts could be so frivolously-inclined as to honour our Chief by appearing to follow his lead.

BUT you might like to know what it was that Mr. Bullen loed? This was it, and in his own words: "I found what I had been seeking and believing I should not discover—something to carp at." Terror for language, isn't he? First he loes, then he wastes his time seeking for something which he didn't expect to find, and having found it, he carps! Eh? Tell us not in sweet cadences, life is but an empty theme—especially when you've Mr. Bullen, carping signals out abeam! Carp us no carps. Ganglion us no gangles. Supramiraculous us nothing at all. The *Dreadnought* is convicted of yet another fault, and we don't care who knows about it.

BUT as an apologist for naval mistakes, Mr. Bullen is a

good hand. Read this: "Now, it is necessary to remind the reader that this ship (the ganglion, you'll remember?), being the first of her kind that has ever been built, has necessarily shown those working her many points in which she might be improved, which details have been steadily remedied and also have been borne in mind in the new *Dreadnought* launched on Saturday; but nowhere has there been more room for improvement, nay, is still, than in that small section of the ship which is devoted to the receipt and transmission of signals."

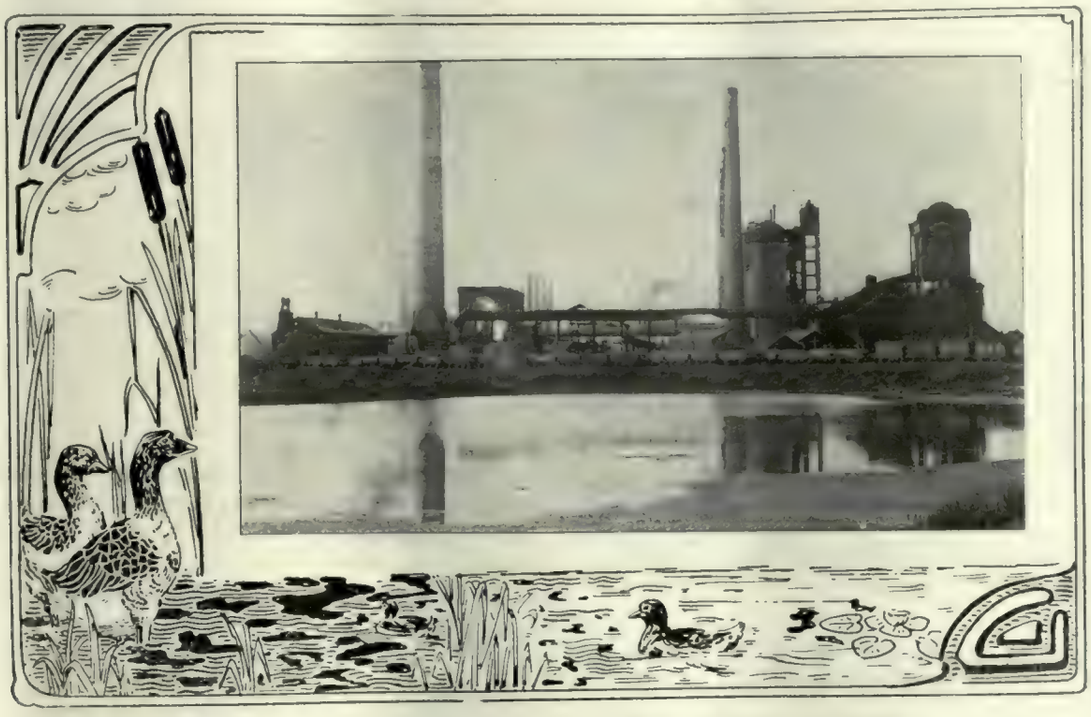
Eh? Why is that small section of the ship devoted? Don't be rude, and please remember that when such an authority as Mr. Bullen writes for a London "ha'penny," he is 'way up in literature. 'Tisn't every writer who is accounted good enough for a London "ha'penny." But in view of the apology referred to, won't the same writer tell us something more about it? State, par exemple, why a Government is willing to waste a million and a half of good bright sovereigns—there or thereabout—on an obvious experiment?

We want to know you know, and if "our special correspondent" cannot enlighten us, then, we shall give over buying that "ha'penny" paper, when its circulation will drop one, right away. Continuing: "I almost despair of making my readers understand what the signalling department of a flagship implies. . . . She is the habitation of the brain of the fleet." As if we wished to be told that, when we see that the yarn is headed "On Board H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, off Cowes," and that it is signed "Frank T. Bullen." Isn't that good enough for anybody? Brain of the fleet, forsooth!

But this is pretty, and follows on immediately behind the last quotation: "From her emanate, to her converge, all the messages that must necessarily pass upon thousands of matters throughout the day and night. And here everything is accentuated"—written in italics, you know!—"because of the huge size of this command and the distance from the flagship of the remote units of the squadron." Still, carp and all, our historian friend admits that the whole fit-out is an ingenious system, so it has something in its favour?

Moreover, there are only thirty men, "each of whom is a living epitome of the manifold ways in which signals can be conveyed," and they "manipulate flags and semaphores, or, given a hint (nothing more than a hint mind, to a naval signalman) convert themselves into semaphores, or flash, by the aid of a set of copper louvres in front of one of the searchlights, messages on the heliograph principle." Marvellous, isn't it, and makes you wonder if all that supramiraculosity were worked up for the benefit of Mr. Bullen, or if the same old japes have been in use for countless ages?

You don't wonder now, why a battleship can drop so easily on to a merchantman in a signalling dodge, do you? A battleship, with a numerically greater signal-staff than would constitute the whole crew of the merchantman. And with it all, the battleship is anything but perfection! We know, because Mr. Bullen says so. From that decision there is no appeal. That correspondent is a man who knows—some things; and when he declares that the signalling space on a given ship is insufficient, you take it from us that if an alteration doesn't come about in short order, then, there is likely to be a change of Government.



Bute Docks—Where the Iron Ore is converted into Iron and Steel.

Especially when Mr. Bullen unloads his stuff on to a London Ha'porth—with a capital "H." Yes, please. Those thirty men were not spaced out with em quads. In fact, they were disgustingly pressed for room, and besides being nasty in a signalling fashion, the resultant overcrowding shouldn't be allowed. A 'longshore factory wouldn't be permitted to do it, you may be sure; so why should one of the national factories be shielded? It won't be, for now Mr. Bullen has his eye upon the fault—nay, when he is carping at it; well, you can look out for squalls.

In conclusion, if any more admirals start saying things up against undermanned merchant ships and their inattention to naval signals, we shall, in a metaphorical sense, throw Mr. Bullen up against that admiral. That will fix him up, you'll find. None of the naval contingent would offer any shinnannakin to Mr. Bullen. We know, and mainly because the gentleman sends stories from "Off Cowes," right along to Carmelite Street. He might have sent it by "wireless"—but he didn't. It was headed "On Board H.M.S. *Dreadnought*, off Cowes," and it carried the more or less well-known name already written. Lo!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on July 25, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

20,863/06—HOSKINS—***Improvements in luggage racks for use in ships' cabins, railway carriages and the like.***

This invention relates to luggage racks, the object of the invention being to provide a rack capable of being folded up and locked by an arrangement which admits of the rack automatically falling when released from the fastening. For this purpose the end members of the rack frame are fulcrummed to brackets attached to the wall, so that the frame is capable of being turned upwards from the horizontal position. A hanging arm, which is pivoted to the bracket plate, is made to pass through a swivelling eye attached to the end of the rack frame, and is provided at its lower end with a stop to limit the downward folding movement of the frame. For locking the frame there is provided a spring catch with which the stay arm is engaged on being brought into a vertical position by the folding of the frame, and is thereby locked. The form of catch for fastening the stay arm admits of the latter being disengaged on a pull being applied to its lower end which thus acts as a lever whereby both the arm and the frame may be simultaneously disengaged.

23,921/06—WHITE—***Improvements in or connected with continuous series doors for discharging coal and like bulk substances from barges, colliers, and store bunkers onto conveyor bands.***

This invention relates to the hanging of continuous series doors for coal discharging, and consists in hanging the doors in series to open and shut in the horizontal plane, so that when shut the ends of the doors abut, and provide a continuous closing of the trough, and when open they lie in line on either side of the trough, leaving a clear passage there-through. For this purpose the doors are hung by one corner horizontally and alternately on each side of the trough, each door being provided with a fastening bolt.

24,558/06—MASSON—***Improvements in and connected with means for propelling navigable vessels.***

This invention relates to means for propelling boats of that class in which the stuffing box is dispensed with. According to this invention the driving mechanism consists of a sprocket wheel provided with cranks and pedals, and operating by means of a chain a small wheel mounted on a shaft to which is keyed a bevel pinion of smaller diameter than the sprocket wheel. The bevel pinion gears with another pinion mounted on the propeller shaft. To avoid the exertion of too great a force for rotating the propeller from the pedals, the stern stuffing box is dispensed with, and the propeller and intermediate shafts are enclosed in tubes connected by a casing. The water is thus allowed to enter the tubes up to the water level, danger of water entering the boat being avoided by extending one tube well above the water level.

24,580/06—EVANS—***An improved method of automatically lubricating the axles of colliery and other trams or tubs and the like.***

According to this invention which relates to the lubrication of the axles of colliery tubs, the lubricant reservoir consists of a rectanguiar box to which is pivoted a rocking shaft, secured to which is a rod provided with a brush and working inside the box. The motion is given to the rocking shaft by a crank and connecting rod connected to a lever pivoted to the outside of the box and normally in a vertical position, and of such a height that the axle of the tub comes into contact therewith, forcing it over on its pivot, the motion thereby obtained is transferred to the brush, which passes through the lubricant and conveys it to the axle.

25,965/06—CHETWYND—***Improvements in mariners' compasses.***

The object of this invention is to produce a mariner's compass that will not be affected by the vibrations and shocks to which the binnacle and compass bowl are subject. For this purpose a liquid compass is employed, the vibrations of the compass card being damped, by suspending it immersed in a liquid contained in the compass bowl. In order to avoid the drag on the card produced by the ring of damping liquid which more or less adheres to and is carried around by the bowl when the ship changes her course, the compass card is made of such less diameter than the bowl that it is outside the range of influence of the ring of damping liquid. Since the edge of the card is no longer close to the steering mark on the bowl, a pointer is substituted for the mark, projecting from the bowl close to the edge to avoid parallax.

5,215/07—DOXSIE—***Improvements in oar-blades.***

An oar blade constructed according to this invention is made of aluminium, and has a short socketed stock threaded on the inside to screw onto any suitable handle, and provided with a lateral hole to admit a set screw to hold the blade from turning on the handle. The blade is thickest at the stock, gradually diminishing towards the opposite end, and the back face of the blade has a medial strengthening rib formed thereon extending from the stock along the length of the blade into the surface whereof it gradually merges.

These applications for patents, are until September 10 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on July 31, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending August 31.

Class 4—***Including coal.***

292,496—Word OVALETTE inside a black oval—Fuel included in this class. The Fuel Patents Syndicate Ltd., 36, Victoria Street, London, S.W., Manufacturers and Merchants. April 26, 1907.

Class 8.—***Including nautical instruments.***

293,004—Device of an 8 pointed star with THE WHITE STAR printed inside—Sextants and compasses included in class 8. Sydney Lawrence trading as Lawrence and Mayo, 67 & 69, Chancery Lane, London, Opthalmic Optician. May 15, 1907.

Class 20—***Including explosives.***

293,763—Explosive Substances, KELOR——Cogswell and Harrison, Ltd., 29a, Gillingham Street, Victoria Station, London, Firearms and Ammunition Manufacturers. June 13, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 183. FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1907. THREEPENCE.

THE P(E)ACEMAKER?

JOHN BULL: "Come on, Fritz! Pip-pip!"

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE P(E)AGEMAKER?	1
MARITIME MURMURS	2
OUTWARD BOUND FROM BARRY DOCKS	5
THAT ALL-RED LINE	6
PLEASURE SEASON—BARRY ISLAND	7
"SEAMEN'S GRIEVANCE"	8
THOSE SIGNALS AGAIN!	10
AUSTRALIA'S NEW TARIFF	12
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	14
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	15
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS	16

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

IF the man in the street needs a better illustration as to how useless his "Labour leading" friend is in an emergency than is shown by the Belfast riots and shooting-match, then he must be hard to cater for. By the same line of argument, if the community at large is inclined to listen further to the prattlings of the same little coterie of gleaners-of-the-unearned, then, they deserve all they might get in the future. On a musical hall stage, it might be awfully funny for an alleged leader to take passage by a luxurious steamer, and at the moment of embarkation, exhort his fellows to "keep the flag flying until I return;" but in real life, it is something of an adjective nuisance. Writing impersonally, we are constrained to believe that the soldiers' bullets have been tipped into an altogether wrong set of billets. It isn't the misguided—and agitator-fed—strikers in Belfast who were most in need of daylight. That should have been let in—in goodly portions—to the anatomies of those pests of society who, from a safe 'vantage ground, counsel the flying of the red flag of anarchy. It is all very pleasing—and from some points of view—to be assured that it is essential to play the martyr, if a supposedly-needed redress is to come about; but the martyrdom invariably comes off at the wrong place?

WE have a shrewd suspicion that some of the powers that be would be well-advised to take a few voyages in the tramp of commerce. In that event, they would learn considerably more about discipline, than, at the moment, they appear to think is in existence. As a nation, we are prone to develop swelled-head over the possession of a mercantile marine that is, really and truly, a high-class affair; but if the seagoing heads of the profession undertook to quieten down a mutiny by shooting lead into the rank and file—well, there wouldn't be any mercantile marine to speak of, by this precise moment. In plain language, the seafarer doesn't waste his time in tickling the body, so to put it; he makes a dead set at the head; and without wishing to mix our metaphors too much, we yet assure all and sundry that although on occasion the tail appears to wag the dog, it isn't really so. But the authorities appear to be imbued with the notion that if they punish the body, the head will suffer in due course. It won't, you'll find—especially when that head is a loud-mouthed (and chicken-hearted) demagogue. Every age has brought its Cromwell, but the real affair (especially in the early days of his struggle) is ever to be found at the head of the fuss which he has fomented.

CROMWELLS never imitate the jackal of the animal kingdom—that is left for the fiery-tongued (but tin-can-constructed) "labour leader." Cromwells do not run away, and leave the fighting to what are then no better than dupes. Not at all, for they take the chances of the lead, as well as of the gold. To further point our moral, let us instance the quelling of one incipient mutiny at sea, and the tale is worthy the careful attention of those with most at stake in the Belfast trouble. She was a nice little tramp steamer, and carried eight hands in the sailors' forecastle. Discontent was rife in that quarter, and for the reason that a son of the distressful Isle had been allowed to assume the rôle of a nautical Napoleon. The grub was wrong, the work was wrong, the mates were wrong, the ship was wrong, and to cut a long story short, everything in-board and out-board was of the same uncomfortable persuasion. The only arrangement that wasn't wrong, was Michael Napoleon, Esquire. At first, that is. Later on—but we anticipate. Needless to say, mutiny was rapidly materialising, and as there were no policemen or soldiers available, the Old Man realised that unless he wished to pose as a unit of the angel brigade, he had better "get up and dust."

DIPLOMACY, of course, was essential, and the first stage thereof was in the shape of a courteous invitation for M.N., Esq., to come aft and express his opinions. Michael—feeling his importance, and assuring the crowd for'ed that he was going to put things in shape "wid that ould centipede, aft"—strolled along to the cabin, and graciously consented to descend into its lower depths. That was all right, and so that nothing out of the common should be apparent, the two mates dodged around on the after deck, in full sight of the waiting crowd which mooched about on the after end of the spar-deck. Candour compels us to admit that both mates carried concealed weapons, and for once in a way, the Board of Trade received no fine on that account. We have no intention of giving-away the secrets of that cabin-conclave, nor of assuring you that a weighty-looking sand-bag had figured in the after developments.

It is unnecessary. But even as the original Napoleon met his Waterloo after many days, so did his latter-day copyist in the cabin of that tramp steamer. Personally, we are inclined to the belief that Michael ran up against that sand-bag. Ran up against it real hard—as our American friends would remark. Anyhow, he ceased from troubling, even if he wasn't at rest, and to note the loving manner in which that skipper attended to the physical needs of the Irish agitator for the remainder of that passage, was to witness a treat.

NEEDLESS to say, when the stormy petrel was gone, the remainder of the crew were convincible that matters on the tramp steamer weren't nearly as bad as they had supposed, when basking under the rhetorical meanderings of their lost leader. There was need for none of the concealed weapons already alluded to. Indeed, the mates —for about the first time that trip—had given out their orders in a voice that would admit of no shinnannakin! What ultimately became of Michael? Well, it might appear strange to you 'longshore friends who are in the habit of appealing to a policeman when anything appears to go wrong with the social clock; but on arrival at Malta, Michael suddenly became well. So much so, that he "skipped on shore," the first night after arrival! He could see, easily enough, that he had "struck" the wrong ship: realised that as a diplomatist, the Old Man took a lot of beating; and that although sand-bags when used from the man to the master were tidy-like affairs: when they happened to be used by the master to the man—well, you can see how it is? In the end, Michael received twelve months of military prison discipline—but not on account of anything he had done on the tramp steamer. Oh, dear, no! The Old Man was too diplomatic for anything of that kind. But Michael was a "bad man"—as no doubt you now realise; and "bad men" usually become damaged more less, in well-organised society. No need for us to continue? You see the point? And can compare it with the Belfast situation? Very well, then.

DEAR us! A correspondent asks if we have read one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs' latest. Fearing that, perhaps, we are too busy to bother with such amateur sailorising, he sends us the text of the stuff referred to. Here it is: "The worst language I ever heard was on a Cardiff collier. When she set out for London every man on board, from the captain downwards, except the mate, had had more to drink, I believe, than was good for him." Hold on a bit, if every man on board was squiffy with the exception of the mate, was Mr. Jacobs acting in that capacity? We like to clear the matter up as we go, you know. Never mind troubling us with a reply, old ship. We merely wish to show you that some sailors are sober people, and that they can size-up popular piffle when they happen upon it. Now for more quotation: "At all events, they were a lively crew. The mate was in charge and on the bridge during the whole voyage. He began swearing not very long after they left Cardiff, and he continued until they got to London, and he didn't repeat himself, once!" Pass us the salt, please. Thank you. After sweetening that obvious—but never mind. Mr. Jacobs isn't a sailor, and knows practically nothing about the sea, so why should we trouble him with deep-water language? We won't. Instead, we will show the patient reader exactly how much the nation needs to thank these "popular novelists" for their twaddley tales about Jack.

IF none but sailors read Jacobs, there would be small need for us to waste our space in this manner. But as 'longshore readers take their cue from the writing of such men, the possibilities of the case should be expatiated upon. To begin. The distance from Cardiff to London is some 526 miles, and the average "Cardiff collier" will "do it" at about eight knots. Eight into five hundred and twenty-six, "goes" 66 times, so that "the mate was in charge and on the bridge during the whole voyage" for just those 66 hours! If, dear reader, you had been the mate, and had to put in a watch of 66 hours, wouldn't you swear—at least at the start of the trip? Of course, by the time you had arrived at the half-way mark, you would have become too hoarse to articulate swear-words so that a travelling writer (save the name) might make "copy" therefrom? But that is a mere detail. So is the fact that if all hands were really drunk at the start of the voyage, well, the rat-poison which they had inbibed in Butey Roadey must have been more potent than usual. A drunk doesn't usually take 66 hours to pass off, what? Naturally, you realise that the whole tale is bunkum of the thinnest kind. Whether it is a credit to Mr. Jacobs or otherwise, we leave you to say. But in view of the fact that the cuss-words known to modern science merely tot into considerably less than a hundred—well, that mate must have been a slow-speaking man, eh? Our correspondent asks us if we can say where the mate learned his swear-words. G'arn! You can't learn it. It's a gift. Just like Mr. Jacobs' ability for writing flapdoodle. You could no more learn to swear as badly as that mate, than you could to write on a par with Mr. Jacobs.

WE knew it would come! That stamping of men for export is receiving the attention of certain of the "Labour brigade!" To think that a number of free-born Britishers should be stamped with a rubber stamp, just as if they were so many eggs bound away for the delectation of the foreign consumer! Why, it's a scandal and a disgrace to the British nation, so it is! Anyhow, Mr. Arthur Henderson, M.P. for the Barnard Castle Division of Durham is up against the business, and intends to ask the Home Secretary if he knows anything about the trick. Poor Home Secretary, he has our sympathy, and we hereby beg to assure him that we wouldn't take his job under the present Government, for anything less than four-and-six-pence *per diem!* Not us! It isn't all beer and skittles being Home Secretary for a Government of amateur legislators. Think of it, you fathers and mothers among us! The Antwerpen labourers have gone on strike for something or other, and work at their port (which is due to beat the world) is consequently at a standstill. At least, it would be just that way, if a number of patriots were not willing to sail across to Antwerp and raise the labour siege. Well, somebody has been assuring the "Labour cult" that these patriots are being branded with a vile rubber-stamp as already explained, and that is where the fuss is coming in. Let us get away from it, or tears—salt, and bitter tears—will meander a-down this page. G-l-l-u-u-g-g-g-ga!

HAVING commiserated with the Home Secretary, we feel that we ought not to deny a modicum of the same soothing balm to the President of the Board of Trade. Especially as he is to undergo "the question" from no less a person than Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P., the "sailor's friend." It appears that the master of a steamer engaged a crew at Rotterdam, on or about July 30, 1907, in the usual manner. That is to say, the British Vice-Consul officiated. But what isn't supposed to be the usual way, is the allegation that four of the men thus signed-on as A.B.'s, were unable to prove that they had enjoyed the blessings derivable from a previous three years' sea service. But when all is said on the subject, is there anything to bother about in the

transaction—supposing it turns out to be the truth, there or thereabout? Is it pretended that every Yahoo who signs on at Cardiff as A.B., is in possession of actual proof that he has been at sea for three years? We hope not, for although we are quite aware that the sea service is pretty rotten these days, we shouldn't like to think that it is to be suggested that a majority of the Mount-Stuart-Square-made seamen—save the name—have been at sea for half that time.

IT is all very pretty, and reads nice when reported in the daily Press, but we have an idea that if Mr. Wilson really intends to "do something" for the men who provide him with a living of greater or lesser value, then, he would be well-advised to remember that "the question," like Charity, should begin at home. Time and again, we have called the attention of the Board of Trade to the peculiarities which obtain in the region where Mount-Stuart-Square-made sailors are manufactured. In fact, that district is nearly as notorious for work of the kind suggested, as was Paddy West, in his most palmy days—and every sailorman recognises the doubtful value of one of Paddy West's sailors. However, the President of the Board of Trade will be invited to tell the House what he knows about the subject, and if that House is not consequently convinced that as a natural result, the integrity of the British Empire is very much at stake, then, it ought to be. No, it isn't just a bed of roses—that which is occupied by a President of the Board of Trade who has attained to power on the shoulders of the stormy petrels of industrial life. At least, we have a leaning to the belief.

As everybody possessed of a knowledge of the subject anticipated, the Admiralty has been convinced of the danger of flirting with Naval Defence—with a capital D. For our part, we are inclined to believe that conviction was altogether unnecessary, and that right from the start, the present Government realised that it was playing with fire, as far as the defences of the Empire are concerned. Under the circumstances, then, there is hardly any reason to prattle about a "cave in," or about a reversal of Admiralty policy? That the Channel Fleet is to be placed on a sensible footing, is matter for congratulation all 'round, and that the Home Fleet with its nonsensical "manning" arrangements is to be relegated to what it really never left—a potential reserve—is exactly what one had a right to expect. In effect, the present Government has been on probation for long enough to admit of its learning the rudiments of its business, and if it made more than the usual mistakes during its period of apprenticeship, everybody concerned should be proud to remember that the remainder of the world was good enough to stand off, meanwhile. Anyhow, the Channel Fleet is to be increased—soon—and to the extent of an additional 32 vessels.

WHETHER the country will be any better off on that account, is somewhat difficult to say. It will be admitted that it takes more than mere ships to constitute a genuine defence. Men are essential, and although there is some tall talk about re-grouping the vessels—for that is all the new move amounts to—there is nothing said about hunting up more men. That this side of the national entity is anything but what it should be, goes without saying. Economy has been blamed for the unsatisfactory position here, but economy, after all, is only partly responsible. With all the prodigality in the world, it is impossible to recruit a number of men, if the said men will not be recruited. Of course, it is still a question of economy, for if the Admiralty will not offer the essential monetary inducement, and the possible men will not accept service under ancient conditions—well, what is there to say about it? As in every other phase of life, you pay your money and you take your choice. If you won't pay the money that is demanded by the other side of a possible agreement, but continue to offer emoluments which were considered good enough two hundred years ago—then, there is cause for no surprise if the free education which has been so much insisted upon, brings about a divergence of opinion. The Navy is in exactly the same position as is the Mercantile Marine.

ALL hands have been getting outside themselves in an endeavour to educate the various units up to a notch that shall be considered in line with modern requirements; but nobody has seemed to realise that all this ultra-educated manhood would indubitably need greater remuneration. Additions, subtractions, multiplications, and all the rest of the new curriculum has been dealt with; angels—metaphorically speaking—have been aimed at; but in the result, the remuneration for all this ultra-smartness has remained at the same old notch which obtained, when a sailorman scarcely knew enough to admit of his coming in out of the wet! In the interval, Jack accepted the "schooling" which was thrust upon him. Not so much because he had any need for such a thing. But mainly because it was "going cheap," and that in the end, it might be worthy of attainment. In the result, the sapient legislature has educated Jack into that blissfully-happy (to him) state, which turns him out as too-well-educated to be asinine enough to waste his obvious talents at sea! There is irony in it, all, of course, and if the Government ultimately realises these little facts, then, it will not have ruled in vain.

WHEN all is said, there is but one way to keep a man in the position of the under dog. He must be kept surrounded with a blighted ignorance. Otherwise, he becomes too "fly" for conditions which were good enough in the "good old days," but which are altogether impossible at the moment. We remember interviewing a boarding-house keeper, not so long ago, in a certain "Highway" in London. Our query was, as to whether Jack had materially differed in the past twenty-five years, as evidenced by his conduct during his brief spells ashore. He had, sirs. To a very great extent. Jack no longer has a leaning toward the "Doll Tearsheets" which were good enough for his predecessors at the job. He is a bit of an epicure (to quote our boarding-master friend), and instead of being content to swill himself into a state of semi-consciousness; to be satisfied with a "cunarder" for shore wear; and to submit to the tale of "take away the cheese and bring in the grindstone, the sailors are all drunk:" he now aspires to a swagger suit of clothes, a gold watch and chain, a "young lady," and respectable *panem*. Needless to say, then, the emoluments which where considered good enough in the eighteenth century, will be of little use under the altered conditions?

AT the same time, the employer (as long as he can obtain aliens at a cheaper rate) will not pay a price that is in accordance with the value of the new material—so it stays on shore! This same line of argument applies equally with the Senior Service, and although at the moment, the Government might worry along through a nucleus-crew dodge, and keep in power; although a shipowner might—for a brief spell longer—serve his own ends by the wholesale employ of the guileless foreigner; both parties are rapidly nearing the mark where a newer dodge will have to be undertaken. Educated men will not serve at prices which were good enough for the ignorant; the nation says that all hands must be educated; the natural conclusion is that payment in accordance with the altered conditions, must be forthcoming; or, in the result, ships will soon need to proceed by clockwork. Meanwhile, the Channel Fleet is to be brought up to a higher standard of efficiency, as far as *materiel* is concerned. Please let the fact not be forgotten.

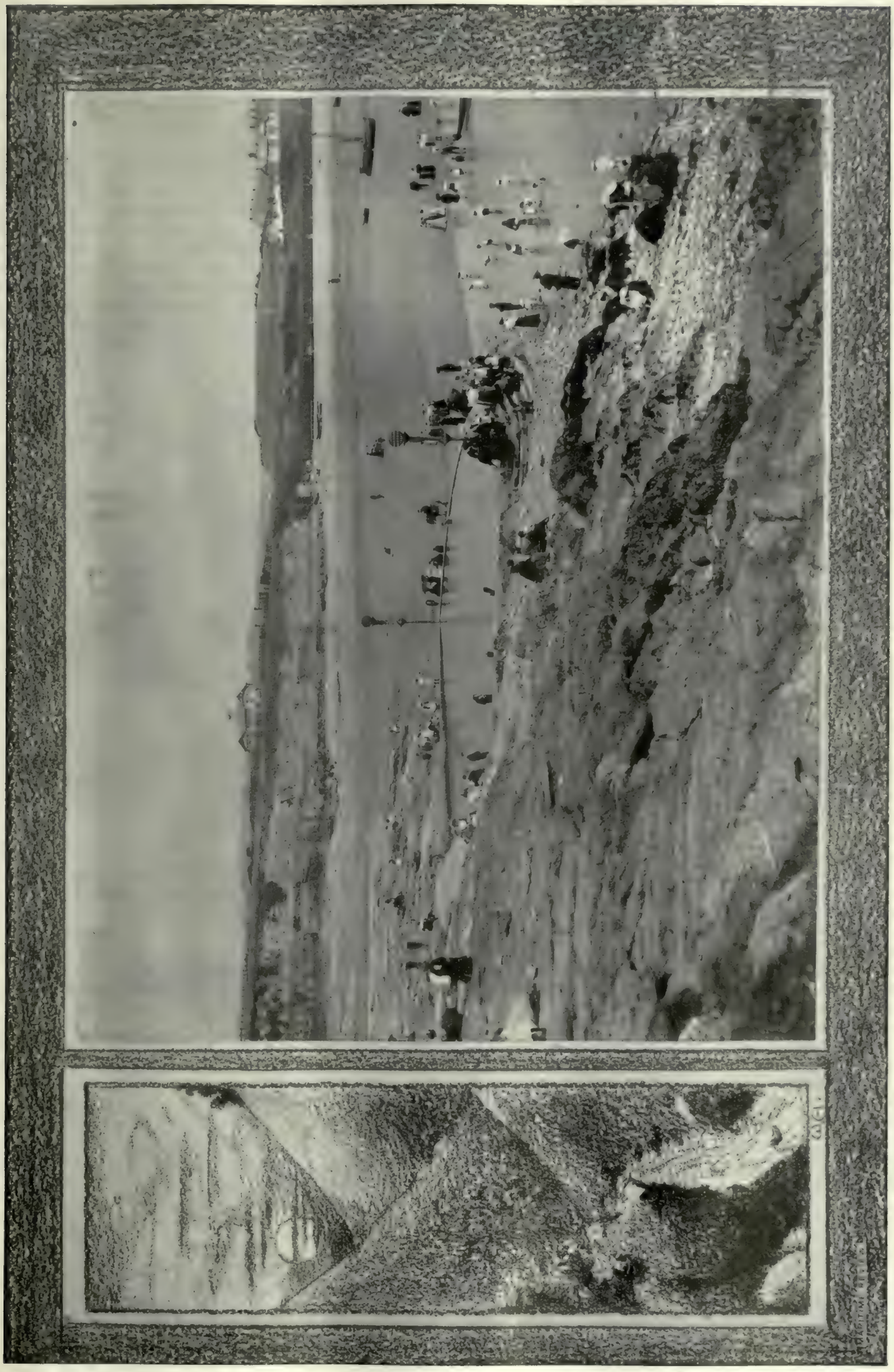
OUTWARD BOUND FROM BARRY DOCKS.

Photograph by J. Osborne Long, Cardiff.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, 1907.

THAT ALL-RED LINE.

COME to view the matter dispassionately, there wouldn't appear to be much appreciation of humour among the good people who go to make up the present Government. A few weeks ago, and when the Colonial Conference was in full swing, the members thereof were continually complaining of slights and indignities; while the final act of dissolution came off in the midst of a firm conclusion that the present Government was "dead against" Protection in any shape or form. That was all right, and should have caused wonder to nobody. Most of us understand that the Government went into power over the backs of a number of Trades Union voters, and, notwithstanding all that is claimed to the contrary, trades unionists are also protectionists of the most rabid kind. True, most of us understand, too, that it is considered bad form for the Trades Union people to admit their predilections toward Protection. But that disinclination doesn't affect the situation in the slightest degree. Protection is here, and if it happens to be the brand which aims at protecting a shrieking minority of Britons against the freedom of a non-shrieking majority—and instead of protecting all Britons against foreign sweating—who is going to complain? Nobody, of course, for things are seldom what they seem, and as a natural result, visions are about in quite formidable array. One of the greatest samples of the said visions, is this euphemistically-named "All-Red Line." That the suggested line of subsidised steamers will be Protection in its most pronounced shape, goes without saying, for it will protect one little combination of business men at the expense of the remainder. At the same time, isn't it a bit of jiggery-pokery to style the affair an "all-red line?" When all is said on the subject, isn't every steamer line under the red ensign, an "all-red" affair? And what right—or reason—has a government to differentiate in favour of an about-to-be-created steamer line, against a number which are already in existence? Moreover, where is the necessity for the establishment of this "all-red" arrangement, and what chance of success will it have when running, unless it is given Government preference over the older lines? And if that preference is to be considered a natural corollary, what are other shipowners to say about it? The main facts of the case are, that the amateur financiers who work up these little Socialistic efforts, appear to be labouring under a full-sized delusion. It takes the form of supposing that the State should do this, that, or the other thing, for the benefit of a number of good souls who have a more or less pronounced disinclination for work. But few of them seem to realise that the State is only another name for the community at large, and that the said State hasn't a penny more to spend, than the community gives it under the guise of taxes. If the State were one of those undertakings which possessed a sort of pagoda-tree in its back garden; if, when "out" for cash, it had merely to shake that tree; then, things would be ever so much better. Unfortunately, however, the State has no such pagoda-tree, and its only visible means of subsistence lay in the direction of the moneys which are subscribed by the public. In other words, the State is a sort of limited liability company, for when its officials have over-run the constable, and bankruptcy is a spot affair, it either pays half-a-crown in the pound, and thus obtains another lease of life, or it is nationally wound up, is reconstructed, and another set of manipulators take over the business. Under those circumstances, then, it is unnecessary for us to say that any "all-red line" must be paid for by the people, generally. Shipowners already in business, must supply their share of the essential capital, as well as those good people who are not shipowners. This being so, why should existing shipowners be robbed (for that is practically what the thing amounts to), so that a number of about-to-be-created shipowners should make a good thing out of an effort which they haven't pluck enough to undertake alone? If Britain had no shipping, and this latest attempt were a despairing effort to obtain a "look in," in opposition to the foreigner, then, a State-aided line of steamers would have something to recommend it. But Britain has plenty of shipping; more than all other nations put together; she has a number of really high-class vessels engaged upon this so-called "all red route"; and the reason that they have a difficulty in holding their own, is because foreign competitors are subsidised, while the Briton is handicapped with harassing legislation. Therefore, if Protection is to eventuate in any shape or form, why not bring it along in a fair and above-board manner? Why not give the stalwarts who have borne the heat and burden for so many years, an opportunity? Protect present shipping industries from the State-aided exploitation of the foreigner, and there will be no need to go, cap in hand, to the various Colonies for a subscription in aid of what should be unnecessary. If that is too much to expect from the present wire-pullers, let the fact be stated openly, and fearlessly. The suggested subsidy for this much-talked-of "All Red Line," is assessed at £500,000 per annum, and the sum may be taken as a solatium that has to be paid, for the purpose of "sweetening" the foreign competitor. Furthermore, that half-a-million will come out of the pockets of the taxpayers, and mainly for the purpose of admitting of a profit to the favoured few who are engineering the new scheme. Frankly, is it good enough for a commercial race of men, or are they so careless of their future welfare, that they are willing to see their birthrights sold, day by day? The latest advices in connection with this begging-arrangement, are to the effect that, in a sudden burst of munificent effort, the Canadian people are willing to subscribe the half of the £500,000-subsidy, leaving the remaining half to be scrambled for between the Home Government, Australia, and New Zealand. It is a pleasing spectacle, this scrambling undertaking, and reminds one of the halcyon days of youth when one engaged in "two-legged races," and "scrambles for nuts," at a church tea-fight! You see the analogy, don't you? Of course, it is admitted that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and by the same line of argument, there is many a slip between a suggestion and its materialised form. All the same, the financiers who have undertaken this "all-red line" idea, may be counted on to do their little all in seeing the steamers afloat; and if they then rest from their labours, and allow the fakement to do even as best it may; well, that is according to the traditions of the business. One cannot justly expect mere financiers to steady themselves down into steamer managers; there isn't enough of money in the thing. All of which goes to show that the "all-red line" can be done without, and that if there is any justification for this phase of Protection, then, wholesale Protection should be instituted at once. Make every British steamer line "all-red" in deed and truth; protect each one from the wiles of the foreign sniveller; and there will be no need to rob Peter to pay Paul as is suggested here. In plain language put somebody in authority who will "run" the British steamer lines as a combination of British undertakings, and regardless of the susceptibilities of the aliens who appear to imagine that they must be studied, although giving never a portion of study in return. The whole matter is plain enough in all conscience. For the past year or two, foreign suscepticitis has played the deuce with British enterprise, and as a result, freights are down at starvation rates, although the remainder of the country's industries are "on the boom." All-red line us no all-red lines!



PLEASURE SEASON—BARRY ISLAND.

"SEAMEN'S GRIEVANCE."

THE above words appeared above some matter in a recent issue of a London daily paper, and after scanning the stuff through, we saw that it was a wail from an official of one of the sailors' "unions." The said grievance is trotted out to the effect that "intense dissatisfaction exists among British crews all over the world, at the operation of the new law providing for the loading of ships above the Plimsoll mark, or almost to the abolition of the former freeboard."

You'll note the quotation, of course, but if you ask us what 'tis all about, we must plead ignorance for once in our lives. "Almost to the abolition of the former freeboard" is, we opine, sheer balderdash, and is not calculated to enlighten anybody or, for the matter of that, to deceive him. Elsewhere in this issue, we have dealt with the same subject, and have taken especial care to mark our disapproval of the "new law" referred to.

More than that, and alone among shipping journals, The Maritime Review gave out a full meed of disapproval of the suggested measure, while it was merely a Bill, and at a time when it was impossible to obtain more than a rumour of what was ultimately intended. Since that time, we have consistently written against the wickedness, but as practiced seamen, we realise that it is useless to "pitch a tale" in connection with a nautical theme. The truth will always stand, but poppycock is simply a delusion and a snare.

In the first place, we should like to know exactly what the "union" man means by talking about "British crews all over the world." Where are those crews? Are there any "British crews" extant to-day, other than in isolated instances? In linerdom, yes, they are still to be found: but the difficulty to obtain a full complement is more, and ever more in evidence. While with the tramp service—and that, after all, is the service upon which Britain's might rests—a "British crew" is an exception, and doesn't amount to a very great deal when found.

Coming along to a further quotation, we find that "We have complaints coming in from the China ports, from America, Australia, and many other important shipping centres." That is alright, and as we know the sailorman with a very big know, we are not at all surprised. Those "complaints" might easily "come in" from the localities named, and yet the shipping community be never a whit the better off. The plain facts of the matter are, that the Briton has given over being a sailor, and when all is said on the subject, it doesn't amount to a very great deal whether the *olla podrida* which mans Britain's maritime supremacy of the moment, is satisfied or otherwise. That must be obvious?

When our own sons and brothers—to say nothing of fathers, uncles and cousins—were in position to hoist the red ensign as needed, it was a matter of very great importance as to how things nautical were managed; but since the sailors' "union" gave a whole-souled impetus to the scrapings of any Continental scrap-heap, things have changed. That the "union" referred to did give that impetus, is admitted by those who have had the best opportunities for judging, and thus when its officials undertake to enlighten a London contemporary, we have to preserve an open mind as to the utility of it all.

Even when we come to this: "Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., who has done such splendid work for the seamen, is exerting himself to the utmost to have this matter put to rights," we are still unconvinced. You see, we are anxious to know the precise value of that alleged "splendid work for the seamen." Opinions vary, and we have heard it seriously contended that it would have been better for the sailorman, if Mr. Wilson had never been born. Naturally enough, we cannot expect an official of Mr. Wilson's

Bute Docks—Loading Vessels with Flour ex Mills.

"union" to subscribe to any such belief, for in the ordinary run of events, where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also.

And, needless to say, if a man is depending solely on a given "union" for his means of livelihood, his heart should be solid enough "for" the boss of that "union?" But why has Mr. Wilson waited until the present psychological moment, to exert himself to the utmost in removing the hardship with which his patron had most to do? Wasn't Mr. Wilson one of the advisers of Mr. Lloyd-George, at the time when the latest Merchant Shipping Act was merely in the embryo stage? And if so, why didn't he assist us, when we were doing our utmost to foreshadow all that is now admitted?

All, that is, in connection with the wickedness of the new load line, and as it works under existing conditions. That "all" does not include the utter balderdash which is being hung up around the result of a deeper ship. It is all very pretty for our contemporary, too, to assure its wide circle of readers that "our Queenstown correspondent telegraphs," that "Every shipmaster arriving here alleges that the recent change in the Plimsoll mark . . . has proved a dangerous experiment;" but it is merely backing us up at a very late date. Is, in short, of the nature of locking the stable door, after the steed has been stolen.

Our contemporary might have usefully given this subject more attention, some twelve months ago—aye, or eighteen months ago—in which case, perhaps, those who go down to the sea in ships, might now be enabled to do so with a very much greater degree of comfort. And here is a gem of some sort of ray serene: "The lifting up of Plimsoll's mark, even though only a few inches has, in my opinion, been the means of sending may a crew to eternity." The quotation emanated from "one captain," and he has our sympathy.

At the same time, we submit that drivel of that kind will not mend matters. Everybody realises that accidents at sea are no more common to-day, than they were heretofore, and it is useless to prattle about eternity in a case of this kind. The absolute truth is bad enough, without switching on the pathetic, and appearing to quote Scripture. The new load-line, in all probability, hasn't sent one crew to eternity that would not have otherwise entered into that problematical environment. The load-line has done worse than that, for as dead men tell no tales, the mere sending of a number to eternity wouldn't affect the remainder of the world.

What the said load-line has really done, is that it has rendered sea-life so unbearable, that men simply will not undertake a spell of it—unless absolutely compelled to. This means, that none but the very worst specimens of the race are in anything like a majority, while the decent minority is for ever seeking an opportunity to leave the unsavoury life. This is the truth, and it is bad enough, without prattling about sending crews to eternity—which isn't even original. The jape was worked to death in Plimsoll's time.

Sea-life was bad enough before the introduction of the new load-line, for the parsimonious owner then gave instructions that providing his vessel was not to unload in the United Kingdom, she was to be dropped a few additional inches into the pickle. Moreover, she was so dropped—aye, and is so dropped at present, over and above the supposedly safe load-line that is now in force. But in the old days, the seafarer did strike an occasional voyage when he could keep dry for a few days, in and out, so to put it. Under the new conditions, he is for ever wet, and friends, the condition is cloying and sickening—supposing you have the best intentions to the contrary.

If, then, these "union" officials really wish to enlist public sympathy on their side, it will surely pay them better to stick to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Fairy tales never go unchallenged, and this country is not yet so Jesuitically inclined, that it will believe that the end justifies the means. Let us have the truth, then. The new load line (as we have shown elsewhere) is a swindle on the shipowner, an unnecessary hardship to the sailor, is freezing the latter out of his own country's ships, and is therefore a grave national peril. Furthermore, it was brought into force without one demand on the part of shipowner. Let the fact not be forgotten, or that shipowner was as greatly surprised at the "concession," as was the remainder of the shipping community.

Bute Docks—Train of Pitwood for Colliery.

THOSE SIGNALS, AGAIN!

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has been having a crack with the Dicky Sams— it happened one day, last week—and in the course thereof, the gallant sailor passed some interesting remarks. For instance, he sympathises with the good souls who belong to the Peace Society, although he appears to have some little difficulty in squaring his ideas on the subject with their's. Of course, that is only as it should be, for if Britain's Best Sailor agreed with the persons alluded to, he would find somewhat of a difficulty in explaining his strenuous efforts at bringing the Channel Fleet up to concert pitch.

STILL, keep believing is a good motto, and we will accept it as having something to do with this particular subject. In that case, and at about the date when Britain is fighting for her life, the discovered value alluded to by Lord Charles Beresford, might be somewhat satisfying. Again, it might not be, but then it's all in the day's work, so what will you? Here endeth a consideration of fleet ethics, for we are interested in the same gentleman's remarks with reference to flag-wagging. Mainly for the reason that, once in a way, we might be safe in supposing that we are included in—but that is worthy of a new paragraph.

HERE it is: "Some people have pitched it into me about signalling at sea to the Mercantile Marine." Now, while we are willing to concede that a quantity of old chowder went the rounds of the Press a year or two ago in connection with the style of signalling referred to, we are not going to admit that anybody pitched it into Lord Charles on that account. Not at all, and for the very sufficient reason that every sailorman afloat is proud to remember that the sea service has manufactured such a past master as his Lordship undoubtedly is.

COFFEE (?) TIME! AT THE BUTE DOCKS.

AND while on the subject of the Channel Fleet, it is disquieting if you happen to be a believer in Britain's might, to find that the boss man thereof assures the world that his command isn't a Fleet—is merely a squadron of battleships. Exactly as we have contended all along, and we are glad to receive corroboration from such an exalted source. Here is the Admiral's idea anent fleets, generally: "A fleet under modern conditions consists of battleships, armoured cruisers, scouts, and torpedo boats."

CERTAINLY, and it is mainly for that very reason that we wonder, at times, while "their Lordships" allow it to be supposed that the protector of the Channel (and other parts) is a Fleet. Going further with this phase of the subject, we read that: "We are now beginning to find out what a fleet really should be, and have discovered the value of drilling each of those sections in component parts." Live and learn, good people, but in view of the fair amount of money which the Navy costs per annum, it isn't altogether an unalloyed pleasure to note that the Admiralty has not gone past the "now beginning" stage?

MERE journeyman sailors would never forget themselves so far as to pitch it into the master, and principally for the reason that sailormen are loyal, to say nothing of having a very keen appreciation of the fitness of things. At the same time, a number of seamen—ourselves among the number—took exception to the strictures which were fathered on to Lord Charles Beresford, so far as signalling at sea is concerned. As we remarked at the time: It is one thing to talk of signalling when a given ship has heaven-knows-how-many men who are trained exclusively to the work.

But it is altogether another, where the ship complained about has less hands all told, than has the complainant in his signalling department. That is what is mainly the matter. The executive officer has been trained (save the name) on lines which presently apply with the Senior Service. That is to say, he is a Jack-of-all-trades and master of but one—the navigator's. For when all is said on the subject, it must be conceded that the merchant officer is a past master at getting his vessel around in safety, and that, of course, is the whole art of navigation.

In view of the vast number of vessels which are about on the face of the waters, Merchant Jack gets away with a satisfyingly low percentage of mishaps. No torn-off bows as two out of ten with Merchant Jack. That is reserved for the executive officers of the Senior Service. For a case or two in point, consider the recent manœuvres! But getting back to the signalling—and seeing that it is one of those hardy annuals that will not be killed—why, exactly, should Lord Charles Beresford assure his hearers as follows?

Let us be just in these affairs, and if Merchant Jack is only an amateur at signalling, and if his whole knowledge in that direction consists in being able to use the International Code of flags and none other—well, what shall we growl about? Naval signalmen are that, and nothing else. Mercantile signalmen have to be seamen, navigators, cooks, stewards, doctors, lawyers, accountants, nurses—oh, save us! What haven't they to be, in turn? Under the circumstances, then, is there very much utility in throwing mud up against the men who pluck victory where the same number of Navy men would find indubitable defeat?

Nobody wishes to deny the value of signalling as connected with a line of communication between the two services; but even so, don't let us go on moithering with a situation which is bad enough, if allowed to wobble along on its own. If the country is really in need of professional signalling on the steamer of commerce, then, let the nation supply the essential signalmen. Why should the shipowner bother himself with the matter? He already supplies coastal lights for the various Fleets, and now, according to

Bute Docks—Cutting Pitprops to Sizes and Loading into Wagons.

"When I came home in the *Undaunted* in 1893, I sent thirty-three signals to Mercantile Marine ships. Only three were answered, and only one of those correctly. I now hardly ever meet a merchant ship that does not answer correctly, and often they initiate the signals." What is the implication? Does his Lordship wish us to assume that the apparent improvement is resultant from his wails in that direction? Personally, we are of opinion that Lord Charles was signally (no pun, mind) unfortunate in his efforts as stated.

We have served a life-time in vessels of the Mercantile Marine, while our persevering mentor has never served a day therein. Our experience was ever to the proof that the merchant officer could flag-wag with "the Code," as well as an amateur had a right to expect. That he is an amateur, we readily admit. But even so, there are grades in amateurism. For example, how many of Lord Charles Beresford's ultra-smart signalmen could find the course and distance between Ushant and Finisterre, through the thick of a Sou'-Wester? And having found it, how many of them could see it steered, without "doing a *Serpent*?"

the portents, he should also supply a line of communication?

It cannot be repeated too often, that where a merchant ship ignores a man-of-war's signals, it is, nineteen times out of twenty, where the officer of the watch is muling in the hold, and where the sole occupant of the deck is a nice foreign sailor who is humpbacked with his efforts at keeping a given point of the compass and the lubber line somewhere in juxtaposition. Here is the trouble. We have already admitted that Merchant Jack is but an amateur signalman; but in spite of the fact, and that he obtains practice but once in a way, he is yet able to hold his own with quite a number of Naval men who are not amateurs—and who are constantly flag-wagging, from early morn to dewy eve, when they shift over to flashes of the dot and dash persuasion.

In conclusion, if to preserve the said line of communication—especially at the beginning of a war—"is most valuable—it means millions of money saved," then, the Admiralty cannot begin too soon, to detail a few of their smartest men for service in the greatly patronised Mercantile Marine.

AUSTRALIA'S NEW TARIFF.

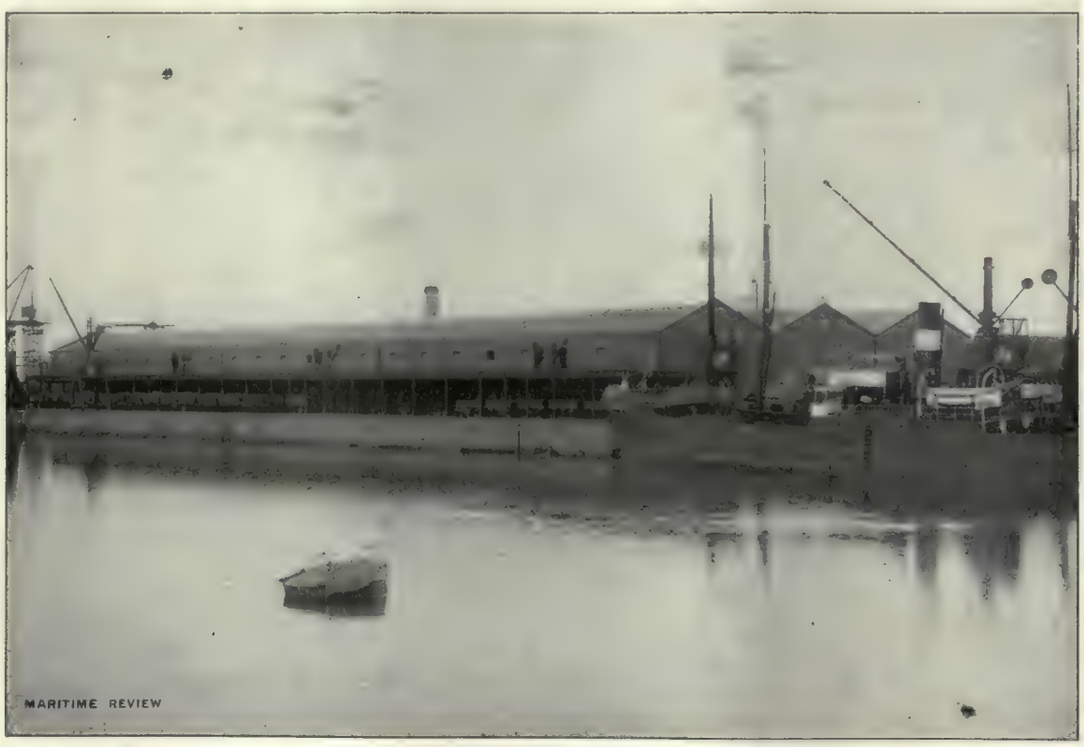
IT is a noticeable feature in connection with governments, that the older a country, the more hide-bound to tradition is its administration; while only to the young and consequently vigorous, does actual freedom belong. True, the latter make mistakes occasionally, but even so, it is better to enjoy the excitements which emanate from those mistakes, than it is to go on to ultimate extinction through the cloying smugness which surrounds a tradition that was played out some centuries ago.

IN no instance can the force of the foregoing be better evidenced, than in a consideration of the taxing proclivities which are in vogue, between comparatively ancient and modern governments. When the world was younger and conditions were necessarily different to those which obtain to-day, a Cobden stuffed his generation with a number of platitudes. The descendants of that generation are still intent on practicing the Cobden rules—for tradition says it is the correct thing to do. At the same time, there is absolutely no consistency in the cult of Cobden.

FOR example. A Plimsoll posed as the mouth-piece of a number of earnest reformers, and "Plimsoll's mark" was the direct result. That mark has carried more weight with it, than has the red ensign, for where the latter is only exhibited on high days and holidays, "Plimsoll's mark" is ever in evidence; and a vessel got to be known as British, because of her "Plimsoll's mark." That same mark was a duly recognised affair, and even a Liberal—and workman's friend—Government couldn't find the pluck which would admit of their removing it.

STILL, there is a way out of most difficulties, and if Plimsoll's mark couldn't be erased, it could be raised until its effects were altogether nullified. And this has been done by the Liberal Government! The combination which affects to have the workers' interests at heart! Following on the raising of "Plimsoll's mark," one would naturally suppose that Cobden's mark—a spurious Free Trade—could be "raised," or otherwise dealt with. But no! The workers under the "Plimsoll mark" have no political value: don't count as vote recorders.

BUT the good souls who prattle academically about Cobden's merits are ever to the 'fore at Election times. They mightn't know a very great deal about the ethics of the business involved; but they have votes. Under the circumstances—and because it is easier to take things as one finds them, rather than to make a brave attempt to educate the voters up to the requisite notch—Cobden's mark is to be allowed to jeopardise the nation's interests, although "Plimsoll's mark," to all intents and purposes, is dead.



BARRY RAILWAY COMPANY'S TRANSIT SHEDS.

YOU see what we mean? You understand that the two marks show, very conclusively, that there is no consistency in the Government which affects such a whole-souled love for the toiler in our midst. Cobden's piffle remains—because his adherents have votes: Plimsoll's life-work is routed out of existence—because his adherents have no votes. There is no question of right or wrong; no consideration of the ethics of *meum et tuum* in the business; it is all a question of "Let's do something—as long as it is easy, and won't sacrifice a vote." That's Liberal Government, don't forget, and although its exponents flirt with "all-red lines," and prattle about concessions on income tax, they don't really mean it.

IT is the younger nations which have pluck enough to take a stand in the face of the world; and this, in defiance of the knowledge that they have no Fleet worth a cent., and no Army worthy a second thought. Not being hide-bound with traditions, and being of opinion that it will be

best for their children if they see to it that the enactments of to-day shall be made with a due regard for their workability when they have grown into traditions; those baby nations see to it that the country which they are making, shall be made for the benefit of their heirs and successors.

In other words, smug Whitehall might state that it is bounded by honourable traditions, and that all the world's a stage, and all the people in it merely players; that the alien has as much right to a slice of the Briton's hard-won loaf, as has the Briton, himself; and that, *per contra*, the Briton has no shade of right to a share of the alien's loaf; but the self-governing Colonies subscribe to no such ridiculous beliefs. Not they, for they make a tariff wall which will do more good than a nucleus-crewed Fleet.

When the Home Government is in front of a diplomatic difficulty, it goes off in a panic, and mobilises the Fleet. Flying Squadrons are faked up, marine pageants are indulged in, and if in the end, the foreigner is stuffed with the resultant show—well and good. If not—then, we have to jolly well show him who's who, and if victory is ours, and we send him home with a fat eye, or a thick ear (or even if we fix him up so that he cannot go home any more)—we then sit down to count up the cost of the "experiment."

Waiting their turn at Barry.

Needless to say, that same cost is a colossal affair, and takes more money out of the country, than years of patient trading will be likely to bring back once more. At the same time, such action is traditional—and Cobdenity! Besides, of what use is it to have a nucleus-crewed Fleet, if one is never to risk a tussle? Tradition demands it, and there you are. But leaving tradition out of the question, how does commonsense deal with these little affairs? Well, commonsense depends more upon its tariff, than upon its questionably-existent Fleet.

The wielders of the tariff say, in effect: "Yes, we quite understand that you are a bit annoyed at the turn events have taken, but as we are running our own country for the good and comfort of our own countrymen, we cannot bother about your susceptibilities. We have imposed duties on all your manufactures, and if you don't like it, you needn't send the blessed stuff on for our approval. In fact, that is what we are out for. Protect home industries is our phrase, and when we say 'home industries,' we mean our own home—not yours."

The other fellow is vexed, of course, for you wouldn't expect him to pretend otherwise. But if he also has a tariff, he retaliates by saying: "Very well, you handicap us for two millions of stuff, and we'll handicap you on three millions. Eh? You didn't mean it? Were only joking? Very well, then, that was what we are out upon—just a joke, and the *status quo* will remain undisturbed." To threaten a nation with a problematical licking doesn't amount to much, but positively touch it in its pocket, so to write it, and you have the bulge right away. Australia knows this, hence her new tariff.

But as far as we can see, there is but little justification to suggest that the said tariff is in favour of the old country to the extent of 44 per cent. For the matter of that, there is no reason that it should be. The old country won't reciprocate worth mentioning—although it is prattling about an "all-red line" of steamers; so what right has it to expect favoured terms from its own children? A careful study of the main features of the Australian tariff prompts us to the belief that, for all practical purposes, the easement to the Briton as against his foreign competitor, amounts to some five per cent.

True, some of the items show a greater difference, but then, they are those which will not amount to a very great deal, and thus help to a paper showing of 44 per cent. Really, the difference may be taken as amounting to five per cent.—good enough, in view of the questionable manner in which the Colonial Premiers were dealt with, a few weeks ago?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 14, 1907.*

AGAIN, we have to state that the conditions of the coal market have undergone no change since our last; that prices—and circumstances—are practically identical with those which have ruled for some little time past.

BUSINESS, it is true, has not been unduly active. But then, you cannot expect a plethora of business, when the commodity dealt with is about as scarce as are the angels' visits of which one reads. When a man buys coal, he naturally expects to obtain delivery thereof, at least, within the year of purchase—if he buys on what are termed prompt terms.

IF the said man sees, with half an eye, that there is no coal available, and that all the promises of the seller are just that, well, you can hardly blame him if he refrains from placing an order "just for fun." He would be far more likely to go out and kick himself, or to say unkind things about the poor coalowners who are at their wits' ends, in an endeavour to square the circle in which they now find themselves.

YOU see, the various collieries are stemmed right up. They haven't the ghost of a chance of squeezing in anything fresh. Demand is as keen as ever. But outputs are not stretchable. What is to be done? Simply what the colliery man is doing: dodging would-be purchasers with more or less success, and if run to earth, he attempts to get away in safety, with diplomatic promises, and things of that sort.

YES, there is a pressing inequality between supply and demand just now, and a colliery man can no more make a ton of coal fill a ten-ton truck, than could you, or ourselves. It has been known that five tons of coal have passed for ten, but that is supposed to be the limit. In bunkering abroad, it is common to receive fifteen hundred-weight to the ton—if you are good, and watch the boss of the coal-hulk, carefully.

BUT in South Wales, it is difficult to dodge anything under five tons for ten, and hence there is a tenseness about the coal trade at the moment. All the same, the coalowner's is anything but a happy lot, for keen and all as he undoubtedly is, he may not always expect to dodge the payment of demurrage. In fact, there is an uncomfortable amount of it about at the moment, and in a wild endeavour to remedy the evil, the would-be buyer's interests are relegated to a very far back seat.

IN plain words, the majority of the collieries are sufficiently well-booked to enable them to keep off the market for some considerable time ahead, and when the conditions apply thus, you do not wish us to tell you that things are "tight" in the local circus? They are, anyhow, and if you have a wish to analyse the prices which have ruled during the past week, you cannot do better than study appended list.

EVEN then, you must not attach too much importance to the figures, nor must you suppose that at the prices quoted, you may obtain all the coal you may desire. Frankly, you cannot. Coal is coal, and let the fact not be forgotten.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Admalty Large	21s. 6d., 22s. 0d.	21s. 9d.	21s. 9d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	21s. 9d., 22s. 3d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	19s. 9d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 6d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 9d	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 0d	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	16s. 9d., 17s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 9d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3 d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Seconds ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	13s. 0d.	13s 0d.	12s. 9d	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	12s. 6d	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 7½d.	11s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	12s. 3d	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d.	12s. 0d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	31s. 0d.	31s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.	30s. 0d., 31s. 0d.	30s. 6d.	30s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 28s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d., 23s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *August 14, 1907.*

THE position of the coal market, hereaway, is really unchanged to that which ruled at our last. Prices remain very firm all 'round. The bulk of the collieries are not yet in full working order, and the irregularity of supplies is making business somewhat difficult to arrange for prompt shipment, for which position, by the way, there is a good demand. Hence you will see that there has been very little inducement for any movement in prices, but if there has, it has certainly not been in a downward direction. Stems are satisfactory for this month, and present quotations are being maintained for future business.

ANTHRACITE COALS are nominally unaltered. Sellers have very little free coal available, and experience no difficulty in disposing of what they hold at the quotation, which is firm for all positions. RED and BIG VEIN are also very steady markets. MACHINE MADE COALS are unchanged, prices realised being about the same as last. CULM is much firmer, and prices have improved. DUFF is also tending the same way.

STEAMS are moving off strongly on account of a big demand. For immediate shipment, stems are quite full, and quotations have been raised for this month. These stand in a fair way of being obtained, too, shortly. Bunker qualities differ in value according to the quality and date of shipment. Inferiors are the easiest point, but others are very firm.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked / Malting Large ...	26s. 0d.	26s. 3d	26s. 3d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	25s. 3d.	25s. 3d.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 9d.	23s. 9d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 3d.	24s. 0d., 24s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d , 17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 9d.	23s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 9d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Duff ...	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 3d.	7s. 0d.	7s. 0d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	21s. 0d	21s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ...	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.	13s. 0d., 13s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, August 14, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Grantlyhall*, 6,000 tons, 8s.
Colombo, *Kattenturn*, 8,000 tons, 8s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Dunblane*, 4,500 tons, 18s.
White Wings, 4,000 tons, 18s.
Trowbridge, 5,000 tons, 18s. 250.
Cape Verdes, *Bristol City*, or sub., 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Bahia, option Pernambuco, *Breckfield*, 4,400 tons, 15s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Nyanza*, 5,000 tons, 16s. 4½d. fuel.
Epsom, 6,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
St. Vincent, *New York City*, 4,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Para, *Parkwood*, 2,600 tons, 15s. 10½d.
St. Michaels, Steamer, about 2,000 tons, 8s. 250.
Monte Video, *Newbridge*, 5,000 tons, 17s. 6d.
Wennington Hall, 3,400 tons, 17s. 6d.
Blue Cross, or sub., 4,000 tons, 17s. 6d.
Sanna, 4,500 tons, 17s. 6d. (C. or P.T.)
Buenos Ayres, *Albion*, 4,700 tons, 18s. option Rosario, 19s. 1½d.
/La Plata, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 18s. 250. (N).
La Plata, *Lamington*, 18s. 250, 1s. (N).
Teneriffe, *Lord Charlemont*, 4,400 tons, 7s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Genoa, *Llangollen*, 5,650 tons, 6s. (N).
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Argo*, 4,200 tons, 6s.
Admiral de Ruyter, 7,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Aldworth, 4,400 tons, 5s. 7½d. (N).
Or Savona, *King Lud*, 5,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
„ *King Arthur*, 5,400 tons, 5s. 7½d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Ryall*, 6,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Folmina, 5,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Bartolo, 3,900 tons, 6s. (N).
Emma, 3,100 tons, 6s.
City, 3,800/4,000 tons, 6s. 500, or 6s. 3d. if 350 dely.
Algiers, *Stalheim*, 1,200 tons, 6·50 fcs. part cargo.
Naples/or Leghorn, *Minterne*, 4,400 tons, 5s. 800.
Venice, *Dartmouth*, 4,700 tons, 7s.
Leghorn, *Marselisborg*, 4,000 tons, 5s. 9d. 500, 10d.
Torre, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 5s. 3d. 800.
Barcelona, Steamer, 2,850 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Reading, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Titlis, 1,600 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Palermo, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 5s. 9d. 400, 10d.
Marseilles, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6·25 fcs. spot.
Volo, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Tarragona, *Marie*, 900 tons, 8s. 9d.
Oran, *Kelvingrove*, 4,000 tons, 6 fcs. 600, (N).
Brindisi, *Ribston*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 500.
Trevalgan, 4,300 tons, 5s. 800.
Trieste/or Fiume, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Danube, *Maria*, 3,700 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Corfu, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 7s. 3d. (C. or B.)
Piræus, Steamer, 3,600 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Navarino, *Pendennis*, 3,100 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Gibraltar, *Gwentland*, 1,950 tons, 4s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 6s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Libau, *Agga*, 1,450 tons, 7s.
St. Petersburg, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 6s. 3d. option Cronstadt, 6s.
Cairnevis, 2,300 tons, 6s. 3d.

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Falcon*, 3,300 tons, 5·12½ fcs.
Sables, *Ida*, 1,300 tons, 5 fcs.
Bayonne, *Cierbana*, 1,750 tons, 6·25 fcs. 350, dely.
Bilbao, *Baracaldo*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
La Rochelle, *Peter Benoit*, 2,000 tons, 5 fcs. opt on Rochefort, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Rosella, 1,700 tons, 4·75 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Fowey, Steamer, 300 tons, 3s. 9d.
Cork, *Nugget*, 450 tons, 3s. 9d. steamer paying dues.
Belfast, *Ruby*, 470 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Rouen, *Henry Brand*, 900 tons, 5s. (s).
Larpool, 1,600 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Slesvig, 1,250 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Vectis, 1,150 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Bremerhaven, *Nordsoen*, 1,200 tons, 6s. (s).
Dieppe, *Dagbjorg*, 800 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Swiftsure, 1,080 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *Volscian*, 680 tons, 5s. (s).
Calais, *Spes*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 3d.

HOMEWARD.

Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Charing Cross*, 3,600 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
Bilbao to Swansea, Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bilbao to Britonferry, *Trafalgar*, 2,200 tons, 5s. 1½d. free brokerage.

Continued from page 4.

THESE be prosaic days, after all, and a good explainer meets with but scant appreciation—if he happens to be mixed up, howsoever remotely, with a smuggling episode. The yacht *Navahoe*, Captain Sycamore, of "America Cup" fame, recently ran to an anchorage off Brightlingsea, and was dressed with the German flag. That was alright, and nobody need have worked up any wonder on that account. Yachts are common enough at Brightlingsea. But later on in the evening, the steward of *Navahoe* undertook a watery sprint to the shore with 173 pounds of tobacco, and 2,450 cigars in his boat, and—he was caught at the trick. Now, we have an idea that Brightlingsea has been the scene of many greater "runs" of contraband than that engineered by the steward of the *Navahoe*; but the "runners" weren't caught. On this occasion, however, the catching of the steward resulted in a swoop down on *Navahoe*, and in the end a mass of fines romping into £2,928 was "up against" the crew of the yacht. Needless to say, the skipper had to take most of the blame. It is a skipper's privilege. In spite of the fact too, that he disclaimed all knowledge of the transaction, and offended justice demanded £100 in extenuation. It's a hard world, and these be prosaic days—as already suggested.

CLAIMS on account of the *Berlin* disaster continue to occupy the attention of the Courts. Judging by the prodigal manner in which juries are handing out permission for the collection of damages, one would be justified in believing that the millennium had arrived. Personally, we are of opinion that it is a good thing for the railway company involved, that they are enabled to shield themselves behind a shipowner's liability of £15 per ton. Were it fought out on a railway liability—well, by the time the last *Berlin* victim has been recompensed, there shouldn't be much property left to the unhappy corporation. As things are, however, the shipowner's liability successfully covers the railway company, and taking it all 'round, one is inclined to wonder why all the complainants undertake to spend good money in obtaining verdicts that can hardly be of much use to them in the end? The sum which covers the liability must have been "recompensed" away many times over, and still the complainants come! It's funny, too, to note how very valuable some good people become, directly they are dead? We could go on moralising here, for quite a while. We would too, but you see how it is? Space is "off," and with no space— no moralising!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on August 1, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

15,513/06—WALTERS—***Improved safety appliance for lift or elevator doorways and apparatus therefor.***

This invention relates to apparatus for automatically opening and closing the gates of lift shafts. The gates are adapted to slide vertically on guides, being for the top landing suspended by a cable led over sheaves, the other end of the cable suspending a balance weight. Another cable also led over sheaves has its ends respectively secured to the balance weight and a vertically sliding block adapted to engage with trip levers on the lift cage, so that on ascent of the lift, the balance weight is relieved of the weight of the sliding block and so the former can open the gate by gravity. At intermediate landings, the balance weight is substituted by a second sliding block adapted to engage the lift cage on its descent, and on the ground floor one sliding block only is employed which itself acts as a balance weight. In combination with the opening apparatus a lift gate fastening is employed.

15,882/06—HEATH—***Improvements in ships' binnacles and azimuth compasses.***

These improvements in ships' binnacles and compasses consist, in forming the bearing notches for the knife edges of the gimbal bearings of the compass bowl with inwardly projecting claws for preventing the knife edges jumping out of the notches, and providing the ends of the knife edges with downwardly directed fingers, so preventing radial play. Further, the bearing blocks in which the bearing notches are formed are suspended by horizontal springs respectively connected thereto and to lugs provided inside the binnacle bowl, the springs being secured in a special manner. To ensure a good fit of the connical binnacle hood over the upper edge of the bowl, the exterior of this upper edge is provided with two or more beads above the bead flange on which the hood is supported. To secure the hood on the bowl, a rotable knob on the former projects a locking pin below a bead formed on the latter, by the pin having a stud engaging a helical groove formed in the knob. To secure the glazed cover on the compass bowl a stud on the former engages the flange of a hollow rotable knob mounted on the latter a gate or notch being provided in the flange which, on the knob being rotated so that the notch coincides with the stud, permits removal of the glazed cover. Folding sighting leaves are provided on a glazed graduated bevel mounted on the top of the binnacle. Instead of the folding sighting leaves a conical sight mounted on gimbals may be employed. In order that the compass card may be illuminated from below, the compass bowl is provided with a glazed bottom, the viscous liquid chamber being connected to the bowl by metal arms. Illuminating lamps are adapted to be secured to openings in the binnacle by flanges sliding in grooves formed by fillets riveted to the binnacle. The azimuth observation tube has secured to it by links a semi-cylindrical shade.

21,101/06—CRAMP & CRAMP—***Improved safety device for mine and hoist cages.***

This relates to a safety device for suspending a mine cage on breakage of the winding rope. The guide ropes pass through forked guide bars secured to the cage, and on breakage of the winding rope are jambed against the roots of the forked guides by the ends of pivoted levers which are displaced by springs or weights, the levers being normally maintained inoperative by their other ends being connected by chains to the winding rope shackle.

22,108/06—STUART—***Improvements in coal and ash bags and sacks.***

This invention consists in providing detachable rope or wire link handles which are secured to the ropes sides or edges of coal bags, so that on a handle wearing out it can be easily renewed, so avoiding discardment of the still otherwise intact bag.

182/07—HOCKING—***Improvements in or relating to governor apparatus for preventing racing of marine engines at sea.***

This invention relates to marine governors of the type in which a valve of a subsidiary governor cylinder, the piston of which operates a throttle valve, is controlled by a pendulum. The pendulum, according to this invention, operates a pair of rocking valves by being connected to a link which couples together cranks mounted on the projecting ends of the valve spindles. The valves are set by adjusting the length of the connecting link by union screws, and pointers are provided on the valve spindles for indicating the relative positions of the valves. The throttle valve is of the lifting type and the direction of action of the steam pressure is such that it lifts the valve and thereby assists in returning the piston of the governor cylinder when this latter is open to the exhaust, the governor piston and throttle valve having their spindles coaxially connected together.

1,951/07—GRANT—***Improved construction of hull for ships or vessels.***

This invention relates to a torpedo-proof hull for ships. The hull comprises two metal skins, enclosing between them a continuous metal plate or plates, the spaces on each side of the enclosed plating being occupied by metallic or other cement, the whole forming a concrete body.

4,662/07—JACKSON—***A new or improved device or apparatus for causing sludge to be conveyed from the source of origin to any desired place of deposit.***

This invention relates to an ejector for causing sludge to flow along a line of piping. The ejector consists of a casting having a steam nozzle in line with the outlet orifice, a conically bored plug opposite the nozzle, and an inlet arranged beneath the nozzle.

These applications for patents, are until September 17 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed

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NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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VOL. XV.— No. 184. FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907. THREEPENCE.

JOHN BULL IN A "QUOMLOW!"

ZE ROOSKI: "Vatski? Protectionoff! Vere do I mit my grain come in?"

NOTICES.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—JOHN BULL IN A "QUOMLOW!" ...	17
MARITIME MURMURS ...	18
OLD ROCKET APPARATUS, COLDKNAPP ...	20
THAT AUSTRALIAN TARIFF ...	21
LABOUR AND WAGES IN AMERICA ...	22
INCREASED TRAVEL RATES ...	24
NAVAL "ECONOMY" ...	26
THE FIRES OF ST. ELMO ...	28
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL ...	30
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES ...	31
PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS ...	32

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

SOME months ago, we gave an extended consideration to the virtues, or otherwise, surrounding the establishment at Dover, of the steam pilot vessel that was to do such very great deeds "on her station." We clearly showed that the greatest of all her deeds, would be to displace the Deal boatmen who were of considerably more importance to the seagoing community, than would be a dozen steam pilot boats. In plain language, nobody needed a steam pilot boat, and the Trinity people were good enough to say that the institution was to be looked upon merely in the light of an experiment. That was all very well, and most of us have a haunting fear of Trinity House experiments, anywhere, and at any time. However, Mr. W. Clark Russell—as is usual where the helpless sailorman is concerned—rendered yeoman service in the matter, and the Deal and Dover boatmen, themselves, petitioned both the King and the Prince of Wales on the matter. For some time past, the public have been spared any further mention of the subject, and doubtless, they have grown to the belief that "the march of progress" would proceed on usual lines. If so, we are pleased to say that the public was a bit out in its reckoning. The petitions, and reasons offered by ourselves and others, have borne good fruit, for the obnoxious steam pilot boat is to be removed in a week or two. Personally, we are glad, and for reasons which we wrote at the time of the installation of that boat.

AN Auckland, N.Z., contemporary, while dealing with illicit commissions remarks: "Honest trade is being insidiously undermined all over the world by this reprehensible and immoral practice, for which no better excuse can ever be made than that others do it. If it can be stamped out, the whole community would benefit." If! At the same time, we had no idea that secret commissions had spread as far as Auckland—at least, not in volume big enough to justify the patriots out there to worry over the matter. We have ever admitted that in bad, wicked, old England—to say nothing of portions of chapel-run Wales—secret commissions are very much of the matter of course kind, for if you have a big repair job on with a steamer; if you wish to sell a suit of oilskins to a railwayman; if you mean to work off a type-writer ribbon on a callow youth who claims to represent his firm; or if you would set out to print a packet of note-heads for a commercial undertaking; then, in either or all of the instances, your success as a trader will be in line with your ability to anté up "because the other fellow does it." But to find the same wickedness flourishing in Auckland ——!

THERE would appear to be a quantity of pessimism about at present, and if the old land isn't soon wiped off the map, then, according to all the portents, there will be something wrong about the whole affair. That is how it appears to us, after reading the remarks which came from the chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, a few days ago, when addressing his colleagues on gas-making. The exact words are: "It seems to me to be suicidal for England to deplete itself of its capital. When our coal is done, England is done, and as coal gets dearer it becomes harder for every one in England to live." The quoted nonsense was an apologia for reinstating the coal tax, and on the assumption that Mr. Asquith had reduced the tax on the foreigner, and not on the Briton. Why will these good people go out of their way to prattle about subjects upon which they appear to be but ill-posted? If there is any truth in the assertions quoted, why should any country deliver up its "capital" without taxing its export? For instance, is Spain right in allowing us to have as much iron ore as we want free of tax? Is Chili right in giving us nitrates for fertilising purposes on the same scale? Should China muck up its splendid tea-plants so that we may have a cup of the stuff which cheers but which doesn't inebriate? And should dynamos give us that intangible current which must come from somewhere, and so hash-up the chances of a gas company?

ONE could run over the interrogation gamut almost indefinitely, and yet be no nearer a solution of the problem. When all is said, of what use is it for a country to have a staple article which has a monetary value, if that article is to be left where it originally grew? The plain facts are, that for a month or two, coal prices have been at a paying notch. For the first time in years, too. And as a natural consequence, gas people have to pay up a bit, even if they don't look big. The boom in coal has nothing to do with a tax, or its repeal. The coal tax was wiped off the slate in November last, and prices didn't recover until many moons

had waxed and waned. Still, those prices have recovered, gas companies have to pay a fair price for their raw material, and possibly that accounts for much of the misery that is in evidence with gas company directors? When all is said, it is the old story over again! Never mind who suffers as long as we, personally, are all right. To put it nautically, "Hang you Jack, I'm all right. Haul up the ladder." One thing about it is, that the other fellow has precisely similar ideas, so it will be all the same fifty years hence. Moreover, these chairmen persons must say something to their colleagues—especially when there is a wily pressman present?

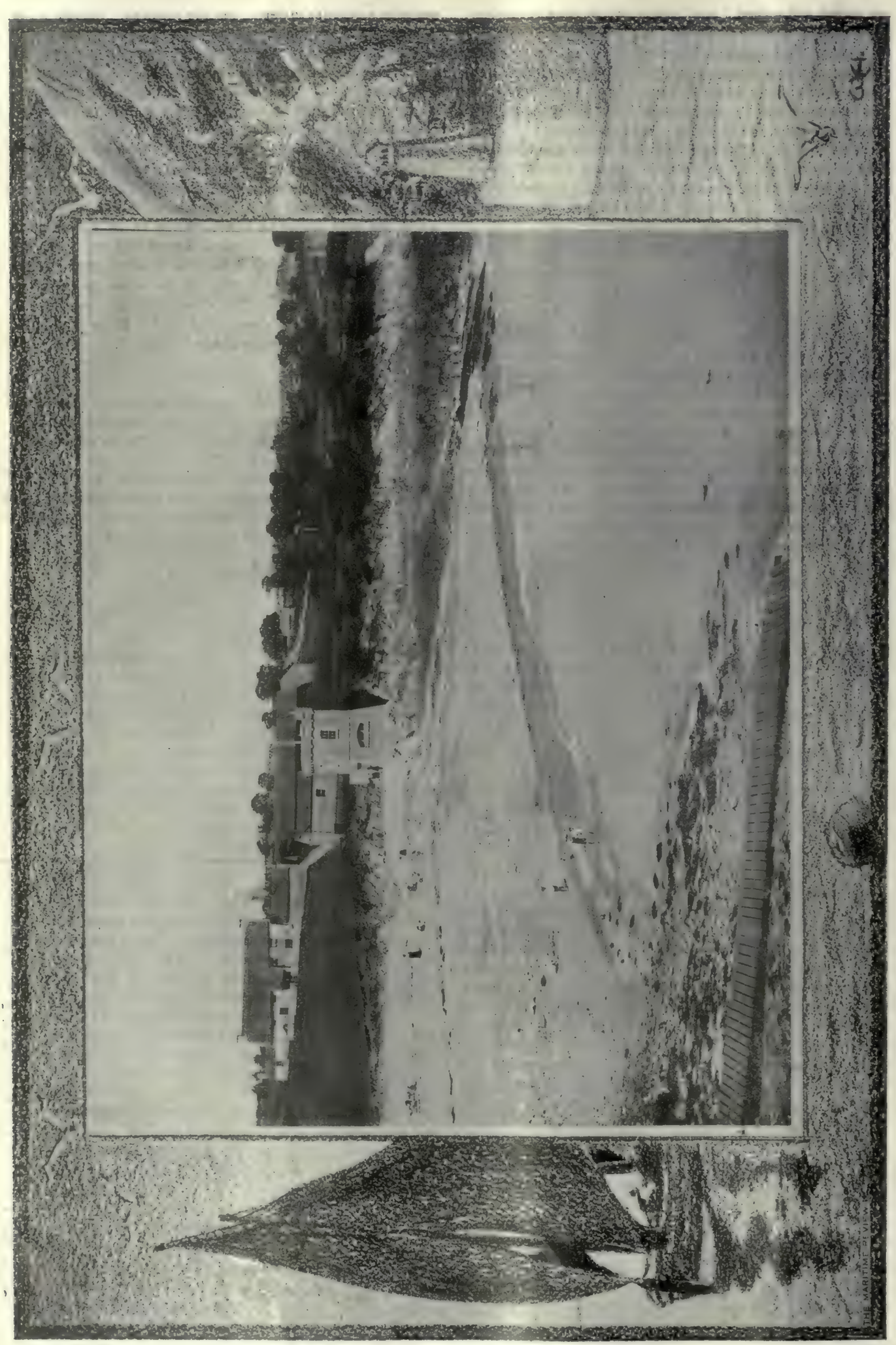
THESE be stirring times good people, and evidences of the fact are to be found in some of the petticoat-government laws which are offered for the acceptance of the nation. There's that Qualification of Women (County and Borough Councils) Bill, for example. Consider the amiable manner in which some of the Labour M.P.'s are attempting to flog it through! What is the stirring thing about it? Dunno! It might be that labourers are more inclined to being petticoat-bossed than are men who have been engaged at bossing a number of men, over a number of years; that under the circumstances, some of them are afraid as to what their better-halves (literally) might do if the hubby jibbed; and it might be for reasons that are altogether different. But there is no getting away from the fact that, Labour members are more stuffed up with this old equality of the sexes idea, than are members who have but little in common with labour. And isn't it all bosh, anyhow? Moreover, aren't the shrieking sisters using this as a sort of "I saw my chance and took it," when looking out for a husband? Do they really care a cheap and inconsequent swear-word, as to who bosses a village council, as long as they get a chance to boss a man, and sequester his wages on pay night?

OF course not, only it is fairly easy to hoodwink the good souls who suddenly find themselves drawn into an unexpected publicity. Those Labour members will get over the disease, once they have been in public for long enough to become case-hardened. Everything is new to them; they are serving an apprenticeship; and as a matter of course, they aren't quite clear as to what should be the correct procedure, in a set of circumstances which are for ever changing, with kaleidoscopic rapidity. If the country wishes to alter this suggested petticoat-governed idea, let it give the sailormen a chance to earn enough money to admit of their getting a wife. Women—for this one generation, at least—are in the majority. It will only last for about twenty-five years, when King Death will level the matter up, by slaying both male and female. Naturally, the females will go first, as they are leaving the sphere which Nature intended they should occupy, by pretending to enter into competition with mere man. With the next generation, seeing that it will start level, males and females will be about on a par. When they grow up, they will each canoodle the other. The fruits of that canoodling will keep the lady at home, and hubby will need to attend to all the man's-work that is about. Meanwhile, give the teeming thousands (or millions) a chance to earn enough money with which to keep a wife, and you will have scotched all this petticoat-government.

As things are tending at present, and if that "Qualification" affair gets through the ranks of the Amalgamated Union of Legislators, hat-pins and hair-pins will be at a premium! The married "lady" will have the bulge on the single "women," and when that occurs, you need not be much of a prophet to determine the results? Indeed, if the Labour M.P.'s get their own way, the "Qualification" Bill will give the married "lady" the everlasting pull over her hubby. In the majority of instances, this mightn't matter a very great deal. Most men have a happy knack of enforcing their wishes, as long as they are right and proper; while the few soft-shelled samples of conjugal felicity—well, they don't count. At the same time, with the Lady Shrieker, it is all a question of getting a man, or dabbling in politics. Everybody knows that Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do: so if the mischief is to be ruled off, keep the dear creatures busy. Give those sailormen a chance, and while the "weaker vessel" is scrubbing his dungarees, she will not be in mind to emulate any of those peculiar females which appear to be never so happy as when posing as a male. Yes, there is surely something in our contention. Don't you think so? Keep 'em busy, dears, and that will keep 'em out of mischief.

AYE, aye, sirs! Japan is getting just a taste too much of Western ideas! She is becoming touched with the Jingo spirit, which is bad. Anyhow, an Osaka sheet eases itself after the following: "The Island Empire possesses a powerful Army and Navy with which she has defeated Russia both on land and sea, and is always ready to respond to any challenge. Even though all the American squadrons should be brought to the Pacific, Japan would not be in the least disturbed." That is all very pretty and patriotic, even supposing it is in somewhat bad taste. Furthermore, we are not so sure that it is altogether correct to suggest that Japan's Army and Navy "defeated Russia both on land and sea." Quite a number of persons who believe they know something of the circumstances, are of opinion that the spirit of mutiny among the Russian rank and file, helped Japan more than did her soldiers or sailors. With this in mind, it is as well to go a bit slow, for even as one swallow doesn't make a summer, neither does the vanquishing of a crumbling nation—or, rather, a nation in process of re-incarnation, so to put it—give the right to be ready to accept any challenge. We have already written exhaustively on the Japanese/San Francisco question, but that is no reason why we should refrain from counselling moderation to our Osaka friend.

To the 'longshore friend who is favoured with the use of a reliable clock at every street corner, the question of time is not of a very difficult character. True, the said clock might have a weakness for telling a tale that is distinctly its own, and several minutes different to that told by the others! But on shipboard—especially on the "cracks" which make such a remarkable difference in their daily time because of the amiable manner in which they can negotiate longitude (which is time)—the subject of the hour is of pressing importance. In touching on this phase of nautical life, our always-informative contemporary, *Financial Standard*, remarks: "There are no fewer than 49 clocks on the new Cunarder *Lusitania*. But the confusion which would result if their hands were uncontrolled is avoided by the presence of a master clock in the chart-house. As the vessel goes west all the clocks can be stopped for twenty minutes at a time. To put them back would, of course, be undesirable. When the vessel makes her return voyage the hands of the clocks can be simultaneously moved forward, until eventually Greenwich time once again prevails throughout the ship." Such careful attention to time is likely to lead the passengers into growling habits! On their return, and when dealing with the 'longshore clocks already referred to—well, you can see the point?



Old Rocket Apparatus Station, Coldknapp, Barry.

That Australian Tariff.

THE new Australian Tariff, and to which we gave a somewhat extended consideration in our last week's issue, continues to exercise the minds of those good souls who pose as "the Government." Our friends "down under" have erected a very comprehensive wall around themselves, and according to all the teachings of the Amalgamated Union of Legislators, they had no business to do any thing of the sort.

THE Homeland has pretended to have thrown in its lot on Free Trade—which, to-day, is only another method for writing Masked Protection—and here is one of the outlying youngsters forsaking the whole pious bundle of shams, what time it plunks solidly for unadulterated Protection! It's simply awful—in the minds of those good souls who pose as "the Government!"

AUSTRALIA, the land where the demagogue is almighty, too! Labour-ridden Australia going in as one man on Protection! Was the world ever treated to such a paradoxical showing before? For years past, has Mr. Chamberlain been asking this country to make a sacrifice of its interests in favour of its outlying sons and daughters, and his Party was split into little pieces in consequence; yet, here is the Australian actually daring to make a "sacrifice" in favour of the Motherland—and in spite of the exhortations of those good souls who pose as "the Government!"

IN THE "DEEP LOCK."

IN plain language, the action of the Australians is simply the outcome of a resolve on their part, to protect home industries—with the understanding that the word "home" is to mean Australia. Of course, there is a lesson to be learned from the business. A very great lesson, too. It amounts to this: In a country where the labourer is really a power, he shows that he has sense enough to see that as protection in part is good, then, protection, all 'round must be better—and never mind how the thing appeals to those good souls who pose as "the Government."

BUT in a country where the labourer is merely a pawn in the play; where a number of exploiters look upon him as fair game; where he is to be cajoled, threatened, hoodwinked, stuffed, or what not; where he is assured to-day that black is white, and to-morrow that white is yellow: where he is impressed with the fact that the employer of whatever shade is first cousin to old Square-Toes; where he is told to keep the flag of revolt flying while his exploiters go off to London town and indulge in high jinks; and all of which is to be found in the United Kingdom; then, things are different—and without the approval of those good souls who pose as "the Government."

NOBODY wishes to deny that the new Australian Tariff is for the benefit of the Australian people, and mainly for the reason that they have faked up the thing on precisely those lines, and for that purpose. As a sort of sop to the high falutin' gentlemen who affected to patronise their representatives the other day, the Australians have tariffed in favour of Britain. Not too much in favour, you understand: but just enough to act as a provocative of more to follow. To about a five per cent. favour, in point of fact, although the blessing is written up as forty-four per cent.—by those good souls who pose as "the Government."

To show, too, that the "down under" folk mean business, their Tariff has been sprung upon the world in a terrible hurry, and without any of that pawky notice to all and sundry that is considered essential by the tradition-bound folk in older lands. All of which goes to show that the Australians intend to run their own little Commonwealth in their own little way: that they have agreed among themselves that it is better to come to grief as a result of their own fat-headedness, than it is through listening to the interested advice of those good souls who pose as "the Government."

IN conclusion, then, wouldn't it be better for the Homelander to give over acting the jay in this connection; to see that he protects the outcome of his labour, even as the labour itself is protected; to have the courage of his convictions—which are all by way of Protection (with a very fine capital P); to insist that modern business methods shall be used with regard to modern business; and if there is any more shinnannakin, any more beating about on impossible lines, anything at all save commonsense—to supersede those good souls who pose as "the Government?"

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1907.

LABOUR AND WAGES IN AMERICA.

FOR some time past, the above subject has been receiving the attention of a number of amateur travellers of a more or less political turn of mind, and principally for the purpose of belittleing the "tight little island," whence comes most of the capital which keeps the world of commerce going. Precisely why these amateurs should be allowed to unload upon an unoffending public their very peculiar views, is not altogether clear, and the only possible solution to the query is, that now is the "silly season." Some good people affect a belief that "Limericks" are degrading to the race—these are they who have possibly been unfortunate in fixing up the winning line; others are equally certain that the Briton is going to the dogs—or "to the demnition bow-wows," seeing that the notorious Labour leader acquired most of his erudition from a set of cheap editions of popular works of greater or lesser fiction; while the remainder of us look on and wonder! At first, that is. Later on, we cease from wondering, and venture on a protest against all this befouling of the home nest. When all is said on the subject, the Labour man's erudition cannot amount to very much, or he would be in a position to study the economic situation in countries other than America. He doesn't, however, and this fact prompts us to the belief that he studies American literature because it is written in English—his native tongue; and keeps clear of German and French newspapers, because they are not written in the English language. This phase of the subject might never have appealed to you; again, it might have; and it is possible that you, personally, attach as little importance to all these ravings about American superiority, as do we, ourselves. But as there might be some of our readers who are inclined to accept any statement which appears in print—particularly when it is from the pen of a writer who has had a nodding acquaintance with the subject upon which he writes—it will not be amiss if we consider the question of labour and wages in America, from actual and extended knowledge. A week or two ago, a writer of greater or lesser power, undertook to give—in the columns of an up-town contemporary—some alleged information about the state of the labour market in the United States. We haven't the stuff by us as we write, but as it was noted for no very great amount of power or convincing strength, quotation is unnecessary. In the main, the doctrine promulgated on the occasion referred to, was that as there was plenty of work in America, no worker need fear the lack of a job. The suggestion was only partly true, and exactly the same might be said for the chances of labour in any part of the world. There is plenty of work in America, and we quite realise the fact; but don't forget that there is also plenty of work in Germany, in France, in Spain, aye, and in poor effete Britain. At the same time, there is a goodly number of unemployed in each country. Especially in America, for we have met the same kind of "confidence men" under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, as may be met with on the Thames Embankment, in Antwerp, Hamburg, and elsewhere. Those "confidence men" invariably have a "poor wife and little children depending on them;" the suppliants are invariably your own countrymen; and if you will be good enough to listen and to help them financially, they are going to remember you in their prayers, and the money which you might be good enough to subscribe, will be used as the nucleus of a fund that will carry them all back to "dear old England." How do the amateur writers account for all this indubitable fact? Well, most of them will find a difficulty in accounting for it,

BARRY RAILWAY CO.'S TRANSIT SHED.

so, with our usual cheerfulness, we hasten to oblige. Especially as the solution is quite the easiest thing on earth—much easier than faking-up a line for a "Limerick!" There is work, everywhere, for everybody—but only at market rates. If a man develops the idea that he is worth a thousand a year, and the community assesses his value at about thirty shillings a week, then, it is obvious that a reconstruction is essential. If the man won't lower his price, and the community won't raise its assessment—the only thing that remains is for a life of crime, or a bumming match under the shadow of the bridge already referred to, or on the Embankment, or elsewhere. And this is quite all there is to say about the situation. Education is a grand thing—of that we can be sure; but it is possible to have too much of a grand thing; and when education does no more for a man than, while filling him with a knowledge of the calculus, it gives him a soul that will admit of his dropping in as a tramcar conductor, or tending the horses belonging to an ignorant but enterprising commercial giant; well, education isn't everything, is it, now? A varied and somewhat extensive amount of travel has convinced us that if a man cannot get on in his native land, he can do no better anywhere else. If he does eventually succeed in a foreign land, then, we may be sure that the half of the enterprising ability which brought that success, would have brought the same result at home. There is no getting away from this fact, and although roving souls do succeed abroad, that is no reason to suppose that the same success would have been denied them at home, under the same circumstances. As dealing with this subject, a correspondent to a London "daily" remarks that "Having two sons in the United States of America I can bear witness to the fact that wages are from twice to five times what they are in England." The reasoning might be somewhat naive, of course, and one might be forgiven for wondering how a man may be in a position to "bear witness" on a given point, because he has a couple of sons who have more or less knowledge of the situation. Still, there it is, and the writer evidently believes that he has a mission in life—albeit deputed to him by his two sons. Personally, the "bear witness" idea would better please us if this latest mentor had spent a few years in America "on his own," and out of the fulness of the wisdom thus garnered, had undertaken to teach our contemporary's readers a thing or two that way. It might be all very pretty to write, "An American workman would laugh at the 'wages' paid here." But then, it is equally true that an American employer would laugh at the "day's work" tendered here! He'd laugh for about ten minutes, and then in the result, the shadows of Brooklyn Bridge would receive another bumming compatriot. Again, there might be a quantity of soul-satisfying stuff in the following: "Thousands (in America) spend upon their Saturday's pleasure what a British workman 'earns' to keep wife and family all the week." Of course, and exactly the same thing applies at home, although this would-be mentor doesn't appear to be very well-posted on the subject. A man may not very well spend what he hasn't earned—all things being as they should be; and if a workman is keen on putting in the time from seven-to-five, and wouldn't work an hour longer for Father Peter; well, he mustn't be surprised to note that his butty (who is not so fat-headed) has more money with which to play on Saturday. If these mentors wish to do some good in their time and generation, they will succeed better if they give over lionising America (and solely because they can read its literature), and at the same time assure their compatriots that a man's earnings are in fairly-well-marked proportions to his labour. America might be "God's country," but there is no getting away from the fact that an uncomfortable proportion of the capital which turned it into its supposedly Divine position, came from this so-called effete old Britain. When all is said on the subject, every country is a "God's Land," but a number of the inhabitants in each belong (body and soul) to the Opposition.

ANOTHER VIEW.

INCREASED TRAVEL RATES.

THAT the steamship companies engaged in Eastern passenger traffic have done the correct thing in their recent increase all 'round in rates, cannot be denied. That increase is presently assessed at ten per cent., and practically all the companies which trade to India, Australia, and the Far East are "in the swim." The increase will touch the pockets of those who, hitherto, have been altogether careless about the trend of politics, and the advance of Socialism; and everybody knows that if the pocket is touched, those careless souls will wish to know why.

VIEW OUTSIDE BARRY DOCK.

IN other words, nothing short of a cataclysm is calculated to awaken the dreamers in our midst—and of course, a ten per cent. advance in travel rates, will be looked upon as a cataclysm! As long as Socialism is a something which is very much in the dim vistas of the future, the leisured classes who have most money, will consider the subject indulgently. They might feel that at some time—very much ahead—action on their part will be essential; but put off the evil day as long as possible, please. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow Socialism might be replaced by some other ism.

BUT with the first squeeze on their pockets—in a direct manner—will come the awakening which is already very much overdue. "Ten per cent. advance on all rates? Preposterous! What's it all about? We never paid more than prevailing rates, and the companies aren't giving us any better facilities; speed is the same as before; tiffin is no more recherché; the awnings haven't been trebled; and the air in our cabins is still unscented. What does it all mean?" Thus their line of argument, which is inevitable.

IN reply, the companies might deprecatingly remark: "Times have altered. We know that facilities aren't very much better, and although we might easily give you more efficient awnings, and perfume the atmosphere in your cabins without very great additional expense; the fact remains that our coal bills are almost prohibitive, and thanks to the Merchant Shipping Act with which you never troubled until we put on the screw, we have to feed your servants on something approaching stalled ox; while, later on, we might be constrained to supply a staff of uniformed nurses, who will coddle up the poor alien seamen a bit more."

THE foregoing might be the deprecating remark that is made audibly. But in the calm seclusion of the directors' room, the tale will be more after the following: "We aren't running this concern for the good of our health, nor yet for the mere chance of humping a number of curled darlings over the face of the waters. Not at all, for we are business men, and if we have to face a shareholders' meeting with nothing but regrets on hand—well, there is going to be trouble about on the breeze. The gutter press which we do not subsidise will say all manner of unkind things about us; the man who knows (or thinks he does) will heckle the chairman; and life won't be worth living.

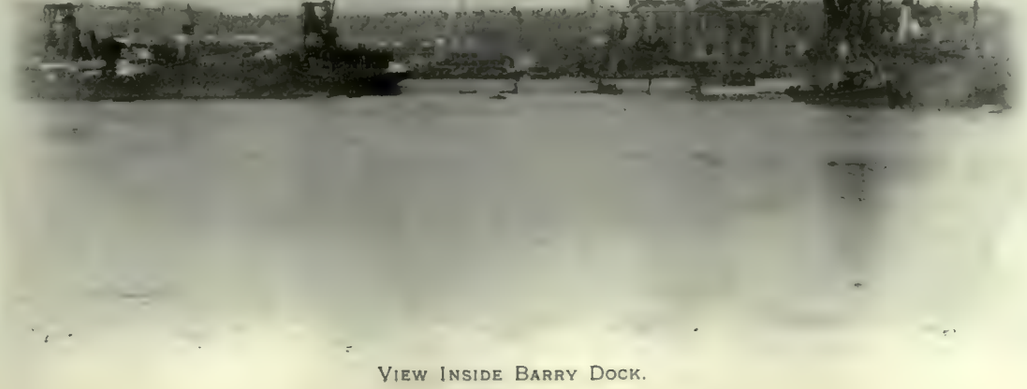
"AND for what reason? Just to allow these thoughtless clients of ours to reap where they haven't sown, and to pick up where they haven't laid down. It isn't good enough. They allow this Socialistic deluge to pass over the land, and solely because they haven't a personal interest in the business. The Won't-Works and the Will-Shrieks may

have a clear field allowed them at our expense, and our clients do not care a dump. Very well. Let them have a chip in with the essential capital. Rates are going up ten per cent., and although we will write a natty, and polite circular to that effect; we mean business all the same." And it is even so.

Obviously, a given dividend may not be earned if expenses are doubled over what applied heretofore. Equally obviously, a man (or a woman) does not take stock in a steamer company just for fun. Nor for the pure pleasure (if there is any such thing about) of supplying a charity line of passenger steamers, for a number of persons who ought to be above such things? The Workmen's Compensation Act might be a good, and benevolent institution; but there is no reason why the employer should stand all the strains thereof. The employer is but one side of the undertaking, for if he merely built ships and kept them in dock—well, he'd be awfully silly, but he could have faked-up more equitable laws inside of twenty minutes: and if the advance in rates calls attention to the miserable inefficiency of the M.S.A., then, that same advance will be a blessing. So much so, that another ten per cent. jump in the near future, will be just as beneficent. All that is wanted, is to call proper attention to these little affairs, when the essential remedy will be forthcoming.

Newspaper controversies are useless, and for a very sufficient reason. Ours is a smart nation, and sometimes, we do things in a praiseworthy manner: but when it comes down to newspaper controversy, there is a terrible amount of room for improvement. Of course, this might be considered as heresy, we know; but hang the consideration, as long as it isn't heresy. As in politics, so in industrial warfare. Each paper takes one side—that of its supporters. Day by day, it prattles along with stuff on which its supporters are agreed, and the other side does exactly the same.

In the result, neither of the contestants ever read what



View Inside Barry Dock.

wouldn't run any compensation risks.

No, compensation risks merely commence when the gentle passenger is by way of entering upon the scene; and if he, in his smug kindliness of heart, is inclined to think that his attendants should be wet-nursed; well, this ten per cent. advance on his travel rates will show him that he cannot have luxuries at the bare price of necessaries. It might awaken him to the fact that the Compensation Acts as presently run, are a delusion and a snare to the employer; that they are not at all in line with modern requirements, or the dictates of common sense; that they offer all manner of inducements to the malingerer, while they benefit the earnest worker nothing at all; that, in short, they should be repealed, or remodelled by men who have some sort of aptitude for the work.

As things are, those Acts are the direct outcome of the machinations of one side of the work-a-day world only—and that the labouring side. Any ordinary business man their opponents are thinking and saying, for a Tory wouldn't read a Liberal sheet under pain of death; and a Liberal would smile if you were to ask him to read a Tory statement. Each one sticks to his own side, and is afraid to consider the arguments of the other, fearing he will be convinced! Naturally, then, newspaper controversy is useless- on big issues; but a touch in the pocket "gets there," every time.

For that reason, we welcome the rise in Eastern rates, and now that a move in the right direction has been made, is it too much to hope that trampdom will follow suit, and raise their alleged rates into a notch which will admit of a profit? Freights on goods are just as unsatisfactory as are freights on human beings. Talk is about in quite big amounts, but will some of the stalwarts make a bid for higher freights? The same coal bills affect them; the same food expenditure; the same Compensation Acts; and more wear and tear.

NAVAL "ECONOMY."

THERE is no getting away from the fact that different people have widely different ideas of economy. This is especially noticeable in connection with Naval affairs as administered in this country, for where the Admiralty are deluding themselves with the belief that they are engineering things on beautifully economical lines, quite a number of equally expert folk are convinced that the said Board is emulating the Prodigal Son. This might be all a matter of opinion ; it might be a matter of fact.

For ourselves, we hardly care to say which it is, being satisfied to draw a few inferences from an equal number of passing events. For a start, we have been treated to a Naval Review which was intended to pull the wool over the eyes of the people who put up the money. But did that same review deceive anybody? Isn't everybody fairly-well assured that although the Fleet looked an imposing affair, there were a number of units thereof, no better from a fighting standpoint, than would be a number of second-hand crocks from Trampville ?

Again, the cost of that review couldn't have been very much short of a clear £100,000—a sum that was sufficient to have paid for quite a number of the repairs which are admittedly essential among a number of the vessels which participated therein. Of course, a quantity of piffle went around in connection with that review, and no doubt a portion thereof sunk into the minds of those among us who were sitting on the fence, in a manner of speaking. So much so, that they are now convinced that it is fairly safe to indulge in any amount of "Rule Britannia," and things of that kind.

But when all is said on the subject, a review of the kind alluded to is not so much an object lesson to the tax-payer, as it is to the would-be belligerent abroad, who is merely awaiting a fitting opportunity that shall enable him to swoop down on the happy little family which is known as the British Empire. That the said would-be belligerent was anything but deceived by the naval pageant, may be taken for granted. He knew, only too well, all the weaknesses of the combination, with its shortages of stokers, scarcity of seamen, lack of reserves, and patched-up-and-painted-over-beauty.

In any case, we much doubt if the net gain from the pageant was anything near what the nation has a right to expect from the expenditure of £100,000—there or thereabout ; and there is quite a formidable number of people who are interested in these little affairs, and who are prepared to say that the money could have been spent to much better advantage. Of course, dissentient voices will ever be heard, and if a Government didn't plume itself quite so much on a possession of all the Economy that is about, people wouldn't be inclined to criticise quite so keenly.

Commercial Dry Dock—Barry Dock.

Everybody realises that it is impossible to run the British Empire on nothing. That it needs quite a goodly amount of £ s. d. to keep things near about the mark at which they should be kept. But then, why not own up, openly and fearlessly ? Why pretend that with increasing responsibilities, Administration can be carried out on lines appreciably cheaper than those which were essential when the responsibilities were considerably less ?

One of the blessings of Empire is, that expenses will always be increasing, and any contention to the contrary is moonshine, pure and simple. The present Government may no more expect to run their business on a sum that was ample some ten years ago, than they may sensibly expect to fly. It can't be done, and everybody knows it. For this reason, a plain tale, and taking the nation into its entire confidence, would give the Government the desire of its its heart—a long innings. There is no one point in Government work that is worthy of cloaking "in the public interest."

Every foreign Government knows all about each point. Finds no difficulty in keeping itself posted. And will never find a difficulty. The only ones who are in that predicament, are they who find the wherewithal, and it is the fashion to stuff them wholesale—because, in a remoter period, and when education was conspicuous by its absence, a similar set of tactics prevailed. After considering the late naval pageant, consider the next sample of economy—the blowing of the twin-screw battleship *Hero* to perdition.

The *Hero* is by no means a new vessel, but on a pinch, she can do what a *Dreadnought* has failed to do—steam away "on her own." Built at Chatham, and launched in 1885—at a time when twin-screws were somewhat heroic—the warship, if kept up as should apply with vessels which belong to the "good firm," is much too good to be wasted as a target. Her displacement is 6,200 tons, and her horse-power (under forced draught) 6,000. It is expected that she will proceed to her slaughter-house under her own steam, and she is to be sacrificed—for what?

Well, the *Hero* is to be blown under the water in a series of important experiments, that will be faked-up for the purpose of testing the effect of certain armour-piercing shells, "fired under war conditions." Can anything be more absurd, or more wasteful? How is it possible to successfully pretend that the poor old *Hero*, laying anchored in the stream, can supply any "war conditions" to the floppy lot of newer warships which range around her and take pot-shots at her uncomplaining hull?

Doesn't the whole thing savour of a cock-shy at a country fair? Or of the three-shies-a-penny-and-a-good-cigar-every-time-you-hit-him-on-the-boko of the same affair? Of course it does. And before *Hero* is yanked off to her doom she will have quite a pile of money squandered upon her in the shape of a supply of additional armour, and fettling up matters so as to simulate "war conditions." Naturally enough, the poor old crock will be battered to pieces, and she will eventually go down with M'Ginty.

But what will be the net result of all that waste of money? The Admiralty will then be in possession of the knowledge that certain shells will sink a ship, if they are fired close enough (and often enough) thereto; they will also know that each shell, if plunked in the right way, will make a hole through a certain thickness of armour plating. What they won't know, is what would happen to their nucleus-crewed bull-dogs, if *Hero* were manned by a plucky crew of sailormen, who could be depended on to give a *quid pro quo* for all the fusillading that will come about.

Economy, forsooth! Don't talk to us about economy, when an Admiralty will sanction the waste of a valuable vessel, merely for the purpose of pretending to a certain number of gunners, that they are up against the real thing; and that this is another instance of where "England expects every man"—you know the ancient wheeze, so we needn't continue. If economy is really aimed at, why not use the money which had to be expended in bringing *Hero* from Holy Loch; in afterwards stiffening her armour; and in taking her to her place of slaughter?

The sum involved, would have paid for a fairly-decent target, on which any number of experiments might have been made; and the result would have been just as satisfying as are those which are likely to follow on the bombardment of the *Hero*. Why wasn't poor old *Montagu* bashed up in the same merry manner? She was a modern vessel, and would have given far more up-to-date results following a bombardment. But she was another instance of Economy! The country is getting filled with it! Waste £100,000 on pretending to salve a steamer, and then sell her for a mere song!

Poor old *Hero!* You deserve a better fate, and there are quite a many who would have bought you at a price that would have done the country more good, than will any of the powder-burning which will be used at your obsequies.

Lady Windsor Lock—Barry Dock.

THE FIRES OF ST. ELMO.

JUDGING by an interesting item in the columns of a London contemporary, the 'longshore friend would appear to be in need of enlightenment on a very common subject—that of the so-called St. Elmo's Fire. Precisely why the phenomenon was originally ticked off as belonging to the saint in question, is numbered among those things which have succeeded in getting into the limbo of the forgotten. This fact should prove that the "fire" in question has, at least, been known to mankind from the days when it was fashionable to saddle all the disabilities of life on to some poor saint, or other.

AND there can be no gainsaying the fact that the fit-out is "Nature's own handiwork, man's only share in the display being to provide a stately ship for the proper exhibition of the phenomenon." Still, that is by no means all there is to say about it—especially in these days when a Compensation Act looms tall above the horizon. We are willing to concede that the sailorman styles the "phenomenon" Corposant or Comozant, and that the educated officer with a swagger training ship education is inclined to ejaculate, "Bai Jove! That is St. Elmo's Fire."

AT the same time, we have heard it styled something

A FULL STEM, BARRY DOCKS.

AFTER discussing the vagaries of "Jack-o'-lantern," and "Will-o'-the-wisp"—and which are known to be the results of accumulations of marsh gas, although how they become fired is a moot point—our contemporary goes on to say: "Out on the ocean far removed from land it occasionally happens that seafarers witness even more remarkable manifestations of another natural phenomenon—one which, suddenly appearing in the darkness of night on the vast expanse of water, puts to shame the pyrotechnical display at the Crystal Palace on the Brock Benefit night."

SEAFARERS do witness those phenomena right enough, and we aren't going to split straws about the Brock Benefit idea—never having seen one! To further quote: "During thunderstorms the sailors sometimes find the whole neighbourhood of a ship illuminated by a curious display of electric lights dotted about on the mastheads, yardarms, and the rigging, and yet there are no electrical machines on board, and no wires to convey the current to every point on the ship." In the main, the foregoing is right enough, if perhaps a little bit overdrawn.

immeasureably worse, although on this occasion we will merely stigmatise the happening as an adjective nuisance. But what we should like to know, is whether damage from this kind of electrical discharge is covered by the Compensation Act, and for this reason: Many years ago, we happened to be sailing in the Bay of Bengal, and as there were only about a dozen electric lights in existence at the time, you may take it for granted that electric dynamos had little to do with the matter.

THE vessel on which this happened was an erstwhile "Black Ball Liner," and among other fancy ideas, she carried three skysails, when the weather was fit—according to the Old Man; and often when it was unfit—according to the lads who ultimately shinned aloft to furl them! Of course, the skysails had nothing to do with the Corposantic display to which we are referring, and we merely mention the item *en passant*. Anyhow, there was a quantity of electricity in the air, for it manifested itself on yardarms, mastheads, and even the edges of the tops—from which you will admit that it was pretty bad?

In company with a choice assortment of real British seamen, and at about six bells in the first watch, we had occasion to mount the forecastle head for the purpose of boarding the fore tack. The weather was doldrumy, and our poor second mate—who was a beggar for the development of thoroughness—would insist on using the chain tack, although according to the practice of seamen, generally, the "lazy tack," and which was a fairly soft piece of manila rope eked out with a big hook, would have done just as well.

We had been geehawking that one-time "Black Ball Liner's" yards around since eight bells, in one continuous geehawk. Chasing the wind, the boys declared it was, and the blessings which fell upon that second mate's head were plentiful in consequence! For even in those far-off days, a British sailor was a first-class hand at a growl—which is interpolated by the way, and as a solatium to our shipowning friends who might presently see something more than a poetical phenomenon, in St. Elmo's Fire.

Anyhow, the little crowd referred to—one of their number having hooked on that chain tack thing, while another had taken the end of it around the forecastle-head capstan—commenced to board the tack. Up to this precise moment, the Corposants had been satisfied to roam about intermittently, from yardarm to yardarm; but with the clanking of the capstan pawls (and possibly because of the growling thunder already touched on) the whole of the electricity appeared to make a dead set at the vessel's forecastle-head. There was no lightning you'll please note—so none of us were struck by actual lightning.

But three of us—ourselves among the number—were struck by a battalion of Corposants, and as we stood at various portions of the arc of a circle metaphorically described by the ends of the capstan bars, we each received a different amount of the Corposantic discharge. The poor second mate was blinded for life by his share of the fluid—and at the first moment, and when its seriousness was not assimilated, "the boys" declared it was a judgment on him for monkeying with a chain tack when a rope one would have been equally efficient; the man next him had one eye burned out; and ourselves, who stood next, received enough of the pyrotechnical display to keep us bound up in tea-leaf poultices for three weeks.

You may take it from us that "Out on the ocean far removed from land it occasionally happens that seafarers witness even more remarkable manifestations" of the Corposantic affair. They don't only witness it, sirs, for—as in our case—they feel it, and for quite a while. As already stated, that poor second mate was blinded for life, and he was a young married man with a small family; hitherto, his wages had never exceeded £6 per month, so—well, we can easily imagine that his case was pretty hard, and that he would have welcomed a Compensation Act?

However, no such Act existed, and we have no knowledge as to whether his employers thought it compatible with their duties as Christian men, to anté up a year or so's wages to the servant who had been ruined in their employ. Personally, we incline to the belief that they did not, seeing that they were scarcely built that way. But if a similar happening should meander along to-day, would the Compensation Act apply to the second mate who was totally blinded, and to the others who were half-blinded, and temporarily dittoed?

This is a nice point for the consideration of the insurance experts. It might have a little interest for the shipowner? St. Elmo's Fire is much more common than is generally supposed. Its manifestations are most erratic. We have personally experienced two other instances where damage was wrought through this rival to the Crystal Palace Brock Benefit night; and have heard of dozens. On the other side of the shield, it is well to remember that on occasion, Corposants are merely spectacular and harmless. We have placed our hand on a yardarm that was covered with the "blue fire," when down in the vicinity of Cape Horn: and didn't get as much as a twinkle for our trouble.

All the same, and in view of the fact that, on occasion, a Corposant can be a terribly poor sort of shipmate; it is as well to look at the matter from a compensation point of view. This is our excuse for troubling you with a touch of personal happening.

Passenger Landing Stage, Barry Dock.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 21, 1907.*

THE condition of the Coal Market during the past week, has shown but little alteration, and the firmness noticeable of late continues an active feature. Not only has that firmness been maintained, for if anything, intensification is the correct word to use in connection therewith. This will be fully realised by an examination of the figures appearing below.

ALL the same, it would be inadvisable to accept those figures as indicative of actual values, as at the moment there is but precious little coal of the prompt variety available, and when conditions are in that vein, prices may be romped upward, and ever upwards. Colliery stems are full-up, and indications are all in favour of the belief that they will continue in the same happy state for some time ahead.

OBVIOUSLY, then, the seller is in a position to ask practically what he likes, for if the buyer should rise to it, a little demurrage elsewhere might be worthy of consideration; while if the big price frightens off the buyer, the rate is still quotable, and is scheduled as of actual currency—to ease the situation when another bit of bunce is by way of materialisation!

WRITING of demurrage, this is a most disquieting feature in very many instances at present, for it crops up with uncomfortable regularity in sundry of the collieries' accounts for that portion of the world's history which goes to make current events. No, supplies are no more plentiful than they have been for quite a while, and the demand is proportionately greater. Demand cannot well be otherwise, for as long as it continues unsatisfied, it will remain a demand.

WITH reference to actual business transactions, these are relatively few, and for reasons already given. But then, collieries' stems are well filled for some little time ahead, and tonnage supplies are plentiful. Under the circumstances, there is but little prospect of the bottom falling out of things coaly for some time to come. True, the trade is at a standstill as far as genuine activity is concerned, for both sides of the merry game are breathlessly watching each other.

FURTHERMORE, the present trend of the market is more in favour of the seller than it is for the other fellow. Outputs are anything but up to their accustomed levels, for Shoni and Dai—having been in receipt of somewhat abnormal amounts of money—are now disporting themselves by the sad sea waves, in an earnest endeavour to get rid of their superabundance of the filthy lucre. 'Twas ever thus, and in the meantime, scribes are attempting to fill all and sundry with startling tales of the beauties of "God's Country" across the Pond!

IN the matter of business over next year, the present condition of affairs is giving some anxiety to those with the greatest interest at stake. Inquiries for the remainder of this year are numerous enough to satisfy most people, but the figures which are propounded are giving pause to the would-be buyer. But who cares about the future? Sufficient unto the day is the big price ruling thereat!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	22s. od.	22s. od., 22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. od.	22s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	20s. cd.	20s. od.	19s. 9d., 20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od.. 19s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	19s. 3d	19s. 3d.	19s. 4½d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 9d	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d , 15s. 6d.	15s. 4½d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
Seconds ...	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.
Ordinaries ...	12s. 6d.	12s 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d., 12s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d., 14s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. od., 30s. od.	29s. od., 30s. od.
Ordinary ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od.	24s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. 3d	22s. 3d.	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *August 21, 1907.*

THE Market in this quarter for the past week has again been a very firm one, while that something known to the trade as "the tone" has been strong. Supplies for prompt shipment have shown no improvement, while the demand has; thus for anything the Seller has to spare, he has been in a position to command big prices without any difficulty. In fact, some of the quotations are abnormal for business of this description. The actual price it is possible to cover at can only be ascertained when the buyer is in a position to treat definitely, and again according to the state of the stem. Transactions, as may be imagined, in view of the above, have not been numerous. As regards future business, quotations rule high all 'round, but are not always obtained, buyers being content to deal only with their immediate requirements—and we cannot blame them.

ANTHRACITE COALS keep firm. Quotations are much about the same nominally, but all depends upon the date of shipment required. Promptly, stems are full, and there is little free coal about. This, not only of BESTS, but also for Secondary qualities. MACHINE MADE COALS continue strong, but CULM and DUFF are unaltered. Supplies are more plentiful, but the demand is quite up to it, so that prices are about steady.

IN the STEAM COAL SECTION there is little alteration, prices as in other departments ruling very high. Collieries are very busy, and a good demand contributes to the firmness, which is likely to be maintained.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d	27s. 6d., 28s. od.	27s. 6d., 28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. od.
Seconds do. ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6 l.	26s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 24s. 6d	24s. 6 l.
Red ,, ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 25s. od.	24s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 9s. 9d.
Duff ...	7s. od.	7s. od.	7s. 3 l.	7s. 3d.	7s. od.	7s. od.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	21s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, August 21, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Inch* ——, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *William Broadley*, 4,200 tons, 17s. 6d.
North Sands, 4,600 tons, 18s.
Woodbridge, 5,000 tons, 17s.
Monte Video/Buenos Ayres/La Plata, *Star of Ireland*, 5,000 tons, 17s. 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Inkum*, 6,200 tons, 14s. 6d.
Caledonia, 4,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Claremont*, 5,300/5,600 tons, 7s. option Cape Verdes, 7s. 6d.
Or Teneriffe, *Belfast*, 4,800 tons, 7s.
Charing Cross, 3,600 tons, 7s.
Dakar, *Larne*, 4,200 tons, 10s. 3d. coal, 11s. fuel.
Havana, *Kingswood*, 2,000 tons. 12s. ppt.
Zarate, *Westgate*, 3,400 tons, 18s. 9d. 150, or 18s. 6d. 200, spot.
Cape Verdes, *Wavelet*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Santos, *Millpond*, 5,000 tons, 17s. 3d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Shandon*, 5,500 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Trevessa, 5,300 tons, 4s. 9d.
Trelawny, 5,600 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Genoa, *Italia*, 3,400 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Washington, 7,000 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Agenoria, 4,600 tons, 5s. 9d.
Or Savona, Steamer, 3,400 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, 400, 10d. (s).
Glenmoor, 4,300 tons, 5s. 6d. spot.
Alexandria, *Brookby*, 5,500 tons, 5s. 7½d. spot.
Farringford, 4,300 tons, 5s. 4½d. 700.
Phyllis, 2,800 tons, 6s. 9d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Glengoil, 3,900 tons, 6s. 3d. 400.
Sidmouth, 5,600 tons, 5s. 9d.
Haileybury, 4,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Trekeive, 4,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Venice, *Falloden Hall*, 4,800 tons, 6s. 7½d. 500, or 6s. 9d. 400, spot
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s.
Kathleen, 5,700 tons, 6s. 4½d. option Genoa/Savona /Spezzia, 5s. 6d. or Civita Vecchia, 5s. 10½d.
Or Ancona, *Wooda*, or sub, 6,100 tons, 6s. 4½d. option Newport loading, 6s. 6d.
Constantinople, *Cambria*, 2,700 tons, 5s. 3d.
Valencia, *Cymrian*, or sub., 1,250 tons, 8s. fuel, 300.
Diamond, 1,000 tons, 8s. (c. or s.)
Algiers, *Sandhurst*, 3,3/3,500 tons, 6 fcs.
Barcelona, *Ruabon*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 10d.
Naples, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Smyrna, *Wimborne*, 5,300 tons, 5s. 3d. 600, or 5s. 6d. 400.
Sulina/Galatz and/or Ibrail, *Craigisla*, 3,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Tarragona, *Fruitera*, 1,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Opal, 1,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Tunis, *Vidar*, 2,200 tons, 9·75 fcs. coal, 10·75 fcs. fuel, (c./N. or s.)
Oporto, *Ella*, 1,250 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Torre Annunziata, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 400.
Cadiz, *Everest*, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Malta, *Trevean*, and sub., 4,100 tons, 4s.
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 4s. (N).
Eda, 3,800 tons, 4s.
Lisbon, *Forest*, or sub., 1,900 tons, 5s. 9d.
Faedrelandet, 1,850 tons, 5s. 6d.
Ella, 2,000 tons, 5s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Sundswall, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Hjortholm, 1,700 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Cronstadt, *Concord*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Callisto, 5,500 tons, 6s.
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Copenhagen, *Hildur Gertrude*, 1,000 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Rochefort, *Ingoldsby*, 1,800 tons, 5·25 fcs.
Resolution, 2,800 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Bilbao, *Getzo*, 1,700 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Bayonne, *Muriel*, 2,800 tons, 6 fcs. coal, 6·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Bordeaux, *Gwendoline*, 1,950 tons, 5·37½ fcs. spot, (N).
La Rochelle, *Ragusa*, 1,900 tons, 4·75 fcs. option Rochefort, 5 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Sheerness, *Saxon*, 600 tons, 4s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Revel, *Ashby*, 2,400 tons, 7s.
Londonderry, Steamer, 540 tons, 4s. 3d.
Dover, *Ashford*, 400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Newhaven, *Gazelle*, 740 tons, 4s. 3d.
Belfast, *Ashton*, 300 tons, 4s. 6d.
Dublin, *Mourne*, 250 tons, 4s. 6d.
Devonport, *Tees*, 2,000 tons, 2s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Bremerhaven, *Gerent*, 3,100 tons, 4s. 10½d.
Sea Belle, 3,400 tons, 5s.
Havre, *Inver*, 1,250 tons, 4s. 3d.
The President, 750 tons, 5s. (s).
Scoresby, 1,300 tons, 4s. 3d.
Rouen, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Maywood, 1,550 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Steamer, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Sheila, 530 tons, 6s. 3d. fuel, coal terms, (s).
Rive de Gier, 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Venetia, 950 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Calais, *Greenhill*, 2,900 tons, 4s. 3d. spot.
Falco, 2,600 tons, 4s. 3d.
Dieppe, *Berne*, 1,500 tons, 4s. 6d. two voyages, (s).
Burton, 780 tons, 5s. 1½d.
Fecamp, *Abingdon*, 500 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Caen, *Seagull*, 800 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell*, 1,250 tons, 4s. 4½d. (s).
Honfleur, *Volscian*, 700 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Camrose*, 3,700 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Algorteno*, 3,500 tons, 4s. 1½d. ppt.
Clieveden, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Newport, *Rosella*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 6d.
Carthagena to Newport, *Monkseaton*, 4,000 tons, 7s f.d.

Continued from page 19.

WITHOUT appearing too sanguine, we yet have an idea that the trouble in the shipbuilding trade "up North" will be settled without a rupture. That the dissatisfied caulkers took the bit between their teeth in an unwarranted manner, is obvious, and shows fairly well, that the word discipline in Trades Union circles is not much of a power, neither is it understood as a seafarer would understand it. It is somewhat reassuring to notice that the Boilermakers' Society are willing to admit—by implication—that their friends have acted after the manner of spoiled children; and to say that if the employers will promise to inquire fully into the causes of the strike, they will instruct their members to return to work at once. At the same time, why should the employers be played with in any such manner, and who will recoup them for the loss resultant from the caulkers' strike? This is where Trades Unionism shows fairly well that it plays "pitch" with a double-headed halfpenny—or at least under conditions of heads I win, tails you lose. However, time will tell—as usual, and we are patiently awaiting its passage.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on August 8, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

16,262/06—HOPKINSON—***Improvements in coal cutting machines.***

This invention relates to chain heading coal cutting machines, of the type in which the chain frame only is fed up to the face of the working, the motor remaining stationary. According to this invention, to effect this, the chain-wheel is driven by a pinion, which rotates with, but is free to slide along a driving shaft.

17,724/06—DE LA MAR—***Improvements in and relating to screw propellers.***

According to this invention a screw propeller is composed of a helically wound rod surrounding and secured by its ends to the propeller shaft. Blades are adjustably secured to the helical rod and in some cases also to the propeller shaft, thus forming inner and outer blades.

21,253/06—THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON CO.—***Improvements in and relating to the control of electric motors more especially applicable in the operation of bulkhead doors and the like.***

This invention relates to means for alternatively controlling bulkhead door motors locally or from a distance. The controller of each motor has a spring tending to move it to lowering position and a second spring to the holding-off position, which normally overpowers the first spring, and a tripping magnet for disengaging the second spring and thus allowing the first spring to move the controller to lowering position. The second spring can be overpowered by hand when door is operated to lower locally.

22,381/06—DUFF—***Improvements in propellers for ships.***

This propeller is constructed and acts similarly to a centrifugal pump, it consists of a rotatible hollow dished casing mounted fast on a propeller shaft and having a central orifice directed forward to the mouth of a duct to which water has access. Blades are arranged in the casing and rearwardly directed exit orifices at the edge thereof.

24,240/06—CLAESSEN—***Improvements in explosives.***

A low explosive for use in mines and proof against fire damp is formed by adding chrome alum or chrome ammonia alum to the other ingredients of ammonium nitrate explosives.

26,249/06—ALCOCK—***Improvements in or connected with the obtaining of access between holds of ships.***

A stairway or ladder is located in a tube extending the full depth of the vessel and provided with doors at the levels of the several floors. The tube may serve as a ventilator and for this purpose its upper end terminates in a cowl.

27,423/06—VON KLITZING—***Improved floating dock-ship for lifting and docking submarine and other boats.***

This docking vessel for submarines consists of twin parallel hulls united by an overhead structure. The bow ends of the twin hulls may be connected by a single prow portion the bottom of which curves upwards so as to minimise suction in the space enclosed between the two hulls. In use, a submarine is lifted by overhead tackle and then lowered on to carriers, adapted to be slid along the hulls and bridge the space between same or these carriers are pivoted to the sides of the hulls and are turned outwards so as to bridge the space and thus provide a cradle for the submarine. All work-shop structures are located on the outer sides of the twin hulls.

27,917/06—VICKERS SONS & MAXIM LTD. AND DAWSON—***Improvements in steering apparatus for boats and similar vessels.***

In steering apparatus according to this invention when manual operation encounters a predetermined resistance electric or other motive power is automatically brought into action for augmenting or replacing the manual operation. This is effected by a spring coupling connected with the steering-wheel-operated shaft and a switch which is closed on the manual operation encountering sufficient resistance to cause the spring of the coupling to yield.

10,706/07—STEWART—***Improvements in cooling and ventilating apparatus for use in connection with powder magazines and the like on board ship.***

This invention relates to a circulatory system for cooling and ventilating magazines on board ship. Air is drawn in through a pipe past a union piece and thence driven by a fan through the tubes of a cooling tank or "thermotank" through a pipe to the magazine, returning by a pipe also connected to the union piece and a pipe leading therefrom to the external atmosphere. The union piece contains a butterfly valve which is adapted to be turned so as to cut off connection with the external atmosphere, in which case the air merely circulates through the magazine and "thermotank."

These applications for patents, are until September 25 open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on August 14, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending September 14.

No. 293,345—May 30, 1907—***Tarite.***

Class 4—***For Tar used in road making.***

Tar Patents Solidifying and Distilling Co. Ltd., 85 Mansion House Chambers, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., Tar Manufacturers.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

The Maritime Review

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.— No. 185. FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1907. THREEPENCE.

MORE ATLANTIC "COMPETITION!"

JOHN BULL: "Any more, Sir?"

JONATHAN: "Ain't you shouting up a wrong close? Cain't you ask Brer Fritz?"

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—**THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.**

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—MORE ATLANTIC "COMPETITION	33
MARITIME MURMURS	34
BARRY RAILWAY CO.'S OFFICES	37-38
ABOUT WARSHIPS	39
THE A.S.E. SEGESSION—AND ITS LESSONS	40
THE POOR CARDIFF MERCHANT	42
NAVAL REPAIR FACILITIES	44
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	46
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	47
PATENTS	48

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WHAT, exactly, does all the pother about an alleged railwaymen's grievance amount to? Is there any such grievance, and if so, why isn't the matter given more prominence? We ask, because for weeks past, the community has been bothered with a quantity of verbiage as to whether the various companies will, or will not acknowledge Mr. Bell in any future disputes. If Mr. Bell has a grievance with the companies; if the latter will not meet him as he would appear to wish; if Mr. Bell is commissioned by a majority of the railway workers of the land—why isn't the fact stated? As far as we can see, it is all Mr. Bell. Indeed, so much is this the case, that the more or less inspired paragraphs connected with this branch of industrial agitation, and which are going the rounds of the Press, are labelled—right out, and so that all may read—"Mr. Bell's Agitation." Now, we venture to suggest that nobody cares unduly whether Mr. Bell fixes up an agitation or otherwise; for the matter of that, we are almost convinced that if the said gentlemen were among the angels, the peace of the world would be but little different to that which applies at the moment; and in any case, the sun would shine just as intermittently as now, while rain squalls would be as distressingly common?

No one wishes to suggest that the railwayman has no sort of grievance in his more or less well-ordered life. There is a grievance in most walks of life, as far as that goes. But we are not going to believe that a given number of railway servants are about to starve or otherwise suffer, merely because Mr. Bell is denied the privilege of forcing his attentions in quarters where they have not been sought, and where, according to all the indications, they are not wanted. If this lèse majesté on the part of the companies is a grievous sin in the eyes of Mr. Bell, why doesn't he attend to it purely on personal lines, and not under the claim that it is an industrial affair? Obviously, no such action is possible, for Mr. Bell without the alleged backing of the minority of railway servants is merely Mr. Bell; but the same gentleman at the head—or other parts—of "the Society," is a something that might, could, would, or should be reckoned with? Meanwhile, and simultaneously with this alleged "agitation," the railway servant is as polite as ever, he does his work with the same precision, trains come and go with the usual safety and regularity, and an inquisitive seeker after information experiences a difficulty in running an avowed member of "the Society" to earth. Why is it?

THAT Board of Trade inquiries are run on lines that are somewhat better than those which were in vogue some two or three years ago, may not be gainsaid. That the fact is resultant from the consistent pleading of THE MARITIME REVIEW, is equally true. Before the advent of this journal, and mainly for the lack of any intelligent explanation of a number of seemingly obscure facts, "off with his head" was quite the only verdict that was possible from those peculiarly constituted courts. And when we write the words "peculiarly constituted," we do so with a full sense of their gravity. That it is peculiar to fake up a court that is composed of men whose ignorance on shipping matters would fill several large-sized books is obvious—especially when the said court interests itself in shipping matters. True, there is a brand of one-time seagoing intelligence on tap there, and it is euphemistically-named "assessor," although exactly what it is able to assess, is numbered among those items about which precise information is sadly lacking. Still, the "assessor" is there, and if he asks—on occasion—questions which provoke the risibility of the listener and looker-on; we may be sure that the "culprit"—the seafarer who is being treated from the start, as if he were a double-dyed criminal—fails to see the joke.

As showing, however, that there is still a quantity of enlightenment necessary at some inquiry courts, a slight review of a recent "trial" which took place at Plymouth, will be of interest. Monday, last, was the day in question, and a number of usually-qualified gentlemen sat themselves down, to inquire—in an arm-chairy manner—into

the happenings which crystallised around the collision between a ketch, the *City Merchant*, and a wicked steamer—the *Berne*, of Dublin. Among other misfortunes, the skipper and a seaman erstwhile belonging to the ketch were drowned, and it all came about as the result of the *Berne* having altered her course to avoid colliding with another vessel, and at the same time, taking no heed of the *City Merchant*. At the first glance, you might be inclined to believe that this was an instance of choosing the least of two evils? That it was better to risk sinking the ketch than it was "the other vessel?" But then, you aren't supposed to have any say in those first glance affairs. That is left to the brainy gentlemen who adjudicate—which is a good word—at Board of Trade inquiries. In the result—and in the Plymouth court-house—the weather was clear, but a good and proper look-out was not kept on the *Berne*.

EH? What's that? You are soulfully longing for the B.T. inquiry courts which will have pluck enough to admit that a deep-water happening is an accident—just as occurs on dry land, at times? So are we. It will come, in due course; but in the meanwhile, you will have to wait—with more or less patience—for the demise of those estimable (but antiquated) fossils who are entrusted with these life and death issues. The *Berne* altered her course to clear one ship, but as there were two of them, and they couldn't both be dodged at the same moment, the lookout was improper—and all that sort of piff-niff. Besides, there was another grave feature in the case—grave in the opinion of the court; the lookout on *Berne* was allowed to occupy the bridge. To do this, instead of lashing the man fast on the forecastle-head is, in the Plymouthian's opinion, "highly reprehensible." We, who have posed as look-out in both positions, have a pressing belief that if the court folk were constrained to make a voyage, and during its passage, were hoisted into the position of forecastle-head look-out on a steamer the size of *Berne*; and then, if the sea were as big as the proverbial knife-handle—well, they'd get an appreciable number of ancient prejudices washed away from their personalities?

AFTERWARD, they would be better able to sit in judgment on men whose only fault—in numberless instances—is that they are unable to engineer a miracle. And that is a consummation devoutly to be hoped for. At the same time, and in connection with this *Berne*, it is good to know that although she was not navigated with proper and seamanlike care, the collision was not caused by the wrongful act of the master. He was allowed to jib along clear of all damage! Yes, the whole flangary was the result of carelessness on the part of an acting-second-mate—one Michael Byrne. He was "acting" because, sad to say, he had no certificate of competency. Think of that, now, and then tell us that there is no dearth of officers! The second mate of a fine Dublin steamer in charge, but without the hall-mark of the puissant Board of Trade! In other words, that "second mate" was no higher in the nautical social scale, than is one of those good souls who pose as members of Wilson's "union!" Really speaking, Mr. Byrne isn't described as the second mate. According to the inquirists, he appears to have been the second officer—but in any case, he had no "ticket."

WHAT, think you, was to be done under these distressing circumstances? The inquiry folk would appear to have been romped into a position which didn't at all fit the gravity of the case? If an ordinary—and duly accredited second mate—had been caught in this sort of *flagrante delicto*, you know very well that "off with his head" for some six months, at least, would have resulted? Of course! So what was the definition on this occasion? That's it, and we are coming along to that, right away. The Court adjudged Byrne to be severely reprimanded—isn't that a Servicey method of putting it, and you'll remember that it happened at Plymouth?—and ordered him to pay £5 toward the cost of the inquiry! Naive, isn't it? We have an idea that Michael Byrne wasn't unduly anxious to summon that supposedly nautical tribunal. In fact, and not to flog the subject unnecessarily, we are almost convinced that he would have been better pleased if no inquiry had been held. This being so, and in view of the supposition that the court was a self-constituted affair, what sort of justice, or commonsense, is there in mulcting Byrne of £5 of his hard-earned money? We wish to be fair in these little matters, and for that reason, we continue the sickening theme for yet another paragraph.

IF a 'longshoreman is haled before a Police Court, and is found guilty but not in a position to be dealt with on strictly legal lines, does the presiding magistrate suggest that the culprit should pay so much toward the cost of his trial? Certainly not, and such fancy tricks are possible only, in the case of a seaman. Yet, the legislature prattles of making the sea attractive to the youth of the nation! In our mind, the said youth would have to be terribly adolescent, before it could see any attractiveness in such barbarity as is here displayed. A certificated man would have been suspended for some six months, in which case, he would have lost in wages and food, say, £40; but an uncertificated man is "let off" with a £5 "fine" for the same "misdemeanour!" Why? Is it because a man in Byrne's position would be likely to be able to "raise a fiver" from among his sorrowing friends, while if the "fine" were bigger he would be an absolute defaulter? Perhaps, perhaps, not. But whichsoever way we are to read it, we cannot congratulate the Plymouth court on its "judgment." The latter is quite in line with the teaching prevalent there—that every seafarer is a born thief until he is proved to be otherwise; and nothing short of a Divine dispensation will adduce the essential proof. Let's get away from it. It makes us tired.

THIS is good! But hold on, a bit. Can anybody tell us the precise value of a reply from the President of the Board of Trade, as to the indications for a continuance of the demand for English coal on the Continent? Has Mr. Lloyd-George—among his multifarious attributes of greatness—the copyright for prognosticating the continuance of the coal boom? Anyhow, one Mr. Fell, M.P., would appear to attach some importance to Mr. Lloyd-George as a coal dealer—probably because he comes from Wales, where most of the good coal on earth is to be found? In this connection, the President of the Board of Trade replied that there is at present no indication of a slackening in the demand for English coal, in the direction indicated, so Mr. Fell ought to be a happy man—if he is in the coal trade; but an unhappy individual if he isn't in that coal trade. You see, as long as the Continental friend sees a number of desirable qualities in good old English coal, for just so long will the price of the commodity be maintained; and as the "indications"—what are they, by the way?—are all in favour of a continued Continental belief in the stuff—! Bully for you, colliery people. You are "in" for a good time, and no error!

PLOT and counterplot! The United States Government decides on sending its Fleet viâ the Magellan Straits on to San Francisco, and "possibly" to Puget Sound—to show

the naval heroes that there is a terribly big rise and fall of tide in that quarter?—and Japan "replies" by preparing an additional squadron to reinforce her fleet which is stationed in South China waters. Pretty, isn't it, and the whole thing is in accordance with the policy of drift? Meanwhile, the *New York Herald*—in a double-leaded editorial– counsels the sale of the Philippine Islands to Japan. The reasons for the suggested sale are: That after nine years of strenuous endeavour on the part of the American Government, the Filipinos continue as they were under Spanish rule—a race of malcontents; that to ultimately subdue their tropical ardour will probably cost millions, and bring on an eventual war with Japan; while if the whole fit-out is sold to the latter country, the menace of war would disappear; and that the present moment is singularly propitious for the suggested sale. There is a quantity of sense in the Herald's proposition, and when all is said, it deserved double-leaded type. If it would do any good, we should counsel the journal in question to repeat the advice, and stick a marline-spike in between each line of the screed, so that he who runs might read—sound advice. One-sided Monroe doctrine is likely to be as disastrous as is one-sided Free Trade. Just you wait, good people, and see if we are not correct in our surmises.

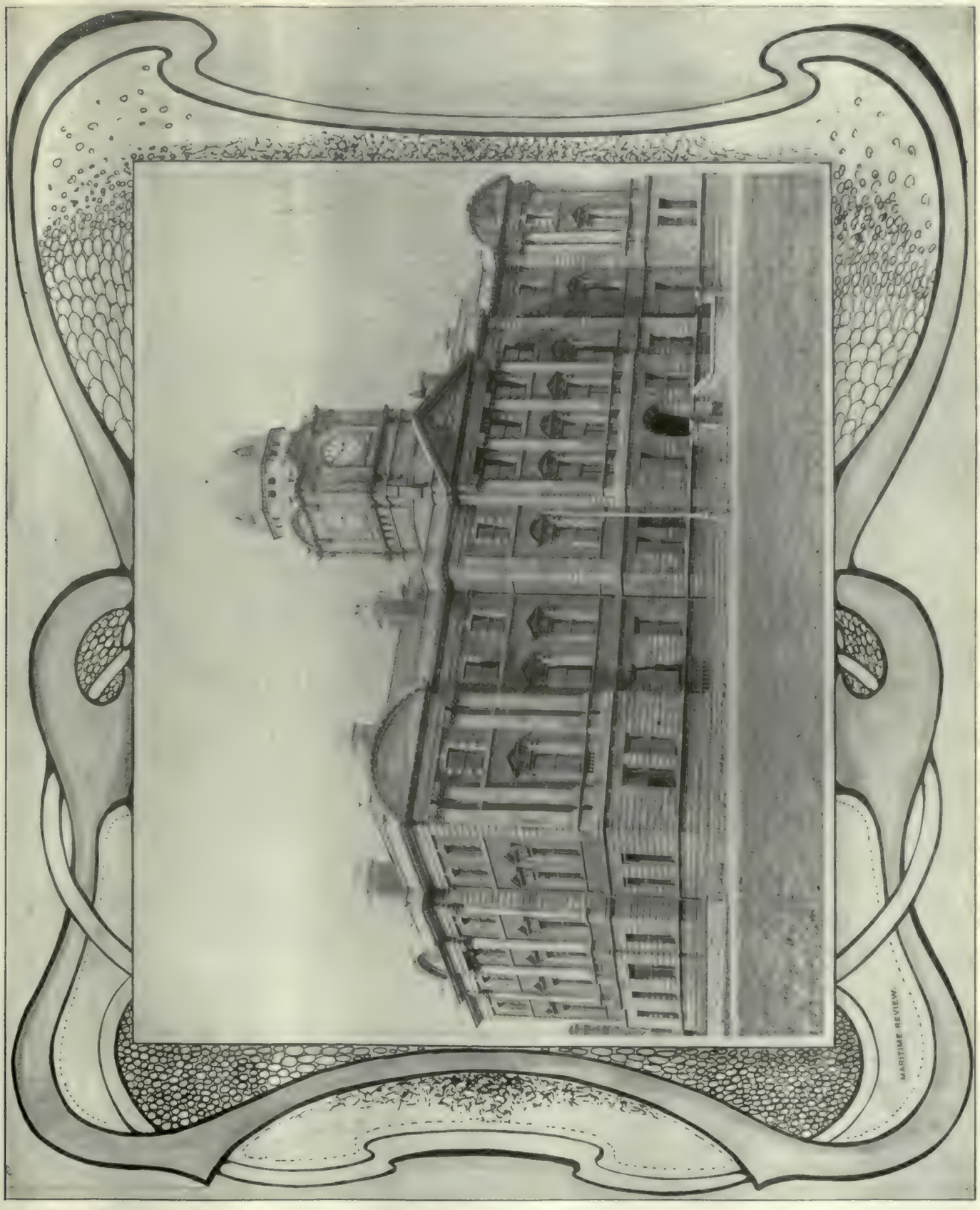
So, the "Boy Seamen" Committee appointed by Mr. Lloyd-George has ceased from its labours, has given in its report (save the name), and now we may all go home to bed! None of us need trouble, for after 23 meetings, in which 42 witnesses were prattled to, "the testimony on all hands was in agreement that there is an ample supply of boys wanting to go to sea, but that their desire cannot be gratified in consequence of the majority of shipowners offering them no opportunity of obtaining employment." Heaven help us, good people, when a combination of supposedly business men can sit on 23 occasions, and—after examining the whole of 42 "witnesses"—can bring nothing better than the above quotation off their united chests! How does the committee know that there is an ample supply of boys? It is admitted that they do not go to sea for reasons which are just as rubbishy as the suggestion that there are plenty of boys. And if those boys do not go to sea, how may the Committee arrive at their stated conviction? Will it be contended that a paltry 42 witnesses are sufficient to provide reliable data on such an important subject? Personally, we are of opinion that the whole affair was just a fake-up for the purpose of disposing with a subject about which the Board of Trade is woefully ignorant.

For instance, what reliable authority is there for saying that a given number of boys have sought berths and cannot find them? Is the statement merely one of opinion, or are indisputable figures procurable, for the purpose of proving the contention. Furthermore, what justification is there for saying that the boys will take to the sea, but that the majority of shipowners will not offer them employment? You may take it from us, that there is mighty little justification. We haven't sat on a trumped up Committee, but we have probably spent more years at sea than the combined sea service of the whole of that committee. As a consequence, we know from actual experience, that shipowners are perfectly willing to take boys, as by so doing an equal number of seamen will be displaced. The trouble is, that there is no stock of boys idiotic enough to follow the sea under existing conditions, for the very few who start away filled up with enthusiasm for the job, sicken by the end of the first or second voyage—in most instances; while those who "hang out" for a while longer, leave it at the very first opportunity. For about the fiftieth time, we will ask Mr. Lloyd-George to come hither—in a metaphorical sense.

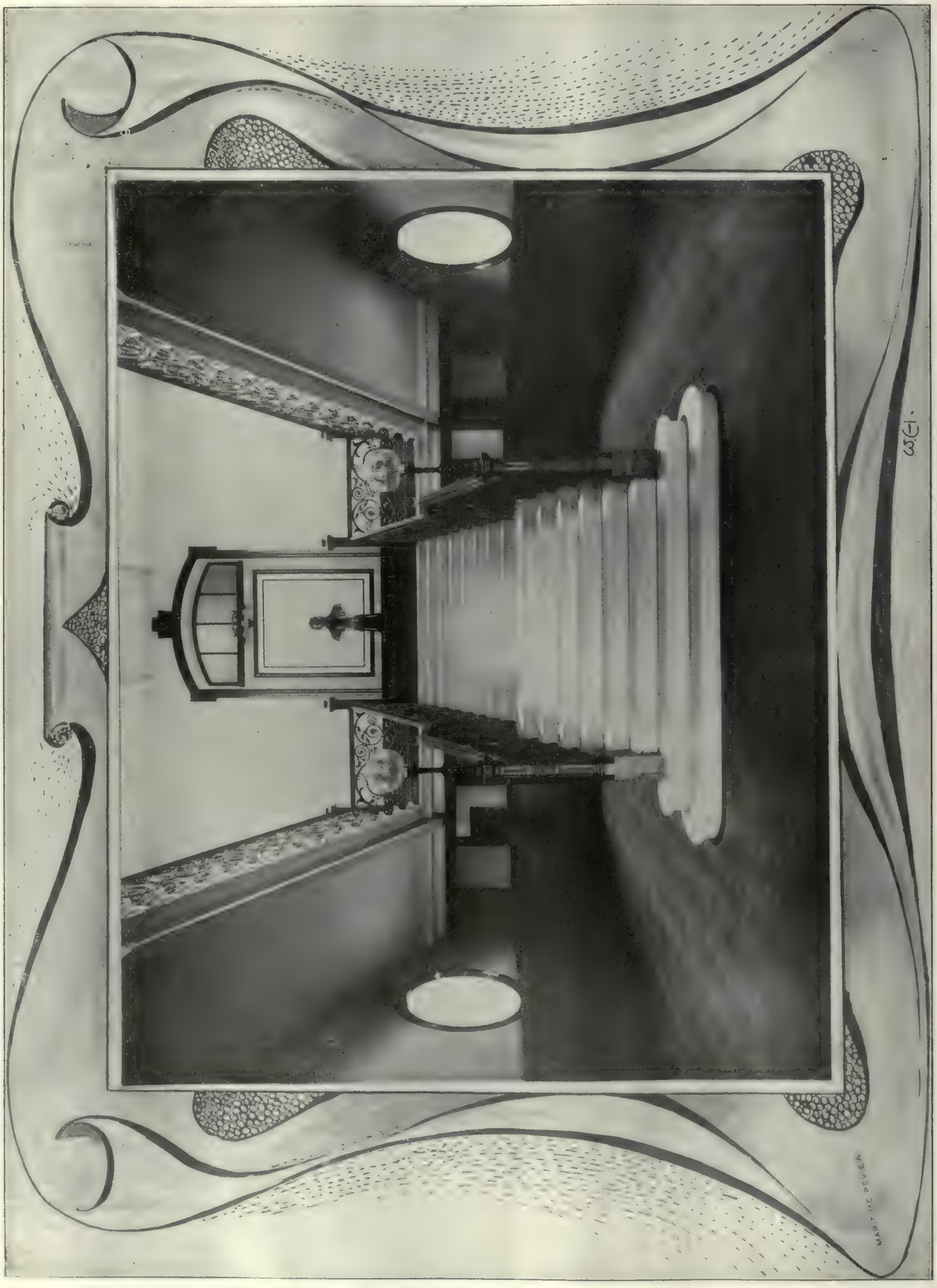
We would converse with thee, Mr. President of a moribund Board of Trade. What, thinkest thou, oh, expert, constrained us to leave the sea while yet the years were light upon us? Was it that we were any less sailor-bred, than obtained with us in the earlier years when first we yearned for the palmetto groves of the novelist? Nary a time. We were sailors, then; are sailors, now; the taint was bred in us, and will not be denied, for even now the west wind gars us arise and walk even as if we paced an imaginary bridge or quarter-deck. At the same time, we left—disposed of our sextant after the manner usual to men who sorrowfully admit that the sea is no longer a place in which to earn an honest living. We commenced as a boy, followed the whole gamut through to master—filling each intermediate stage in the interval—and realised at length, that none but the mentally infirm would continue at a life that was considerably worse than that meted out to the proverbial dog. Now, after the conditions have degenerated very much from what applied then, your Committee trots out a tale that was hoary with age, many years before we adventured afloat, on a bit of a crock that wasn't fit to be trusted outside in the wet.

What greater piffle can we have than the following: "With the replacement of sail by steam and the increasing severity of competition, expenses have in most cases been reduced to a minimum, and the majority of shipowners at the present time decline to carry boys on the ground that it is not a paying proposition to do so." Fudge, sirs, and the witnesses who worked that off on the great Committee, must have felt tickled most to death. Hear a sailor's reason why shipowners do not carry boys in greater numbers than obtain at present: Solely because they cannot obtain the boys! Paying proposition, forsooth! Of course it's a paying proposition, but unfortunately, there are no boys to be persuaded. Hasn't Shipping Federation, Ltd., flirted with the subject for years; hasn't it prattled of the might, could, would, or should be of the game; hasn't it worked up cunningly prepared circulars to "parents and guardians;" and in your own words, oh, august Committee, "It has up to the present time received but limited support." That's a fact! Disgustingly limited, for it will take more than a Federation circular to convince a father or a guardian, that present day conditions are conducive to a lengthy stay at sea. But go your ways dears. For this time, we aren't going to bother ourselves with "Boy Seamen" any further. That is a pleasure reserved for our next issue.

Several friends are anxious to assimilate a certain amount of information as to whether we have heard of the judgment in the *Powis* case, and if so, whether we have any intention of offering an amount of elucidation on the subject which has been denied of late. Yes, sirs, we have heard of the "judgment;" indeed, we sat out some of the days during which the case was under review at the Cardiff Police Court. But at the moment, we are disinclined to give our opinions on the subject, and the disinclination is based on past results. Hitherto, we have been painfully kind in coming to the rescue of our so-called "shipping" contemporaries; have trotted out real nautical wisdom, as early as possible; and in the result, have seen our words plagiarised until we felt more or less sick of the dishonesty which is about in some journalistic circles. On this occasion, we are going to allow our plagiarising friends to wallow along on their own, for a while.



BARRY RAILWAY COMPANY'S OFFICES.



MAIN STAIRCASE—BARRY RAILWAY COMPANY'S OFFICES.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1907.

ABOUT WARSHIPS.

ALTHOUGH somewhat late in appearing, the 1907 edition of *The Naval Pocket Book* (edited by Geoffrey S. Laird Clowes, and published by W. Thacker and Co., 2, Creed Lane, E.C.) reaches us at a time when more than usual interest crystallises around matters Naval. For quite a time past, the nation has been filled up with all manner of tales concerning the "Ready, Aye, Ready" state of its first line of defence; has been assured that if the Hague Conference should haply prove refractory, then, the resultant British building programme would be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever; while if that Conference should agree to turn its combined swords into ploughshares, well, there would not be any need for warships—seeing that vessels may not disport themselves in the regions where ploughshares are of most use. Anyhow, with the launching of the *Bellerophon*, on July 27, synchronised the top-notch in naval construction—for at least three weeks; for on August 24, was launched the *Temeraire*, which not only constitutes a record in as far as Government Dockyard celerity is concerned, for she is supposed to be quite the most formidable of the famous *Dreadnoughts*. Needless to say, there was quite a gathering at Devonport—whence comes the latest *Temeraire*—on Saturday last, and judging by the reports which reach us, all hands were inclined to do themselves (and the occasion) justice. That there was (or is) but little resemblance between Turner's "Fighting Temeraire," and the sample of steam tonnage which the Devonport Dockyard gave the nation last week, goes without saying. At the same time, the original *Temeraire* made it possible for the latter-day bearer of the name to adorn the Navy List—and a goodly number of genuine British seamen made it possible for "Fighting Temeraire" to earn her name, and thus to be immortalised in the National Gallery—and elsewhere. With that aspect of the subject, we shall deal later on. Meanwhile, we shall cull a few particulars from the *Naval Pocket Book*, especially in as far as they coruscate around the path of these terrible *Dreadnoughts*. As the latter vessels are to be "improvements" on the original *Dreadnought* of these times, and as nobody outside of official circles seems to know much about the said improvements; then, it follows that if we can obtain some inkling as to what the type is like, it won't be so difficult to think-up those improvements? Especially as in all probability, the officials already referred to do not know a very great deal as to what the finished *Temeraire* will be like, seeing that her "improvements" are a movable feast sort of thing, and that what appears sublime to-day, may be considered ridiculous tomorrow. Still, it is fairly certain that each of the *Dreadnoughts* will be built of steel, that they will have four screws, and that their dimensions will be: Length, 490ft.; beam, 82ft.; draught, 26ft. 6in. (for the first of the *Dreadnought* class) and 27ft. for the following trio, *Bellerophon*, *Temeraire*, and *Superb*. As remarked above, if the Hague Conference agrees to a limitation of armaments, the last-written warship will not be built. As we realise fairly-well, that Hague talk is only another name for hash-talk, we might safely consider that, as soon as may be, the *Superb* will come away from Elswick. You will have noticed the difference in the draught of the vessels indicated above? Naturally enough, then, the displacement will also be greater, and we find that where the first *Dreadnought* merely displaced 17,900 tons, her sisters will displace some 18,600 tons. Deeper ships, but harbours where the silt of nature still accumulates, and where the existing warships find a difficulty of approach—but we are not concerned with dock accommodation at the moment! We are dealing with warships. The scheduled speed of the *Dreadnought* is written as 21·6 knots, and we note that on an eight hours trial, the maximum speed was 22·4 knots. In the case of the "other three," their speed—now, when the engines and hulls haven't been as much as introduced to each other—is 21 knots; what it will be, later on, and when the official trial runs, have been safely negotiated, we shouldn't like to say. According to serious reports *Dreadnought* has oftener mopped along under her contract speed, than up to or over it. The "other three" might be different, for they may not have any trouble with their boilers, and their double rudders might not become jim-jammed? As we have before remarked, *Dreadnought* was originally fitted with 18 Babcock and Wilcox boilers, the "improved Dreadnoughts"—which is to say, *Bellerophon*, *Temeraire*, and *Superb*—should therefore have nineteen of the same brand? And here we might as well leave the positive "Dreadnought," as well as her potential friends and backers-up, even while we take another glance through the pages of *The Naval Pocket Book*. On page 32, we glean a few well-nigh forgotten facts concerning the much-advertised cruisers, *Terrible* and *Powerful*. Who among us would remember right off, that the cruisers named have been partly reconstructed? But so it is. The former was built in 1895, and partly reconstructed in 1903; the latter was built in 1895, and partly reconstructed in 1902. Twelve years old, and partly reconstructed at a sort of half-time survey—well, they are neither of them so very terrible nor powerful, what? True, *Terrible* has done 22·41 knots per hour on a four hours run, while *Powerful* couldn't work it any higher than 21·8 knots. But that was a goodly time ago. What they could do, now, in their partly reconstructed stage, is beyond us! But in coal capacity—"endurance," the naval gentlemen style it—and consequent sphere of action, those old-timers can knock spots off the redoubtable "Dreadnoughts." With the latter, we may expect 18·5 knots for a run of 3,500 miles—providing there is no boiler trouble; with the *Terrible* and *Powerful* we may reckon—on paper—for 3,000 miles at full speed; 4,500 miles at 17·5 knots; and 7,000 miles at 14 knots. From this it would appear that there is very little sense in leashing a *Dreadnought* and a *Terrible* into one Fleet? The cruiser would be in a position to leave the battleship to shift for herself, and for this reason, naval architects (and their official worriers) are very clever people? At the same time, naval people are go-ahead to a certain degree. For example, the British Navy owns one motor boat, and she is styled (possibly in derision) *Mercury II.!* That freak-vessel is built of steel, and is blessed—or otherwise—with three screws. True, she is only 60ft. in length, and her beam is only 9ft. For that matter, her displacement is but eight tons, although she is credited with a potential speed of 25·6 knots per hour. To achieve that by-no-means-excessive rate of travel, she is fitted with five sets of four cylinder engines, which are petrol driven, and which are distributed as: Two sets on each wing shaft, and set on centre shaft. She was built at Poplar in 1906, so there is still hope for more of her sort in the near future. Mind you, she is a fussy type of motor boat, and wouldn't be at all a nice kind of thing to play with in the dark. Observe: She carries two torpedoes, and is arranged so that she can set them adrift if need arises. So far, we have touched on a very small portion of the information which is obtainable from a copy of *The Naval Pocket Book*. The little publication simply teems with naval information, so: Get a copy, and after four hours of careful study, you will be in possession of a naval knowledge which is worth about one thousand times the price of the book—which, by the way, is seven-shillings-and-sixpence.

THE A.S.E. SECESSION—AND ITS LESSONS.

ONCE more the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has seceded from the Trade Union Congress, and talk on the subject is rife. According to which side of the hedge the particular demagogue's interests are, so is his opinion of this newest development. That the secession referred to will make but little difference to this year's congress is obvious enough, seeing that it came along at the eleventh hour. On the other hand, it might make less difference to next year's congress. One never knows, where the interests of the 'orny 'anded are being jockeyed by giants promoted from his own ranks.

THE chronically weary members of the community would like to pursue the cult indefinitely, and mainly for the reason that, in their case, the hobby gives something, for practically nothing. . Everybody realises that the most consistent supporter of trades unionism, is the man who is too busy working for a living, to admit of his giving any attention to the doings of his local "lodge." The latter is far too often run by the out-of-work-and-merely-talking members of the cult. This brings us down to the admission

A TYPICAL TUG.—OFF BARRY.

IN plain words, the secession is merely a sign of the times, and conclusively shows that bonâ fide workers are becoming heart-weary of these tradesmen's cabals which aim at taking the earnings of the meritorious, and passing them over to the uses of the loafer, or worse. On several occasions, we have commented in similar vein; have suggested that the return swing of the pendulum was about due—if we are to judge by indications; and the "union" boss was wrathy with us in consequence. His wrath notwithstanding, there is no getting away from the fact that as the worker becomes blessed with education, he is the better able to differentiate between a Land of Promise and a Land of Reality.

WE have already admitted that the A.S.E.'s secession will make no immediate difference to the Trade Union cause—which ought to be written with a capital C, and would have been so written some ten years ago; but it shows, as plain as day, that although this Trade Unionism is a grand affair in theory, it is impossible for any length of time in practice. And as long as human nature remains the same, that unionism will ever be impossible. As a cult, or a vogue, it will have a run: will continue: and the British workman will undertake it even as he does the raising of tomatoes, or the development of the photographic habit.

THE foregoing fact is absolutely fatal to a continuance of trade unionism as practised to-day. Rightly or wrongly, the strenuous worker considers that he has been deluded with sounding phrases emanating from the bosses of the Trade Congress; he has grown to the belief that the said Congress is merely a talking combination of non-workers; that in comparison with the amount of money which it annually squanders, the results are a negligible quantity; and that "something" ought to be done. Now, when the genuine worker argues in that fashion, the apparent exploiters have to work up more subtlety, or drop out of the game.

WITH the spread of education, the said subtlety is becoming more difficult, and specious tales no longer charm as they did. That is to say, the workman—as the man who supplies the needful—is beginning to ask questions: he wants to know, you know; and when the worker grows into that frame of mind, exploitation is difficult in the that, although you may fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, you yet may not successfully hope to fool all the people all the time.

extreme. Moreover, Socialism is defeating its own end—as usual. It ever has defeated itself, for that matter, and as Socialism and an educated state may not synchronise; as education is becoming common, too; well, you can easily see how it will all end?

EDUCATION prompts a man to ask, "Where do I come in?" That is the question which the honest worker has been asking for some time, and to-date, nobody seems to be able to give him a satisfactory answer. The worker understands the reality of a regular subscription; of the everlasting levies which are made upon his meagre earnings; and of the everlasting tales with which he has been deluded. What he doesn't understand, is why he should be penalised to the extent of two shillings per week, when by all the portents, his wages have only risen to the extent of one shilling in the same time? Failing an explanation, he becomes restive; growing restive, his bosses have to look around them for a solatium.

ANOTHER thing which the genuine worker doesn't understand, is why he should be constantly at work: should be

ANOTHER ONE.

earning a full week's wage, and therefore have no time to meander around the "lodge" premises on "lodge nights?" and meanwhile a number of men who will not work; are for ever in receipt of benefit money, which enables them to hang around the said "lodge" indefinitely; who form natty little cabals; and who engineer a number of the "soft jobs" to their own uses, are ever to the 'fore. For a considerable time—as time is considered in these purely evanescent affairs—the genuine workers have been gradually filling up with discontent; and as they are the men who keep the different "unions" afloat, they have to be reckoned with.

NATURALLY enough, then, secessions will follow, and if the said secessions are merely indicative of a state of unrest in the ranks of the paymasters; and even if the secession of this year will be wiped away by a re-joining next year; ultimately, the old dodge will have to give place to a newer, and more workable sample of the thing. The workman of all grades is beginning to realise that this beautifully-explained wheeze which is euphemistically-named Socialism, is in reality, nothing better than taking from he who has, and passing it over to he—who hasn't. Furthermore, they see that the "has," is in that blessed state solely because he has worked and saved: while the "hasn't" is in that predicament as the result of not working, and squandering the little which he originally had.

UNDER the circumstances, then, the proposition is not good enough for the worker, and although in the early days of his awakening, he wasn't altogether clear upon the subject, now in his real awakening, he is clear enough. So much so, that he asks the inevitably human question, "Where do I come in?" Needless to say, the reply is anything but convincing, so secessions are about. And ever since the inception of the Trade Union idea, the A.S.E. has been looked-up to as one of the brightest examples of the new cult.

TRUE, it has made mistakes in the past, as what human organisation has not? But the mistakes were not so much on account of inherent sin, as it was for the reason that there were no traditions hanging around the business of trade unionism. Those traditions had to be made, and as a natural result, mistakes cropped up now and then. Again, those mistakes were accentuated through the formation of local branches which, in effect, aped the head office, and without any of the power of that head office. But then, the branch offices had no traditions other than those which they were making; and as ever happens in new affairs, the requisite talent was in anything but plethoric amount.

SIMMERED down to a fine point, then, this latest secession is merely a sign that genuine workers will have nothing to do with the Socialism which robs them of the fruits of individual thrift, and enriches a number of hangers-on who know no more of thrift than that it is to be found in all self-respecting dictionaries. Of course, those enterprising souls who act as if, in unearthing Socialism, they had found a personal pagoda-tree—well, you can easily see how they will strut around. How they can be depended on to play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as will make the angels weep. But they won't bulldose the genuine workers, who will laugh; and having laughed—will secede from the old-time caucus which bids fair to tyrannise over them, more than ever a soul-less employer dared hope to.

THE POOR CARDIFF MERCHANT!

PITY the sorrows of the Cardiff Merchant! He starts his life even after the manner of mankind, generally, for he comes into the world "mid nodings on," and after a strenuous life stretching out into a greater or lesser number of years, he departeth in a similar manner. His worries are many, his pleasures few, and although he usually succeeds in making two blades of grass come where erstwhile one only flourished, he is but a so-so sample of manhood—to those who use up the blade of grass which was in evidence at their birth, and who, departing, leave a trodden patch of barren ground.

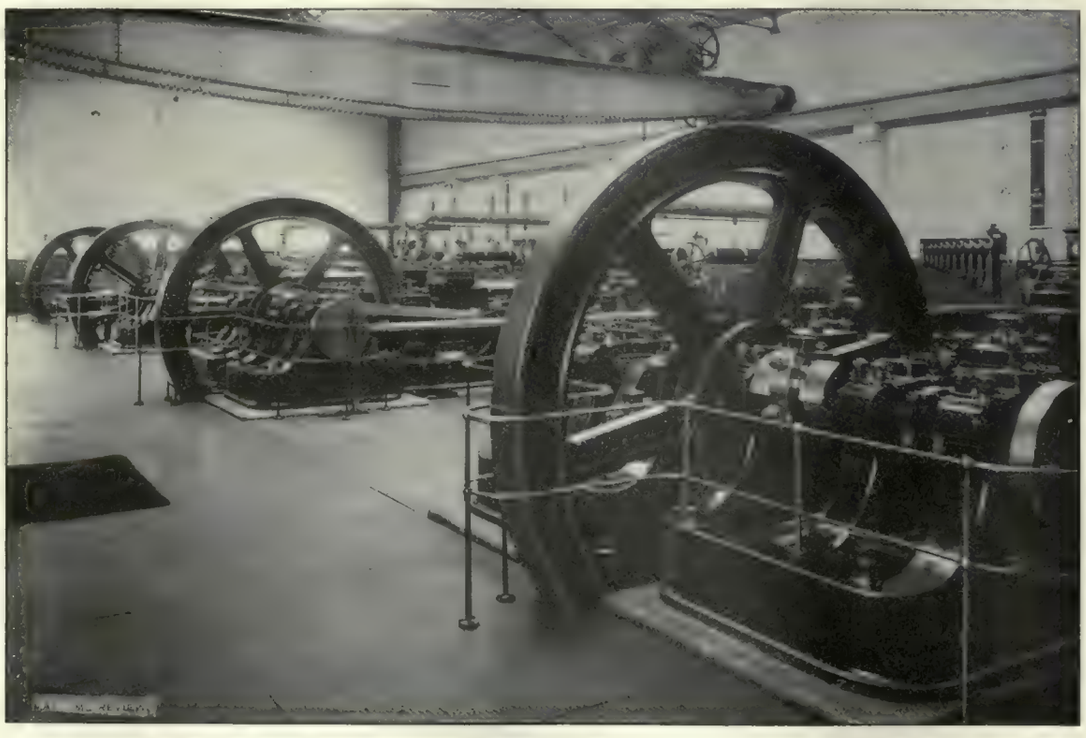
For these reasons, then—pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant! True, he seldom looks as if he needs your pity but appearances are deceptive. He might deck himself out in fine apparel, and every stitch thereof might be honestly paid for while the remains of his banking account might be "good" for any amount of additional clothing—but this is more deception! He might drive to the Docks in a neat little carriage of his own—also paid for—and he might be the head of a limited company which pays heavy rates with never a word to say in their spending.

Those same rates might be used to pay up the deficit on a tramway system which carries the workman about at a losing rate; and if that merchant attempts to procure a penny ride in the same manner which applies with the "workman"—well, there is trouble. Indeed the merchant's value to the community might be as a hundred pounds, against the penny value of the man who gets his rides for nothing—but in any case, you should pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant. He pities himself, and for that reason hies him outside the Borough, rather than be robbed when taking up a residence inside.

The Cardiff merchant has made a Cardiff possible—which is one of the chief reasons why you should pity his sorrows. Without splitting any undue amount of straw in the matter, the coal trade of to-day is altogether due to the push and enterprise of the Cardiff merchant, for if you incontinently change the labouring media, that coal trade will pursue the prosperous tenour of its way—and without as much as a twitter in the ranks of the coal buyer. On the other hand, if you change the merchant fraternity, then, while the new chums would be getting their hand in, the community would starve—so, pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant.

The butt of impoverished councillors in the past, he is now the target on which none-too-wealthy-or-weighty Labour-made members of Parliament practice their 'prentice hand. In consequence, the Cardiff merchant ought to clothe himself in sack-cloth and ashes; should walk to the Docks—even if it takes the better portion of his working day to do so; and having arrived, he should ask the office boy who is in his own pay, for a duly stamped permit to breathe. But he doesn't. He is too case-hardened. Is inclined to be "cocky," and remembering his unfitness for all the grandeur which his own efforts have created, then—pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant.

When you have arrived at that precise notch where you believe that enough of pity has been bestowed, lend us your port eye, what time you read other strictures which have been passed upon the Cardiff merchant. The stricture-passer might be worthy of your careful attention; he might be altogether a negligible quantity. Personally, we pass no opinion on the matter, for we realise that this is an instance of where, having paid your money, you may take your choice. All the same, you remember that his Majesty the King recently came to Cardiff; that he had



Barry Railway Co.—A Portion of the Engine Room.

a right Royal time here: that he went away rejoicing in the prosperity of this portion of his dominions; and that he signally proved his pleasure—for we have already explained all about it in these pages.

ANYHOW, it might never have dawned on you that his Majesty had an object in visiting Cardiff? Perhaps you

BARRY DOCKS—THE JUNCTION BETWEEN DOCKS NOS. 1 & 2.

foolishly imagined that he came here out of caprice, and purely by accident? That if the Royal Yacht had ported when in the neighbourhood of Lavernock Point, she would have reached King Roads, but that as she happened to have starboarded, she reached the Queen Alexandra Dock, which was opened to the world thereby, and gave good old Cardiff quite the biggest advertisement which it has ever been her lot to enjoy? If you thought any of the foregoing items, let us disabuse your mind of the belief, right away.

WE know, because a Labour M.P. has been enlightening the world on this apparently obscure point, and as we are of the world, worldly, naturally enough we have obtained certain chunks of enlightenment. True, we happened to have been in the neighbourhood of the New Dock when it was "opened," while, for all we know to the contrary, that Labour M.P. might not have been within miles of the historic scene. But that doesn't matter. Being on the spot doesn't count at all—these days. And for this reason: In coming to Cardiff, "his Majesty had an object, and that was to remind the great merchants of Cardiff that there were colliers in Wales."

SEE that? Do you wonder now, why we have repeatedly asked you to pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant? Of course, not! And we feel assured that you will forgive us for the repetition. Very well. The King didn't come to open a new dock—only incidentally, and as a sort of side show. Oh, dear, no. His Majesty came with an object, right enough, "and that was to remind the great merchants of Cardiff that there were colliers in Wales." We hate to be unkind, or to appear ungrateful; but if the King had any such idea, then, we submit that he was considerably more ungracious than he is wont to be!

AFTER spending a disquieting number of years in dear old Cardiff, we have grown into the belief that the kindest action on the part of anybody, toward "the great merchants of Cardiff," would be to try to make them forget that there are colliers in Wales! Judging by the antics of some of those Labour M.P.'s, one should be forgiven for the conviction that the said M.P.'s imagine that there is no other branch of the human family save colliers in Wales? They—and their alleged troubles—are about on the more or less ambient air at all times: and if, at this particular epoch in the world's history, the collier isn't petted, and fussed over to the exclusion of millions of equally deserving workers, we should like to hear about it.

FRANKLY, and in our opinion, Wales is being blessed (or otherwise) with a taste too much of the collier—and his M.P. At whose request did his Majesty round off a more than usually strenuous week of work, by favouring Cardiff in the manner which is now history? Did the colliers ask the King to "come down?" Did the colliers' Parliamentary mouthpiece have a word to say in it? Did anybody outside of the much maligned ranks of the Cardiff merchant move in the matter? We trow not, as if the prosperity of the district were left to those talking affairs, we have an uncomfortable belief that quite a number of us would have to indulge in the refrain which is known as, "Here's another one off to America!"

THESE mere talkers make us tired, and were it not for the fact that if their prattlings were allowed to go unchallenged they would do much harm, we shouldn't touch the subject—no, not with a very long pole. What does Mr. Clifford Cory think of the meanderings of his Parliamentary friend? Was it the Cardiff merchant who wanted to vote £1,000 toward the annuity for Sir William Crossman—or was it the collier in South Wales? Object, forsooth. The landscape is more or less covered with objects, and that's a fact!

SOME of the said "objects" are pitiable; others of them are merely pitiful; but they are about in vasty numbers. So much so, that we feel you will forgive us for repeating: "Pity the sorrows of the Cardiff merchant," who has to deal, at times, with quite an appreciable number of the said objects. True the "objects" start life in manner similar to that applying to the Cardiff merchant—but that is no valid reason why you should deny the latter your sweet sympathy. If, when you call around with it, he is asleep, wake him; if he won't take it—make him. Meanwhile, it will be as well for you to take some of the vapouring of some of those Labour M.P.'s, with a nice pinch of

ANOTHER VIEW OF "THE JUNCTION."

salt, or some permanganate of potassium. For, in deed and truth, that vapouring is touchy stuff, and now, when the weather is warm—but, there, our space is filled!

Naval Repair Facilities.

THAT repairing facilities on shore, for use in connection with British warships are anything but in line with modern requirements, is fairly-well understood, and every now and then a public-spirited individual will call attention to the scarcity of repairing stations around the coast. A run of several hundred miles is considered as of quite ordinary occurrence—or would be, if a war were underweigh.

THAT such a state of affairs is a grave national peril goes without saying, and in the event of trouble arising therefrom, we may be sure that those in power would attempt to lay the blame on their predecessors; and the latter, not to be outdone, would do precisely the same thing. In the meantime, the nation might go from bad to worse; might end up in *Nirvana;* and the responsibility would never be placed upon the right shoulders.

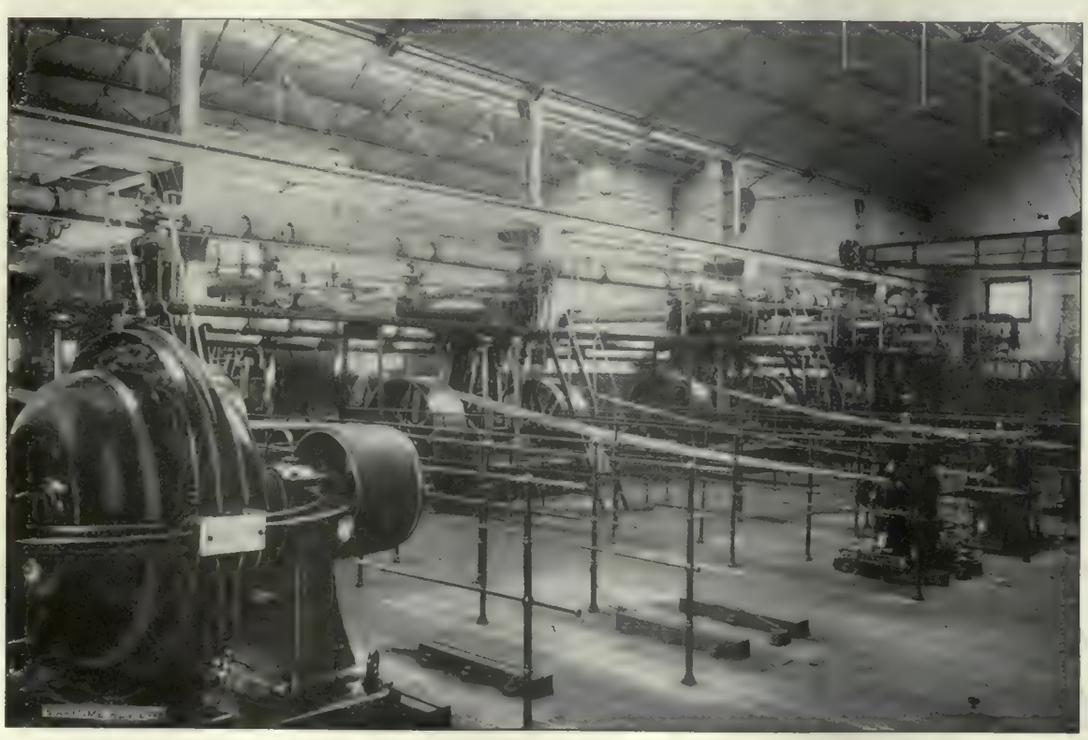
OCCASIONALLY, this subject crops up in Parliament, and the invariable reply is, that repairing facilities have ever been found sufficient; that if more be needed, the resultant cost would be a further drain on the taxpayer; a little twaddley discussion ensues; and the vexed business is then laid away as dodged-*pro-tem.* As far as cost is concerned, nobody supposes that a naval base—with all its *minutiae*—can be made, say, for fourpence ha'penny.

BUT then, when it is remembered that a modern warship costs anything up to a million and a half; that in the event of dire extremity, that amount of money might lay helpless while several hundreds of miles from a possible repairing shop; well, isn't it about time that the repairing department received at least as much attention, as does the building yard? With a recklessness born of generations of "hang the expense, let us leave the old crock where she is and go in for a new vessel," repairs are seldom thought of.

TIME was, when a few thousands of pounds would put a line-of-battle ship all a-taunto. Relatively, her temporary loss or disablement didn't amount to a very great deal, particularly in view of the fact that her possible antagonists were slow and unweildy like herself; that a heaving-down job could be negotiated practically anywhere; and that while that heaving-down were in process of manipulation, the overplus of the crew could successfully keep off all cowans and intruders. But we have changed all that.

TO-DAY, a repairing job is a serious undertaking. Heaving-down is useless, for if that process will assist in any way at all, the about-to-be heaved-down might safely continue at sea, indefinitely. And a repairing job at present is not only a serious undertaking, for where warfare is a rapid affair, it naturally follows that the country which can make good its losses at an early date, is just the nation that is likely to come out on the top, in a life and death struggle. That Britain could do no such thing, is patent to the most casual observer.

IN fact, the powers that be appear to be actuated by the belief that as they have a goodly number of vessels prepared—more or less—for war, they can, by the simple process of manning-off, lick the universal world at their own game. Needless to say, that manning-off particular would be a disappointingly poor one, on which to trust. In these days of scientific endeavour, nothing should be left to chance, and yet the repair of possibly derelict warships is left practically to that very item.



BARRY RAILWAY CO.—ELECTRIC INSTALLATION FOR LIGHT AND POWER.

True, dissentients are assured that everything in this connection has been anticipated, and in proof of the contention, that torpedo-depôt ship, *Vulcan*, is metaphorically trotted out. Now we have no wish to attempt to discount the value of the *Vulcan* as a repair ship—which, after all, was "thought up" quite a while before the present Government had a say in matters national. That ship is, in all seriousness, a handy thing to have around, in wartime.

In support of this, let us review her most essential points. That she is by no means a new vessel—as times go—will be admitted when it is remembered that she was launched in 1889, and is therefore, over eighteen years old. At the same time, she is a good, and serviceable vessel, with a length of 350ft.; breadth, 58ft. (by no means too much, if steadiness is required, and it surely is?): and a mean draft of 23ft. In the matter of draft, she is altogether too deep, for the very vessels which she is designed to help, would seldom be beached where *Vulcan* could get on to them.

Of course, we understand that *Vulcan* is fitted with special workshop appliances for the repair of ships or torpedo craft, and that she has big lathes, a foundry, hydraulic forging press, and several other items of more or less utility. But at the best, the *Vulcan* is merely a makeshift—and a questionably valuable one at that. Another point that is worthy of remembrance is, that if the repair ship is considered as essential, why, after all this lapse of time, isn't there half a dozen of her sort in being?

Obviously, the *Vulcan* cannot be with two fleets at the same time; in war-time, each fleet will be liable to need repairing assistance; and yet, to-date, there are but four of the sort in existence, and *Vulcan* is the "star" vessel of the batch. That is to say, the *Cyclops* is bigger, newer, *and slower*; the *Assistance* is in exactly the same list; while the *Aquarius* is chiefly useful as a distilling ship—and why only one of her kind is in existence, is among the don't-know items of naval queries.

Barry Railway Co.—Locomotive Fitting Shops.

In the matter of speed, this repair ship is alright, for with a turn at 20 knots per hour, she should be in a position to race away with assistance, and having picked up her charge, should be able to run off into safety with her, pending the completion of the essential repairs. But what chance has she, after all, of picking up as much as a torpedo boat? She has two hydraulic goose-neck cranes, each capable of lifting twenty tons over a distance of forty feet, and working fore and aft, through an angle of 240 degrees.

But what kind of a showing would *Vulcan* make, with a torpedo boat hoisted at her cranes, right in the thick of a fight (where only she would be of use), and a nimble enemy playing Old Harry all 'round the seascape? Obviously, it would be just as well for *Vulcan* to leave that damaged torpedo vessel to sink in peace and quietness; for if hoisted up at the crane-heads, the enemy could then take it for granted that such hoisting were only indulged in for the purpose of giving him pretty pot-shots?

Fining the matter down to a commonsense point of view, why doesn't the Admiralty accept some of the offers which have been made—together with the carefully-thought-out plans—with regard to a repair ship that can dock smaller vessels and once having them safely on the blocks (without attempting to hoist them up over their own side), can trot off with them, and affect the essential repairs under possible conditions?

On a previous occasion we referred to this phase of naval jurisprudence—if we may put it thus—and as a result of having been favoured with a study of such a docking vessel from the fertile brain of a local dry-dock expert—Mr. Farrant Good. We have been assured that the Admiralty "thought well" of that essentially practical scheme; that it welcomed it, so to speak, with open arms. But to-date, the welcome is about all that has come of it? Why? It was practical; is needed; there is nothing better on offer; why hasn't it been brought to fruition?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *August 28, 1907.*

ALL Parliamentary questions and answers notwithstanding, there has been a lack of animation about the local coal market for the period presently under review. In other words, quietness is the prevailing feature. In fact, there is a decided lull in the activity which has prevailed of late, and, at the time of writing, there is very little doing.

AT the same time, prices for prompt shipment show but little deviation—if we may make use of that nautical word—as for this position, collieries continue in the enjoyment of plentiful stems. Then, coupled with a continued good demand, recent quotations have been obtained in not a few instances. But there is no vim in the business—if we may put it thus.

BUYERS are acting as if they were sick of the wicked extortion—as they style it—of the seller, so that outside of prompt consignments, they seem to be inclined to see the seller jiggered before they will rise to his impertinent price! True, the seller is by no means bad-tempered on that account. Like the Hybernian gentleman when dealing with his rent—Mr. Collieryman takes things "aisy!" He is in a position to do just that, so who shall blame him?

YES, in the matter of new business, this is certainly limited, and the lack thereof is giving the market an easier tendency. Then, again, stems with the collieries are undoubtedly well-filled for the first half of next month, and when the commodity is up to famine prices, it is as well to refrain from looking too far ahead. Needless to say that in this particular phase, the would-be buyer finds it difficult to improve on current quotations.

AT the same time, this hardness is by no means general, for the weaker among the sellers are now inclined to consider prices which, a few weeks ago, would have been refused with haughty scorn. Still, in view of the fact that there are ever week-kneed mortals about—those who are prepared to see danger where it doesn't exist—too much emphasis should not be laid on the facts adduced.

VIEWED all round then, we are not far wrong in assuming that a greater or lesser quantity of bluff was introduced into the business, 'way back. In any case, stems are not so difficult for forward business, as they were no more than a week ago. This is the usual trend of events. A good time comes, and instead of accepting the gifts which the gods give without question, the shivering contingent convince each other that things are too good to last; and in the result, they bring about the very conditions which they dread!

THE buyer is aware of this fundamental point in his trade, and thus it comes about that he is postponing his forward business. Is playing a waiting game, on the off chance that by bluffing, he will knock the bottom out of the good time. He might, and again, he might not. But ultimately, Mr. Buyer will have to favour the market with his attention, and—well, and then will come the rub. When Greek meets Greek, there's generally a smell upon the breeze!

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	22s. 6d.	22s. od.	21s. 6d., 22s. od.	21s. 9d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d., 20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 4½d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.
Seconds ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od., 12s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 10½d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. od., 30s. od.	29s. od., 30s. od.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. od., 28s. od.	26s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od., 24s. od.	23s. od., 24s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *August 28, 1907.*

THE local Market, for the period under review, has been a quiet one, business being suspended largely on account of the Eisteddfod. Quotations are nominally unchanged, but do not reach the high levels assimilated recently. Outputs for the reason already given have been restricted, but the demand has been likewise, so there has not been much room for variation. The tendency, however, is towards easiness. Stems are generally good, but there is less excitement than of late. The easier feeling is brought about by the fact that forward business is rather lacking, and buyers are cautious in dealing with anything beyond their pressing needs.

ANTHRACITE COALS, for prompt shipment, are firm in the matter of price, but there is no pressure. LARGE COALS are generally steady. RED VEINS are a trifle easier on the week's operations. MACHINE MADE COALS are keeping very steady, but supplies are getting more plentiful. CULM and DUFF are in the same position, hence prices are easier. STEMS are remaining firm, stems for prompt shipment being difficult to secure. For next month, sellers are disposed to accept lower figures. SMALLS are in good demand, with prices sustained. BUNKER qualities are much about the same, but stems are not so tight, and quotations are 3d. down.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	28s. od.	28s. od	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.
Seconds do. ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od.	26s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	25s. od.	24s. 9d.	24s. 9d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 24s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. 9d.	24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d
,, ,, Nuts ...	29s. od., 30s. od.	29s. od.	29s. od.	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.
Duff ...	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, August 28, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Singapore, *John H. Barry*, 4,350 tons, 11s. 6d.
Colombo, *Knight Errant*, 7s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Dunav*, 5,500 tons, 17s. 6d.
Blue Jacket, 3,800 tons, 17s.
Tolesby, 4,500 tons, 17s. 9d.
Trowbridge, 18s.
Longhirst, 4,500 tons, 17s.
Buenos Ayres, *Duffryn Manor*, 5,500 tons, 17s. 6d. option Rosario, 19s. 3d.
/La Plata, *Hoyle Bank*, 4,700 tons, 17s. 9d.
Hillmere, 17s. 6d.
Port Limon, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 11s. 9d.
St. Ninian, 4,000 tons, 11s. 9d.
Para, *Kensington*, 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
Las Palmas, *Holmeside*, 5,000 tons, 7s. option St. Vincent, 7s. 6d.
Teneriffe, *Venus*, about 4,000 tons, 7s.
Monte Video, *Japanic*, 4,600 tons, 16s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Ilwen*, 5,700 tons, 4s. 9d.
King Idwall, 5,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Genoa, *Camwell*, 4,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Glamorgan, 5,000 tons, 6s.
Embiricos, 4,300 tons, 5s. 6d. spot.
Penarth, 4,800 tons, 6s.
Ashmore, 4,000 tons, 6s.
Elswick Manor, 5,500 tons, 5s. 9d. option Naples, 5s. 3d. with 800, or 5s. if 1,000.
Valencia, *Glenpark*, 1,300 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Cymrian, 1,300 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Venice, *Edendale*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 500, or 7s. 1½d. 400.
Or Ancona, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Corby, 6s. 7½d.
Alexandria, *Coningsby*, 4,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Ilford, 6,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Algiers, *Gafsa* or *Sahel*, 2,300 tons, 7 fcs.
Cyfarthfa, 4,600 tons, 6 fcs.
Constantinople or Piræus, *Woodleigh*, 3,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Naples, Steamer, 2,700 tons, 6s. 3d. coal, 7s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Or Leghorn, *Peerless*, or sub., 4,500 tons, 5s. 800.
Leghorn, *Ethyl*, 4,700 tons, 6s. 500, 10d.
Trieste/Fiume, *Swindon*, 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d. 500.
Fiume, *Ramleh*, 3,400 tons, 7s.
Llanberis, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d. spot. (s).
Marseilles, *Wenvoe*, 4,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Margaret Jones, 3,800 tons, 6·75 fcs. ppt.
Netherfield, 4,700 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Orontes, 4,500 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Marsala, 2,700 tons, 6·75 fcs.
Tunis, *Europa*, 1,750 tons, 10·25 fcs. coal, 11·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Tarragona, Steamer, 1,400 tons, 6s. 10½d. (c. or s.)
Oporto, *Scoresby*, 1,200 tons, 6s. (N).
Piræus, *Starlight*, 3,800 tons, 5s.
Palma, *Gardepee*, 2,000 tons, 7s. spot.
Galatz and/or Ibrail, *Frixos*, 5,400 tons, 6s. 9d.
Sebenico, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. (s).
Catania, *Frascati*, 2,850 tons, 5s. 6d. 600.
Malaga, *Radnor*, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Varna, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Palermo, *Jasper* or *Garnet*, 1,700 tons, 7s. 4½d. (s).
Malta, *Pendarves*, 3,000 tons, 4s. 1½d. spot.
Oakhampton, 5,550 tons, 3s. 9d. spot.
Vigo, *Ouse*, 900 tons, 6s. 6d. fuel.
Gibraltar, *Yukon*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Larpool, 1,500 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Elorrio, 1,400 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Rothesay, 2,500 tons, 6s.
Ely Rise, 1,400 tons, 6s. 4½d. (c. or N).
Lisbon, *Saltwick*, or sub., 1,600 tons, 5s. 9d. with options.
Julia, 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d.
Skald, 1,500 tons, 5s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Dalmally*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bjorkoe, *Kitty*, 1,700 tons, 7s. 3d.
Kallundborg, *Pernambuco*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Wisby, Steamer, 1,250 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Koenigsberg, Steamer, 850 tons, 8s. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Cosme*, 3,600 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Leonora, 3,700 tons, 5·12½ fcs. spot, (c. or s.)
Mersey, 500 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Rosehill*, 2,200 tons, 4·80 fcs.
Oakville, 1,800 tons, 5·12½ fcs.
Bachi, 3,000 tons, 4·75 fcs.
Earl of Dumfries, 1,950 tons, 5·12½ fcs. (P.T.)
Chantenay, *Annie Hough*, 1,400 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Belgica, 2,900 tons, 5 fcs.
Huelva, *Cambro*, 3,000 tons, 5s. 6d.

COASTING, Etc.

Fowey, *Pulteney*, 330 tons, 4s.
London, *Greenhill*, 2,900 tons, 4s.
Bray, *Mayflower*, 200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Guernsey, *Firth Fisher*, 520 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
The Sultan, 720 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Sheerness, *Tees*, 2,000 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Skildon, 1,800 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Queenstown, *William Rowland*, 330 tons, 4s. 9d.
Cork, *Galava*, 420 tons, 4s.
Shoreham, *Formby*, 5s. 9d.
Greenock, Steamers, about 400 tons, 5s.
Belfast, *Greta*, 350 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Lady Belle, 320 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Iron King, 520 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Mourne, 210 tons, 3s. 9d. (s).
Hamburg or Amsterdam, *Vanessa*, 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. (P.T.)
Havre, *G. Player*, 770 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Hazelmere, 1,450 tons, 4s. 4½d. spot.
Stokesley, 1,250 tons, 4s. 9d. (s).
St. Malo, *Acacia*, 1,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Ossian, 780 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
*Rochefort*e, 1,100 tons, 4s. 9d.
Speedwell, 1,200 tons, 4s. 6d.
Rouen, *Maywood*, 1,550 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Gransha, 1,550 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Horn, 700 tons, 6s. (s).
Enterprize, 1,550 tons, 5s. 3d.
Harriet, 750 tons, 5s. 3d.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Carnmarth, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Calais, *Mlawka*, 3,000 tons, 4s. 4½d. ppt.
Bremerhaven, *Djerv*, 2,500 tons, 5s.
Boulogne, *Edward Williams*, 900 tons, 4s. 10½d. (s).
Trouville, Steamer, 600 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Honfleur, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s.
Caen, *Cherrybrook*, 900 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Alice M. Craig, 1,200 tons, 5s.
Dieppe, *Elaine*, 700 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Ollargan*, 3,000 tons, 4s. 3d.
Indianapolis, 3,500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Rosehill, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bordeaux to Cardiff, *Gwendoline*, 1,900 tons, 5s. 6d.
Bilbao to Newport, *Forest*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on August 15, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

10,343/06—DUNCAN—***Improvements in and relating to mooring devices for wharves or docks.***

This invention relates to quay-side bollards which are adapted to be operated from a distance so as to release the cables of vessels moored thereto on emergency such as when a fire occurs on the quay, so permitting vessels to be removed from the danger area. This is effected by the bollards, each of which is provided with a pair of horns one for securing a loop at the end of a ship's cable, the other for preventing the cable riding off, being rotatably mounted, so that on revolving the bollards the cables will be slipped. To simultaneously revolve the bollards each is fitted below the quay level with a drum provided with a pair of grooves each wrapped in opposite directions by wire cables. The two ends of the wire cables are secured to the bollard drums in their respective grooves, whilst their other ends wrap a winch drum in opposite directions. By rotating the winch drum all the bollards are simultaneously rotated into or from the slipping position.

16,369/06—WILLIAMSON—***A new or improved collapsible boat.***

This invention relates to a vertically collapsible boat having upper and lower rigid frame portions connected by canvas sides, which is held extended by struts hinged to the underside of the cross-thwarts.

17,155/06—HOLMAN AND HOLMAN—***Improvements in dust allayers for use in connection with rock drilling machines.***

To avoid the formation of fog around a rock drill owing to the dust-laying-water-spray being very fine, the present invention provides a course spraying device. This device consists of a conical chamber for compressed air adapted to be more or less obstructed by a conical plug, from which conical air chamber a co-axial passage leads to the apex of a conical chamber connected with the water supply, the resulting spraying jet being delivered through a co-axial passage extending from this second chamber.

17,185/06—LAKE—***Improved system of driving piles under water.***

This pile driving system employs a vessel having a submergible tube which is adapted to be lowered into an inclined position so that a working chamber at its lowered end rests near the sea-bottom. Pivoted to the working chamber is a guide tube for the pile. In operation a housing covers the top of the guide tube, compressed air drives out the water and a hammer drives the pile. When driven home a saw on the working chamber cuts off the head and on water being admitted to the guide tube the cut off pile head is forced to the surface. The working chamber is provided with a shoe for resting on the heads of already driven piles and a spur for anchorage.

17,186/06—LAKE—***Improvements in deep-boring apparatus.***

This invention relates to deep-boring more particularly sub-aqueous. The improved apparatus consists of a pair of concentric tubes in the lower end of the annular space between which the vanes and guide blades of a turbine are located. The vanes of the turbine are connected to and operate a rotary cutter head, by means of a stream of water forced down the annular space. The return flow carrying the debris takes place up the inner tube. A rotary screw propeller connected to a shaft extending from the cutter head is located in the inner tube to assist the upward flow.

17,187/06—LAKE—***Dredging vessel.***

This dredging vessel is intended for raising by suction material containing substances of high specific gravity such as gold. A vessel having a submergible pipe is employed. The suction pump is located at the bottom of the pipe, and the delivery up the pipe is effected in stages through separating chambers consisting of sections of the pipe divided off by diaphragms and connected by pipes of smaller diameter. The separating chambers are provided with grids and screw propellers are employed for accelerating the flow in the small pipes.

17,188/06—LAKE—***Improvements in apparatus for locating sunken vessel.***

This invention relates to a device adapted to travel along a sweep cable and locate sunken objects. This device, called a crab, contains an electro motor for actuating pulleys which cause it to travel along the sweep cable, and flukes rendered magnetic by an electro-magnet for attracting the crab to the hulls of sunken vessels, anchors, &c. Flexible electric leads connect the crab with a tender.

17,302/06—RABBENO—***Improvements in screw propellers.***

According to this invention a screw propeller is formed either of two sheets in contact or with a thin interstice between, the edges being solid. Blades of this construction are slightly flexible and withstand destructive vibrations of the engine better. In one method of construction the blades are cast hollow, in another method two sheets of metal are brazed together with cast edges and in a further alternative the blades are formed by pressing a tubular piece into a flattened section.

19,696—MANKER—***Improvements in vessels' hulls.***

These improvements consist in forming the plan of the hull approximately cigar shaped above the water-line, and wedge shaped below, the wide portion of the wedge being at the bow and projecting above the water line.

19,771A/06—RESTUCCI—***Improvements in or relating to divers' dresses.***

This diving dress for great depths consists of a solidly constructed casing approximating the human form for enclosing the diver in a sitting position. The casing is suspended in a pivoted stirrup connected to a cable. The casing is further supported by a frame the lower end of which is provided with a roller for resting on the sea-bed. Arm and leg casings are articulated to the body portion, the soles of the feet of the leg portions having plates pivoted thereto for gripping the sea-bottom and aiding forward progression. Suitable observation port lights are provided.

These applications for patents, are until October 2, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET DE-IRE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 186. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907 THREEPENCE.

SPAIN'S AMBITION.

"He won't be happy till he gets it."

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

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Company's Reports and Balance Sheets, Books for Review, etc., are invited, and should be addressed THE EDITOR.

Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—Spain's Ambition	49
Maritime Murmurs	50
Marine Boards	53
Boy Seamen	54
That Notorious Steamer "Powis"	56
Compass Deviation	58
Naval Training, and Mercantile Lack thereof	60
Maritime (and other) Money Matters	61
Cardiff (and other) Coal	62
Coal Freights and Fixtures	63
Patents	64

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

The ancient city of Bath is certainly being favoured (or otherwise?) by a novel sort of variety entertainment, in the shape of that so-called "Labour Congress?" If the dead are allowed to revisit the scenes of their erstwhile triumphs while in the flesh, then, we opine that Bath is filled with a number of discontented egos at the present moment! With the complete doings of the aforesaid "congress" we shall not concern ourselves. For that matter, we believe that such concern is unnecessary, for we have a haunting belief that nobody outside of the snug little group of self-advertisers involved, will trouble anything to speak of, as to what that same "congress" does, or leaves undone. Once a year, the "Angels of the Revolution" have this opportunity accorded them to speak in public- and thus save themselves from bursting; so, why should we offer any objection to what transpires? We won't, and mainly for the reason that we know that it will be all the same fifty years hence. Men may come and men may go, but cults go on for ever! True, the cults are an ever-varying affair—praise de lor'—and thus it comes about that the community is saved from attempting to remove them in a manner which might possibly be more forcible than dignified.

One very striking point is evidenced in the doings of this "congress:" But few of the strenuous souls who have been left out of the enjoyment of the good things accruing to ardent trades unionists, have much of an opinion of the lucky mortals who have succeeded in obtaining the lion's share thereof. This is only as it should be, and on various occasions we have queried as to whether anything more than an eye to the possible loaves and fishes, actuates the speakers at a "congress." For that matter, we are still engaged in the querying business, and shall probably continue for quite a while longer. However, we wish to pass on the refreshing bursts of oratorical proclivities which have coruscated around on the ambient air of Bath, and for a start, we might remark that one of the Sacred Phalanx declared, that as far as the Trade Union Group is concerned, "they did not want shoddy politicians in the Labour movement." Quite so! They—whoever the word includes—want their politicians to be all wool and a yard wide, and expect to get them at an average wage of three pounds per week! Personally, we are of opinion that any all-wool-and-a-yard-wide politician would see the "Labour Movement" jiggered, before he would waste his sweetness and rhetorical power for the weekly sum mentioned.

Is there sense or reason in the assumption that if a man is honestly worth more than three pounds a week, he will waste his abounding talents for the price suggested? The Labour M.P. assures his butties that he is "out" for higher wages for the gang, and that he doesn't care a toss who says him nay in the matter. After stuffing the crowd in the manner indicated, he joyously accepts a sweating wage himself, and fatuously believes that he is now in clover for ever and ever, amen! Obviously, a politician at three pounds per week cannot be of undue merit, and anyhow, it is putting politics and universal amelioration down to a very low ebb, when its emoluments are assessed at merely half as much again as is received by a navvy who puts in a few hours of overtime? We hate to appear unkind in this connection, but seeing that most things on earth have a proper market value, then, we cannot, for the life of us see that a politician should be other than shoddy, when his weekly potentiality is only equal to that of three tons of coal at present prices. Can you? We wish to be just, you'll observe, and for that reason we are rude enough to ask you a few pertinent questions.

We quite realise, too, that the Labour politician—shoddy or all-wool-and-a-yard-wide (if there are any such)—will style our queries impertinent; but as we have already indicated, the Labour M.P. is somewhat inclined to take himself too seriously. Much more so than his conditions and general surroundings justify or warrant, for has it not been suggested by one of the cult, that shoddy men abound? Of course, it has, and lilting along over the same merry theme for yet another lap, we find that an amiable carpenter piously hoped that the "congress" of which he was a constituent part, "would put an end to this farce, and that the Labour party and the Socialists would go on, leaving behind them those vultures and jackals of the Liberal party," exemplified by the cognomen Lib.-Lab.

True, the President of the Push declared that the worthy carpenter already quoted must not use such language, whereupon the carpenter man opined that he couldn't apply any other words to a couple of "Labour M.P.'s" who have exemplified the fact that they are men as well as shoddy-paid representatives. There was a considerable amount of similar language, and in the result we are constrained to doubt the wisdom of that genius who declared that language was given us to conceal our thoughts. It might have been—in the "good old days." But in those halcyon days of amateur congressmen, it would appear to be altogether different. Good old "congress." Poor old Bath.

We ought to remark, *en passant*, that the vexed question of Sunday observance came in for a brief consideration, and it was tabled by a gentleman hailing from Cardiff, where most of us are, in deed and truth, ultra-religious. The pious demand was promulgated on behalf of the Cardiff coaltrimmers, although most of you might have thought that as coaltrimmers have but little Sunday work inside the three-mile limit, their man could have left it all alone? Anyhow, Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., appears to have had some fair amount of sense on that occasion, and remarked that if everything were shut down on Sunday—trams, trains, and pubs—all hands would have to put in a Mormonic sort of Sabbath day. We don't quite follow the gentleman's line of argument, and are wondering if with trains, trams and pubs shut-up, there would necessarily be a run upon the other sorts of houses of pleasure? We shouldn't be surprised, of course, although we have heard that those same houses are fairly busy as things are at present. But why will these would-be reformers take so much upon themselves? Who made them mentors for the many? If they don't care to work on Sunday, let them laze. Equally, let those who object to lazing, work. Taking the situation from all sides, there is too much of this lop-sided dictation in evidence. And in this Sunday observance affair, a Mr. Pickles—which is a quaint appellation?—contended that if his little crowd were going to stop Socialist agitators from prattling on a Sunday, they would also have to stop the parsons from preaching. Go to, thou Mr. Pickles! Verily art thou a merry wag, and a proper pickle withal!

The stranding of the warship *Commonwealth* has been duly attended to, for the officers in charge at the time have been "on the carpet." Naturally, the charge was "negligently, or by default, stranding or hazarding the ship," for so the traditional wording runs. One of these odd days, a real eighteen carat genius will arise, and out of the plenitude of his generosity, will fake up a charge that will meet the case. Meanwhile, we have to worry along, even as applied with the good souls who "flourished" with King Alfred. An up-town contemporary—as usual—has been dropping foul of this nautical happening, and among other items remarks: "Commander Lowndes stated that the shock when the vessel grounded was very slight. He ordered the vessel to go astern (and with better luck than attended old Canute when he was out upon the impossible), and before the *Commonwealth's* way was off she was clear." Yea, lor'! Dref'fle things happen in the offices of the daily paper of commerce? Seeing that the warship was swinging up on a bank of more or less solidity, one would naturally suppose that she would have to stop before starting to slide backward—unless she meant to leap across the said bank, and without caring a hang for anybody in particular?

However, a jump before she stopped more or less, won't make very much difference to the net result. For, according to our local contemporary, the same witness is credited with having said, that "a vessel of the *Commonwealth* class would turn beyond the line with her helm only on the course as shown on the chart." Great Jelunga! We wrote dref'fle, in the preceding par, but it's ever so much worse than that, so it is. We are wondering if *Western Mail* imagines that the *Commonwealth* was a linotype machine out upon a bendo of its own? Turn beyond the line, forsooth! Why she ought to come spanking around the column, and that's a fact. Regardless, too, as to whether the business were shown on the chart, or otherwise! More from the same witness: ". . . observed Captain Browning on the bridge, and he saw him take bearings by Lord Kelvin's standard compass." That's a pretty state of affairs, isn't it? Economy is all very well, if kept within proper limits, but when a naval captain has to stoop to take bearings by a compass belonging to Lord Kelvin, then, we think that economy has been worked for quite all it is worth. The Admiralty had better pay for that Lord Kelvin compass, when it will cease being Lord Kelvin's, belonging, rather, to the nation.

In discussing this little episode in our last week's issue, you remember we asked who was attending to the soundings on the warship. It was alright, we are pleased to see, for according to the same mentor already quoted, "the quartermasters were in the chains at the time the vessel grounded"—which is a No. 1 nautical method of expressing a grave happening, what? Think of it, you mere mercantile men. The quartermasters were in the chains, and around each one's abdominal portions, was a lovely quartermaster's apron! Yes, yes, the soundings should have been all right, even supposing that it wasn't anything approaching that way. But you might like to hear the result of the trial; are possibly anxious to know if the vessel were over-insured; if she carried an overdose of *aquae sal*; and things of that sort? Seeing the court-martial couldn't very well pretend that the *Commonwealth* hadn't gone ashore—there were too many witnesses to the fact—they admitted that Captain Browning had stranded his ship by default, and reprimanded him for his hardihood in the matter. They were equally convinced that he hadn't done it by negligently attending to things—nor to acquire a share of the insurance money? Therefore, the charge of negligence was dismissed. The navigating lieutenant was also exonerated from all blame, and there the matter ended.

This was all as everybody expected. That, in short, the stranding was purely accidental, and might have happened to anybody. But what everybody would possibly like to know, is why a naval man shall be tried wholly by his peers who are in a position to decide as to whether the teachings of Cocker have been honoured in the breach or the observance; while the mercantile man—who is in charge of a vessel costing merely a hundredth portion of the capital sum needed to float a warship—is invariably haled before a number of highly estimable, but woefully ignorant-of-all-nautical-matters persons, and, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is treated as if he were a soul-less ghoul with a certain leaning to the insurance money which he will never handle. For heaven-knows-how-many-times we repeat that question, and we shall go on repeating it until the injustice has been wiped away, or until we die—whichsoever happens first. It is useless pretending that a number of non-nautical men may be trusted to give a fair verdict where a sailor comes in. Those judges plume themselves on their abounding knowledge of human nature, and remembering the amount of the seamy side of life which has been opened out to them, they have some little justification.

But that is only in the case of the seamy side of 'long-shore life. Where the sailor is concerned, they are woefully out of it for, hide the fact as one may, the sailor is of a breed apart, and none may know him in any particular, but those who have lived with him, worked with him, aye, and fought with him. And anyhow, there is seldom any actual evidence at these mercantile marine trials. At the best, the "judgment" is based on circumstantial evidence, and for this reason, the said "judgment" is reversed by a higher court, almost as often as it is upheld. Why is this? Well, mainly because it is all based on a matter of opinion —instead of on matters of fact as should apply. It's never too late to mend, and the sea service is dangerously depleted; geniuses are for ever setting themselves the task to popularise the seafaring profession; how would it be to convince the rising generation that, if they are unfortunate enough to get into disaster, they will be tried exclusively by their professional brethren, and not by the same deserving gentleman who is supposed to be able to adjudicate on murder in the first degree, on the fit of a washerwomans's cheap blouse, as to who stole a given donkey, and whether a man really married two wives while his first was living.

The secretary of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping has favoured us with the Registry's statistical summary of vessels of all nations, of 100 tons and upwards, totally lost, condemned, etc., during the year 1906. A careful study of that summary convinces us that we cannot do better than reproduce the text of the report which accompanies it, at the same time calling especial attention to the fact that the percentages dealt with are for vessels actually lost through casualty or stress of weather:

"The statistical summary of vessels totally lost, condemned, &c., now published by Lloyd's Register, shows that, during 1906, the gross reduction in the effective mercantile marine of the world amounted to 945 vessels of 816,922 tons, excluding all vessels of less than 100 tons. Of this total, 378 vessels of 509,707 tons were steamers, and 567 of 307,215 tons were sailing vessels. The figures for the previous ten years are as follow:

	Steamers.		Sailing Vessels.	
Year.	No.	Tons (Gross)	No.	Tons (Net)
1896	270	361,442	781	376,337
1897	293	398,207	752	328,593
1898	322	463,241	819	357,484
1899	330	462,621	666	313,887
1900	296	386,304	552	290,878
1901	268	366,584	538	295,984
1902	301	408,363	571	292,327
1903	326	479,081	596	300,722
1904	344	512,879	463	225,266
1905	382	527,978	501	264,376

"The following table shows the average percentage lost, etc., of vessels owned as recorded in Lloyd's Register Book. It will be observed on a comparison of the percentages for 1906 with those for the quinquennial period (1901-1905), that while there is but little variation in the steam percentages, those for sailing vessels show a considerable increase.

Percentage Lost, &c., of Vessels Owned.

	Steam.		Sail.	
Period.	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
1896-1900	2·06	2·12	5·17	4·70
1901-1905	1·86	1·76	4·57	4·43
1906	1·94	1·68	5·58	5·40

"The summary exhibits interesting data as to the relative frequency of the different kinds of casualty, &c., which conclude the existence of vessels. Strandings and kindred casualties which are comprised under the term "wrecked," are much the most prolific cause of disaster. To such casualties are attributable 46 per cent. of the losses of steamers and 40 per cent. of the losses of sailing vessels. The next most common termination of a vessel's career, is by condemnation, breaking up, &c., 24·9 per cent. of the steamers and 28 of the sailing vessels removed from the merchant fleets of the world being accounted for in this manner. Of the remaining causes of loss, collision is the most general for steamers (11·4 per cent.); while, for sailing vessels, cases of abandonment at sea come next in order of frequency (11·1 per cent). The percentages just given are based on the present return alone, but the order of frequency of the several classes of casualty appears to be normal. Cases of abandoned, foundered, and missing vessels are no doubt frequently more or less similar in the circumstances of loss. If these be taken collectively, they comprehend 13·5 per cent. of the steamers, and 22 per cent. of the sailing vessels removed from the mercantile marine during 1906.

"The return has been compiled by Lloyd's Register in such a manner as to enable a comparison to be made between the percentages of loss suffered by each of the principal merchant navies in the world. Great as the absolute annual loss of vessels belonging to the United Kingdom appears to be, it is seen to form a very moderate percentage of the mercantile marine of the country, and to compare favourably with the average of the losses sustained by other leading maritime countries. The merchant navies which exceed a total of 1,000,000 tons are those of the United Kingdom, the British Colonies, the United States of America, France, Germany, Italy, and Norway. The percentage of steamers lost by the United Kingdom, during 1906, is 1·42, while the average of the percentages for the other six countries is 1·63; as regards sailing vessels the percentages are 3·85 for the United Kingdom, and 4·52 for the other six countries. These figures show that steamers have a much greater immunity from disaster than have sailing vessels. The average of the yearly percentages of losses during the five years, 1902-1906, for vessels owned in the United Kingdom is 1·61 per cent., as compared with 3 per cent. for vessels owned by the other six countries together. These percentages are for vessels actually lost, and exclude all cases of breaking up, condemnation, &c., not known to be consequent upon casualty or stress of weather."

Like most of the good things in life, a pilot's licence when granted to a seagoing officer is not transferable. Worse than that, it may not be used in connection with any other ship than that named upon its face. In other words, the Pilotage Board doesn't give the man the licence—although he naturally carries it—for it is granted to the ship! That might appear to be somewhat peculiar, but it is the conclusion at which we arrive, after considering the case of the *Duke of Gordon*, recently decided at Bristol. Captain A. Woodcock, while in command of the steamship *Argo*—B.S.N. Co.—had been granted a pilotage certificate for use in connection with that vessel. Later on, *Argo* became in need of repairs, so the *Duke of Gordon* was chartered in her stead. To keep matters in a decent shape, Captain Woodcock was appointed mate for the nonce, and being a duly qualified—although in the result, it would appear to be only provisionally so—pilot, undertook to see the new ship through. He did this in splendid style, and there appears to be no suggestion that he had disgraced the honourable traditions of Bristol river-men. Still, he had "done" one or more of them out of a hobble, say, and that is a more grievous sin than bursting up traditions.

(Continued on page 63).

MARINE BOARDS.

WITHOUT being altogether clear as to which is the most amusing—the Government action in connection with the above, or the lucubrations of some of our "shipping" contemporaries in connection therewith—we yet have an idea that an unbiassed consideration of the whole subject may not be without interest. In the first place, we have to admit that these so-called "marine boards"—and which, in the majority of instances, were nothing at all of the sort—were a relict of a by-gone age, and had but little to recommend them either on the score of marine knowledge or influence.

THEY were an anachronism, and if they served any good purpose at all, it was merely that they gave an opportunity for a number of local busy-bodies, to sit and prattle on subjects about which they knew but little. Of course, there is no reason that they should be ridiculed on that score, for their parent—the Board of Trade—is quite as anachronistic, and of about as little use, from a nautical standpoint. Still, these hoary affairs should not be wiped away on the score of uselessness, for when all is said on the matter, they were ornamental—and that is something.

NUMBERLESS keen shipowning people are wont to exclaim about the shortness of real shipping talent which is evident in the ranks of supposedly shipping legislators; they also grumble about the unconscionable time which admittedly-necessary reforms take in materialising. For instance, the question of certificated cooks has dragged its weary length along—and we, personally, have written about the subject—for more than a dozen years. All the same, certificated cooks have "come in," and those Local Marine Boards have gone out.

WHETHER the resultant conditions will be other than out of the frying-pan into the fire, remains to be seen, and quite a quantity of expert opinion is all in favour of the belief that it will be just that. One of our London exchanges suggests that the wiping away of the boards in question, is in fulfilment of a compact with the Labour party, made by the President of the Board of Trade. Personally, we are becoming tired of this proneness to tack every mistake of the present Government on to the shoulders of that so-called "Labour party."

FOR the matter of that, we have an idea that the Government itself, is sick of the whole business, and if it had its time to go over again, it would see the whole of the shrieking fraternity jiggered, before it would have made it one solitary pledge. However, it might be just as well to put the onus of blame on to the party referred to. Its back is broad; most of its components have anything but a delicate epidermis: it is "out" for a well-understood reason: and judging by some recent examples, is not altogether particular as to how it arrives at its objective.

IN any case, the Amalgamated Union of Legislators would have wiped away the marine boards—much as it will attempt to wipe away every other institution which dares to run counter to its wishes. In this respect, it is merely following in the steps of a notoriously tyrannical shipmasters' combine which is presently riding for trouble of a very pronounced kind, for when one of its members dares to ask a pertinent question or so as to where his subscriptions are placed (and for what purpose) he is "expelled." Don't laugh please, for it is no laughing matter for those who have been thus "jewed" out of their own.

BUT in connection with these marine boards, the ostensible reason of their rescission is, that they objected to be made cats'-paws for the Board of Trade. Of course, the Board doesn't put it that way. Oh, dear no! The talk in this connection was precisely similar to that which went the rounds with regard to the House of Lords. That parrot-cry of "we are here to carry out the people's will" came in, and as these marine board bodies were inclined to believe that they were installed for the purpose of attending to the will of local people, the boards had to go. So far, the House of Lords hasn't followed suit!

JUDGING by indications, it will not follow suit, as it is fairly on the cards that the destroying—or would-be destroying—agency will "snuff out," first. Be that as it may, and although the House of Lords is likely to weather many more "mend or end" storms of windy gough, there is no getting away from the fact that the marine boards are derelict. One need wonder nothing at all at that item of intelligence, for it is fairly easy for a pop-gun to beat a pea-shooter; but when the pop-gun is pointed at a real sort of gun, well, the pop-gun is in for a demonstration of its inherent weaknesses?

OUR readers will remember all the fuss which fulminated around the mutiny of the Local Marine Boards, when the "seamen's friend" idea was worked up through the fore-thought of the union man-of-war? Will remember it, because we gave much space and inside information concerning the probable run of the business; inside information, which has been justified in every particular, by subsequent events. What might be forgotten, is the fact that we called attention to the possibility of Mr. Lloyd-George realising that he had bitten off more than he could chew, as our Yankee friends remark on occasion.

THAT he did realise that little point, is evidenced by the rapid—and somewhat anxious—manner in which he agreed to the constitution of a Marine Board's Advisory Committee, which will consist of eight members. The peculiarity of the whole fit-out will be apparent, when the constitution of that Committee is considered. The much-abused marine boards will supply three of the eight members, while the other five will be directly nominated by the Board of Trade. In that event, you can see that all possibilities of further "mutiny" are eliminated, for naturally enough, the Board-of-Trade-nominated gentlemen will have a very pressing remembrance as to who appointed them; and if the usual methods are adopted, and the nominees are more or less obscure individuals—well, you can see that point plainly enough?

ANYHOW, the interests that are to be represented are: (a) shipowners; (b) masters and mates; (c) seagoing engineers; (d) sailors and firemen. As far as we can learn, Mr. T. L. Devitt (one of the members of the "Boy Seaman" Committee) will attend more or less to shipowning interests; a Captain Toms will do the same for shipmasters and mates; Mr. T. J. Spencer will represent the engineers; and Messrs. Cathery and another will keep an eye on the interests of the horde of alien seamen and firemen with which the Mercantile Marine is presently over-run. Incidentally, too, of course, they will represent the remnant of British seamen and firemen remaining.

TAKEN altogether, then, the country is not at all justified in believing that it will be any better off with this *olla podrida* of talent-of-sorts. Indeed, there are very many who believe with us, that under the new regime, all the interests involved will be merely turned out of the frying-pan into the fire. It will be admitted that a number of these appointments are of the stock-job kind; are made as if the British Empire contained but two or three men who could be depended on to do the devilling for the Board of Trade, which is crying aloud for an expeditious and decent burial.

To eke out the Whitehall nomination already referred to, we now are assured that the three L.M.B. representatives are to be Colonel Goffey, V.D., Liverpool: Mr. W. H. Raeburn, Glasgow; and Mr. R. Cory, Cardiff. So, Cardiff is "in it," you'll note. The conduct of this somewhat strange mixture will be worthy of careful attention—which item you may safely leave to us.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

BOY SEAMEN.

IN our last week's issue, we commented briefly on the results of the Board of Trade Committee which was appointed to consider the above subject, and which, a few days ago, delivered its report. Writing as practical seamen, we are bound to admit that for disappointing, and positively misleading results, that report would be hard to beat. It would appear that, as is usual with all matters appertaining to the sea, nothing but a perfunctory consideration has been given, to the one point upon which, at no very remote period, the stability of the Empire will rest. For instance, the Committee held some 23 meetings, and succeeded in questioning only 42 witnesses! Think of it! Forty-two witnesses with which to decide a grave national question! Why, if the unco' guid portion of the community were "out" upon a "Limerick" séance, they would probably need about twice or thrice as many witnesses to prove that guessing competitions in any shape or form, are immoral, and generally soul-staining. Yet, when the future food supply of the country is under consideration; when its transport in war, and its mainstay in peace is to the 'fore, then, 42 more or less able "witnesses" are considered sufficient! With the constitution of the Committee we have already dealt, and hazarded the opinion that it did not contain one member who has a present-day knowledge of the circumstances that were to be brought (for quite the first time) before them as a body. As estimable members of the community, the whole of the Committee are doubtless above reproach; but as nautical experts—well, the less that is said about them perhaps, the better. Fancy asking Sir Alfred Jones, or Sir Walter Runciman; Mr. H. D. M'Laren, or Mr. F. S. Watts; Mr. H. E. Kearley, M.P., or Mr. J. H. Wilson, M.P. for down-to-date points concerning apprentices to the sea! In plain language, is there, on that Committee, one member who ever went to sea as a latter-day apprentice, or who knows one thing about the subject, other than at second hand, and from data gleaned from interested persons? We say, most emphatically, No. As ordinary shipping men, and upon ordinary shipping topics, most of the said Committee would be all right; but the question of "Boy Seamen" is not a shipowner's topic. It is, in every sense, a sailor's affair. If all the shipping magnates on earth sit down in committee, and prattle among themselves until their combined teeth drop out; if they go on prattling until all the "tatcho" that was ever made will fail to tickle up the bald patches which their protracted talk has developed; and if they send in a final report that is as notorious for a want of appreciation of the facts of the case as usual; then, the "Boy Seaman" question will still await settlement—British lads will continue to dodge the sea. When all is said, is there any sense in collating a number of men just because they are estimable, and then expect them to sit down to adjudicate upon a subject of which they are, admittedly, ignorant? You people who are labouring under the disadvantages which surround the inability to obtain junior officers read this: "The testimony on all hands was in agreement that there is an ample supply of boys wanting to go to sea, but that their desires cannot be gratified in consequence of the majority of shipowners offering them no opportunity of obtaining employment." Having read it, laugh—as we are doing. Having laughed, ask the precise value of all that alleged "testimony," and having asked, write down your own answer as—*x*. Next, proceed to elucidate what is exactly meant by the words "majority of shipowners," and search a little deeper into the drift of the report. See? You are assured that the majority of shipowners will not offer those anxious boys (who do not exist) the chance of their lives and a ship, so—a subsidy shadows itself on the screen, in a manner of speaking. Going farther you read, that "owing to this fact (which is nothing at all of the sort, and we write the words as having been apprenticed to the sea and therefore knowing something about our subject) the number of boys actually employed in the merchant service has steadily decreased." The decrease is positive enough, but it has absolutely nothing to do with the shipowners' unwillingness to give berths to the alleged "ample supply of boys wanting to go to sea." You know, they know, and we know, that if the shipowner were subsidised to the extent of £50 per boy per annum, the dearth of officers would be just as evident as at present; and there would be the same inclination on the part of youthful Britons (and their fathers), to give the sea profession a very wide berth. Instead of taking this matter collectively, let us go into it individually for a brief spell. The reader—who is therefore *au fait* to much that is unsavoury in connection with the sea—is seriously asked: If you can possibly help it, will you allow your boy to go in for a life on the briny? Did you starve yourself, say, and pinch at all times for the purpose of giving that boy a good education; did you rear him in a God-fearing manner; look after his morals as well as you were enabled to; and now that he is fourteen years of age, are you willing to throw him into the squalor of a sea-apprentice's life? Will you allow him—willingly—to herd in with the riff-raff which you can see at any tide-time, sailing out of any British Dock; cut-throats, insubordinates, renegades from all the countries of the earth, men steeped to the lips in every kind of debauchery, and devilry? Of course, you won't. But "the other fellow" may—if he is ass enough to? That's it, but unfortunately for the integrity of the country, "the other fellow" argues exactly as do you, yourself. Neither of you are willing to allow your years of sacrifice to go merely for the purpose of enabling a thoughtless exploiter to mop up a few more unconsidered sovereigns than he would otherwise do. What's that? We write feelingly on the matter? Of course we do. We have been through the fire, and as a natural consequence, we realise where the flame is hottest. If those sapient Committeemen had been similarly circumstanced, their report would not have been such a choice assortment of piffley phrases. We have boys, and in the words of many a man who has preceded us, we would rather maintain them as cripples, than that they should risk the debasement which latter-day seafaring will assuredly bring before them. Keeping along to that individualism to which we referred away back, would you, amiable (or other sort of) reader, agree to send your boy out to the known miseries of a sea-life, supposing his employer were subsidised to the extent of £60 per boy per annum? Not being a born idiot, you sorrowfully shake your head. You quite realise that if a subsidy should be ultimately given shipowner for carrying lads, the money would be placed in the wrong hands; would be used, in future, as a means to float new steamers, and altogether regardless of the fact that the would-be floater was probably more in line with a scavenger's business, than that of a successful ship-manager? That's it! If there is to be any question of subsidy, give it to those who make the present dearth of officers and British born seamen—that is to say, to your lads who have been reared for something better. Let the State promise to give an apprentice a gratuity for time faithfully served; to provide him with a free school for his inevitable cramming: and with a grant of clothing when his first certificate of competency has been won.

That is one way in which to ease the situation. Hitherto, all the amelioration has been offered to the wrong men. They are all right, and 'tis the boys who refuse to go to sea. Going along over the report thing, we read: "...the majority of shipowners at the present time decline to carry boys on the ground that it is not a paying proposition to do so, seeing that for the first year, at least, there is no tangible recoupment for the trouble and expense of training them." Ye gods! Not a paying proposition...trouble and expense of training them! Let us consider those two statements dispassionately, and in doing so, we might as well ask one of the members of that Committee—Sir Walter Runciman, Bart.—whether he is of opinion that his concern loses money through the carrying of apprentices? Times out of number, we have shown from actual fact (and can give chapter and verse for all our statements), that in the majority of instances, the carrying of apprentices is quite the most paying proposition that has been placed before the shipowner. The public memory is notoriously short, so we offer no apology for again repeating those facts. Here they are: On a steamer with three apprentices. One of the latter displaced a cook which, in £ s. d. is: Cook at £4 10s. per month, means per annum, £54, while his apprentice-displacer at £10 per annum gives an annual net saving to employer, of £44. Another apprentice displaced a deck hand. The latter's wages would have been £45 per annum, while again the apprentice was paid, say, £10. Yet another displaced the mess-room boy, who would have been paid 30s. per month, or £18 per annum, while the apprentice mess-room boy, was paid the whole of £6 for his first year's "training." Thus for three boys in one steamer, the net saving per annum worked out to £90—the feeding being at the same charge in each instance. Yet, the Committee assures us that it isn't a paying proposition for shipowner to carry apprentices! A save of £90 per annum on one ship, will mean a gross saving of £2,700 on a fleet of thirty steamers, and as long as none of them carry more than three apprentices. These are facts within our own knowledge, mind, and are not faked up for the mere sake of riding a tilt at a Government Committee. Moreover, these and similar facts are in the possession of hundreds of seafarers, so why, instead of a shipowner-packed Committee, is not the thing carried out on business-like lines? Why aren't those who are in possession of actual knowledge of the circumstances asked for their testimony? Also, it is as well to be sure that independent testimony is procured—not that from a number of men who can be depended on to answer even as their procurers would have them speak. And let the fact not be forgotten that there is far more of the latter kind of evidence about, than meets the eye. Coming along to the question of training, we are assured that the majority of shipowners declare that in carrying boy sailors of the apprentice or other type, "there is no tangible recoupment for the trouble and expense of training them." We have spent a life-time at sea, and so far in our career, we have to meet the boy who has been trained either at trouble or expense. We served an apprenticeship, but nobody took the trouble to teach us anything of a sailor's work. We sailed with other apprentices, and foregathered with hundreds of the cult; with the exception of one or two skippers' sons who sailed with their fathers, and who were naturally coached up for that reason, we do not remember meeting a boy who had ever been taught to make a Matthew Walker knot, or a bit of French sinnet, unless he "picked it up" in his watch-below, from one of the "fancy sailors" in the forecastle. On the face of it, it is impertinent for a stay-at-home man to suggest that he has the trouble of training a lad who may be thousands of miles away from home. Half-a-century ago, and when lads were apprenticed to a shipmaster, training was faithfully followed up, so that at the completion of the lad's apprenticeship, he really knew something about his work as a seaman. But to-day——! Of what use is it to delude each other with played-out tales? The modern officer is too dog-tired when his watch on deck is finished, to admit of his coaching up the one or two sucking skippers that are bound to throw up the sea-life at the end of this, or next, voyage; and while his watch on deck is "on," he is too busy in attempting to do the work of three men, to admit of his knowing (or caring) how the apprentice fares. Besides, haven't we assured you that two out of three will be in the galley or messroom, so of what use is it to prolong the agony? As we understand it, the public is in need of the truth, and for that reason, we have no hesitation in withdrawing the veil from the rottenness which is behind all this Committee mongering. If Mr. Lloyd-George is really in need of a dispassionate enlightenment of the reasons which have tended to make the present dearth of officers so terribly accentuated; if he wishes to learn some really disinterested points about the merchant service; if he means to accept same in the spirit in which they are given; then, we hereby offer to give him more information anent presently obscure-to-him items in connection with a seafaring career, than he will be able to obtain from twenty-one "Committees" of the kind which has recently tendered him the "report" which we are discussing. And in view of the fact that the present Government is of the Economical type, we promise to make no charge for our information, providing his messengers come to our place of business. That is a fair offer, Mr. Lloyd-George, and we make it for the reason that, now and then, we cannot divest ourselves of the belief that you really mean well, only your meaning is somewhat difficult to reach, on account of the grime of ages which appears to be around at Whitehall. Come we now to the cloven-hoof of the business (forgive us for suggesting the appearance of the devil?): "We have endeavoured to ascertain from the witnesses the minimum grant which would be necessary to remove the objections of shipowners to the shipment of untrained boys." Untrained boys is good, in view of the fact that any alien muck—trained or otherwise—is accepted as an A.B., as long as the applicant will accept alien rates of pay! But, "the replies went to show that a grant of £25, approximately, in respect of each boy, allocated on the basis of £15 being payable at the end of the first year of training *(sic)*, and the remaining £10 on completion of the second year." We should smile, and the astuteness of the "witnesses" is fairly evident here? They mean to take no undue risks! They might nurse the boys up for long enough to admit of their earning the grant, but we may take it for granted that ninety-five per cent. of the said lads would not complete a third year! However, the grant is ruled off—for a time, and that's a good job. When next it is considered, it might dawn on the minds of the gentlemen involved, that if a grant is to be given to coax boys to go to sea—and that is the whole proposition—it will be as well to give that grant to the ones who are to be coaxed. This is a long subject, we find, and as there are many points equally as mussed-up as those with which we have already dealt, we shall avail ourselves of an early opportunity to consider further into this Committee's report. Meanwhile, we feel that we have given you enough to go on with for a time, and we earnestly ask you to believe that none of our strictures are written in a carping spirit of criticism; but rather from a poignant recollection of the conditions which drove us from the sea; conditions which still apply, and—worse luck—which have been accentuated. The subject is as vitally important to you as to ourselves, for after all, we have to get our daily bread from the same "bread barge"—the holds of the vessels of the Mercantile Marine?

That Notorious Steamer "POWIS."

NOW that our contemporaries have spread themselves to a greater or lesser extent on the finding of the Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the ill-fated steamer *Powis;* where some of them have headed their lucubrations with the terse word "Scuttled?" while others have opined that the matter was a sordid affair; it should be of interest if a practical consideration of the lessons attending the alleged trial be given.

ACCORDING to the prevailing belief, the matter is now in the hands of the Public Prosecutor, so that further developments of the clearing-up business is to be considered as *sub judice.* There may be truth in the prevailing belief, there may be none, and as we have no intention of presuming on the powers of the Public Prosecutor, the said belief concerns us not at all. If the case should ultimately come up for trial, that might be another feature of possible unsavouryness upon which our friends might spread themselves.

MEANWHILE, we are concerned with the judgment which has already been given, and which, to our mind, needs a quantity of elucidation. In the first place, who was chiefly concerned with the Board of Trade inquiry? Did that inquiry sit for the purpose of trying the skipper for real or imaginary wrong-doing, or does the Board of Trade allow its law officers to inquire into the possible conduct of persons who had nothing to do with the loss of the ship—from an inquiry point of view?

POPULAR belief leans toward that side of expression which says that a Board of Trade inquiry may only deal with seagoing persons who—rightly or wrongly—are viewed as misdemeanants; that if the Crown wishes to proceed against a 'longshoreman, it has all the might and majesty of the Criminal Court available for the purpose. Personally, we share in the popular belief, and mainly for the reason that we are practically certain that no 'longshoreman would submit to the hazing and brow-beating which is considered as "quite the thing," where an unfortunate sailorman is concerned.

WE make no apology for attempting to break a lance for our one-time colleagues, as hitherto, we have made it manifestly clear that we are ever on the side of the helpless sailorman. A life-time at sea convinced us that, as seafarers, we had no reason to expect other than that we should be made a scapegoat, whenever the supposed time for the trick had eventuated. During all that period, we soulfully longed for the advent of one disinterested champion who would have pluck enough to write the truth, and from practical experience.

SORROWFULLY we have to admit that the suggested champion never showed above the visible horizon, and thus it comes about, that to-day—and in spite of our strenuous efforts in bringing about a better ordering of affairs—any quantity of irrelevant matter may be brought into an alleged inquiry, and instead of a seaman being dispassionately judged by the evidence obtainable, all manner of side issues are introduced. In short, the conviction forced upon us is, that the Court, in far too many instances, says in effect: "The fellow is here. We have to prosecute him. As he is here, he must be guilty. Benefit of a doubt must not apply, for is there sense or reason in haling a man to this particular Court, only to find that he hasn't done anything worth bothering about?"

AND it would appear to be even so. In the case of the *Powis,* no allowance was made that the unfortunate skipper was a seaman, and therefore unversed in legal quibbles. Stage-fright—or "losing one's head" is admissible to every Briton save a sailorman. He, alone of all his Majesty's liege subjects, must "keep a level head," and in no matter what surroundings he might find himself. Without going into the rights or wrongs of the loss of the *Powis,* was there one tittle of evidence offered that was more than mere conjecture? And it was evidence that should have determined the result. Not supposition.

THE skipper might, or might not have scuttled that steamer, but until there was more than a suspicion of such wickedness, had the Court a right to throw the accusation at the head of the man who, after all, certainly made a considerably better showing at the scene of the disaster, than would have any of his accusers? Again, the managing owner of the *Powis*—himself an ex-sailor, and without the assistance of legal talent—was drawn into the Board of Trade inquiry, without a semblance of right or reason.

IT might be said that he should have availed himself of legal assistance, and we are not inclined to dispute the statement. At the same time, he appears to have believed that his conduct was fair and above-board, or—if he were half as bad as the Court suggested—we may be sure that he would have left no stone unturned in building up an unassailable defence. The wily schemer doesn't usually romp into court with just the chances which his unattended state might give him, and we maintain that it was no sort of British justice, or love of fairplay, which took advantage of his apparent ignorance of the possibilities.

MOREOVER, why was that managing director in court at all? The inquiry was not into his possible or probable conduct. The executive of the *Powis* was supposed to be on trial for—something or other which, in our opinion, the judgment doesn't very clearly define. In fact, the only item which stands out in our remembrance of the supposed trial, is that the *Powis* really went under, and that nobody was hurted in consequence. Even when the putative owner of the vessel—and possibly for the reason that he was a sailor and knew the hardships of being stranded without money or clothes—admitted that he had made a gratuitous payment to the men involved, he was treated as if his manly action were further evidence of guilt!

HE told different tales—and in that respect, no doubt, was absolutely unique? In plain language, he spoke from memory, and with a gradually dawning consciousness that his accusers were bent on his undoing. What man—under the same conditions—would have acted differently? And to put the thing off with the remark that he could have been legally defended had he so chosen, is tantamount to saying that the man who is summoned to meet another man armed with a sharp sword, should accept decapitation without demur—because he could have brought a sword had he so wished?

IN short, then, is there any justice in the judgment which unnecessarily harasses a man with suppositionary happenings, and which, at best, might not be worth the paper upon which it is recorded? Moreover, if the *Powis* case justified the veiled assumptions which have been thrown around it, why is the case for the Crown so long delayed? Does British Justice—as well as being blind—suffer also from beri, beri? Some three weeks have now passed into

the *ewigkeit* since the *Powis* case was finished, and her managing owner is still under the suspicion of his fellow-men; is looked upon by some, as not an altogether nice man to know. Why?

If that man is a supposed culprit, why is he allowed to do even as pleases him, in the matter of "lighting out" for fresh fields and pastures new? A nautically-experienced man—in three weeks—could put an awful distance between himself and his eventual prosecutors; yet, in this instance, we are assured that he is still awaiting the good pleasure of the Court which, metaphorically, damned him. Guilty men act not after this manner—as a rule?

And if only the half of the suggestions against the skipper are correct, why is he practically acquitted? Nobody will suppose that an eighteen months' suspension of certificate is an adequate punishment for a man who will wilfully scuttle a steamer? If so, then such "judgments" are merely calculated to put a premium on wickedness, for once a man sees that he might "make," say, £10,000 on a scuttling job, and with no other penalty than an eighteen months' suspension of a ticket which would then be useless to him—well, you can see the point? At three per cent., £10,000 would give the schemer £300 per annum, for nothing—half as much again as he can earn in active employment!

And leaving the skipper and managing owner, where is the justice in bringing in another steamer which happened to have been lost under similar circumstances some eighteen months' previously? When all is said, all steamers which sink do so under similar circumstances? They all go down, and the cause of their sinking is just as obscure as is the sinking of this *Powis*. Once more, is there sense or reason in suggesting that the unfortunate skipper opened the sea-cocks? Did the Court imagine that the *Powis'* sea-cocks were something or other situated in the skipper's room?

Didn't any of them realise that to open sea-cocks, it is either essential to go into the engine-room one's self, or to take a confederate into one's confidence, and trust him to open the said cocks? And with a confederate, why is the skipper the only one punished? But reverting to the *Aberporth*, about which so much unseemly fuss was made, is she the only vessel which has been lost in recent years? Why was no mention made of that other loss of a steamer which was managed by a one-time partner of *Aberporth's* managing owner? If we have to work up instances, why not do so in a wholesale manner? Losses are plentiful enough, in all conscience; of much more recent date; Cardiff owned; and—on the same basis—equally "over insured." Why weren't some of these used to point the supposed moral?

But no! It would appear that the inquirists on this occasion had a notion that they were in front of a chance that should not be missed. On previous occasions, they had been constrained to go slow; to tread warily; but with the *Powis*—well, it appears to have been believed that here was a case in which it was only necessary to throw enough of mud, when some of it would be bound to stick? A London contemporary has referred to the affair as "a nasty squalid business" and after giving a quantity of space too, to the supposed wickednesses of the ha'penny Press!

Why is it a nasty squalid business? There is no necessity for us to recapitulate the features of the case, and mainly for the reason that our "daily" friends have already obliged, in a more or less impartially grand fashion. We have been assured that the captain made "a sorry show," while the managing owner made a "poor hand" of his defence. But was it his defence? And if so, where was the poor show? We have already suggested that the managing owner had nothing really to do with this trial by amateur sailors. He didn't lose the *Powis*—as an inquiry court understands these matters; and we can say from practical experience that it is matter for no surprise to see a mistake made in the forms which are tendered for filling, by a Receiver of Wrecks.

Moreover, and as far as the *Powis'* managing owner is concerned, we are at a loss to see where his "sorry light" comes in as suggested by a London "shipping" journal. As we have already remarked, that owner is also a sailor, and is therefore to be excused from some of the trickinesses which a 'longshore gentleman might have worked up around the subject. As far as we can see, it didn't appear to dawn upon that owner that he might find himself in difficulties over the case. And that brings us down to the aimless prattle which has gone around about *Powis'* insurance.

Some of our local friends filled their columns with such piffle as "the vessel afloat was worth £12,000, while at the bottom of the sea her value was £24,000—if the insurances are paid." True, the query came out in the Cardiff Police Court, and the owner of *Powis* appeared to have assented to the suggestion. But his assent made the query no less ridiculous, or its value no more questionable. As there was an awful amount of the suppositionary about on the historic occasion to which we are giving this somewhat extended consideration, let *us* suppose a bit.

For instance, if *Powis*, in going down, had managed to sink a vessel worth £50,000 and the aftermath proved that she had been to blame—was *Powis* over-insured in that event? The vessel's registered tonnage lumped into over 2,000 tons, and with a statutory liability against her owners of £8 per ton, was there any wickedness in insuring so as to cover that amount? Certainly not, and this item alone, will account for two-thirds of the £24,000 which she was supposed to be worth "when dead." Her freight, again, as is usual in well-ordered and sensibly managed concerns, was covered for £1,500; there was a mortgage on the vessel running into £3,250; while another £5,125 was listed as cover for disbursements.

Taken altogether, then, it would appear that the Court on this occasion, fell foul of another mare's nest as far as insurance is concerned—a number of well-informed people opine that it wasn't only on insurance that the nest rested. Be that as it may, there is but little use in running amok at a shipowner for attempting to cover himself as fully as possible, and every shipping man knows that if the *Powis*—or other similarly circumstanced vessel—had been offered to an underwriter at the fictitious figures assessed by some of those "valuers," then she would either go to sea uninsured, or stay in dock.

This is mainly why we venture on criticism in this instance. Here, is a coterie of sailormen who have been unfortunate. They have nothing very much to hide, so do not make any attempt to "clear out." Admittedly, their action at the inquiry didn't do them much credit; but as we have attempted to show, that fault is as explainable as is the insurance; and it will do the shipping industry but little good, if unfair means are used to tangle up footsteps that are anything but strong; to befog a man who is obviously unaware—at first—that he is the butt of a smug number of legally trained intellects.

As a peg on which to hang a homily on what the Court has euphemistically-named "over-insurance," we admit that the judgment had much to recommend it; but in view of the indisputable fact that but little fairplay was in evidence all through, we submit that the price for that homily is altogether too big, and is unnecessary. Of course, it is fairly easy for arm-chair seafarers to recommend all manner of academical ideas in connection with the stern realities of life; but if the business world were to accept them seriously, then, the maritime supremacy of which we hear so much, would rapidly wither away.

And not the least disquieting feature of all this legal

mud-throwing is, that although the owner of the *Aberporth* was drawn into this affair without as much as a by-your-leave; although no end of obscure and yet well-understood suggestiveness was worked into the "inquiry;" the presiding magistrate—being a privileged person—is not amenable therefor. One would think that a conscious knowledge of this sort of infallibility, would render a man the more eager to protect those who had no manner of right to be drawn into the trouble—if such it really is. That nothing at all of the sort was in evidence on the occasion referred to here, is obvious to the most casual observer.

Indeed, and as we have already ventured to suggest, the evidence referred to was quite all the evidence that was about. In effect, the Court was sure that *Powis* had been lost; that she sank as the result of being overloaded with water; the said water appeared to have been introduced through human agency—and somebody ought to see about it. One thing is fairly certain, the ship is now snugly enough out of sight; we have an idea that her underwriters accepted her as an everyday risk: and nobody appeared to be anxious to worry about the matter, save those who had absolutely no concern in her doings or otherwise. Somehow or other, we are constrained to believe that it is ever thus—or thereafter; and we write this because we have no brief for either of the parties involved, but merely wish to break a lance for those who, in our opinion, have been treated in anything but a traditionally British fashion.

COMPASS DEVIATION.

IN all probability, there is no nautical subject so much discussed, and yet which is so obscure to the average navigator, as is compass deviation. Don't think by the foregoing that we wish to suggest that our seagoing friends know nothing about the art and science of compass correcting. They do! They are chock-a-block filled with all available wrinkles in connection with the business: but, sad it is to say, those wrinkles are anything save in line with what one has a right to expect, in view of latter-day possibilities.

Furthermore, the said wrinkles are terribly restricted in amount, and although a more or less paternal Board of Trade goes out of its way to attend to the inculcation of abstruse theories on navigation, it sticks, in a more or less praiseworthy manner, to the old traditions which have been allowed to grow around the use of a ship's compass. Shipbuilders themselves are in no whit the better off, for judging their efforts dispassionately, one is constrained to believe that a standard compass is either plunked down in a given portion of the ship because it has ever been the fashion to place it right there; or it is bolted down in a given spot, because it is consequently out of the way.

We have written on this subject most exhaustively, and, time after time, have grown to the belief that nothing further remained to be written thereon. Our constantly-increasing circle of seagoing admirers, however, convince us that we haven't proceeded farther than the fringe, to-date; and under the circumstances, we feel that an apology is unnecessary on this occasion. There is no getting away from the fact that a shipowner will spend any amount of good money on the building of a good ship; and that he is satisfied to place that ship when finished, at the mercy of a compass that might have been good enough for the good ship *Ark*, although for an up-to-date steel vessel, it is nothing but a delusion and a snare.

That is to say, it is a delusion to the hands who sail in the ship, and a snare to the underwriters who cover her for contingent trouble. Indeed, quite a number of highly-finished steamers which we, from time to time, visit, remind us of a beautifully made watch on which the hands have been forgotten. There is all the potentiality for good work, but to all intents and purposes it runs round and round, without anybody being any the wiser! However, there is nothing new under the sun, and the truth of the saying was emphasised to us a day or two ago, when a deep-water sailorman called in here, to seek inspiration and advice anent compass deviation, and its effect at different times.

Precisely why our friend should imagine that we are experts on compassology, is not for us to say; he thought that way, and we didn't offer any objection. You see, we are kindly-disposed in our efforts toward the seafarer, and long association with him has taught us quite a number of points which stick out, so to speak, in his interesting personality. One of the points is, that it is good business to allow him to spin his cuffer in his own way; never to appear to doubt him; nor to offer to put words in his mouth.

Under those circumstances he will cover an awful amount of ground—even as does his ship when blessed or otherwise with a faulty compass; but in nine cases out of ten, he will "get there," in the end. And after all, "getting there" is the main reason of existence, so why should we jib at the methods adopted? We don't—as we have already remarked. But reverting to our friend and his compass tale, we might remark that he was mussed up considerably over what he was pleased to term "personal equation." The words were brought in at least once a minute, and we were beginning to weary of the continued reiteration indicated.

It appears that our friend—who is master of a fine, large tramp steamer—experiences a terrible amount of difficulty in squaring matters with his mate, when on azimuth-taking bent. If there were only a degree or so of difference between them, this Old Man said he wouldn't care. But when it came down to as much as a point and a half on some courses, and never less than a quarter-point on others—well, that blamed old "personal equation" would surely end up with the loss of the ship. The latter was given by way of query, and we nodded affirmatively, even as the great variation in the "personal equation" threw our thoughts back into the vistas of the past—when we acted as mate for another consequential chunk of master mariner.

True to our knowledge of the cloth already exemplified above, we offered no advice on this phase of "personal equation." Such action on our part would have been fatal, for in one way we should have had to side with the skipper against his mate, which would have been useless to the safety of the ship; on the other tack we should have had to side with the mate against the Old Man—and that would have brought the mate the sack. Instead we smilingly agreed with the skipper, and laid ourselves out to point the

moral by a piece of personal experience—which is ever so much more useful than is "personal equation." As well as we can remember, our true tale lilted along as:

"Funny thing, captain, but we remember several instances of a similar character, and strange to say they were all resultant from identical causes. We'll explain. The *Truss-bound Trifler* was a decent sort of vessel as steamers went, a decade ago, and we were mate on ordinary occasions—chief officer when the old man had visitors, and the honour of the house-flag was at stake. The skipper was a great believer in azimuths, and his order book was more or less filled with injunctions as to when these should be taken and worked out. Naturally, the results were shown in a sort of scrap log, but neither the second mate nor myself could ever get within a handful of degrees of the result attained by his Nibs.

"This was annoying, to say the least, and many a watch below had been wasted by both his officers, in attempting to solve the mystery. The Old Man wasn't an unduly educated sample of sailorman, and frankly, we don't believe that he had ever heard the words 'personal equation.' Not to lay too much stress upon the subject, and without labouring the point a little bit, we are bound to admit that, according to the skipper of the *Truss-bound Trifler*, both her mates were adjective fat-heads, and he wished the fact to be duly noted by all concerned—which was ourselves!

"This had gone on for quite a while, and as the fates had willed it that she should make tolerably good courses when either of the mates had been entrusted with the job of applying the deviation, while the skipper's deviation took her "all to Hades"—well, you can see that there were all the elements of a high-class mutiny on hand? When the mates steered a self-made course, the Old Man swore that they didn't do anything of the kind, using instead, his deviation; and when they steered a skipper-made course, then, he was equally sure that they used their own deviation—out of inherent cussedness, and a desire to 'throw the ship away.'

"Being somewhat young, and unspotted by the world, those mates agreed to accept the vile aspersions of the Old 'Un, even as they wondered how any self-respecting owner could find it in his heart—or other parts—to trust such a juggins with a fine vessel. Matters continued in this vein for quite a while. Until both mates were convinced that the Old Man had been suborned to throw away his ship, and that this azimuth dodge was to be used as a means of cottoning all the blame on to the unfortunate officers. Visions of a Board of Trade inquiry were now added on to faulty azimuths, and 'off with his head' was rung out whenever the forecastle head bell sounded the passing of time.

"Things on the *Truss-bound Trifler* were black, and no error! In addition to an inability to make his azimuth bearings tally with those of his mates, he developed an altogether unnecessary amount of sarcastic talent, and if it hadn't been for the restraint of years of wholesome discipline, we verily believe that, on some dark and murky night, that Old Man would have been consigned to a world where azimuths trouble not, and where all the available sarcasm is supposed to coruscate around the personality of an old gentleman who shall be nameless. You can pity us both, of course, so that point need not be emphasised.

"All this misery notwithstanding, the *T.-b. T.* eventually made her voyage and arrived off Finisterre, homeward-bound. Both mates had decided that if the deed were to be done, his Nibs had surely pitched upon 'the Saints' for the finale. A 'good course'—one of his Nibs' good courses, you understand—from Finisterre to Ushant would, indubitably, plunk her in on 'the Saints' aforesaid, and then (if any of us were left to tell the story) our shortcomings as azimuth-takers would be freely related in the inquiry room, with—well, with disastrous results to those mates. You can see that point? Very well.

"But this is where the long arm of coincidence comes in with telling effect. His Nibs had asked us to take an azimuth, and insinuated that this was an instance where adjective fatheadedness had to be ruled off; that he needed the assistance of his officers at tricky times like the present; and that he wasn't paying a mate the whole of eight pounds per month, just for the pleasure of hearing him sing in his watch below, or to be kept awake with a quantity of more or less musical renderings of the music hall songs of the period. Not he! He was out for blood, so—ship that azimuth mirror, and get down to business!

"The mirror was shipped, and the steamer's head was as near to North-East as made no odds, and that, as you know, is a lovely point for the accumulation of quadrantal deviation brought about by transient induced magnetism. We forget the exact amount of deviation assessed on that particular occasion, but remember that it was very small, for the *T.-b. T.* had a good compass, which was well-placed—fortunately for all concerned. We gave the Old Man the results of our sight-taking, and he first looked at us, grunted out a significant Ugh, and quietly removed us from in front of the compass whither we had meandered after figuring out the deviation from a much-thumbed copy of 'Burdwoods.'

"That Ugh, convinced us that the Old Man had 'been there': that his deviation was by no means the same as our own; and that 'the Saints' was surely the place where all the coming wickedness would materialise! However, we had to submit, and when the Old Man had monkeyed with the mirror sufficiently to get it in position for another shadow, he stepped back from the compass, and with his index finger in a perpendicular position before his (and our own) speaking countenance, he said:

"'Now, Mister. I'll show you once more, how to take a reliable azimuth bearing. It's your last trial, for if you can't approximate into that which I am now about to take, you may consider that on our arrival at home, you are seeking a berth. See, young feller?'

"That 'young feller' saw right enough. He also saw something else. For instance, while that mate had been taking an azimuth, the ship had shown no disposition to give the helmsman any undue trouble; but directly the Old Man had started monkeying with the azimuth mirror, the ship appeared to have yawed off a point, so the wheel was kept pretty busy during the Old Man's stay in front of the compass. And while he had been talking to his mate, and threatening all manner of sacks in certain eventualities, the ship had steadied down again, and the alien at the wheel was getting his work in with ease.

"Therefore, when the Old Man ultimately began to give the mate his life's lesson in azimuth business, and the ship again began to yaw about—well, you can see that there appeared more in this than met the eye? There was, anyhow, and although the mate couldn't size up the situation at once, he began thinking. When a common or garden mate begins thinking, something usually comes out of it—although not necessarily at once. Still, the Old Man took his azimuth bearing, and in its worked out state, it differed from that of the mate by exactly fourteen degrees—quite enough to fetch 'the Saints,' if steered long enough?

"There was the usual row, and the mate, although not quite convinced that he should receive the bounce on his return, yet felt that the possibilities were all in that direction. This was a fairly tricky problem for a self-respecting officer! It wasn't as if the mate alone differed in his bearing-taking from the Old Man, for the second mate was just as bad (or good). True, the two mates were invariably alike in their results, but who is going to take the word of two mates against one really genuine skipper?

Nobody, of course, and so the matter continued. The Old Man maintained a dignified silence for quite a while, and by the middle watch following the episode related, the wind had increased and the sea was high.

"So high, that the Old Man kept the bridge with the mate, for matters were assuming a dangerous turn. Seas were romping across the *T.-b. T.;* her hatches were suffering; and a constant look-out, alone, was calculated to save the situation. At about five bells in the middle watch, and when the mate had returned from the after deck where he had been driving up new hatch-battens, on arriving on the bridge, the vessel rolled heavily, projecting the mate with arms extended, into the abdominal regions of the Old Man. That settled the azimuth question once for all!

"The mate felt that the Old Man was wearing a most aggressive truss; he considered that possibly it might be constructed from mild steel, or good iron; it would be magnetic; and hence the bother! In the first flush of his triumph, that mate held his peace. He felt that he would have to handle this matter gingerly, so with a soulfully expressed hope that he hadn't hurted the Old Man, he disentangled himself from the abdominal portions already alluded to.

"The Old Man cursed—after the manner of some Old Men in similar circumstances. He also allowed that the mate was about the clumsiest galoot within this world of sin and sorrow. And said that anyhow, when the mate remembered the Old Man's complaint, he might, at least, be careful.

"'Complaint?' queried the mate. 'Have you any complaint that we know nothing about, but ought to, captain?'

"'Don't you know I'm ruptured?' growled the Old Man. 'and now, you have buckled my truss-band all to Hades!'

"The mate's reply need not be minutely detailed on this occasion. Suffice it to say that he demonstrated to the Old Man that the divergence of opinion *re* azimuths, was not a case of adjective fatheadedness on the part of the mates, but an instance of fundamental ignorance on the part of the skipper, culminating in his wearing a truss that was not non-magnetic."

Our friend already referred to saw the point, and with a somewhat perfunctory handshake, left us to continue our work. We are doing it now, and truth compels us to admit that our friend will never again associate truss-error with "personal equation," and that his mate will in future be blessed with the encircling grasp of a non-magnetic truss-band. And all of which goes to prove—as we said in the beginning—that although latter-day navigators are chock-a-block filled with all available wrinkles in connection with compass work; those wrinkles are anything but in line with latter-day possibilities. This, then, is another "wrinkle" added to the many?

Naval Training, and Mercantile Lack thereof.

WHEN one undertakes a careful consideration of the British Mercantile Marine, and the slip-shod manner in which it is attended to, one cannot help wondering why the whole arrangement has not fallen to pieces, long since, through sheer neglect. Where the large majority of the "shipowning" portion thereof is concerned, knowledge of either ships or shipping needs is conspicuous by its absence. A man makes up what little mind he possesses that he is adapted for "shipowning," and straightway indulges in the methods which eventually lead to the more or less sacred goal. He might not be altogether sure which end of a ship goes first; be steeped in a colossal ignorance as to whether it is possible to send a ship to Madrid or Pekin; know as much about chartering; insurances; and the thousand-and-one details that go to make up the essentials toward successful shipowning; as he knows concerning the intricacies attached to the making of a carrick bend! All the same, he is, say, unscrupulous and blessed with a thick skin, so pits himself against shipowners who have been trained to the business; enjoys a high old time for a season; is born in the glitter resolving itself around the birth of a modern shipowner; and is snuffed out in all the gloom attending the passing of the would-be "shipowner."

The law is most severe against this class of adventurer—in the abstract; dodges him along on his thorny path over trivialities; but where the important points of the business are concerned—knowledge, aptitude, probity, and capability—the law sheers off; is too busy watching for a shipmaster who has inadvertently put Plimsoll an inch-or-two below the accepted limit, even supposing it has too little sense to pass remarks when the same old mark is a thousand-fold more a danger signal as a result of being too far out of the water. A man may be a "shipowner," and have, as shareholders, a couple of men who are his servants in another undertaking, and both of whom may be apportioned with the noble order of the "sack," providing they make themselves objectionable in the smallest detail. This man might declare that he will never give his "shareholders" a balance sheet; might go on trading indefinitely, without giving them an account of his stewardship; might send them a cheque that is supposed to represent dividend—when he feels like it; might eventually lose the "owned" arrangement, and close the deal by sending a cheque for any amount he decides on, together with a neatly written receipt which provides for a settlement in full of all claims; and all without a statement of accounts of any kind whatsoever.

This, too, in spite of the fact that the ship which he and his servants "owned" was of the limited liability kind, and that the final settlement was the result of a successful loss; successful in that the underwriters paid up like men. All this is allowed to go on, for we know the man, his servants, and the ship. We also know that the servants were the reverse of satisfied with the arrangement, but being wise men refrained from "kicking," as they had a wholesale fear of the "sack" alluded to. And this is but one example of the slip-shod manner in which details of the Mercantile Marine are allowed to progress. We say allowed, because the law must know all about it, seeing that we do; and knowing it all without having a word to say in the matter, the law must naturally allow it. That there are thousands of other instances, goes without saying, and this much for the financial side of the business. Turn we now to the sea-going portion. In the case of the Royal Navy, the country is taxed in good style, for the wherewithal for the training of the nation's sailormen. Every boy that is accepted for the Navy has to go through a definite period of training, and training ships for the purpose are maintained, at great cost, at various ports around the coast.

When each boy eventually leaves the training ship, he has had more than a nodding acquaintance of shipping matters knocked into him, and is honestly fit to take his place on a war-ship, as one of the crew. The same thing applies to the officering of the Navy. Consider the course of training that is supplied by the Navy Colleges and their staffs of experts. At one time you will see a number of "future Nelsons" engaged in a soul-engrossing endeavour that aims, say, at the stepping or unstepping of a boat's mast, and the bending on, and hoisting of a dipping-lug—all under the direct supervision of "the man who knows." At another time, the youthful heroes are taken through a serious course of sail drill, weight lifting with tackles, practical seamanship, navigation, languages, steam tactics, and all the minutiæ which goes to the making of a practised sailor. But how does it work out in the Mercantile Marine? Simply that there is absolutely no training of any kind whatever. Nay, worse than this, for if a boy is "secured" he straightway displaces a man; the mere fact that the neophyte is worth less than t'pence-ha'penny is no matter for thought. The law declares that so many "hands" shall be carried. It troubles itself nothing at all in connection with the ability of those hands.

So far as the law is concerned, each "hand" might have but one arm and one leg a-piece, and as long as the shipmaster is willing to sign them on—right, pass along the next "hand." They eventually get on board, these "hands," and while admitting that they know absolutely nothing of the business of a sailor, they soon assimilate the fact that all they are ever likely to know must be picked up on their own, so to speak. The after-guard have no time to waste on "sucking skippers;" the serious business of nautical life is too severe for that. So the youthful "sailor" is given a job to polish up the binnacle—for that is brass, as yet! Having graduated in the binnacle business, he is probably informed that the mast-head and side-lights are awaiting his polishing powers; then, the pig's house—if the vessel "rises" to a pig—needs attention, as does the starboard water-closet. The next thing in his "training" will be the sweeping up of a hold lately discharged of coal, and the roust-about work of shifting—board-rigging. bulwark chipping, or filthy winch cleaning. As a natural result, one voyage is amply sufficient to convince this class of neophyte that there are better means of earning a livelihood than by going to sea—dock hobbling, for example; and it is even so. Yes, it is a wonder that the British Mercantile Marine has not fallen to pieces long ago!

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

WE have it on unimpeachable authority, that hope springs eternal in the human breast, although there was nothing originally said about that breast containing the heart and organs of the would-be-ship-owner. Still the w.-b.-s. has as much right to hope on, hope ever, as belongs to anybody else, and as a natural consequence we are enabled to view indulgently a number of efforts in the flotation line, even if we have but a so-so sort of belief in their eventual success. Stick to your standing if you don't sell a ha'porth. If you are not unduly blessed with knowledge of a contemplated undertaking, it isn't, perhaps, your fault, being more of a misfortune. In any case, hope on, hope ever.

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CONSOLS might be "down" out of all reason; the bank-rate might be disappointingly high; foreign loans—issued under a Government guarantee—might go a begging: number one industrials might be languishing in the shade which is consequent on a very bad financial outlook; but if you have an "option" on a "fine new steamer," and to save the said option, somewhat must be done—then, sirs, you will set about filing a prospectus; issuing it to an admiring world, later on; after which, you will sit you down with all the patience which is at your command; and if the confiding public doesn't rise to your flowery trimmings—well, you will have had your trial, and the "option" might be saved, or otherwise.

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ALL of which goes to show that there is nothing new under the sun, and that although tried and proven-to-be-successful (in the full sense of the words) shipowners might have a difficulty in wooing the merry oof bird to their little twiglets, the somewhat embryonic and more or less unknown and unproven optimist will "have a dig at it." It's good for trade—or for the embryonic one's portion thereof? It is also good for easing a number of foolish skippers of a portion of their investing ability—which is to say, good, red, gold. Whether it is good for easing the public in the same happy manner—well, as usual, time proves these little affairs. So far, in a general sense.

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To all whom these presents shall come (and their name is practically legion), Greeting—with a nice, capital letter. Be it also understood that—because we are built on those lines, ourselves—we appreciate originality in company promotion. Thus, when a prospectus for a "fine new steamer" is handed in at our humble abode, and the interesting packet of literature contains no hackneyed letter of explanation, we get into it with gusto—as the boy said. Doing so, we read "The Duffryn Shipping Company, Limited," and note that it is incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1900. Nothing original in that? Very well, then.

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Two pretty pictures eke out the prospectus (this, of course, is not original) and although they are not printed quite so clearly as we should like, the first suggests a turret steamer slightly at sea—and we therefore conclude that she is a new vessel; but the other "illustration" is strongly indicative of having been taken from a Mediterranean "painting," and therefore, the vessel is not new? Vessel No. 1 is the *Duffryn Manor*, while No. 2 is our old friend *Albion*. This, then, is an instance of where the last shall be first? Moreover, we feel that this is somewhat unkind on the part of the promoters, for unless the public rises to the tale which is told in this prospectus, that *Albion* will be quite all that the Duffryn Shipping Company, Limited, will own?

BUT, let's get on—and hang the grammar. After the pictures already alluded to, we find—in fairly black lettering: "Registered Share Capital £12,000 divided into 2,400 Shares of £5 each; increased to £40,000 by the creation (nice word, that?) of an additional 5,600 Shares of £5 each." From £12,000 to £40,000 is a fairly big jump, even for a modern combination of creators, so let us see what is on offer for our money—if we decide on "having a bit on" this latest affair. Incidentally, there is an issue of 5,600 Shares of £5 each, as well as £20,000's worth of 6 per cent. debentures, and if we have a fear that the said debentures might possibly strangle the undertaking, well, it's all in a day's work——?

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OF course, there is a trustee for the debenture holders. We have heard his name on former occasions. He is R. Wilberforce Cory, Esq., M.A., and he appears to divide his time between Oscar House, Newport Road, and Messrs. Cory Bros. and Co., Limited, Cardiff—so that is in order. There are managers, too, and although we do not know anything about them, they are listed as Harrison, Brown and Co., No. 1 Pier Head Chambers, Bute Docks, Cardiff. Our lack of knowledge in this connection is, of course, our misfortune, and we cheerfully admit the fact. After the managers, we note bankers, solicitors, auditors, and a registered office.

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TURN over. "Prospectus. The Company was formed . . . The original Capital of the Company was £12,000"—dern it! We've told you that already. But never mind, here's a bit of new stuff. Yes. "The original Capital of the company was £12,000, divided into 2,400 shares of £5 each, and with the exception of 7 shares taken and paid for in cash by the subscribers to the Company's Memorandum of Association, the whole thereof was offered to the public for subscription." Now, that is what we style magnanimous. Seven men put up £5 apiece out of £12,000, and then offer the remainder to the great British public. Isn't that kind? A mere £35 out of £12,000. Do you wonder that the public responded in a noble manner—right up to £11,460? But never mind.

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So far, we have got to the spondulicks which "lifted" the *Albion*, and now we find that "The Capital of the Company has been increased for the purpose of buying a new steamer to be called the *Duffryn Manor* . . . and the price of the new steamer is £40,000, payable in cash at the times, and in the manner as mentioned in Agreement." "This fine new steamer will be of the most approved single deck Turret type, and, according to a very full and complete specification . . . and works out at about £6 per ton, etc." After the foregoing, is it necessary to repeat that "There are no directors, but there are Managers of the Company?"

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BUT, hallo! What's this bit of blue paper? It's a sort of Silurian blue, and is more or less covered with printing of a black and red colour. This is the bit which wins our admiration: " . . . with the new steamer the Company will own (bit previous, ain't it?) two fine large boats . . . at a cost of £60,000 . . . which works out at only £4 16s. per ton." *Albion* built in 1892, and the problematical new acquisition—here, let us leave it. But ere doing so, let us give you the last bit of Silurian blue information. Here it is: "Applications should be made early on enclosed form." They should—unless any of you feel like ourselves in the matter, in which case you might wait until most of the capital has been "taken up," before sending in an application form. Personally, we hate to take advantage of these obvious benefactors to the race. If we were seagoing skippers, we might put up a bit for the command. But then ——! Conundrum: If a new turret steamer is purchasable at £5 10s., per ton—there, or thereabout—is a fifteen year old *Albion* cheap at £4 16s. per ton?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *September 4, 1907.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the alarming opinions trotted out by some of the ha'penny scaremongers in London Press-land, trade in the local staple during the past week, has undergone but little alteration. Either way, that is to say, and taken all 'round, it is continuing on the satisfactory side of the hedge—satisfactory to the coalowner, you understand. Prices have been well maintained, but there is absolutely nothing of the daily two shilling rise in price as suggested by those know-everything ha'porths alluded to.

BUT in so far as actual business is concerned, there is still something of a quietness, although there is no getting away from the fact that there is yet enough doing to keep collieries comfortably busy. Furthermore, there is an ample supply of tonnage on hand, and taken altogether, things might be very much worse. Under these circumstances, you will naturally suppose that stems—good old stems—are in a comfortable plenitude. Anyhow, they are, and there are but few collieries that are in a position to truthfully state that they have any free coal available.

No, the man who is "out" for prompt coal, is on the road to a distinct disappointment, and even so, the demand for this particular phase of the local whirl is as good as it has been for some time past. It is fairly good to read the piffle which the supposedly knowing ones throw out, to the effect that the rise in coal prices is on account of the remission of the coal tax! As a sop to Cerberus, the tale is good enough.

BUT if the tax indicated had anything to do with the situation, why has the market been so disgustingly slow in attaining its present altitude? If the tax were really responsible, the prices should have boomed last November. Instead of that, prices actually fell with the removal of the tax, and only righted themselves at a considerable time later.

IN plain language, then, the coal tax has about as much to do with the situation, as has the colour of the breeks that were worn by the piper who played before Moses. Still, those ha'porths must have their little joke! While there is a free demand for coal, prices will naturally keep high; when that demand eases off, the prices will follow suit. It's all plain enough, when you come to consider it with an open mind, and although some of the local pessimists are exercising the somewhat scanty amount of brains which is their's on the subject—!

THAT is to say, those pessimists are anxiously inquiring if the present prices are too high? Why should they be too high? The middleman—if he carries out his business on his usual lines—will sell at the same advance over the price at which he buys as usual, so he won't mind a very great deal. The collier is roping in more money than he well knows what to do with; while the majority of the colliery properties are merely winning back a small portion of their losses in other years. Of course, it is impossible to please everybody—but prices will follow supply and demand, as they ever do.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	22s. od.	22s. od.	21s. 6d., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 4½d.	19s. 4½d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d., 19s. 3d.	19s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d., 21s. od.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 4½d.	15s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d., 14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.
Seconds ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
Ordinaries ...	12s. 3d.	12s 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d., 12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. od.	28s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.
Furnace Coke ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. od	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. od.	22s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *September 4, 1907.*

BUSINESS here, during the past week, while not being unduly brilliant, has been satisfactory, and prices show but little alteration. New business is not over plentiful, and the bulk of what has been done has been for near shipment. Quotations ahead continue firm, but buyers do not yet see their way to accept them, so that for the nonce the market is simply marking time, as it were. For this month's shipment, prices are being upheld, although in certain quarters are not so firm as they have been of late, and if the position the buyer can offer for shipment, is suitable to the seller, he has found it possible to obtain a concession. For the time being the market can be written as steady.

ANTHRACITE LARGE COALS are generally firm, and for anything like prompt shipment are practically unobtainable, stems being very full. Hence quotations are adhered to. BIG VEINS are also very steady. RED VEINS are being favoured with a good enquiry, and are stronger in tone. MACHINE MADE COALS are rather easier, the demand not being quite equal to the supply. CULM and DUFF are also satisfactory sections, but prices vary according to the position of stems.

STEAMS are no firmer, neither are they any easier. Stems are full for the BESTS, but BUNKER qualities are a turn easier, the demand not being up to the mark. Promptly, prices are maintained, but not for forward shipment.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.
Seconds do. ...	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. od., 26s. 6d.	26s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. od, 25s. od.	24s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. od., 25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 3d, 24s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od., 28s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 4½d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, September 4, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Simonstown, *Red Cross,* 3,100 tons, 13s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Newholm,* 4,700 tons, 17s. ppt.
Fallodon, or sub., 4,500 tons, 17s.
Rio de Janeiro, Steamer, about 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Burrsfield,* 6,000 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Cordova,* 2,760 tons, 7s.
Rosario, *Deddington,* 3,400 tons, 17s. 9d.
Nethergate, 2,750 tons, 20s. option Colastine, 21s.
Bahia Blanca, *Clematis,* 17s. 9d. (N).
Vera Cruz, *Corinth,* 5,300 tons, 9s. 9d. fuel, (N.R.)
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d. fuel.
Santos, *Archtor,* 4,500 tons, 17s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres, *Pennsylvania,* 3,000/3,500 tons, 17s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Steamer, 6,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Genoa, *Andriana,* 4,300 tons, 5s. 9d. option Civita Vecchia, 6s.
Noviembre, 4,8/5,100 tons, 6s. 9d. voyages commencing Sept. 10 until end Dec.
Akaba, 4,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Korana, 5,300 tons, 5s. 9d.
Kilmorack, 2,700 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Manoravon,* 5,400 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.
" " *Craigellachie,* 5,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Algiers, *Crimea,* 2,300 tons, 7·25 fcs.
Arvonian, 4,300 tons, 6·50 fcs. 600, (c. or .N)
Elantsobe, 3,200 tons, 7 fcs.
Constantinople, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5s.
Athos Romanos, 3,300 tons, 5s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Newburn,* 5,000 tons, 5s. 2d.
Trecarrel, 5,700 tons, 5s. 2d.
Sandyford, 4,600 tons, 5s. 9d.
Savona, *Isle of Ramsey,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Naples or Leghorn, *Hopemount,* 5,400 tons, 5s. 800.
Palermo, *Cousins Arbib,* 2,700 tons, 6s. 3d.
Aghios Nicholas (late *Cornucopia*), 3,000 tons, 6s.
Marseilles, *Gorbea Mendi,* 4,000 tons, 7 fcs.
Civita Vecchia, *Malvern,* 3,400 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Fiume, *Marstonmoor,* 3,900 tons, 6s. 6d.
Bari, *Ethel,* 3,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Piræus, *Pendeen,* 3,100 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rosina, 3,800 tons, 5s. 3d. (c. or N).
Silverton, 3,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (N).
Ferrol, *Hawthorn,* 1,350 tons, 5s. 9d.
Danube and/or Sulina (2 ports), Steamer, 2,500 tons, 7s.
Beyrout, *Kara,* 3,000 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Gibraltar, *Rosario,* 2,800 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Auckland Castle, 1,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Lisbon, *Rap,* 1,800 tons, 5s. 9d. 250, ppt.
Adele Koppen, 1,850 tons, 5s. 9d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, *Mistral,* 2,500 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Marie, 3,500 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 2,700 tons, 7s.
Wisby, *Fionia,* 1,300 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Denmark/South Sweden or Flensburg, *Eros,* 14s. Bran.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Sunlight,* 1,450 tons, 5·25 fcs. (s).
Camargo, 2,600 tons, 5 fcs. (s).
Discovery, 2,900 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
Rochefort, *Trafalgar,* 2,200 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Algorteno,* 3,200 tons, 4·87½ fcs.
Uriarte No. 6, 3,000 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)
Bordeaux, *Melrose Abbey,* 1,500 tons, 5·75 fcs. (s).
Pluton, 1,200 tons, 5·75 fcs.
Uriarte No. 4, 3,200 tons, 5 fcs. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

Portsmouth, *Elemore,* 1,100 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Cymrian, 1,350 tons, 3s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Falmouth, Steamer, 500 tons, 4s. 3d.
Londonderry, *Buffalo,* 250 tons, 5s. (N).
Wexford, *Mayflower,* 210 tons, 5s. 6d. (N).
St. Brieuc, *Opal,* or sub., 650 tons, 6s. 6d. coal or fuel, coal terms, (s).
Havre, *Carn Brea,* 2,200 tons, 4s. 2d.
Hazelmere, 1,400 tons, 5s.
Rochefort, 1,100 tons, 5s. 2d.
Congress, 1,450 tons, 5s. 1½d. (s).
City of Hamburg, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Rouen, *Alice M. Graig,* 1,200 tons, 6s. (s).
Odd, 880 tons, 6s. (s).
Augusta, 550 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Arnfrid, 1,850 tons, 6s. (s).
Eleanor, 700 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Gipsy, 700 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Clio, 800 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Marie Horn, 1,800 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Swiftsure, 1,050 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Steamer, 700/850 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Jason, 950 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Fecamp, *Burton,* 750 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Dieppe, *Arizona,* 820 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Ossian,* 750 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Cherbourg, *Ashford,* 410 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 1,300 tons, 4s. 7½d. (s).
Raloo, 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Marie Horn, 1,800 tons, 5s.

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Cardiff or Barry, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 5s. 6d. ppt.
Bilbao or Castro to Newport, *Earl of Dumfries,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 6d.
Blaenavon, 2,800 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

Continued from page 52.

For this, he had to face the music at the Bristol Police Court—fore all the world as if he had been just a common or garden sort of malefactor—and in the result, he was fined 10s. and £3 3s. costs, while the regular captain of the *Duke of Gordon* was treated in exactly similar style. Thus it works out, that the one man was fined for doing the work for which he had been engaged to do, while his boss was fined a similar amount for allowing him to do that work. Sort of mixey isn't it, and you never thought that there could be so much yum-yum stuff worked up around a simple pilotage job? Well, that is where the fun of a sea-life comes in. It's usually a case of "you never know where you are." You might think that you are striving manfully to carry out your share of the administration of the Empire; you might even go so far as to lay awake, o' nights, sizing up the better plan for so doing; but even then, the morning's light might bring you a gentle reminder that, although you haven't said a word to anybody; and in spite of the fact that this is a free country cursed or blessed with Free Trade; you have been running counter to somebody's pet phase of Protection in its most rabid form—and that is where your fine comes in!

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on August 22, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

20,170/06—MCLACHLAN—***An improved storm valve for use on board ship.***

This relates to a storm valve for closing the discharge pipes of a ship's lavatories, &c. According to the present invention instead of providing access to the pivot pin of a counterweighted storm valve through an aperture in its casing closed by a door, the valve is pivoted on lugs projecting through such an aperture which is covered by a removable casing.

1,538/07—UPSHUR—***Mortuary vault and coffin for ships.***

This invention has for its object the provision of means for preserving corpses on board ship. A casing provided with refrigerator coils is employed in which a coffin is secured against movement. The coffin contains clamps for securing the corpse and is perforated at the lid and sides.

2,423/07—FRAME—***Improvements in the means for reducing skin friction of ships and boats.***

This invention relates to reducing skin friction of vessels by inducing the passage of air beneath same by means of jets of water, induced by the external water flowing through passages under the influence of the onward progress of the vessel. This is effected in high and moderate speed vessels by causing the jets of water to take up air bubbles in an air space below the bottom of the vessel by arranging the jets to impinge either on a sloping or curved surface covered with a film of water or on another larger jet flowing across the other jets, or by arranging the jets to mutually impinge on one another. In slow speed vessels the jets merely impinge on the bank of water which rises behind the apparatus.

3,930/07—HAVER—***Improvements in and relating to screw propellers.***

This screw propeller has the blade area distributed more along the shaft than radially. The centre portions of the blades are cut away next the boss and their pitch is increased towards the rear. Two sets of blades may be arranged concentrically, both sets cut away at their centres and by being secured to separate portions of the boss may rotate in opposite directions.

7,691/07—ABELL—***Improvements in or relating to the cooling or heating of buildings, ships, and the like.***

This invention relates to a building heating system applicable also to ships, and consists in an improved valve for diverting a portion of a stream of circulating fluid to pass through a reheater or refrigerator.

7,920/07—LINDSTROM—***Improvements in and connected with endless chain hoisting apparatus.***

This relates to a timber stacking apparatus. Mounted on a self driving wheeled truck running on rails in an endless chain elevator. At intervals along the length of the elevator chains, of which there are a pair, are pivoted arms which when extended at right angles to the chains form brackets for raising timber and are held extended by a skid pivoted to the chain and provided with rollers which engage notches formed in the undersides of the bracket arms. In use, timber is raised by the arms engaging beneath same and on arriving at a certain height an adjustable bracket is forced inwards by the timber and on its recoil strikes the skids away from beneath the arms which then collapse and deposit their load. The adjustable bracket is raised and lowered also by endless chains.

9,095/07—EDWARDS AND DURE—***Improvements in fasteners for the hatches of ships and for other purposes.***

This invention relates to a wedging device for battening down ships' hatches. It consists of an arm pivoted on a bolt passing through the hatch coaming. The boss of the arm has a cam surface which on rotation of the arm wedges same against the hatch battens, by riding on a cam surface formed on a washer, threaded on the bolt and prevented from rotation by a screw passing through a hole formed in the washer into the wood of the coaming. In a modification a bulkhead door is secured by a similar device, a fixed cam surface being formed on a bracket.

10,481/07—NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVES COMPANY, LTD., & IBBERSON—***Improvements in implements for fixing detonators or the like on safety fuse cord.***

This detonator fixing instrument consists of a pair of pliers at one side of each jaw of which a plate is secured. These plates are formed with coinciding holes or slotways which are reduced in width in opposite directions so as to nip and indent a detonator tube inserted therein. In order to mutually guide each other the plate of each jaw is bent centrally so as to have portions in two parallel planes so that one portion of one plate laps over the companion portion of the other plate on the opposite side to that on which the other portions overlap.

These applications for patents, are until October 7, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on August 28, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending September 28.

Class 4—***Including Coal.***

Westport, Limited, Ferntree.—COAL UPON DEVICE OF A "FERNTREE."

No. 292,938—for Coal. Westport, Limited, 39, Lombard Street, London, E.C.; Colliery Owners—13th May, 1907.

No. 294,059—FLAMCOKE—for: a smokeless fuel included in this class. Benjamin Howarth Thwaite, 29, Great George Street, Westminster, London, S.W.; Civil Engineer—22nd June, 1907.

Class 8—***Nautical Instruments.***

No. 294,924—SAGA—for: all goods included in this class. The Silver Queen Cycle Company, Ltd., Registered Offices, 56, Edgware Road, London, W.; Merchants—27th July, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

The Maritime Review

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

Vol. XV.—No. 187. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907 Threepence.

The Popular Idea of the wicked Coalowner—during the boom!

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE COAL BOOM!	65
MARITIME MURMURS	66
SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET	69
"BOY SEAMEN"—PART II.	70
FEEDING THE SAILOR	72
CARDIFF'S CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE	74
"FIRST AID"	76
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	78
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	79
PATENTS	80

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

ELSEWHERE in this issue, and while discussing the humours of Board of Trade manifestations, we have made use of the term "certificates of provisional competency." The navigator (and his engineering colleague) before being allowed to practice at his profession, must obtain, from an officially appointed "expert," a certificate to the effect that he has been examined and found duly capable of performing the duties belonging to the particular grade for which he has been tested. To most people, this would appear as conclusive evidence of fitness, but in reality it is nothing at all of the sort, being as we have already suggested, a "certificate of provisional competency." A Board of Trade examination, in effect, is exactly similar to the dodges of that brainy nursegirl who was asked to explain her methods of determining the heat of her infantile charge's bath-water. Said she: "Lor', bless you, mum, it's easy as falling off a log. If the precious baby turns red, the water's too hot; if the dear little soul turns blue, the water's cold. An' I hacts accordin'." That is exactly how it is with the Board of Trade and its certificated officers. Like the nursegirl, they are allowed to take up the berth for which they are supposed to be qualified, and if they keep clear of trouble, they are duly competent men!

IF, on the other hand, an accident occurs, a coterie of absolute amateurs are convened to "try" the case, and if, by any jiggery-pokery, it can be shown that the officer was not qualified (and according to the non-nautical minds which are playing at tribunal work), then, his certificate is computed on the provisionally competent side, and the crowd goes out to feed. There may be no gainsaying these facts, and we maintain that such a state of affairs is anything but a credit to the world's premier maritime nation; while if those alleged "societies" which do so much towards bluffing the certificated officer of his annual subscription were intent on justifying their existences; if they acted—as well as prated—on the assumption that the labourer is worthy of his hire; then, the anomaly indicated would have been wiped away, years ago. Instead of that, the said anomaly is as much in evidence as ever, nay, is accentuated daily. In plain words, then, a Board of Trade certificate of competency is little better than a gross swindle? A man has to spend his own money in a course of cram-shop education; he has to pay the Government an examination-fee; and when he succeeds in obtaining the coveted certificate, it is only of use to him as long as he keeps the metaphorical colouring half way between red and blue!

FURTHERMORE, and as we have frequently shown in these columns, the certificated man is handicapped in a manner which does not apply with the uncertificated man. If the former comes to grief, his loss is expressed as: The cost of his certificate, which, at a modest computation, may reasonably be assessed at some £30 (we can give the detailed account if necessary); the loss during the alleged "trial," which may be placed at a modest £10; the suspension which invariably follows, with an average of six months out of work, say £80 (loss of wages, and board and lodgings meanwhile); or, altogether, and in actual financial loss, £120. It might be said that his ticket isn't lost, but is merely suspended, and we admit the impeachment. But when it is returned with its red-ink indorsement, it is of mighty little practical use to the unfortunate soul who has spent so much money and work upon its attainment. On the other side of the shield, we may consider the uncertificated man who comes to grief in a similar manner. He is "tried" by the same unconstitutional tribunal, and true to its peculiar instincts, he is found "guilty." He is given a homily on the wickedness of his ways—and by men who couldn't possibly tell from personal experience, which end of a ship goes first—and is mulcted in a £5 fine! That ends it, as far as he is concerned, and he may obtain another uncertificated berth the next day. Doesn't it make you tired, and wonder how long these anomalies will be allowed to continue to the detriment of the Mercantile Marine?

BY the time these lines are in print, the maiden voyage of the *Lusitania* will no doubt be completed, and the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic" will again repose under the shadow of the red ensign—thanks to the unsparing efforts of the mercantile skipper and his seagoing colleagues. At the same time, one is constrained to enter a protest against the piffley nonsense which has been thrown around with an

unsparing hand, by our contemporaries of the ha'penny persuasion. There is no harm in having a burst off on a great occasion, and if those "largest circulation" people are really anxious to awaken the patriotic spirit which is more or less in abeyance at the moment, a little regard to the truth of the situation might reasonably be expected? As things are, there is altogether too much of the "if" in their tales, and supposing the non-nautical man is to be educated up to a due appreciation of the Cunard Company's strenuous efforts in sustaining British prestige, the "if" should be set down with a firm hand. It is all very pretty to come out with scare heads about "The Ocean Race"; it is distinctly comforting to note that the racer has attained a 25 knot speed; but there is absolutely no sense in prattling about "fog at first," and a "splendid run later."

We may take it for granted that, fog or no fog, *Lusitania's* run will be of the splendid sort, and to a vessel whose slowest speed is about twice as fast as is the full-speed of the ordinary tramp—well, slowing down under the circumstances, is an obvious absurdity? Furthermore, time has to be made, and the public is inexorable on the point: to make time, there must be no bothering with fog; and anyhow: a speed of, say, fifteen knots per hour is no less risky than would be a speed of twenty-five knots per hour, so—let her rip, good people, and while doing so remember that great occasions require great sacrifices. Personally, we wish the *Lusitania* every success, and that she may do all that her providers hope, is the honest wish of every seafarer under the British flag—as long as he is a Briton. At the same time, when our London friends let themselves go with a bang which is more or less windy, it is surely time for somebody to counsel discretion. One would-be perfect exponent of everything that is right and proper in the universal world, remarks in this connection: "Not without reason did the great crowd which gathered at Liverpool to witness the *Lusitania's* departure break into patriotic song." Of course, not. Song is the natural concomitant of those who have least to do with the business over which the song is made. The other fellows are too busy with the actual work, to be enabled to go in for the singing part of the undertaking.

And even when we are assured that the same crowd "realised that what was at stake was not merely the lowering of a record held by a foreign marine, but also the demonstration of British efficiency and British determination to rule the waves"—well, the first comment which comes to us on this occasion is, "*Daily Mail*, don't be silly." The crowd didn't think anything at all of the sort. It merely acted up to the pernicious doctrine which ha'penny journalism has nurtured in our midst; the doctrine which, in the old, old days, took the form of a shout which said in the vernacular of the country where it originated, "Give us bread, and give us games." The "patriotism" was merely of the pinchbeck variety, and was conjured up solely for the purpose of making a modern Roman holiday. That "British determination to rule the waves" is surely out of place these days? Britain makes the rulers, right enough; but their operation is left to aliens from all parts of the world. *Lusitania*, of course, is in the hands of competent British seamen; but then, *Lusitania* is a very small portion of the "rulers" which are to rule the waves on behalf of Britain. If, instead of a quantity of poppycock, our contemporary would give some attention to the actual facts of the "Rule Britannia" story, it would be earning ever so much more gratitude from those who plunk up their ha'pennies.

For instance, instead of letting itself go over the approach of those possible 100,000-tonners of the future, if *Daily Mail* would give a lucid explanation as to where the present-day leviathans are to find dock accommodation, if ruthlessly taken away from the one spot on earth where some sort of berthing space has been found for them, some good might result. But no, these would-be mentors for ever pursue the line of least resistance. As yet, but few serious journals have concerned themselves with the question of dock accommodation, so the pushing ha'porth sees but little seriousness in the affair. After years of strenuous work in the requisite direction, the serious exponents of journalism will bring enough pressure to bear, that docks in line with modern requirements will eventuate. Possibly, at that epoch, we shall find the then exponent of ha'penny journalism ambling along with a more or less fatuous claim of the "Alone we did it," brand! Precisely as obtains in the maiden passage of *Lusitania*. To read the various panegyrics in connection with this theme, would justify one in the belief that each of the ha'penny sheets were personally responsible for the advent of a brace of record-breaking turbine-propelled vessels. Yet it isn't so very long ago that, following on public opinion of that time, turbines were damned by these very sheets! Funny, isn't it? Funny, and entertaining?

"Our Special Correspondent, lately in British Columbia" has been obliging *Western Mail* with a dissertation anent the precise point where west meets east. Really, you know, the words are to be taken in a poetical sense, and as everybody knows, poetry isn't necessarily sense, or reason. However, the British Columbian is out upon a breaking up game, and he is trying his 'prentice hand with the guileless yellow man. That the latter is coming out of the test with more or less flying colours, is only to be expected, in view of the fact that British Columbia contains about '0001 man to the mile, and that while the stay-at-home Briton will have none of the emigration idea, the "yellow man" is absolutely keen upon it. "O. S. C." opines that the trouble is resultant from no "colour question," and suggests that economics are deeper than colour. That is so, our newest mentor, but even then, we are somewhat at a loss to see what, in your opinion, is the cause of the present trouble. As you sapiently remark, "it is no use merely protesting against the immigration of the Asiatic," and the British Columbian would appear to be of a similar turn of mind. He isn't protesting—anything to speak of. He is biffing the Asiatic in the neck—which is a convincing sort of protest, at any time?

And here is a bit of bed-rock knowledge which might have been copied from the columns of The Maritime Review: "They (those Asiatics) are not only persistent and ambitious. . . but they work for infinitely lower wages." Precisely! Our claim for the past four years, and when dealing with the British seaman *v.* the ambitious alien! But then, you have taken but little heed to our continued warnings, and meanwhile the ambitious yellow man has reaped in a quantity of good British gold: has returned to the land of his fathers: has assured all and sundry that the Briton, collectively, is too slow to catch a cold: when he, his uncles, his cousins, and his male relatives generally, have hied them to the same "soft" quarter of the globe. Later on, he might bring his sisters, and his cousins and his aunts—when you may consider the fun to be fast and furious. There is no reason in asking soulfully, "What chance has the white labourer against conditions such as these?" And even if you quote us by remarking, "If the conditions last and become permanent (if they last, of course, they will be permanent?), he will

be driven out of the country or reduced to the Asiatic level." Pre-cisely, our British Columbian traveller man. There is hope for us, yet?

WE have argued that way for quite a while, and we have "lately returned from British Columbia." Thanks to the same economics, the British sailor has been driven out of the country, or out of the forecastles of his country's ships, which, in this case, amounts to the same thing; while those that remain—because they haven't backbone enough to light out for other walks in life—have been reduced to the Asiatic level, where pay is concerned. It's all simple enough, and if you will sit supinely while one portion of your fellow citizens are hazed out of existence, you must put up with the knowledge that other portions will follow suit; aye, until at length, the Empire is manned off piecemeal. In the interval, you allow a number of shrieking malcontents to gather up the pennies from those who will work; "congresses" are held; silver candelabra are given to alien workmen's representatives; and the whole push emulates the action of its betters, as in manner provided. Frankly, it is impossible for any of us to have the penny and the bun; so, if a better ordering of affairs in this direction is desired, it is quite time that the national house were set in order—and on disciplined lines. It might be a coincidence that all this misery has syncronised with the advent of a Radical Government; it might be more, and might easily be resultant from their general ineptitude, and backbonelessness.

BUT the fact remains, that rather than risk a few hard words from the susceptible foreigner, British tonnage was immersed to suit the ideas of the foreigner; a million tons of paper shipping was thereby established with a stroke of the pen; countless hordes of working men were deprived of their just dues as shipbuilders; and quite 5,000 seamen of all ranks were debarred from earning a living. Nobody asked for the "gift;" it was totally unexpected; and even to-day, nobody wants it. Looking farther afield, we see South Africa in the same seething mess which obtained when the gentle Rad. ruled the roost aforetime; India is on the verge of mutiny; British Columbia has taken the reins into its own hands because of protection being denied at headquarters; the home manufacturer is taking the bit between his teeth, because he sees the foreigner patronised for horseshoes and other things, with the money which the native pays as taxes: and taken altogether, there is a fine situation cropping up, as usual. So much so, that it will take the coming Unionist Government a couple of years to straighten out amateur-induced tangles; and if there is any country left to us in the end, it will be more a matter of Divine grace, than because we deserve it.

THE Navy, too, is merely a painted beauty; it is manned with nucleus-crews; is in a disgustingly bad state of repair; has no reserves: and yet the cry of the hour is: "Shall the Handy Man have his jam ration, or shall he be trotted out on sixpence *per diem*, leaving the canteen to poison him in its own sweet little way? One of these days, the keepers of the public morals—themselves self-elected, and generally as "hot" as they make 'em—will see that one way to keep English women from selling their favours to niggers and yellow men, will be to admit negresses and yellow ladies into the country. You can't make a man moral by Act of Parliament, so if you mean to keep the races apart, there is only one way to do it—admit the other half of the nigger, or the almond-eyed celestial. Extensive travel has convinced us that a nigger, for instance, is no more inclined to yoke up with a white woman, than is a white man to yoke up with a smelly negress. It's all a case of propinquity. If the moke can't find one of his own race, he will be satisfied with a white girl. If the perambulating white cannot find a white girl, he will "take on" with a liquorice jujube. It's all plain enough, if you will but look at the matter with an unprejudiced mind. But it is essential to place travelled men in the seats of the legislators. Home-staying youth hath ever homely wit—the same thing applies to home-staying middle-age, or antiquity. Let the fact not be forgotten.

THERE'S nothing new under the sun, and what was, will be! What are we thinking of, to warrant the foregoing? Well, we have been considering the conduct of Shipping Federation, Limited, and in the midst of that consideration, we have been harking back into the vistas of the past. Time was that we indulged a weakness for "poetry." We weren't so inordinately busy then. Still, some of the stuff—albeit written a decade ago—appears to be just as "touching" at the moment. That you may be enabled to judge for yourselves—

"OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MAGNIFICO."

Federate, federate, atoms vivific;
Talk, but be sure you say nothing specific.
Clap-trap-cum-twankydom's all that you need,
If on the finest of "wittles" you'd feed.

Your tentacles spread out to ev'ry big port;
Invite all your "raggies" to join in your sport;
Plagiarise figures which better men gather,
And retail 'em out with your very best slather.

Now, suborn a "weakly" to spread out your "views"—
Mind, one who'll pretend all your chin-music's "news";
Then coax a slow "daily" to play at "scratch-back"
When you federate libels about *helpless* Jack.

"Stuff" every "owner" *-sub rosa*—that you
Would federate solely to force a cheap crew—
Don't mind how you talk, for the "shipowning" elf
Is as green about shipping, as you are, yourself.

Should nail-studded bludgeons be aimed at your head,
"Do you push" for awhile, and—after you've fed—
Hie forth to the Chambers of Commerce and "gas"—
There's nobody there will dare dub you an ass.

Don't prate to the world of your laws and your might;
Don't, don't say your "officers" know how to fight—
You might have to admit that their mark's a beef-steak;
That Christmas plum-duff is the thing they best shake!

No; in season and out, prate of kindness and love;
Tell the world you resemble a tame sucking dove;
That you look after Jack, if in sickness or health;
That your "benefit ticket's" a source of great wealth.

When speaking of "tickets," you needn't explain
That all "benefits" come to yourselves in the main—
That some "broken rule," or omission by Jack,
Makes his widow and orphans those "benefits" lack.

If you work out the "wisdom" here laid out in rhyme,
You'll federate and—you will win, for a time.
Your paymasters? Laws, I forgot 'em! 'Tis funny!
It's shipping shareholders you'll "bluff" for the money!

They're slow-thinking people, so rope in their cash
While you may, for they'll certainly stop all your hash,
When, at length, they perceive that you're worse than a sham.
And declare your whole show is worth less than a dam.*

[*Nuttall says, "a dam is the 40th part of a rupee"!—ED.]

QUITE a while ago, we wrote—for the incidental benefit of a "shipping" journal with which we were then interested, and mainly because we believed that our action would give it a semblance at least, of nautical ability—a series of observations which we labelled "Skippers We Have Met," and "Chiefs We Have Known." The said observations enjoyed a greater or lesser vogue at the time, and as a number of our friends have since worried us for copies of the yarns indicated, we are about to oblige. Ten years have gone into the ewigkeit since we wrote the stuff, but the reader will surely admit that the truth thereof is still of the eighteen-carat sort. This, then, as an introduction to the series, which commences on another page.

SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET. No. 1.—The "Blunt" Skipper.

FROM earliest times there has been a more or less misleading account rendered of the shipmaster, in so far as his professional habits and general life is concerned; rendered, too, by persons who claimed to know all that was worth knowing of the subject. Without wishing to discredit the assumed knowledge of the various "accountists," we will be satisfied with remarking that if they did know all about the "Old Man," then were they extremely careful to keep that knowledge in the background.

If these writers really knew all about the merchant skipper, and wished to give the public the benefit of their knowledge, it certainly seems strange that there should be such a diversity of opinion concerning him. As things are, however, we find one writer thoroughly convinced that the shipmaster—past, present, and to come—is the incarnation of all the human vices; that he has neither a soul to be damned, a body worth kicking, or the remotest right of being allowed to live.

Again we are told that the skipper is a "real good sort," and that anybody knowing him will readily admit that his lot is a hard one; that he is, in short, deserving of universal pity. Some say that his "lines" invariably fall in pleasant places; others are equally certain that the man who goes to sea for pleasure will go to Hell for pastime; while yet others are ready to avow—magnanimously, and in a non-committal sort of way—that the "Old Man" is "not so black as he is painted," being, in fact, rather "more sinn'd against than sinning."

This latter, by the way, is the kind of praise the same persons favour the devil with, presumably for the purpose of "hedging" a little for fear "Johnny with the queer feet" may eventually have them in his power? It must follow that if we admit the knowledge of the writers alluded to above, then must we assume that they, to say the least, have studied the skipper from points diametrically opposed?

It is also more than probable that the study was carried on with specimens "on the beach," and every sailor, as well as most 'longshoremen, will admit that a knowledge gained from the study of such specimens must be misleading—if not altogether wrong. Personally, we consider that the merchant skipper is in very much the same position as the representatives of other trades or professions, in so far as there are "all sorts and conditions" at sea as well as on shore.

Having had a fairly good acquaintance with the gentlemen under discussion, both on and off their (supposed) native element, we intend giving a short sketch of the various "sorts" that have come under our notice, and to state how their "conditions" and consequent effect, professionally, have appealed to us. Commencing with the "Blunt" skipper, we shall "ring the changes" on the variety, ending up with a description of the "Right skipper."

The "blunt" class of skippers shall, for our purpose, be divided into two kinds. That is, he that is naturally so, and he that affects "bluntness" in the blissful hope that his uncompromising lack of civility shall pass muster among outsiders as evidence of good seamanship. The latter kind, being nothing short of an unmitigated nuisance, we will throw overboard, figuratively. We are sorry that we cannot do so literally.

The skipper, however, who is naturally "blunt," seeing he was born like it and is helpless in the matter—or nearly so—deserves some little attention. If only for the sake of helping him to guard against his weakness, by showing how inimical to his best interests such "bluntness" undoubtedly is, our remarks should be of service.

In the old days, and before Jack had received just sufficient of the present style of so-called education to make him dangerous, the "blunt" man made the best shipmaster. He was, perhaps, a trifle autocratic at times, although there were then, as now, "all sorts" acting as skipper; but then, the very nature of his calling was calculated to make him "blunt" in manner and unyielding in his decisions.

He was unhampered by grandmotherly legislation (formulated by a set of fossils, who could scarce tell, unaided, which end of a ship goes first), and was not quite such legitimate prey for all hands as he is thought to be to-day. Expected to fulfil his duties as master *pur et simple*, he generally managed so to do. His owner trusted him implicitly, and seldom was that trust betrayed.

Being "the master," he had all to say with victualling and storing his ship, as old-time people had an impression that a sailor should know more about a ship's needs than would a glorified office boy. Of course those ancients were wrong, otherwise the present generation would not have put the reins of government in the hands of the office boy and other equally-qualified persons.

The skipper also arranged the chartering as he considered best (and ships paid then), engaged stevedores, riggers, pilots, watermen, and everything else connected with his business. As a consequence, those people, depending, as they did, on the goodwill of the skipper for their living, were prepared to allow him to be as "blunt" as he chose, so that he put work their way.

That he generally took full advantage of the licence accorded him there is no gainsaying, and he gave his decisions in such short, terse sentences, and was so delightfully intent on "calling a spade a spade"—and other things in like manner—that his utterances were listened to with almost as much awe as was given to the Delphic Oracle of old!

Again, in the old days, when long spells at sea were the order of the day, the skipper had only the bulwark of "bluntness"—and the pretence that he was a superior kind of being to the remainder of frail humanity—between himself and open mutiny. His crews were ignorant and superstitious, therefore inclined to entertain with feelings of awe anything they did not understand.

The skipper being the least understandable of any on board, because of his "blunt" manner and general aloofness, received the largest amount of awe that Jack of that period was in a position to give to anybody. Hence the "blunt" skipper was a success, and he did his share towards forming the Mercantile Marine of which we are so justly proud to-day; because, after all, capital (and office-boy) notwithstanding, the red ensign will not travel afar of its own sweet will.

Somebody had and has still to order the method of its progress, and scheme as we may, one man must be at the head of affairs in that ordering, whatsoever name evolution may decide on giving him. Now, however, times have changed for the skipper, as well as for other people. He may not like to admit the fact, but it is there. Whether the change is for good or ill does not come within the scope of our present writing, as our object is to show that, under existing circumstances, the shipmaster cannot afford to be "blunt."

With very few exceptions, the present-day skipper has no more of the shipmaster's duties devolving on him than that of navigating his vessel. The assertion is unpalatable, no doubt, but wince or "squirm" as he may, it is the truth. In many instances he is not allowed to exercise the first principle of his *raison d'être*—the navigation of his vessel, for whose safety he is supposed to be responsible—altogether unrestricted by conditions and penalties.

He has to take certain routes, pass points and headlands at stated distances, and play the fool generally in trying to follow "the company's rules," which are framed and hung up in various parts of his ship, the said rules being, nine times out of ten, the outcome of much mental worry on the part of some "ancient mariner" who is probably fifteen or twenty years behind the times, and who considers that he was the last sailor that ever sailed salt water.

The victualling of the ship is worked scientifically, and in many cases *menus* are provided. The "super" is lord paramount in home ports, and "our friends Messrs. ——" are ditto in the out-ports. The skipper is told that "we have a contract" with everybody, and although the contract is not binding on himself, as he was not a party to it, yet if he goes past it the "sack" is his portion.

Consequent on those "contracts" the various tradesmen dictate terms to the skipper as to what he is allowed by "the firm." The crews are filled to the brim with the "friends and fellow-workers" style of oratory, and are always ready to "down tools" at the least remonstrance to their skulking, pending a communication from their "union."

In the face of all these difficulties, it will be conceded that "bluntness" is not a success for the poor man who is cursed with the failing. He should therefore, remember all the little points we have enumerated, and try to cultivate a certain amount of "blandness," the advantages of which we shall demonstrate later on.

THE MARITIME REVIEW,

FRIDAY, SEPT. 13TH, 1907.

"BOY SEAMEN"

PART II.

IN further considering this anything-but-pleasing report, we read that "According to the Board of Trade returns, the total number of persons (excluding lascars and Asiatics) employed during the year 1905 on vessels engaged in the home (including fishing) and foreign trades was 220,203. Of these, 180,492 were British, and 39,711 were foreigners, the percentage of foreigners being 18·03." So far, so good, and we will discuss that highly-doubtful claim, later on. Again quoting, we find that "In the year 1902 (or going back over an interval of three years, and we naturally ask, Why?) there were 172,538 British persons employed, as against 39,825 foreigners, the percentage of foreigners being 18·71, showing that at the moment the foreign element in the mercantile marine is not increasing." Is anyone, not altogether fit for a lunatic asylum, going to accept those figures without a doubt? We say no, and our decision is based on a life-time of experience with the theme upon which we are presently concerned. As showing how altogether untrustworthy those Board of Trade "returns" are calculated to be, let us ask the reader how many times, when reading of a casualty at sea, they have noticed that the published crew-list shows that although the men concerned are "returned" as resident somewhere say in Bute Road, the names, themselves, are altogether reminiscent of the land where burning Sappho loved and sung? As far as the Board of Trade returns are concerned, Lambro Kyriakides, and because he is registered as possessing a home address in a sailors' boarding house in Bute Street, is a Briton! The same thing applies with a full-blooded buck nigger from anywhere outside the British Dominions. The moke styles himself John Smith, or Henry Clay Brown, guesses that he lives at a number in the same historic roadway already named, and *ergo*, he is another "British sailor." And similarly with numberless natives from every country on earth. Many of them being true patriots in that they left their country for that country's good, and often being somewhat dubious as to the merits of keeping to the name which their sponsors gave them at their début on earth, change it for an "English-sounding" appellation. As a natural result, they are "returned" as Britons, and thus is that thing named a percentage kept down! Meanwhile, junior officers are daily becoming more scarce, and although this is the direct outcome of a scarcity of British lads taking to the sea, the Committee which we have been discussing, is assured that "the foreign element in the mercantile marine is not increasing." Of course it is increasing, and every sailorman is absolutely clear on the point. Furthermore, and in view of the fact that, in the majority of tramp steamers, the foreign element numbers, at least, fifteen out of a possible twenty-three, then, you can easily see the value of the Committee's pious reflection that foreigners are not increasing, and that their percentage is only some 18 all through. Excluding the officers and engineers who, as yet, have not been ousted by foreign cheap labour, and sticking closely to the forecastle ratings, then, we are fairly certain that the percentage of foreign seamen is nearer to eighty per cent., than to the figures tabled by that Committee. If the said Committee doesn't know this of its own personal knowledge, but is at the beck and call of any hostile witness who may happen along, then, we submit that the constitution of that Committee was wrong all to Hades. We are further assured that, "Some witnesses expressed the opinion that the number of foreigners serving in British ships is largely due to their willingness to accept a lower rate of wages than British seamen." Those witnesses need have experienced no doubts upon the matter, for the question of cheapness is the be-all and end-all of the trouble. Yet this sapient Committee states: "This is certainly not the case in ports of the United Kingdom where British and foreign seamen signing articles on the same ship and at the same port obtain the same wages." Of course they do. But why? For the very simple reason that the foreigner brings the wages down to his agreed level, and then, rather than starve, the Briton signs on at the same rate. Of what use is it to obscure the final results of these inquiries? Or is there any manhood in stating but half the truth? Everybody knows that aliens are shipped solely as the result of their being cheaper, and no amount of so-called language test will alter the fact. The "contract man" assesses the rate on a given day, the steamer's name and requirements are posted on the board at the shipping office; also the rates of pay offered. Mr. Alien takes the sum mentioned with pleasure, for he is a stranger in a strange land, and unless he is in possession of coin of the realm, he will have to leave his hard-up boarding-house, going on the rates, or recruiting the ranks of the undesirable tramp. The native, seeing that he has some sort of a "home," and that his dependants are needing bread—well, he enters into competition with Mr. Alien, and thus we see him signing on at alien rates, while this Committee prattles of "signing on the same ship and at the same port, and obtaining the same wages." Makes you tired, doesn't it? To think that the taxpayers' money should be wasted in this scandalous manner, and to obtain a result which is as far from the truth of the situation, as the sun is distant from the earth. Once more: "...while it is possible that some crews are engaged at Continental ports because the port rate of wages is lower, we do not think that the practice is resorted to to any great extent." Don't you think so? Was the Committee faked-up merely to fill the country with a number of japes as to what it "thinks?" Or did the nation fatuously believe that some actual fact on a national question would be unearthed? If the latter eventuality was hoped for, then, we submit, the nation must be terribly disappointed. Leaving the realms of "think," and coming down to actual fact, we beg to assure that Committee that "the practice is resorted to, to a very great extent," and that quite the greatest sinners in this connection, are their radical friends who prattle so very much about their love for their fellowmen, and who endeavour, by all kinds of meretricious dodgery, to "get into Parliament" as the One-and-Only. Don't tell us about your "thinks," if you please, Mr. Committeeman. The country, while willing to admit that your thinking powers are above the ordinary, would much rather receive a quantity of fact. The situation which you were detailed to consider, is fraught with much danger to the nation. Under the circumstances, then, thinking should be ruled off, while actualities should be introduced. Here is another bit of partial truth: "The demand for men for the Royal Navy has increased considerably in recent years, the number now borne on the books of his Majesty's ships and at the Royal Marine division being 128,000, as against 68,800 in the year 1891." Can calm impertinence farther go? Who cares a toss as to the number of men who were employed sixteen years ago? In the case of the Mercantile Marine, those Committeemen simply reviewed a period of three years; why not stick to the same text in connection with the Navy? Simply for this reason: If such straightforward conduct were followed, the facts are that in the present year of grace, there are practically 5,000 men less in the Senior Service, than existed when the present Government came into power. All of which goes to prove that, "The demand for men for the Royal Navy has *decreased* considerably in recent years," and we are surprised to note that a Committee of business men should have such a poor opinion of the intellectual abilities of the tax-payers as is here evidenced. The Navy is undermanned, and is actually employing less men than was employed by the late Government, yet we are assured—through yanking in the year 1891 as a fearful example—that the demand has increased considerably! Once more let us ask you if it doesn't make you tired? We might just as well say that the population of the British Empire having increased since 1891, further births are to be prohibited by law! Still, the Committee played up a bit to the gallery, as is evidenced by the following: "Nor do we think that there is any force in the contention that the foreigner is preferred because he is more sober and better conducted. While the foreigner, on first entering the British mercantile marine may be easier to deal with, he is soon no better and no worse in this respect than the British seaman, who, it is generally admitted, is more to be relied on in times of emergency." What does it all mean? If the foreigner is

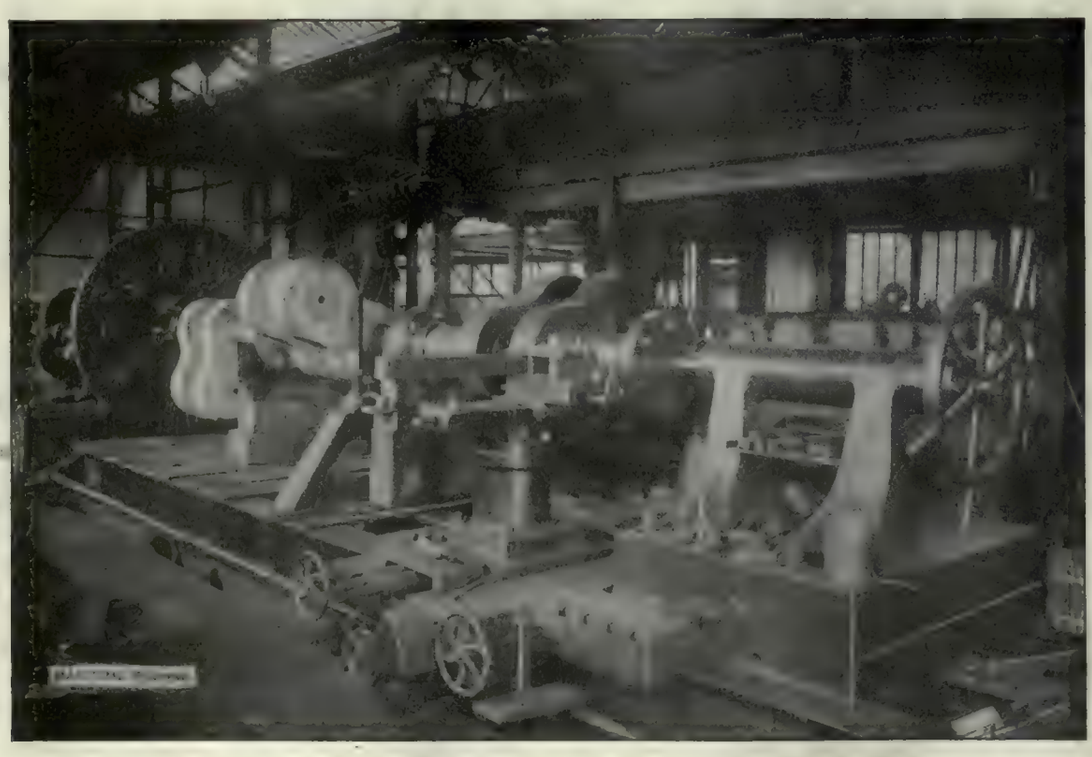
" no better and *no worse* . . . than the British seaman " how can the latter be more dependable in emergency? And if, as is here suggested, the foreigner soon degenerates, once he is enrolled as a component of a British crew, will the Committee show that it has earned its fees by saying why? No, it won't, and mainly for the reason that it doesn't know. In that event, we will, with our usual kindness, hasten to oblige. The reason for all that degeneration is, that you appoint a man under the title of " master," and he has no more power to enforce discipline, than has this precious Committee to give a straightforward statement of the facts which have been adduced as the result of questioning 42 witnesses, where ten times as many should have been interviewed. Back the master up in his endeavours to enforce discipline, and one half of your troubles will have departed at once. Have less of that tootling to an alleged " union," and tell the Old Man that as he is practically one against the crowd, you will see him through in the event of trouble. Under those conditions, the degeneracy will have received its first real sprag. But where an anarchistic foreigner is allowed to receive the assistance of a numoer of loud-mouthed — and more or less unscrupulous — " union " officials at a shipping office counter, you don't need much brains to see that discipline won't amount to much? Moreover, with each " union " triumph, it naturally follows that Snider goes away on another voyage, chock-full of a profound admiration for " dot union, " and an equal contempt for the man whom you fatuously describe as " the master."

These are some of the little points which your " witnesses " would appear to know but little about. In short, and as we have already suggested, Mr. Lloyd-George should interview ourselves, if he really wishes to have his name passed along as a benefactor to his race. We'll give you points, "Georgie," dear, and we will also undertake to shake that smug complacency which is about in quite big amounts, in the ranks of your pet Committees. We are sailormen, and have the temerity to claim that every point in the game is equally open to us. We have no axe to grind, and thus it comes about that whether we are writing of the shipowner, the executive officer, the sailor, or the amateur politician, we give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And we shall win through in the end, you'll find, " Georgie; " and our work will remain in the public mind, for many a year after the amateur politicians of the moment have been forgotten. Forgive that little burst, and take it as a compliment to yourself. By " Keepin' a hollerin' " you have acquired the power to fake-up Committees and things like that; by the exercise of the same trait, we shall acquire the power to swamp those Committees—and things like that. Mark us, well, and now we'll touch on a further point in the " report: " " The desirability of taking steps to diminish their (the aliens) numbers by means of a scheme of State assistance to shipowners depends in our opinion, on whether, from the national point of view, the number of foreign seamen in the merchant service is so excessive as to constitute a national danger." The danger is pronounced enough, in all conscience, but it will be still the same, suppose you fake-up a dozen schemes of State assistance to the shipowner. " We have had the benefit of the views of two witnesses representing the Admiralty on this point, and we have been explicitly assured that, so far as the Navy is concerned, a scheme for increasing the number of British boy seamen entering the mercantile marine would not, under present conditions, serve any useful purpose." Dear us! Been explicitly assured—and by whom, pray? Obviously, by a couple of estimable gentlemen who imagine that the mercantile marine is an impossible affair, don'tcherknow; and who, if roped in with an equal number of naval men as applies with a tramp's crew, would inevitably lose her within twenty minutes from leaving port. What is a " useful purpose " in the opinion of those two naval " experts? " But hold on a bit, they appear to have given an explanation of their ideas, and it romps along after the following: " The present Reserves are regarded by them (the naval experts, you know) as adequate, and, owing to the tendency of the work on board a warship to become more and more of a highly-skilled nature, the utility of the mercantile marine as a recruiting ground for the Navy will, in all probability, in the future be limited." Will it? And because of that tendency of the work on a warship to become highly-skilled, the Government is training its seamen in depôts, and seamen's barracks? The worst of these so-called witnesses is, that they forget that outsiders have a nodding acquaintance with Naval matters, and can size up the " highly-skilled " particulars, quite as readily as can the Naval men themselves. One would be justified in believing that it is a different sort of water which is used for floating warships, to that which obtains with a humble merchant ship. Let us ask in all seriousness, which class of men would be the more likely to fall into Naval routine the more readily? The man who had served a number of years afloat in the Mercantile Marine, or the man who, coming from the plough-tail, had never seen a ship; didn't know which was for'ed, and which aft; and if called with a general order of " All hands on deck," would be just as likely to place his hands on the deck, as otherwise? Is there sense or reason in supposing that the agricultural man would be worth shucks on a warship? Certainly not, and in the future, just as much as in the past, the mercantile marine of every nation will be its only possible naval recruiting ground, when war's alarms are on the wind. Twaddle will not alter this fact; specious argument will not discount it; and if only as a non-seasick server of ammunition, the merchant sailor will have the everlasting bulge on the 'longshoreman who might, conceivably, be hustled into a seagoing job, in time of national stress. And does the sapient Naval " witness " imagine that the man-of-wars'-man is all that the nation depends on? The Boer War showed who had to do the transport work, a future war will simply emphasise that feature; and in all periods of time, the merchant sailor must feed the naval man, equally with the 'longshoreman. Under the circumstances, then, a depleted, or alien-run mercantile marine is a grave national danger—exactly as we contended four years ago, and have consistently claimed ever since. Moreover, we have had to run this grave danger question on a lone hand, and are conceited enough to believe that had it not been for our consistent pleading, that Committee would never have sat—as the phrase runs. It has " sat," however, and sad it is to have to admit, that in the result, the Motherland is about as well off as if the members of that same Committee had never been born. Nor are reasons for this deplorable state of affairs far to seek. Committees which are faked up with stock-experts, will never be worth twopence ha'penny. There is too much of the axe to grind for ever in evidence, and in our serious opinion, what that combination of alleged shipping men didn't know about ships and shipping, would fill several large-sized books. In effect, the country is no better—and possibly no worse—off for the labours of the Boy Seamen Committee. Here let us end the consideration which we have patiently given to this latest nautical farce. At the same time we wish to call your attention to the similarity which exists between the action of these recurring Committees and the tide as shown in accompanying illustration. Like that tide, their Committees come and go, and ever leave the same old stones behind them! You can, of course, see the analogy, and therefore (especially as we are at the bottom of the page) we may be excused for attempting a continuation.

FEEDING THE SAILOR.

THE above subject continues to occupy—to a greater or lesser extent—the attention of the purveyor of ha'penny journalism, and if that genius is not particularly remarkable for the originality of his arguments *(sic)*, he makes up for the lack thereof, by stolidly sticking to his guns. True, the said guns might easily be construed as belonging to the pop variety; but we are willing to accept the will for the deed, even as we undertake to throw a little practical light on what is, as yet, a most obscure affair.

THAT word "uniformly" sizes up the whole situation. Jack is fed on lines which apply with the supply of his uniform—but with a difference. Whereas the Government doesn't insist on clothing a six-feet-man with the jumper and breeks which are fitting for a five-feet-eight-man, they do insist on feeding a big eater with the sparse amount of *panem* that might be beautifully satisfying to a small eater. In other words, uniformity is aimed at in everything—save wages. So much so, that it is madness for an "out size" man to seek an opportunity of serving his country.



A BIG LATHE, AND A BIG CRANK-SHAFT, BARRY GRAVING DOCK.

THE legislative "expert" has fussed around over the same subject for some eighteen months; has worked up a new menu for Jack; the latter individual is growling as persistently as ever; and the "expert," especially now that a "heat wave" is spread over the landscape, is engaged in wiping his manly brow, what time he soulfully declares that the sailor is never satisfied. For our part, we are willing to admit that the sailor really is for ever with the dissatisfied ones. But what then?

HE has every reason for his dissatisfaction, and gainsay the fact who will, that same dissatisfaction will continue, until some practical persons are entrusted with the task of bringing order out of chaos. To-date, little other than amateurs have moved in this direction—amateurs, or interested folk to whom the *status quo* is a desideratum. At the moment, the Handy Man is coming in for a quantity of the attention which has recently petered out over the mercantile sailor, and it is now suggested that the naval man shall be uniformly treated with a "sixpenny ration," leaving him to spend the odd coppers which a grateful nation allows him, on the canteen—or elsewhere.

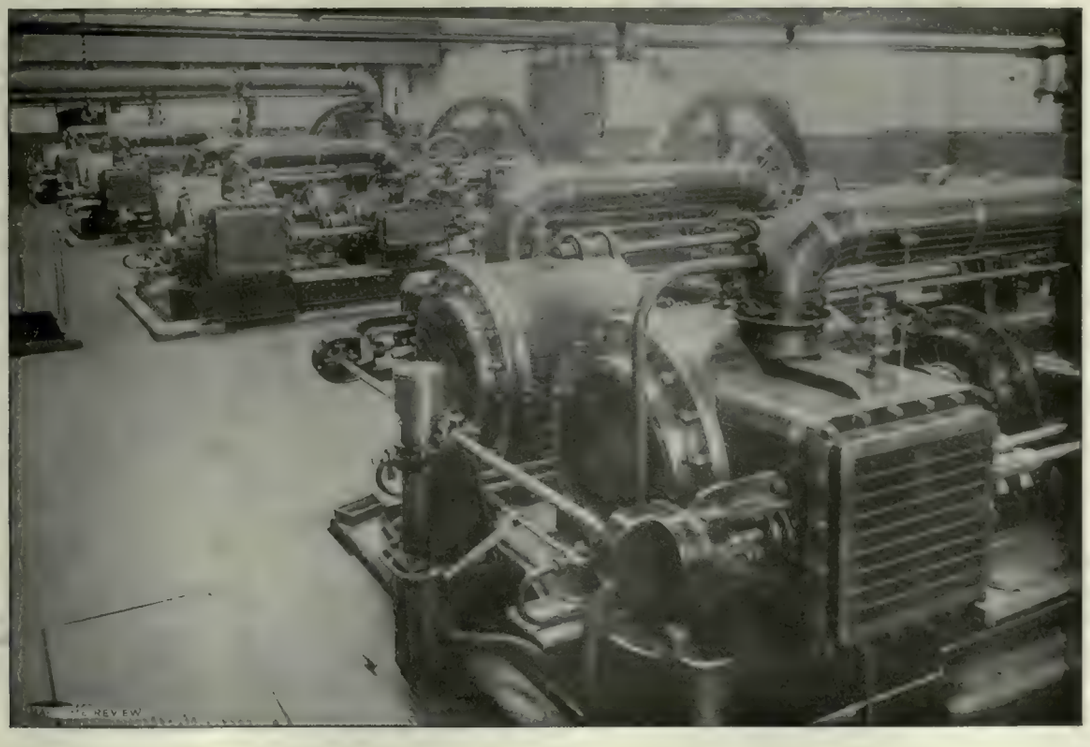
IN properly regulated concerns, of course, a premium would be offered to the larger pieces of man-meat. That is to say, if a man had a two-hundred-weight carcase to keep up, he would not be expected to stoke it—in a manner of speaking—with the fuel that would be amply sufficient for a ten-stone-man. As things are however, that is exactly what applies. The "whack" of food is the same all 'round, and it has been based on the needs of the average man. Under the circumstances, then, it is obvious that the State sets no regard on the man who is above the average?

ON the contrary, rather, for if a man who is really above the average ambles along, the State will mighty soon bring him down to an average condition, by supplying him with a "whack" of food that is altogether insufficient for his exceptional needs. It never struck you this way, did it? Perhaps not, but then, if you haven't been fed a la "whack"—have ever been favoured with a table on which a moderate full and plenty shaped—we needn't wonder at your conditions.

MOREOVER, you might have noticed that where bits of

mechanism is concerned, the Government doesn't attempt to bring in its pet word—uniform. That is, a *Dreadnought* is allowed as much fuel as she will "scoff," supposing it happens to a hundred times as great in amount, as is the quantity which is essential for a torpedo-boat. But keeping to the same metaphor, a Dreadnought-man must get around at full speed, on the food which is only enough in quantity, for the full-speed of a torpedo-boat-man. You see the point, of course, but even so, it is considerably more than your Government can see—judging dispassionately, and by results.

THEN, consider the ridiculous manner in which the sailors' rations are divided-out—save the term. Jack starts his breakfast at 7.30 a.m., gets his dinner at noon, tea at 6 p.m., and then gets nothing further until 5.30 the next morning, when he is treated to a hard biscuit and a cup of impossible coffee. In other words, he is given three "square meals" in nine hours one day, and nothing for the whole of the remaining fifteen hours; on the next day, he is given the three meals in a run of ten and a half hours, and receives nothing further for the remaining thirteen and a half hours.



BARRY RAILWAY CO.—SOME OF THE MACHINERY SUPPLYING THE POWER.

THAT is a sensible and "expert" manner in which to get the best out of a crowd of men, isn't it? Sensible, from a Government point of view, that is to say! And yet the sailorman has exactly the same work to do at night, as he has during the day. He keeps the same watches, under the same conditions, with the same weather, and is "fed" even as we have explained. In the "good old days," this style of food-division wasn't so monotonous, and enervating. In the days of the white wings which never grew weary, it was the exception rather than the rule, for the watch to be disturbed during the night, other than to relieve the wheel and lookout.

UNDER those circumstances, the sleeping seamen had no consciousness of their hunger, and if there was an order to "square the main yard," it was fairly common for the officer of the watch to see all hands respond to his call. They were sleeping on the various hatches; had no knowledge of whose watch it was; and as a natural result, and seeing that discipline was understood in those days, the official shout brought all hands. In those days, too, the Briton was to be found engaged in the task of making an Empire. To-day, worse luck, the alien is just as busy in unmaking it.

UNDER modern conditions, however, the seaman has precisely the same grind at night, as by day, and when we write the word seaman, we signify officer and man. The officer is "fed" in the same amiable manner as is his supposed helper, and although a few well-known and highly-respected shipping firms arrange for a "snack" to be laid out handy for the officer of the watch at night, the vast majority would consider such humanitarian suggestions as rank heresy. They would be aghast at the supposition that an officer needed anything to eat between the hours of 5 p.m., and 8 a.m. one day, and from 5 p.m. until 5.30 a.m. in the next round of twenty four hours.

AND because tradition has sanctified this misguided style of feeding, it is allowed to continue. The mere fact that it is driving the Briton from the nation's vessels has nothing to do with the case—at present. Later on, it will have a very great deal to do with the deplorable situation which will result. Meanwhile, inquiring folk are inclined to wonder why the food question assumes such important dimensions with the sailor. They overlook the fact that his "Little Mary" is the one excitement upon which he has to depend; that his life is one continued round of work and sleep, with feeding intervals thrown in as an excitement.

IF the sailor had anything to relieve the monotony of his wretched life, he would not attach so much importance to the function of feeding. But as long as his food is the one sensation attainable, then, for just so long will he be a "growl," and impossible to satisfy. When Jack comes off watch, he has no chance to see a dog-fight, to put a shilling on the winner, to enjoy a music hall entertainment, to stroll out with "a bit of skirt," to do anything save ask what's for dinner, and to curse at it, no matter in what shape it happens to be served. Naturally, when there is a legitimate reason for the "growl," that same old complaint will be in evidence—it would be, in lesser amount, if there were no reason.

Cardiff's Conservative Candidate.

AT last, the City of Cardiff would appear to be by way of obtaining a Parliamentary candidate whose conduct will be altogether in line with her traditions, and a credit to her front-rank position among the great cities of the world. Hitherto, the city has been "run," more or less, in the interests of those who have but precious little interest therein—which might sound somewhat paradoxical, although as a matter of fact it is nothing at all of the sort.

HOWEVER, we are glad to note that on Monday last, Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart made his political début, in the city which the House of Bute has made, and which its interests, in large measure, keep going. With the general outlines of his lordship's speech, we have little concern,

T. L. Howe.] THE ROAD TO WEALTH—COALVILLE! [*Penarth.*

and should not touch on it in these columns were it not for the fact that the said speech contained much that will be of direct interest to the shipping community.

ONE thing is certain: If the city as an entity, takes up Lord Ninian's case in the same whole-hearted manner as was evidenced by the stalwarts who supported him on Monday last, then his progress into Parliamentary honours may be taken as a walk-over of the easiest kind. Personally we sincerely hope that it will be a walk-over, for Cardiff long since drew out of the position where parish council tactics, or illiterate (but noisy) demagogues are likely to shine.

WHEN such fighters as Mr. J. Herbert Cory, J.P.; Sir John Gunn; Mr. Robert Forrest; Aldermen Robert Hughes and W. J. Trounce; Messrs. Isaac Samuel and J. W. Courtis; Alderman Illtyd Thomas: Messrs. E. W. M. Corbett and J. B. Ferrier; Colonel Bruce Vaughan; Messrs. J. M. Jennings, F. H. Gaskell, A. C. Kirk, Henry England, Richard England, Henry Frazer, Edward Nicholl, P. H. Coward and others of equal local prominence combine—well, it needs no prophet to determine that "this is business?"

ANYHOW, in dealing with the interests of the working classes, Lord Ninian made it abundantly clear that the side which he intends to support, have ever been to the front in easing the workers' troubles, or in giving him legislation which tended to a removal of those troubles. *Per contra*, it might be supposed that "the other side" does little other than promise, and this is only as it should be. Far too often, that "other side" is recruited from the ranks of those who look upon politics as a short cut to wealth; and who, while having a pronounced disinclination for real hard work, are by no means averse to picking up a precarious livelihood as the result of a quantity of old prattle.

INDICATIONS are all in favour of the belief that the worker has become tired of high-sounding promises from the self-elected champions in our midst; that although talk is cheap (worth on an average, some three pounds per week, and paid for out of the funds of "the Cause"), it still takes money to buy whisky; and that although three acres and a cow, and "Chinese slavery," might or might not mean a very great deal to the farmer or Chinaman; neither of the catch-phrases mean very much to the workers who, between them, have to "put up" the price of Empire.

REMEMBERING all this, then, it is matter for no surprise to note that Lord Ninian Stuart—who has a vested interest in the continued stability of the British Empire—should be accepted with open arms, so to put it, or that his supporters have vowed to see him through, at the fitting time and place. In our opinion, the working man will gird up his loins for the fray, and in view of the fact that he is a sportsman right down to his soles, will opine that as he has given the "other fellow" a run for his money, and without any very great amount of benefit accruing—then, it will be as well to back the present favourite who, in all probability, will "come home a winner," while in any case he can make no more pitiable showing than have his predecessors.

BUT it was in the matter of national defence where Lord

Ninian came out strongest—or so it appears] to us. Himself an ex-soldier, and with a personal knowledge of the make-shifts which, collectively, are termed an "Army," his lordship is worthy of attention on the matter of defence. In speaking of the burdens which a mighty Empire imposed on a Government, Lord Ninian assured his hearers that the responsibility of the defence of the country, its community, and its trade was no small item. He further remarked that, "It was under a Unionist Government that we could safely say that our Navy was maintained at a level which made it equal to the combined navies of any two great foreign Powers."

Of course, and it is equally safe to say that under the present substitute for a Government, the Navy is anything but a match for the combined navies of any two fifth-rate Powers? You see, where a Government is bothering itself with the "jam ration" of its defenders; is divided among itself as to whether jam should be issued as a component part of the feeding idea; is half-inclined to plump for an all-'round "sixpenny ration," but is somewhat afraid that some of the 'longshore Labour M.P.'s might kick because of their personal fondness for jam; then, that sort of Government is hardly the combination which is calculated to keep a big Empire going?

In the words of Lord Ninian Stuart, ". . . to-day, under a Radical Government, we have to listen to the warning note of danger from no less an authority than Lord Roberts himself." Of course, we have, and as we have remarked on several occasions, the word "radical" is invariably used in connection with wrong! You seldom—if ever—hear a man declare that another man is "radically right." No, for the combination that is usually accepted, is that a man is "radically wrong?" Under those circumstances, then, you need not feel at all surprised to note that the Government which you put into power with such an overwhelming majority, is, oftener than not, "radically wrong" in its premises, and ultimate decisions.

However, there is a good time coming, and we feel assured that when Lord Ninian gets into his stride, he will show you that in the matter of national defence, the interests of the mercantile marine, and the remnant of British seamen, are as worthy of attention as is the "jam ration," or the "early cocoa" of the Handy Man. Elsewhere in this issue, we have commented on this particular phase of "national defence." We refer you to the remarks therein contained, and merely touch on them, here, as they gravitate around the theme of national defence as considered on Monday, last, by Cardiff's Hope.

In connection with that responsibility already alluded to, it is as well to remember that ". . . our responsibility is ever increasing. It is a responsibility on which not only do the lives of many of our fellow countrymen depend, but also the maintenance of the requisite defence and protection for those huge vessels and those mighty fleets which constitute our British trade." That is plain enough, in all conscience? So is this: "If we understand what this means, and realise our responsibilities, then we know that it is on us and our support that this great fabric, this great system, and this vast work depends."

Clear enough, isn't it? And yet in the past, that responsibility has been shirked, has been relegated to a back seat, and even while in the fore front, was rushed such paltry considerations as to which kind of "Lindley Murray" should be used by the children, whose lives we have done but little to safeguard! All of which goes to show that while an amateur rig-out is good enough for a tiny South American Republic, and is calculated to keep its hot-headed ones busy; an Empire, the greatest on which the sun has ever shone, needs something more than parish councillors, and apprentice-legislators to keep it going. But as we have already remarked, better times are coming. We have the man, presently we shall have the moment. Get ready for it.

Another of 'em!

"FIRST AID."

THERE is no getting away from the belief that Whitehall contains a choice selection of wags and "goak" perpetrators. We have animadverted on that phase of shipping economics, full many a time and oft, but as far as we can see that same old phase will occupy our best attention, for many a year to come! The "goaky" propensity has been in evidence so long, that it will take years to eradicate, so, under the circumstances, one has to accept the infliction, as one's proper share of the white man's burden.

WHAT are we getting at? Well, its like this: If the world continues until April 1, 1908—continues under its present somewhat unsatisfactory condition, you understand—all future candidates for Board of Trade certificates of provisional competency, will be required to show that they possess a Board of Tradey knowledge of first aid to the injured. Where's the "goak?"

JUST you bide a wee, and don't allow the heat wave to fluster you in any shape or form. We are about to propound the apparent subtleties of the case, and don't you forget it. In the year 1908—on All-Fool's Day, you'll have observed—skippers and mates of that epoch will be in a position to show that they know how to apply a poultice to a wooden leg, or a splint to a broken thingumajig.

WHAT'S a thingumajig? Ask the Board of Trade "goakists," please, even while you allow us to go on with the story. A broken thingumajig is—yes, it is a broken thingumajig, and as we have already informed you, the executive officer of the future will have to show, for a month or two, at least, that he knows how to splint it. Of course, this "new ordinance" will not affect the 30,000—there or thereabout—masters and mates who already bask in the sunlight of a provisional certificate of competency.

BOILS may come, and boils may go; thingumajigs break, and eke, get well; but, old stagers, you must know—never mind what you *must* know. But you might understand that if three dozen certificated men under the new rules (and in April, 1908) know all about "first aid" to the injured, or infirm, 30,000 of their professional brethren need not necessarily know anything at all about it. And this is where one of the "goaks" comes in, with telling force.

COME we now to the second spasm. "The Board of Trade have now forwarded to the Merchant Service Guild (that is the concern about which we have given you frequent explanations) new official instructions to examiners of masters and mates . . . and also a notice to candidates for masters' and mates' certificates, to the effect that on and after April 1, 1908 —" and so on, as above.

"WELSH SMOKELESS."

BEGINNING to see the "goak?" Understand where the need of "first aid" will indubitably come in? Realise the frivolous nature of some of the despatching clerks who are placed at Whitehall, and who are paid more or less munificent salaries by a grateful nation? That's all right, then. In our humble opinion, That "merchant service guild" will be past the assistance derivable from any amount of first aid, long before April 1, 1908.

JUST about that time, its present "secretary" should have qualified for a pension—let us say; and when that affair is capitalised, and the capital charge is added on to the amount already made a liability by the pension fund of his estimable father (and "founder" of the "guild") well, we should like to know how much "guild fund" there will be left; whether the push will be

hopelessly insolvent; and whether, being so, they will lay its playthings all away?

There may be more in this than meets the eye, and we might be writing nearer from the book than some of you have a belief. Indeed, that "first aid" jape might be earnestly needed to resuscitate the waning blessings of the "guild" which has been favoured by the Board of Trade, in the manner already indicated. And matters might be even worse than that.

In any case, the Board of Trade has decided on the inauguration of a "first aid" séance, on a strictly limited scale; and with this idea in front of it, has arranged with the St. John Ambulance Association, and St. Andrew's Ditto, for special facilities to be provided for the instruction of candidates as suggested. There's a good time coming, and let the fact not be overlooked!

What the presently non-instructed portion of the brigade are going to do when brought into juxtaposition with their higher educated brethren, we shouldn't like to say. In any case, there is going to be trouble, and we can quite understand the fun that will be in evidence, when a "first aid" second mate is shipmate with an old stager skipper; and when one of the "hands" slips on a banana peel, thereby fractures his "os innominater"- as we heard it expressed by one of the old school.

Mr. Second Mate will seeshay along with all manner of wheezes thought up in a three weeks sojourn at a cram shop; the Old Man—with his practical experiences of a lifetime thick upon him—will wax sarcastic about the exponents of the new quiff; the twain will undertake an argument as to whether splints or an embrocation will be of most value; the suffering patient will wish 'em both in Hades; that "os innominater" will develop mortifying symptoms; and in the end, all hands will anathematise the Board of Trade which has "now forwarded to the Merc"—but you understand?

The eventual fate of the patient is a matter for no anxiety, for he'll probably die—even as would have happened before All-Fools' Day, 1908. Still, he will have died according to law, and with all the evidences of "first aid"—superficially induced—spread over him. Ultimately, and when his carcase has been consigned to the vasty deep, the sharks which will possibly fuss around with the fire bars with which his canvas coffin will have been ballasted, will also assure each other that things are not what they were since a Radical Government insisted on sprinkling a dead sailor with nauseous compounds; and there will be a pretty kettle of fish resulting from the experiment.

Really, it almost makes us sorry for the poor sharks. However, they mustn't expect to go through life without the stress of competition; and if a nautical merrythought is not so sweet as it used to be (under the old rules of procedure)—well, the Board of Trade have now forwarded to the Merchant Service Guild, as before; a benign pressman has given the advertisement a free puff; so, what will you? Tell us not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream; it's never empty if you're pushing, and dying "guilds" are e'en your theme!

You might ask if the Board of Trade is also going to see to it that the future officer is to receive more remuneration for his additional knowledge in shark-poisoning? If so, you are very silly. The Board of Trade has nothing to do with the wages question—and very little to do with any other affecting the seafarer. It is ever the proud ambition of the B.T. to fake up University-made officers and engineers, and to induct them into their benefices, at rates of remuneration which would gar a navvy tell them to go to—France. This is another of the "goaks."

A Few of the Barry Railway Company's Locomotives.

Meanwhile, we have to sit and watch our food supply become more precarious day by day, and as long as a "guild" works off its pension schemes; hypothecates its "funds" for the capitalisation thereof: receives "official instructions" from the Board of Trade—which has been beguiled even as have a number of seafarers; well, of what use is it to grumble?

An old piece of seagoing philosophy advises: "What's the use of grumbling? You know you get your whack, of lime-juice and vinegar, according to the Act." The new style will finish up with a deletion of lime-juice and vinegar, while opedeldoc and balsam of the copaiba will be inserted instead. Heaven bless us! As a nation we are in need of it?

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *September 11, 1907.*

NOTWITHSTANDING all the piff-niff which is going the rounds of the press, the quietness which characterised the coal market at our last time of writing is still in evidence. Furthermore, it shows but little indication of an immediate disappearance. So much is this the case, that during the past week there is but little of the new and strange to record.

UNDER those circumstances, therefore, you will naturally conclude that prices are easier, and in that conclusion you will be correct. Of course, there is a reason for all this. The demand is by no means so keen as it was a week or so ago, and thus the amiable and prospective buyer is enabled to keep himself exactly in that position—heaven bless him.

THAT is to say, there is at the moment, an unsatisfactory amount of elasticity between the minds of seller and would-be buyer. The former is sure that his stuff is worth just as much as it was last week; the latter won't believe it. While they are attempting to square the circle, the trade suffers. True, this suggested elasticity is by no means the only factor in the case.

TONNAGE—without which a coal trade may not exist—has not been coming along in anything like anticipated amounts, and when tonnage is slack, coals follow the same line of procedure. In other words, pressure is relieved, for stocks will accumulate. Anyhow, that is what is happening at the moment, for although foreign demand continues good, immediate shipment is out of the question, so the buyer rests upon his oars—in a manner of speaking.

AT the same time, the lull is merely temporary. Is just by way of a breathing time in which the opposing forces might be enabled to think up more tall yarns with which to stuff each other. Of course, the spell also gives the Labour gentlemen an opportunity to preach their peculiar doctrines. But then, nobody attaches much importance to the doctrines of those Labour gentlemen.

NOTWITHSTANDING their claims to the contrary—and which claims are put forward both in season and out—what those Labour gentlemen do not know about the financial side of a coal trade, would fill very many hefty sorts of tomes. As coal diggers, and some twenty years ago, they might have been *facile princeps*. But coming down to the disposal of the commodity—well, it is good for the community generally, that they have nothing to do with it.

WERE it otherwise, gentle reader, both you and our patient selves would need to pack a tiny gr p-sack, and light out for pastures new. That's a fact, mind, and we give it without any undue ill-feeling. You see, we have faith enough in the legitimate seller to believe that, come what will, he will always stand between us and the dire possibilities foreshadowed by the Labour gentlemen.

YOU, personally, will not be far out, if you subscribe to the same belief. Having subscribed, and haply being inquisitive as to actual prices—can we do better than refer you to the list which never yet beguiled you? We can't. It is below:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	21s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. od, 19s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	19s. od	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 9d	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. od., 21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 9 d.	16s. 9d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 9d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.
Seconds ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Ordinaries ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 9d	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	29s. od.	29s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. od.	28s. od.
Ordinary ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od.	26s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. od., 23s. od.	22s. od., 22s. 3d.
Patent Fuel ...	20s. od.	20s. od	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. 6d	22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. od.	22s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *September 11, 1907.*

THERE is very little that is new to report in connection with the local market since our last, the conditions which prevail being very much the same as they were then—with but little exception. Prices here and there have been upheld, but adverse tonnage supplies have been responsible for some weakness in prices for prompt shipment. For this position the demand has not been improving, and with plentiful supply of coals, sellers have been freely granting concessions for business of the right character.

IN the ANTHRACITE section, large quotations vary according to the state of stems. BESTS are steady, and also some of the BIG VEIN qualities. Others again have been accepting lower figures for immediate shipment. MACHINE MADE COALS continue active with values maintained. CULM and DUFF are easier. STEAMS are quiet, and their exponents are largely in the hands of buyers just now. Prices show a decline of at least the nimble tanner. This in respect to LARGE COALS. THRO's are fairly well stemmed, and these qualities maintain themselves.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	27s. od.	27s. od	26s. 9d.	26s. 9d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.
Seconds do. ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	25s. 9d.	25s. 9d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od., 25s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od	24s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od., 26s. od.	25s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 7½d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.
Duff ...	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od., 13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, September 11, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Bombay, *Polamhall*, 5,500 tons, 8s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Zermatt*, 3,500/4,000 tons, 16s. 9d.
Arnel, 16s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 14s. 4½d.
Tynedale, 4,000 tons, 16s.
Khorazan, 5,000 tons, 16s.
St. Eric, 3,500 tons, 16s. 6d.
Las Palmas, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 7s.
Or Teneriffe, *Elfie*, 2,500/3,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
Bahia Blanca, *Dunolly*, 4,500 tons, 17s. 1½d. 200.
Buenos Ayres/La Plata, *Westonby*, 3,500 tons, 16s. 9d. (N).
Monte Video, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 16s. 4½d.
Madeira, *Bengar*, or sub., 3,000 tons, 7s. 4½d. (P.T.)
Rosario, *Arosa*, 15s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Battersea Bridge*, 14s. 9d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Lizzie Westol*, 4,200 tons, 6s.
Columba, 5,400 tons, 6s.
Genoa, *Claverley*, 5,800 tons, 6s. 3d.
/Savona/Spezzia/Leghorn, *Rubens*, 5,000 tons, 6s. (s).
Alexandria, *Evangeline*, 4,800 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Savona, *Princess Sophia*, 3,500 tons, 6s. 3d. 350.
Istros, 2,700 tons, 7s. 6d. fuel.
Oran, *Maroc*, 3,400 tons, 7 fcs.
Westergate, 2,200 tons, 8 fcs.
Marseilles, *Rochdale*, 5,500 tons, 7·50 fcs. option Newport loading 7·75 fcs.
Mora, 4,400 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Steamer, 4,500 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Diciembre, 5,600 tons, 7·75 fcs.
Algiers, *Stag*, 2,600 tons, 7·75 fcs. (N).
Steamer, 3,200 tons, 7·37½ fcs. (N).
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7 fcs.
Leghorn, *Andreas*, 3,000 tons, 6s. 9d. Genoa terms, (s).
Blackfriargate, 4,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Sfax, *Oranie*, 3,000 tons, 11 fcs. fuel. (N.R.)
Seville, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 6s. 4½d. (N).
Corcubion, *Saxon*, 2,060 tons, 5s. 6d.
Nice, *Cornucopia*, 2,000 tons, 8s. (s).
Malta, *Nellie*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Lady Kirk*, 3,800 tons, 5s. 1½d. 350.
Dolcoath, 2,200 tons, 5s. 9d. 300.

BALTIC, Etc.

Cronstadt, Steamer, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d. fuel.
Mediana, 3,600 tons, 7s. coal, 7s. 9d. fuel, (s).

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Orion*, 1,800 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Anita*, 1,600 tons, 5·75 fcs. coal, 6·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Bayonne, *Marso*, 1,800 tons, 5·75 fcs.
La Pallice, *Clieveden*, 2,200 tons, 5 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Pembroke, *Volney*, 300 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Sheerness, *Dalegarth*, 2,200 tons, 3s. 6d. 900, or 3s. 9d. if 300, re-charter, (Admiralty).
Calais, *Spind*, 1,200 tons, 5s.
Granville, Steamer, 750 tons, 6s.
Dundalk, *Mayflower*, 4s. 6d.
Fecamp, *Ossian*, 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Galtee*, 650 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 6s. 3d. (s.)
Havre, *Hazelmere*, 1,450 tons, 5s. 3d.
Glynn, or sub., 1,500 tons, 5s. Contract for 12 months commencing shortly.
Spring, 1,300 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Rive de Gier, 1,500 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 5s.
Carn Marth, 2,200 tons, 5s.
Bremerhaven, *Tasso*, 2,880 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Trouville, *Volscian*, 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Arizona*, 800 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Cherbourg, *Belliver*, 1,700 tons, 6s. 6d. coal, 7s. fuel, (s).

HOMEWARD.

Oporto to Cardiff, Steamer, 1,100 tons, 6s. 1½d.
Bordeaux to Swansea, *Urda*, 2,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. ppt.

THE fifth issue of *The South Wales Coal Annual* is before us as we write, and we have to congratulate its editor, Mr. Joseph Davies, on the consistent improvement which he succeeds in introducing into this deservedly popular work. If the *Annual* goes on increasing in size and all-'round excellence, after the manner which has hitherto applied, then, at no very distant date, it will be a most formidable volume. As our readers will probably remember, the book was originally introduced for the purpose of bringing foreign buyers more closely into touch with the Welsh coal trade as a whole. For this purpose, much valuable information on the development, general working conditions, transport, and charterings, is given. In the present issue, it is not too much to say that the seeker after coaly information may find his every need supplied ; and a feature which was introduced some two years ago—that of the inclusion of an illustrated article—is amplified in the book before us. Furthermore, we have to admit that *The South Wales Coal Annual* may justly claim a feature which is none too commonly met with. It is well-printed, and the illustrations have been treated with ink, rather than with "machine oil and soot" as all-too-frequently applies. As is only to be expected in view of the greater information supplied, the *Annual* is now sold at the net price of seven-shillings-and-sixpence, and a copy—which should grace the desk or bookshelf of every user of Welsh coal—may be obtained for eight shillings, post free, from Mr. Joseph Davies, 12, James Street, Cardiff.

THERE would appear to be a quantity of high falutin' nonsense indulged in by the well-fed-at-the-workers'-expense orators at the late "congress." Especially in the matter of the Antwerp strike. The Millennium is not yet, and we are strongly of opinion that the Belgian friend would be just as willing to come across to bonnie Britain, as ever was the Briton to lilt across to Antwerp in an endeavour to satisfy the cravings of a pinched "Little Mary." One of the features which disgusts us with those would-be ameliorators of mankind, is the facile manner in which they counsel martyrdom to a crowd of hungry men, while they, themselves, are enjoying all manner of junketings, and candelabra presentations, at the expense of the workers in our midst. One of these odd days, the workers will "take a tumble," in which case they will realise that their's is an instance where "pull devil pull tailor" fits in, to a lovely extent. Human nature is very much the same, the world over, and the inane preachings of a number of well-fed men will never have much effect on the actions of another number of hungry people. One would think that, in their own interests, those theoretical martyrs who prattle and do little else, would go slow. One of these sunny afternoons, the crowd will surely arise and rend their home-made tyrants, when there will be tears around on the landscape. A strike is a barbarous method of easing a difficult situation, but as long as hungry men are to be found, for just that time will strike breakers abound.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on August 29, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

17,935/06—MARKS—***Improvements in the manufacture of armour plates for the protection of ships, and other steel objects.***

This invention relates to the manufacture of armour plates, wherein such plates are subject to a carbonizing or decarbonizing process, so that the plates are rendered hard or soft according to their intended use. The process consists in submitting the plates to a series of successive carbonizations or decarbonizations, which are suitably regulated as regards duration and the temperature at which they are effected, for the purpose of obtaining in the interior, and on one or both of the larger surfaces of the plate, one or more layers which are strongly carbonized, and alternate with other layers having a small proportion of carbon and consequently being less hard.

19,747/06—WHITE—***Improvements in or relating to vessels, barges, bunkers and the like and apparatus connected therewith for containing, conducting and transferring coal, corn, and other analagous substances.***

This invention relates to coal barges in which coal is discharged from a trough onto an endless band conveyor travelling in a tunnel built in the bottom of the vessel's hold. The trough is provided with a series of shutter doors so hung that the incline of fall of the material to be discharged is continuous and maintained on the successive openings of the doors. To keep the barge in trim during unloading, the hold is provided with inclined cross bulkheads, so that the doors can alternately be opened to the conveyor at the different ends of the vessel which is thus kept on an even keel.

21,635/06—BALZER—***A new or improved valve for irrigation-conduits in mines.***

This invention relates to a valve for irrigation-conduits in mines, the valve being actuated without the use of a key. The valve is provided with a rotatable closing member moving on a fixed closing member both being provided with elongated openings. The movable member is formed of steel and the fixed member of rubber for the purpose of preventing the members from rusting on each other and thus becoming inoperative.

23,105/06—GARDNER AND GARDNER—***Improvements relating to the purification of sea water for use in connection with power plants and for other purposes.***

The object of this invention is to provide for the purification of sea water to fit it for use in connection with power gas producers. For this purpose the exhaust gases of internal combustion engines are caused to pass through an evaporator comprising an injection chamber into which the sea water is admitted, and a drying chamber surrounding the injection chamber. The exhaust gases meet the sea water in the injection chamber and convert the water into steam. Such steam is wet and impregnated with salt but as it flows through the drying chamber the necessary purification is effected by the higher temperature prevailing therein, and the proportionately greater extent of heating surface provided.

23,206/06—GREAVES—***Improvements in conveyors.***

This invention relates to an improved form of conveyor adapted for handling and transporting coal and similar materials. Employment is made of a double endless strand of flexible chain with connecting cross bars so arranged that the two strands during their forward traverse are parallel at a distance apart equal to the length of the cross bars, and that the two strands on the non-conveying or return traverse are converged close together, with the cross bars parallel between them. This is effected by any suitable driving gear to which haulage gear may be connected together with reels onto which the chain may be wound.

23,986/06—HARRIS—***Improvements in means for jigging or agitating coal, ores, or other material.***

This invention relates to means for jigging coal for separating by deposit the mixtures or impurities. The feature of the invention consists in the mechanism for controlling the admission of water under pressure to a jigging machine in which the coal is treated for dividing it into layers of varying specific gravity. The pressure water is admitted intermittently, and acting on the water already in the machine forces some of it at each admission upwards through the mass of coal which is lying on a rocking screen. In the interval between the pulsations the material is permitted to settle down according to specific gravity.

9,776/06—CLIME—***Improvements in life belts.***

This invention relates to a life-belt which can be easily applied and adjusted to fit the person. The apparatus comprises two semi-circular skeleton frames each of which encloses a series of inflated spherical floats, made of rubber and having a protective cover of copper foil. Each frame is formed in two sections connected by a hinge so that they can be swung open and each section has end bars and an intermediate bar to which is secured a wire netting for protecting the floats. The frames are connected by a snap-hook engaging eyes at the ends of the frames. At the other ends of the frames are chains secured to eyes, and these are for securing the belt to the person, one of the chains carrying a snap-hook for adjustment.

These applications for patents, are until October 14, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on September 4, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending October 4.

Class 4.—*Coal.*

292,036—Device of a battleship with the words "Vivian's Merthyr Steam Coal"—H. C. Vivian and Co., Atlantic Buildings, Bute Docks, Cardiff, Coal Exporters, 11th April, 1907.

292,037—Device of a locomotive with the words "Vivian's Merthyr Steam Coal"—H. C. Vivian and Co., Atlantic Buildings, Bute Docks, Cardiff, Coal Exporters, 11th April, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 188. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907 THREEPENCE.

WHO SAID "LUSITANIA?"

"Deutschland's" star is setting—[Can anybody give us the correct Limerick on the subject? ED.]

NOTICES.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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Contributions (either literary or pictorial), if intended for the next issue, must reach the EDITOR, not later than the first post on Monday. Neither the Editor nor the Publishers will accept responsibility for the accidental loss of MMS. or illustrations submitted, but every effort will be made to return unsuitable contributions, provided stamped and addressed envelopes are sent.

Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—Who Said "Lusitania?"	81
Maritime Murmurs	82
A Big Tail-end Shaft	85
Railway Roars—and Goethe!	86
The Antwerp Dock Strike	87
Leviathan Liners	88
The Passage on which a Nation Gambled!	90
"The Turnpike Sailor"	91
"Frozen Meat"	92
"Chiefs" We Have Known	93
Cardiff (and other) Coal	94
Coal Freights and Fixtures	95
Patents	96

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks Cardiff,

Thursday Afternoon.

Circumstances alter cases, right enough! Here, in Cardiff, where the dock portion of the city is simply mussed up with wage-cutting aliens, the "yellow peril" is looked upon indulgently; but in British Columbia, where the advent of the yellow man is just beginning, there are wigs upon the green. 'Tis surprising with what equanimity we can view the painful walking of a friend: but if corns happen to inflict us, personally, don't we chatter about the ineptitude of the cobbler! Some two years ago, and when we first identified ourselves with the alien seaman question, our good friends predicted all manner of dire possibilities for us. They, poor souls, couldn't see that we were actuated by patriotic and Imperial motives; that organising the crusade referred to meant a terrible quantity of work, and absolutely no pay in return therefor. Indeed, those same "friends" hadn't *nous* enough to see that alien immigration of all colours affected them, exactly in the same ratio that it affected us. Somebody had been stuffing those friends with yarns of the "fairy tale" order, and under those circumstances, something hard and hot ought to be meted out to us! That was "in the goneness of the past," and at a time when we had to hoe the row absolutely on our own.

Times have changed, however, and instead of being alone in our struggle, we have the satisfaction of seeing the very sheets which attempted—through crass ignorance of the facts—to throw discredit on our action, spreading themselves with re-hashed tales from these columns, concerning the "yellow peril" of which we then wrote. True, there is a certain amount of verisimilitude thrown over the attempt, for a "special correspondent" is easing himself as in manner indicated. At the same time, the effort is not calculated to impose upon the credulity of the man in the street, for come weal or woe, he realises that he first read the unpleasant truth in the columns of The Maritime Review. That the "yellow peril" is a dread possibility, it is useless to deny, and at a period possibly not far distant, West will have to take up arms in an endeavour to convince East, that so far shall it come and no farther. If West wins through—and it is by no means certain, don't forget—the evil day will have been put off for yet a season. Meanwhile, it is as well to face the facts that are before us, and to admit that the first rift within the lute was made, when British vessels were given over to the horde of aliens which now possess them.

We have no wish to be sensational, and we are not to blame for the unhappy conditions which presently prevail; which are daily becoming accentuated; and which, in the near future, will constitute the gravest peril with which the British nation has ever been confronted. Ours is the task of painting you the picture as it really is; not after the fashion of those of your misleading "friends" who wish to paint you the scene as you would like it to be. There is not a shipping port in the whole of the United Kingdom, where the alien question is not of larger dimensions than exists with the British Columbian contingent which is looming so large in the public eye at the moment. But it is more comforting to view the battle from afar, and anyhow, something might turn up to ease the situation in our midst. That is the comforting doctrine which is spread around by your "friends." Out of the fulness of their ignorance, too, those "friends" believe the nonsense themselves, for all their traditions point that way; while but an inappreciable minority of the whole have ever had a touch of personal experience of the conditions which they dare to write about. None are so blind as they who will not see—unless it be they who have been denied an opportunity of seeing.

In any case "the Asiatic question" has assumed alarming dimensions, and where, for over three years, we have counselled the Australian to line up with the Motherland for purposes of mutual protection, the would-be mentor has affected a sublime disregard for the exigencies of the case. But now when the "question" is in the parlous state, even the would-be mentor can see the probabilities; realises that unless something is soon done his own job will be anything but secure; and as the matter has now become of personal importance, it is somewhat surprising to note the facility with which the dear fellow can take over our oft-repeated advice. True, he is intent on palming it off as his own; but the attempt will deceive nobody; and in the interval, platitudes are indulged in where strenuous action should be *de riguer;* poppycock is talked, where hard biffing would be in better form. You, who have never left the protecting care of the man in blue, might

think that it is possible to stem the tide of alien immigration through a newspaper controversy; but you can't, dears. The alien, not being able or anxious to read the piffley advice referred to, pursues the even tenour of his way, regardless of everything save *force majeure*.

PUT a good meaty hand close aboard of the frontispiece of the amiable alien, and he will then begin to think that *perfide Albion* is not altogether what his compatriots have painted it; but if you are satisfied to throw paper pellets at him—well, paper pellets hurt nobody. Least of all a patriot who leaves his country for his country's good. As we have frequently remarked, the power to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done, and the jape fits in with the alien, equally as much as it does with the native. Having some sort of a hazy idea that the situation is becoming dangerous, the Government decided "to do something." What the "something" is, is anything but clear. Still, they know that there are too many aliens about for the comfort of the native, so one Government institutes an Alien Act, and its successor does everything in its power to nullify its provisions. But the nullifier isn't altogether easy in mind, so to square the circle and to ease the criticism which is being rained upon it, it institutes an alleged "language test." The man in the street—being painfully ignorant on this particular point—goes off in a satisfied manner, and declares that the said "language test" has put the hoodoo on those blighted heathens who wish to undersell the native. As a matter of fact, the conditions are exactly as if the "language test" had never been thought of.

IN plain words, who was it suggested that tomfool "language test?" Wasn't it carried through under the wet-nursing of a professional agitator; a man whose ignorance of the conditions which apply is colossal? Of course, it was! And doesn't the same professional agitator collect the major portion of his livelihood from the very men that the "language test" is supposed to spot-bar—the alien "seamen?" Certainly, so of what use is it to split straws on the subject? Because we are several thousands of miles distant from Holy Russia, we can view, with more or less patience, the pogroms, and massacres, generally, which are filling that wretched land with blood. For the same reason—that of distance—we are moderately easy about the British Columbian trouble, while the possibility of an Australian debâcle troubles us not at all. At least, not many of us. Yet it should be obvious that in Russia, in British Columbia, and in Australia, there had to be a beginning, to the racial troubles? Of course there was a beginning, and the mugwumps who were entrusted with the public safety, were too busy in abstracting salaries from the public treasury, to enable them to spare any time to attend to their supposed reason of existence.

MEANWHILE, the nimble Asiatic—who is anything but the benighted ass and heathen which some of our cotton-gloved "divines" would have us believe—sized up the situation as favourable to his ambitions; and with what result is now apparent. Times out of number, we have been assured that our tactics on this question were unavailable; that we were merely crying in the wilderness; and that come what may, our statements would never be verified. Those assurances—as you know—made no appreciable difference to our work. We knew that strictures were passed on us out of an abounding ignorance of the situation; and anyhow, if we were then crying in the wilderness, we are now doing so in goodly company, for most sections of the Press "have it badly" at the present time. But even so, they offer nothing save platitudinous advice. You are counselled to "go slow"; to tread warily; that you are up against a hard fact; and that as a result, "something" ought to be done. But none of these sapient advisers have pluck enough to say what the "something" should be. How can they? The Briton's traditions are all against his taking the initiative, and as was once declared by Lord Charles Beresford, the Briton should always be in actual readiness for trouble, because in any case he would start late.

THAT sums up the situation at a glance. The Government starts late; the Press starts late; the Navy will go out late—but it needn't necessarily be too late? "Something" has to be done. What is it? Well, it is nothing very heavy after all. It is merely essential that the Asiatic or would-be intruder be told that he is hereby warned off; that if he doesn't take a telling, then we'll jolly well make him; and if it is impossible to bounce sense into him—why do we spend so many millions on a Navy? Is it kept going "just for fun"? Or is it to be used as a real defence? And in any case, it is easier to drift into war, than it is to run right into it. If the would-be belligerent sees that you are out in earnest, he will take fine care that your Navy gets no opportunity of dropping pot-shots at him. It is only when bluffing begins and the policy of drift is indulged in, that war eventuates. So, instead of all this pandering to foreign susceptibilities, why not try a continuation of the bull-dog business which made the British Empire? The said Empire wasn't made on bluff. Its builders knew what they wanted, started out to get it, and having made a beginning, they never left off until they had won, hands down.

SOME of our readers might have heard of a Mr. Victor Grayson, the gentleman who obtained a seat in Parliament per favour of the female contingent of Socialism? He has made himself famous (or otherwise) by his "broken bottle" speech at Belfast, the other day. Well, speaking at Slaithwaite a few days ago, this pugnacious laddeen remarked that when he went to Belfast, he found the workers on the point of despair, "and nearly giving way before the dastardly intimidation of the Government and the Lord Mayor." The implication, of course, is that Mr. Grayson's commanding figure—and what has been named "old chin music"—saved the situation? How much of that applies, is understandable at the present moment. However, the gentleman (we like to be polite, on occasion) admits that he used whatever force he had to keep the people fighting their fight, but omits to tell us where he was in the meantime. In concluding, this sapient vibrator opined that as the Socialists were only just beginning, then, "if anybody had been upset by what had happened up to now there was a warm time in store for them. They had had enough of quiet gentlemanly talk." Won't somebody shanghaie that Mr. Grayson, and ship him on board a nice little Nova Scotian windjammer, at the same time privately hinting to the second mate thereof, that—but you understand! Shanghaieing is a splendid specific for troubles such as that of Mr. Victor Grayson, you bet.

APROPOS the recent Cardiff Horse Show, some "startling" figures are available, in connection with the gee-gee of commerce. For instance, British horses are—like British sailors—dying out, for the present year's crop (if we may put it thus?) is some twelve thousand less than the crop of last year. It's awful, isn't it, and one hardly likes to think of what might happen in the near future in consequence, or whether sailors will beat the horses, in the vanishing act? One thing about these "statistics" is, that the shipowners who have done most to destroy the British sailor, are now pulling their socks up in an endeavour to breed British horses. What is the connection, you people?

There must be one, and when you happen upon it, will you be good enough to pass us the tip? It can't be that the breeders intend to ship British horses, instead of the old-style alien "mule?" Horses would kick the head off anything which had the hardihood to offer treatment which is accepted by the "mule" referred to. So—what does it all amount to?

In all probability, it would be difficult to find a better example of the strangling tactics pursued as a rule by the predatory politician, than exists in Newfoundland, and in connection with the fisheries question. It would be equally difficult to find a more loyal Colony, or one that has been more ill-used because of that loyalty. We write the foregoing as the result of personal knowledge of the island and its people, for we have caught cod on its Banks; and have carried it (after helping to prepare it for market) to the Brazils, the Mediterranean, to Spain, and to the West Indies. We have assisted at the collection of its frozen herrings; have studied and considered the natives on their own heath; have sold "trade guns" to the Micmac Indians who were the aborigines; have collected tree rinds that were afterward used for dunnage; and have brought away fairly-decent consignments of the furs which those "trade guns" already alluded to, have brought down. Furthermore, we have sold the natives sugar at three shillings per pound, molasses at half-a-crown a gallon, butter (that had to be chipped out of the tub with a "cold chisel") at equally "fancy" prices; so, claim to know something of the Newfoundlander and his beliefs.

Chief among the latter is that which teaches that his social "betters" can do no wrong, and you may safely take it from us that the said "betters" work that theme for all it is worth—and a bit over. On previous occasions, we have concerned ourselves with the miseries of the natives, and have received ill-written but hearty letters of thanks from them in return. They realise that we write from personal knowledge of their squalid lives, and for our part, we sincerely wish that we could send a little sunshine their way. But thanks to the predatory politician already referred to, that, under existing circumstances, is more or less impossible, and the first step in the required direction is, that the Newfoundlander, himself, must strike the first blow. In other words, he must arise from the ignorance of ages, and in Constitutional manner, must wipe the predatory ones off the map of the district. We are willing to admit that it is a tough proposition, for in a country where the few inhabitants are scattered over many leagues of more or less inhospitable country, it is almost impossible to gain unanimous action. Moreover, everything is against the native. His climate is nearly as hard as the hearts of his exploiters, and seeing that it takes the unfortunate fisherman all his time to keep body and soul together, it naturally follows that he has but a poor chance where amelioration comes in. Most of the alleged saviours have risen from nothing, and after the manner of their kind, when once a taste of power is placed their way, they take particular pains to "salt it into" the under dog.

Needless to say, the British public is given the tale which suits the alleged policy of the particular man of the moment, and—well, Newfoundland is a long way off, and to the majority among us, is simply the place where the fish comes from. The fact that the island possesses great potentialities in the matter of mineral wealth is overlooked, and mainly for the reason that a number of the exploiters referred to keep the fish on top, even while they are raising millions from those same minerals. At one time this country welcomes one brand of the political caucus, at another time his opponent gets a look in; but in either case, it is just an instance of *Box and Cox*, or of *Dr. Jeky and Mr. Hyde*. When it is the former, we are treated to the tale of two rival sects of political thought; with the latter two tales from the same section; but in either instance it is a case of "heads I win, tails you lose" against the islander. For some time past, this country has been treated to a quantity of platitudinous prattle anent what has been euphemistically-named the *modus vivendi*. Now we have no intention of inflicting upon our readers a long dissertation as to what is implied by those italicised words, and for the simple reason that you will have to accept a different rendering of that meaning, according to your standpoint. As far as the Newfoundlander is concerned, he doesn't care to the extent of the value of a cod's tail about any *modus* anything.

He quite realises that it is all a case of pull-devil-pull-tailor, and that in either instance, the words are just a juggling with legal possibilities, without any regard for the interests of the natives, at large. For the interests of the predatory politician, this old *modus vivendi* has much to recommend it, and if the thinker among them can see that the struggle is to give the United States an innings at the expense of Canada, what will it all amount to, as far as that thinker is personally concerned? Nothing at all. The few who will ultimately benefit, are they who have the requisite capital that shall admit of their carrying on the sale of that sugar at three shillings per pound, and the molasses at half-a-crown a gallon. The sale of herrings has been made much of, but will the fisherman benefit anything to speak of, if the American buys his herrings, or leaves them to the purchase of other equally wealthy buyers? Of course, not. The same thing applies with fish (for the Newfoundlander has but one sort of "fish," and that is cod. Herrings are merely herrings, halibut is halibut and nothing more. But cod, is fish, always, and everywhere.) Speaking off hand, who is it that buys the major portion of the Newfoundlander's "fish?" Does the American buy anything to speak of? No! Neither will he under any sort of *modus vivendi*. The American is not a cod-fish eating biped, viewed anyway. Nice clean "drums" of the stuff might go to Brazil; hogsheads of the small fry might be sent to the gentle nigger in the West Indies; while the choice assortments might still go to Europe in bulk; but the Yank needs but little of it.

Under those circumstances, then, of what use is it to prattle a lot about a *modus vivendi* that aims at giving preference to the American, at the expense of the Canadian? Well, the "use" is, that the predatory politician and his friends might thereby obtain a bigger "look in," to put the thing in the vernacular. As things are trending at the moment, it would have been better for the Newfoundlander if his politically peddling friend had never been born. He has markets at least as good as they were in "the good old days;" and if left alone, his hardships would be no greater than they were in the same halcyon times; but if he is allowed to be the butt of Messrs. *Box and Cox*, or even of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*—well, the loyalty of the Colony will soon be a thing of the past. In Newfoundland—no more than elsewhere—loyalty and hunger seldom go together. So, if these political exploiters are to be allowed a free run for their undoubted talents, the Motherland must be satisfied to awaken, one of these fine (or other sort of) mornings, and find her oldest Colony hopelessly estranged. At the present moment, perhaps, this might not appear to be a dreadful loss. But wait until Newfoundland has been thoroughly Americanised, and its fabulous wealth is being unloaded on to a hitherto unsuspecting world—well, that is to wait for the sorrow which follows upon the might have been.

A Big Tail-end Shaft—Barry Graving Dock.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1907.

RAILWAY ROARS—AND GOETHE!

TO our mind, Mr. R. Bell, M.P., is always amusing, though seldom convincing. As far as that goes, we are by no means alone in our belief, and the historic gathering—or so-called "mass meeting"—of railwaymen at St. James's Theatre, Manchester, on Sunday, last, provided several opportunities for the development of the trait indicated. We hope the gentleman will not consider us rude, but when listening to (or reading of) the lucubrations of the Sonorous Bell, we incontinently drop a whole handful of years; hark back to the halcyon days of our youth; and think up bits of history concerning the kings who have been but are not. About King Canute, for instance—the enterprising, but somewhat over-tootled-to royalty who wished to give his courtiers the lesson of their lives. You'll remember the party to whom we are referring? He had a state-chair plunked down on the sands of the seashore, and, in a sonorous voice commanded the sea to take a back seat, or something of that kind? Well, in the end, Canute had to make a strategic movement to the rear, or he would have lost his sandals, to say nothing of having portions of his majesty made all damp and uncomfortable. Canute is dead, but his example remains. By-and-bye, Mr. Bell will have joined the Goethe that he quoted on Sunday, last, and if, while cleaving the empyrean blue, he should happen upon the shade of old Canute, we have an idea that there will be much to explain; and whole reams of reasons will be given, as to why the copyrights of the ancient personage should have been ruthlessly plagiarised—although in a slightly modified form. You might be inclined to suggest that we are not taking the railwayman's champion a bit seriously? If so, we admit the soft impeachment. But then, does anybody take him seriously? Anybody who views life through other than antiquated spectacles? However, when the gentleman rose to address his "mass meeting," he was received with cheers. Meetings in the same hall were wont to receive poor old Dan Leno, say, in the same manner—and possibly for the same reason? With the stereotyped portions of the "speech" we have no concern, and we have a haunting fear that you, gentle reader, will be in much the same boat. There seems to be a sad lack of originality about most of these speech-making japes, for the introductory portions thereof, invariably pass off with an occasional grunt from the listeners—and which an imaginative reporter sometimes dignifies with the word "applause." But getting warmed up to his subject a little, Mr. Bell opined that the "meetings of railwaymen he had attended indicated to him that they represented the large majority of the men who were employed in the great centres, and that they were in deadly earnest in regard to this movement." That is alright, and nobody is likely to jib at the personal construction which Mr. Bell is inclined to put on various actions. What would appear to be more to the point, is whether the railway workers, themselves—and when clear of the seductive persuasiveness of Mr. Bell's impassioned tones—believe that they are in deadly (or merely lifegiving) earnestness about the possible sacrifice of a pension and several weeks work; and merely for the purpose of drawing a few shillings per week as "strike pay." Furthermore, are the men in deadly earnest about risking the complete loss of their livelihood? At the same time, and in the midst of all this slather, it shouldn't be forgotten that Mr. Bell abhors strikes—possibly for the reason that he has a fear that his job might suffer in the end? Still, he also admits that "there are circumstances sometimes (only sometimes, you'll note?) that warrant the bayonet being fixed and the shot being fired," so all of you had better get off Mr. Bell's heel! The "circumstances" have materialised; the bayonet is to be fixed, right enough; but we have a notion that the game will stop at that. In other words, we do not believe that the shot will be fired, and mainly for the reason that the engineers of a possible strike realise that they would be merely depleting the funds of their Society—courting the advent of a rainy day; and with nothing to show for it—save defeat and general discredit. Strike-engineers work not that way, good people. Having unburdened himself as shadowed out above, Mr. Bell then went into the prophetic business. After showing the anxiety which had been caused to the Society's executive (although we are at a loss as to why that should have received recognition, seeing that the so-called executive have faked up the present conditions all on their little own) the sonorous gentleman assured his listeners somewhat after the following: ". . if you haul down the flag at this stage some of you will regret it before many weeks." Quite so, and although there is no question of a flag in the whole affair, and in spite of the fact that it is all metaphor, some of them will regret it before many weeks in any case? Of course, it is good business to advise the men to remain unpersuaded by anything they might hear from outside; but we have our doubts as to the impartial truth of the following: "It is you who have forced this movement on. It is due from you now to your colleagues and officials to give them your loyal support." That's it! One should be forgiven for supposing that everything is due from the men. They put up, collectively, some possible sum of money ranging (according to which side you are on) from £100,000 to £300,000; the executive has the management of that by-no-means small amount of current coin, although the men have supplied it out of a "sweated wage," and from alleged starvation; and now, in addition to that, they are assured that loyal support is further due—but for what purpose? It is all very pretty to end up a "speech" by quoting a dead German; to declaim: "Are you in earnest, seize this very minute. What you can do or dream you can begin;" but there are any number of equally apt quotations from dead and living Britons, which show conclusively that to begin is nothing; that the end is everything. This being so, let us briefly consider the possible end of Mr. Bell's fixing of bayonets; his nailing the flag to the mast; and all that sort of thing. In the first place, the present guards would find their occupation gone, for quite a goodly number of unappropriated blessings presently acting as porters, are convinced that they could easily shout "Right away;" wave a green flag; and, as the train started off, glide into the guard's van with promptitude, and grace. An equal number of presently unemployed gentlemen believe that they could introduce themselves into a set of "green cords," and with a week's practice, could twist the handles off the best "saratoga" that was ever made. Furthermore, a number of loyal and deserving-of-trust railwaymen have acquainted themselves with the by-no-means intricate working of a set of signal levers, so that trouble in the signal-cabins would be brief, and not more-than-usually-filled with danger. And last, but by-no-means least, the sympathy of the public would be altogether alienated by a "fixed bayonets" affair at present, and mainly for the reason that they do not consider that this is a grievance between employers and employed; but rather an attempt to play the King Canute act, by a gentleman who doesn't work as the industrial world considers these things. Viewed dispassionately, then, isn't a strike—with its indubitable results—too great a price to pay for a handful of metaphors, and a more-or-less appropriate quotation from Goethe? Time was, when a more or less fearless individual successfully told the sun to stand still over a certain valley. But that individual wasn't named Bell, you'll find; and Ajalon is a far cry from Manchester!

THE ANTWERP DOCK STRIKE.

WHAT would be thought of the situation, if a Belgian combination of private traders were to come across to free and happy England, intent on running the Britons' business affairs? Would there be a high-class trouble underweigh at once, or would the Briton stalk around the streets, and wait until the foreign combination had either won in a canter, or had been smashed into the tiny pieces which such proceeding would appear to warrant?

PERSONALLY, we do not believe that there are two opinions on the matter. If a Belgian "shipping federation" had the temerity to come to, say, Cardiff, when the port is labouring under one of its periodical labour struggles, would there be blood on the lid, at once? Going further, suppose the Westphalians had engineered a stop-the-universe "federation" at the time of the great coal strike; had dumped its minions in our midst; and had undertaken to say what should be done, and what left undone?

YET this is exactly what Shipping Federation is doing at Antwerp, and its bosses fatuously believe that they are operating in the best interests of the good people who put up their halfpennies per ton without altogether realising what they are doing! It's the old tale over again. "If I get the upper hand of you. That's business. But if you best me, that's highway robbery." Of course, all this organised terrorism on the part of the "federation" is considered quite the thing by those who are engineering it.

FURTHERMORE, the bosses of the push see to it that they do not endanger their own precious hides by taking more than a far-off and nodding cognisance of the whole undertaking. It is fairly safe to believe that those same bosses will undertake no undue amount of risk, at any time. They invariably view the battle from afar, and when duties call or danger comes on the scene, well, they attend to the former from the snug seclusion of a Derby roll-top desk; and the latter—yes, they shun it.

MEANWHILE, their minions at navvies' rates of pay, undertake to carry out the behests of he-who-must-be-obeyed (although why the obedience should be rendered is among those things which no fellah can understand), and the latter worthy—well he appears to act even as we have suggested. However, we have no wish to traverse the conditions which led up to the dock strike at Antwerp. It is no better and no worse than any other strike which, at the best, is a mug's game of settlement.

AT the same time, it should not be forgotten that the masters in this particular game are shaping but little better than are the men. If we were out on the prophetic lay, we should naturally say that the men will ultimately go back to work, in no whit the better off than they were when they came out, for that is the prevailing end up with strikes, and should convince the 'orny 'anded that a strike is after the style of all other kinds of force—medicine for a mad dog, if you like; but of precious little use to human beings, mad or otherwise.

As our readers are already aware, a number of British workers have touted across to Antwerp for the supposed purpose of "breaking the strike." As our readers are equally well aware, a strike is never "broken" in the sense suggested by the Shipping Federation. When a strike peters out, it is ever because it dies a natural death, and in nine cases out of ten, its demise would be ever so much more rapid if a number of supposedly long-headed solons didn't undertake to carry out the impossible. On that point, there can be no two opinions.

As we remarked at the time of the Trades Union "congress," the members thereof undertook to pass their opinions as to the action of the starving hordes which had agreed to cross over to Antwerp for the purpose of obtaining a little honest work. We had no sympathy with the smug remarks of those well-fed-at-the-expense-of-the-workers wind-bags, and took occasion to record the fact. When the Briton sees his birthright being filched from him by aliens, and more or less because of the advent of these so-called "unions," there is room for small wonder if that Briton undertakes to earn a living in other lands.

THE scum of the Continent has been cajoled, and imported into this land wholesale, and mainly for the reason that it is cheap, and will stand practically anything. What more natural, then, that the Briton should return to the alien's land, for the purpose of earning the living which the alien left? As we all know, he has done so, and with fatherly solicitation, Shipping Federation (true to its worked-out wheezes which have figured so strongly in the past and on this side of the Channel) has supplied him with a floating "hotel" of a sort, the *Cambroman—Bogieman* might have been a better name?

IN this respect, similar plague-ships have, from time to time, been anchored in the various ports, and if the authorities had been true to their trusts, they would have set their veto upon the establishment of such dens of iniquity. However, the dens were admitted as essential to the circumstances, and mainly because a paid agitator on the owners' side had decreed that such was the case. The plague-ships referred to were of but little use in British waters: the same fate seems to have shadowed this *Cambroman*.

ANYHOW, on Monday last, it was shown pretty conclusively, that the depôt ship was anything but a thing of beauty from an industrial point of view, for on the day mentioned "the English labourers" announced the fact that they wouldn't labour, and in the result were driven on shore. Of course! That is altogether in keeping with the action of these "federationists." They undertake to "break a strike" by cajoling a number of English labourers to the other side of the Channel; and when those labourers object to the treatment which is there meted out to them, and refuse duty, they are driven on shore.

IT naturally occurs to one to ask if this wholesale deportation of British subjects is allowed by the Government; and if, on a refusal to abide by terms which were not too clearly defined at the time of engagement, those men agree to disagree, is all obligation on the part of the Federation at an end? May those men be allowed to wander around the Antwerp Docks until they rot, or is the Federation supposed to find them a passage home? We have no sympathy with the strikers as such, and for reasons already stated.

BUT then, we maintain that these quasi-official organisations which style themselves "federations" take themselves too seriously, and ride a high horse in a manner which is altogether antagonistic to the peace of the community. If there is a real need for such action as they are allowed to take, then, the Government should be the undertaker; not a number of hired "organisers" who appear to be amenable to no one, and whose conduct is as likely to bring about international complications, as otherwise. If those complications end in strife, what part of the burden will that federation take?

As things were, we have the spectacle of British subjects thrown ashore from the *Cambroman*, and afterwards charged with the drawn sabres of the Antwerp gendarmes. The incident is serious enough in all conscience, and when the thing has been brought about by a combination of men who are foreign to the Antwerp people—well, you can easily see the dangers into which the situation is drifting?

LEVIATHAN LINERS.

THE legendary Yank who declared that in his "kentry," they could build a ship half as long as the Western Ocean is wide, and that it would be a queer ship that couldn't "do" her own length in half-an-hour, has successors among the ha'penny journalists in London! As far as that goes, the class of journalist referred to has always been among us—and he is usually of the type which doesn't know when a ship is right side up, so to put it.

BUT as a rule, he is a hybernating individual, and it is only in times of great national excitement that he is graciously pleased to turn over, seize his stylus, and favour the world with the peculiar outpourings of his imaginative brain. That his stuff is purely imaginative, is evidenced by the amiable manner in which "his paper" publishes the piff-niff referred to. Names are never given, as that would indubitably explode the theory adduced.

IT is ever a "prominent" naval expert, or Such-a-place shipbuilder who is supposed to be obliging the world with a sniff of opium-induced frenzy; and the 500ft. liner of to-day is discounted by the 1,000ft. sample that is to be built next week; and which in turn, will be eclipsed by a longer and greater, next month. Meanwhile, the shipping man looks on and wonders at the apparent gullibility of the public—until he is assured that the statements referred to are of the silly season kind; and then the shipping man goes out to attend to the work which lays within his proper sphere.

ALL the same, and on the honour of a London ha'porth, "The day may not be far distant when vessels 1,000ft. long will be commonplace, but that will be when oil fuel takes the place of coal, and when every ounce of steam will be utilised first by reciprocating and afterwards by turbine engines." "Ounce of steam" is good, and experty, by the way, and the day *may* not be far distant! For the matter of that, our contemporary might possess its soul in patience with the knowledge that a vessel of 1,000ft. could be built to-morrow—if necessary.

THE trouble is, that length without depth is not at all conducive to speed, while depth in harbours which have nothing in common therewith, is an impossibility. The shipbuilder will find but little difficulty in "stretching" the length of his creations almost indefinitely; but before he is enabled to accept the challenge of the London ha'porth, a number of revolutionary ideas must be brought to bear. For instance, the student of this phase of national industry must admit that, in the past, any creek was considered good enough in which to build a steamer.

As long as the place was twice as wide as the picayune vessel to be built, some enterprising soul could be found with the essential nerve, to admit of his starting operations. Thus it came about, that the nation's shipbuilding became centred around districts which, to-day, would be hopelessly out-classed if really long and deep steamers are to be built. Names that are now household words would wither away—unless their yards were dismantled and carried, *en bloc*, to places where greater physical facilities exist.

CARDIFF RAILWAY COMPANY'S DOUBLE-LADDER DREDGER WITH STEAM HOPPER AND BARGE ALONGSIDE.

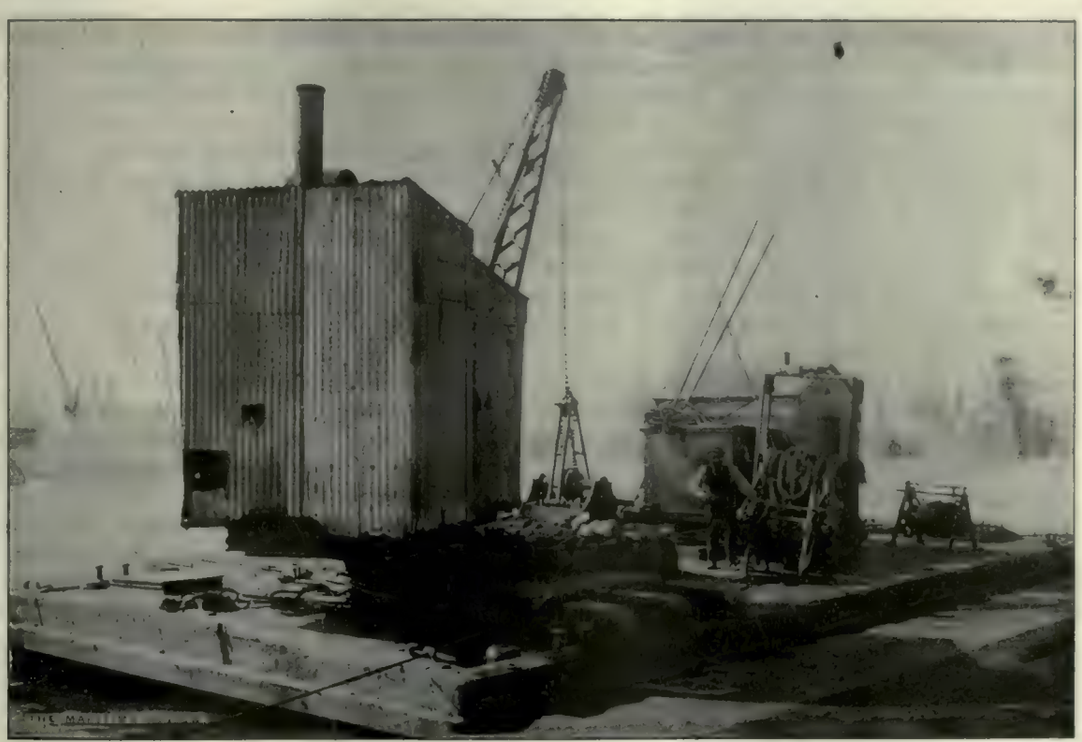
IN other words, the question of length and breadth is matter for no concern, as long as the depth is in accordance with the water found adjacent to the scene of operations. But if a given launching place has only a depth of twenty feet under the most favourable conditions, it is fairly obvious that you cannot make much of a shape at launching a vessel there, which draws thirty feet? Under the circumstances, then, there is more in this question of one-thousand-feeters, than meets the optics of the ha'penny journalist.

IN plain language, the shipbuilding industry is right up against a crisis in its history. The craze for big things is about in appreciable amount; shipowners are smitten with the disease; present-day shipbuilders are almost at their limit as far as accommodation is concerned; so, if the craze for big ships extends, old sources of supply will peter out, and new ones will have to be created. Of

course, all this is as it should be, and evolution is not calculated to stick at such trifles as we are shadowing out.

At the same time, it will be a bit rough on those patriotic souls who have been shouting themselves hoarse over the advent of the leviathan liner, if, in the end, they see their capital rendered useless, through the very craze which their patriotic shouting has fostered. Viewed dispassionately, shipbuilding concerns are not remarkable for a return on their investments, and if the new sensation should suddenly render present yards obsolete, there is going to be trouble around?

True, this phase of life isn't going to happen in twenty minutes, in a manner of speaking; but it must inevitably come; and the thinking investor who wishes to safeguard his shekels would be doing well in giving some careful consideration, to this phase of industrial life. Foreign rivals have supped deeply of the same cup; have moved earth and heaven in the creation of a high-class



Grab Dredger at Work in the Bute Docks.

building yard, only to find that the advance of the times has rendered their efforts nugatory.

That similar conditions will follow on the track of the Briton, goes without saying, and the mere fact that this is a phase of the business on which partizan journals are discreetly silent, should be eloquent testimony of the truth of our assertions. It is not too much to say that, with a continued advance in ideas, most of the present-day building centres will be obsolete in less than twenty years from now. What is going to happen then? Well, we shouldn't like to state with any degree of didactic strength; but it is fairly obvious that quite a quantity of capital will have to be wiped away, and a new lot created.

It might be said that the lack of dock accommodation will put a stopper on the building of the leviathans suggested, and in some measure, the claim will stand. At the same time, it mustn't be forgotten that dockowners are keenly alive to this side of their work, and most of them are taking time by the forelock, so to speak, by providing facilities that are very much ahead of present-day needs. So, looking at the subject from all points of view, one is constrained to believe that the sufferers in this new break, will be those who have placed their faith —and shekels—into the building-yards of the country.

Shipowners will continue to strain a nerve to outdistance their competitors; dock owners are already keenly alive to the new needs which are arising; the only ones who are at a disadvantage, are those who have hitherto believed that their building sites were good enough for all time. Most of them have been faced with well-nigh overwhelming difficulties, ever since the handy little two-thousand-tonner was ousted by her larger rival; and now, when vessels up to a possible 1,000 ft. in length, and with a depth in proportion are being seriously considered—well, you can see how it is?

New York awoke to her coming needs, some two or three years ago; Southampton has followed suit; Liverpool will make every effort to deepen her approaches; and other ports will join in the fray. Twenty years from now, will see a very startling alteration in dock accomodation, and the demand for leviathans (as we now consider them) will be of an everyday occurrence. Who will supply them? Certainly, not the good old has-beens —as they will then be; so—what will their investors do then, poor things? Because we again happen to be the first to call attention to this phase of maritime supremacy, will make no difference in the ultimate results.

As we have already remarked, the shipbuilder is up against a crisis in his business. It will be interesting to watch how he will handle it, and how his journalistic apologists will plead his case, when he is out for further debentures, or for a greater inflation of existing capital. We shall undertake that watching brief, and will let you know about it, as time passes.

THE PASSAGE ON WHICH A NATION GAMBLED!

"*LUSITANIA'S* FAST TRIP---BUT *DEUTSCHLAND* STILL UNBEATEN!"

DEAR us! Last week was an exciting time among the 'longshore contingent of those who do business with the great waters! *Lusitania* was *en route*; she was the "last word" in British endeavour for the sovereignty of the sea; would she beat Mr. Fritz, and if so, by how much; was the game worth the candle; would she really burn up one thousand tons of coal *per diem;* wasn't that amount ridiculous in view of the "fact" that it couldn't be handled in the time; and if she did burn up that amount, wasn't she a daisy, and didn't she gladden the hearts of the wicked coalman down Cardiff way?

REGARDING the supposition that *Lusitania* is the "last word" in Britain's bid for her old-time mastery of the element which has made her what she is, that, of course, is all buncombe. Britain will have quite a number more of "last words" before her flag is finally lowered, and she shares the invariable fate of all things mundane. All the same, the vessel came up to what was expected of her by those with a knowledge of their business. The man in the street is supposed to be disappointed because the German contingent wasn't wiped off the map at the first hit, but we have a much worthier belief in the man in the street.

You couldn't get the said man to put his nimble shilling on a gee-gee which had left its stable for the first time? Not much, for he would need quite a quantity of "inside information" concerning that gee-gee's trial runs over the Heath, and concerning the merits or otherwise of its jockey, and the weights involved? Under those circumstances, then, we are not inclined to believe that Mr. Man is at all disappointed because the responsible heads of *Lusitania's* epoch-making advent, didn't lose their heads, run amok, and hash up the future chances of what will incontrovertibly prove to be, the fastest vessel afloat.

WHEN a brand-new ship can open herself out to prove that she is good for a twenty-four hours' run of 593 knots —well, you don't need to wonder unduly as to what she will do once she has got into her stride, so to put it. Those figures place *Lusitania* the whole of eight knots behind the German ship, but then, the *Deutschland* took some time to work herself into the essential fever represented by the "record" which is still her's. When a brand-new creation can come so near to the record day's run at the first attempt, one doesn't need to be a prophet to see how it is going to pan out directly?

COMING to the average speed, we find that *Lusitania's* record panned out to 23.01 knots, and for a first-voyager, on a long distance, that same average will take a lot of beating. Naturally, there have been any number of conflicting reports bandied about, and as is usual under the circumstances, each report is alleged to be from official sources. As far as we can see, if one hundredth part of the said reports are "official," then, the poor souls who do business at the Cunard offices, must have been on duty, and solely employed in answering pressmen, ever since the vessel left port!

POSSIBLY the one feature of those reports which is handed around with praiseworthy disregard of all favouritism, is that which declares that the Cunard Company intended that no record-breaking would be indulged in on the maiden trip. As we have already suggested, the officials of the Company have too much sense, and understand too well what is expected of them, to subject a fabric of the *Lusitania's* kind, to the same treatment which might do no harm to a thirty-feet motor boat. The record-breaking will come a little later on, and we have a shrewd suspicion that the amiable Teuton realises that his day is done for a time; that the blue ribbon is off his neck, and is *en route* for the neck of the detested Briton.

THAT is altogether as it should be, and if the Briton had been half as "fly" as he fondly imagines himself to be, he would never have fluttered around over the landscape, with pretences that he didn't care tuppence about the record going to Germany. He did care, and has been caring ever since. So much so, that now he has the potential record-breaker in his possession—or under his flag—he is openly admitting that there is something besides an advertisement, in the possession of the fastest boat afloat. A few years ago, his tale was altogether up another column.

At that time, it was: "Who cares for the record? There is nothing in it. The last knot takes all the coal, and costs all the money. There is no business in any such flangarys. Let Fritz have it, and be hanged." Well Fritz—having other ideas—took it, and although he wasn't by any means, hanged, he obtained the first real flip up in his struggle for a passenger service. It is not too much to say that the German nation received more assistance through its so-called "blue ribbon of the Atlantic," than through any other jape or advertisement to-date.

WE know, because we have rubbed shoulders with the amiable foreigner who assured us in all seriousness, that our own was a decaying nation; a good old has-been; and if we wished to obtain proof of the supposed fact, we had merely to look at the twenty-year-old German nation, which, at one fell swoop, had robbed us of all that we held dear! There was but little use in arguing the matter out. The facts were all against us, and if we wished to call attention to other bits of British beauty, that Atlantic record was thrown up against us.

IF we attempted to get into the £ s. d. of the affair; tried to show that there was no money in these coal-scoffing, but swiftly steaming vessels; then, Mr. Foreigner gave us the national equivalent for the word "Rats," and we felt homicidal. It isn't at all comforting to sit and listen to a foreigner throwing "Rats" at you—especially when you have a haunting fear that his strictures are right, all along the line? Still, all that is by way of alteration, and we are willing to prophesy that *Lusitania* will win back all that her sisters have previously lost.

AFTER her comes the *Mauretania*, and we have the same sort of satisfying belief about her abilities, although on this occasion, we have nothing to say thereon. As a chunk of comfort—well, it is needless to say that *Lusitania* stands in the front rank for that part of the undertaking; and writing as travelled seamen, we have to admit that the vessel which is a cut ahead of the average hotel, and also the fastest chunk of steel-and-things afloat—well, she is bound to romp matters in at her own estimate.

THAT is to say, if you are sitting down in tip-top comfort; are being fed with the finest the land produces; are moistened with really good "wet stuff;" and are surrounded with no end of comforting smoke; then the feeding, the drinking, and the smoking, will be accentuated a hundred-fold, when the thought crosses your mind that you are an unit of a combination which is presently crossing the ocean at record speed. There is no reason for us to go into the thusness of the situation. We are satisfied in saying that it is so.

THE mere fact that you, personally, had nothing to do with all that super excellence is beside the question. You have paid your money, so you take your choice. Somebody has provided all the beauties, and you feel proud in consequence. Taken anyway, the German had the greater sense when he struggled for the record; when he loses it, later on, he will redouble those struggles—for, thousand-tons-per-day coal consumption notwithstanding, there is money for the concern which carries the record, let that record be what it may. *Lusitania*, we are watching you. Tune-up gradually, and let your ultimate music prove that again "Britannia Rules the Waves." She doesn't so far, you know. Meanwhile scan our this week's cartoon.

"THE TURNPIKE SAILOR."

THE foregoing is the title of a book of poems from the facile pen of Mr. W. Clark Russell—the writer who, perhaps best of all, interprets the sailor man as he should be interpreted. In the preface to the work referred to, we note that the metrical tales therein "are not offered as 'poetry.'" At the same time, we venture to predict for the said tales a considerably larger share of popularity than piles of stuff which have been rolled off on an unsuspecting public as poetry of no mean order.

WITHOUT attempting to in any way disagree with the talented author, we yet submit that the poetical struggle between the legendary Englishman and Irishman will fit in here. The two worthies indicated, had been pluming themselves on their undoubted turn for "poetry," and the Englishman, for the purpose of showing that he had a due regard for meter and things of that sort, said: "Me name's Dan Lister, and I kissed your sister."

THAT was alright for a start, but the Irishman, after fixing Mr. Lister with a more or less sanguinary look, remarked: "My name's Paddy Ryan, and I kissed your wife." Of course, Lister opined that the Irish effort wasn't in any sense of the word, poetry, and Paddy disarmed all further criticism by remarking that it wasn't, but that it was true! That was where the fun commenced!

BUT in the case of *The Turnpike Sailor*, we submit that the writing is both poetry and truth—two items which do not often go together. If any one doubts us in this respect, it is only necessary to give an order to the nearest bookseller, or to send two shillings to the publishers, Messrs. Skeffington and Son, 34, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., when the doubter will be able to judge for him (or her) self.

IN the interval, we might remark that the quaint idea of the author of the book is, that the reader will imagine that he has halted on the road for a few minutes to listen to a burly fellow, "with a wooden leg, his cap in his hand, and clad in a worn old pilot jacket and fearnought breeches, bawling out one of the following yarns of the sea of other days." Well, we are willing to imagine all that, and turning over the page we come to some fine word painting in connection with *The London*, Privateer.

WE have to hedge a bit here, for a note by the author informs us that *The London* was a full-blooded pirate of the skull-and-cross-bones order, although politeness has persuaded the songster to dub her a privateer. After all, there isn't much difference in the final results of either—at least, there wasn't, in the good old days? Here is the description of the Old Man on *The London*:

"Her captain was a gentleman
Of goodly quality,
Whose noble blood and scutcheon ran
Through books of heraldry.
His eyes were dark, of pensive light,
Sad as with years of study;
His teeth were like the apple white
When you cut the peel that's ruddy.
He was a well-bred gentleman of lion-heart and spirit,
Young, handsome, proud and manly with such charms as men inherit.
He had no wife nor family to cause him joy or fear,
And such was Captain Rokeshill of 'The London,' privateer."

SMALL wonder if, further on in the same "yarn," we come across the following:

"Our Captain sweetly smiles on Ann, and says, 'I'm yours for life:
I'll give your father back his ship if you will be my wife.'
Whereat she drops a curtsey and with joy her fine eyes fill:
And stretching forth her little hand she softly says, 'I will.'"

There you are, girls! That's a first peep into *The Turnpike Sailor*. Isn't he a nice sort of tramp? And don't forget that there's plenty more of that yum-yum in the book. At the same time, the mere male need not think that he has been overlooked, and he needn't become unduly jealous of the bold, bad, buccanneer, who went a sailing into the sun-baked portions of the Spanish Main, for the purpose of amassing much wealth and incidentally, a sweet young thing who murmured "I will."

AND what is wrong with either the truth or the poetry of the yarn which deals with "The Sailing Ship?" Let us give you a sample:

JACK. Ah, Tom, the good old days are fled,
The sailing ship has pass'd;
Why is she numbered with the dead?
TOM. *She was too good to last.*

JACK. Why, right you are! and what they call
A sailng ship these days
Is iron and two sides o' wall—
TOM. *A tank as never pays.*

There is more of it, and you may take it from us who have given the matter some fair amount of study, that both Jack and Tom knew a thing or two about their subject. We left off at "A tank as never pays" advisedly, because we know that most of you are in the same mind as was Tom. The prospectus tells you hope's flattering tale, but the balance sheet undoes it all! In fact, if you are an investor in "steam," you might be inclined to think—especially if you are getting up along—that there is quite as much truth as poetry in the finale of "The Sailing Ship:"

"It's steamboats now, and sailing ships,
The likes of which we've sung;
'Twas other hearts and other lips
When you and me was young."

GETTING away from the pessimistic side of *The Turnpike Sailor*, you might come across a yarn entitled "Dance's Tea-fight." Now, at the first glance you might think that this tale has something to do with a Mission to Seamen's affair—but it hasn't. Not by any manner of means. It has to do with a tea-ship, as well as with sundry vessels that were suited anything but to a T. If we give you the opening lines, you will understand something about it, for they lilt along as:

"Did you ever hear tell of Old Commodore Dance,
Who frighten'd Linois' heavy warships of France?
Over the sea, full of bohea,
Silk worth in fathoms whole lakhs of rupee.
Curios in ivory, cages of cockatoo,
Monkeys so ill-bred they jibber and mock at you."

That was a bit of the contents of the stuff that went to make up "Dance's Tea-fight," and you may take it from us who have read the lot, that there was little of orthodox bun-worry in the business. Yet the tale is carried along in the same easy and haunting strain—in fact, you will feel ever so much better after reading *The Turnpike Sailor*. And if the yarns therein contained are more in connection with the dead and gone past, you will surely admit—after reading them—that the old-timers had a natty little method of their own; and that viewed anyway you like, life was just as much worth living in the "good old days," as ever it is at present.

THE TURNPIKE SAILOR will surely convince you that love, hate, war, silken dalliance—all the remainder of that complexity which we term "life"—is the copyright of no particular time or era. Pine knots might give place to tallow candles; they drop astern because of the advent of the oil-lamp; that, again, be replaced by gas of the old sort; incandescent burners and mantles may follow; electric lights come on apace; radium radiators in the next spasm; and so, on, perpetual change; but good old human nature remains the same through it all. It is the human nature of *The Turnpike Sailor* which appeals most to us. It will to you, so get it.

"FROZEN MEAT."

LET us remark, at once, that the much-abused Mr. Haldane is far and away the greatest friend that the Protectionist has had to-date, or will have in the future. The gentleman has the courage of his convictions, and, like "the Beak" who takes away your certificate under the assumption that he is merely paid to administer the law with never a thought as to its making, he sticks to his standing if he doesn't sell a ha'porth.

EXAMPLE is, admittedly, better than precept, and where the Protectionist is compelled to fall back on precept, Mr. Haldane is able to come right out in the light of day, with any quantity of examples which prove conclusively, that Free Trade is a myth that should be ended. Who said horseshoes? Well, what about it? Free Trade assures you that it gives its believers (and other people, for the matter of that) an opportunity to buy in the cheapest market.

REGARDLESS, too, of the fact that those markets are British or foreign. Of what use is it to complain? The worker protects his labour right up to the hilt, and in doing so compels his employer to offer a tender for State-paid goods, several sizes larger than is offered by the amiable foreigner. What happens? Simply that Mr. Haldane—being chock-a-block-filled with Free Trade ideas—plumps solid for the foreigner; buys his horse-shoes; and thereby shows that one-sided Free Trade is worse than a delusion and a snare.

THE result is, of course, that while the foreigners are busy as bees, the home worker is given any amount of time and leisure in which to study out these complex questions of obsolete trading. The result of that again, will be that when the next General Election comes along, the 'orny 'anded, having been starved so that the alien should have a good time, will jib. And having jibbed, he will "turn Unionist," with the expression of all that the term implies. It's clear enough, isn't it?

WHAT'S that? We undertook to write about frozen meat? So we did, but we feel that in hot weather like the present, it is best to bring you on to the cold question by degrees. If we were to plump you into it at once and right away, you might develop influenza, and things like that; but having brought you along over a passing consideration of the beauties of foreign-made horse-shoes *versus* the home-made article; well, you see how it is. Besides, writing of horseshoes, might gar you to think of horsemeat—frozen or neat?

ANYHOW, Mr. Haldane has been giving further assurances that Free Trade is a grand thing for a Government, supposing it is disgustingly bad for the nation at large. There's the Army meat contract for example. That War Minister assures all and sundry that he is saving between £50,000 and £60,000 on his meat contract, and isn't that something to be proud of? True, you might be inclined to sniff about it, and ask—more or less derisively—what in thunder the saving will mean to you; and that anyhow, you might be robbed of as much tax as heretofore.

BUT that is where you wax unkind. The aggregate cost of running the Empire might be—and is—more than ever before; but see what a hand-shaking there will be in some departments, and frowning looks in others! The meat purveying portion will chuckle as they see that their grand total for the year is less than applied heretofore; and if the salaries department are looking blue because their totals are rising—that's their affair. And anyhow, amateur politicians do not go into the business for the good of their healths, not they. They are "out" for ooftish, yes.

THEN, harking back to the horseshoe section, see the swelled head which must be in evidence there! Why, they have saved something like £400 over a year's shoes, and if the salaries have gone up to the extent of £1,000 in the same department, what about it? The increase in salaries would have been there anyhow. And as a set off you have the saving in shoes. Don't tell us about these things. Free Trade is a real eighteen carat affair for amateur politicians, and one of these days, we are going to run for a political job. You mind us in that.

WE have been paying taxes for quite a while, and to-date, have received nothing in return save a quantity of flapdoodley letters as to why we don't pay more. We are tired of it. And being tired, are preparing to "run" for a Government job, ourselves. When we get there, won't we awaken some of the dilatory gentlemen who have worried us unnecessarily hitherto? Just you wait! But, dern that frozen meat. It's as slippy as if it had never felt the ice! We told you that Mr. Haldane reckons that he has saved £50,000 or £60,000 on the meat contract? Yes, we did. Well, that approximates into the cost of a battalion.

IN addition thereto, the gentleman has also saved say, half a dozen battalions—by disbanding them; so in the aggregate, he has saved the surplus on say, seven meat contracts—and the soldiers are still getting the same meat as before! That is the point you need to gaze at fondly and strongly. The other Government must have been a set of mugs, anyhow, and it was time that Mr. Haldane came into the vista of possible events? Why, he is quite the best thing that ever happened!

ALL the same, we are not so sure that Mr. Haldane is far wrong in his premise about the soldiers getting the same as before. The meat market is a complex affair, and if we are to judge by the jokiness of the local combination, then, Mr. H. has much to bear him out in his claims. For instance, a shipping meat contract specifies that the worthy butcher shall supply an equally worthy number of shipmen with "good English beef at four-pence per pound, through and through." Now, some of you people might be inclined to sniff at "English meat" that is worth no more than four-pence per pound.

YOU might even go further, and declare, as emphatically as possible, that it is ridiculous to suppose that any man can sell really "good" English beef at the price quoted. But if so, then, that is where you will be wrong all over the place. You, personally, might be unable to supply (or to procure) "good English beef" at the quotation given, but an enterprising shipping butcher finds no difficulty in working the oracle. We know, because we have received the stuff on board, and (worse luck) have been compelled to eat it to the everlasting undoing of our digestive organs, yes!

OPPOSITION butchers assured us at the same time, that the meat referred to wasn't English in any shape or form; that it was unconquerably foreign; and that it wasn't nearly as good as the frozen variety from the Colonies, or elsewhere. Viewed in the light of later developments, we are half inclined to believe those rival butchers; and we are almost sure that if we had our choice again, we would rather have genuine frozen-meat, than reputedly "good English beef at four-pence per pound," as supplied by the "butcher" of our younger days.

THERE is one other method of considering Mr. Haldane's latest move: He might have tumbled to the notion that, in the past, the soldiers were being fed on frozen meat at "good English beef" prices? That being so, we can understand why the butcher man is up against Mr. Haldane. Things *are* getting lively! "Georgie" has estranged the shipbuilding vote and interest; Mr. John Burns has burned his humble boats and bridges; Mr. Haldane loses the horseshoe men and the butchers—here, let us leave it, do!

"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN. No. 1.—"THE PRACTICAL CHIEF."

IT will be best to admit at once that history is silent concerning the first man who took the title of "chief engineer," or why, in view of the number of engineers in existence, there should be so many who are chief. Somebody, of course, had to start the title, and, whoever it was, he appears to have been quite as thorough in his methods as are the majority of his namesakes to-day, because the name of "the chief" has become inseparably connected with the "boss" of the engine-room on ship-board. So much so, in fact, that the mere longshoreman need not feel ashamed to learn that the official title of "the chief" is "first-class engineer."

ANYHOW, "chief" is a good name; is not such a mouthful as the official cognomen, and designates in so admirable a manner the position occupied on a steamer by the "boss" engineer, that no one need wonder the name "caught on," or that it came to stay. Wonder or not, it did "catch on," and evidently means to stay, for although there are several heads of departments on all vessels—heads, too, that existed centuries before the engineer was dreamed of—those heads go by the name of "chief officer," "chief steward," "chief cook," etc.; but when it comes to the engine-room, the head of that department is just "the chief," and nothing more.

GENERALLY speaking, his name is qualified by the prefix "old," and this regardless of the fact whether he be a fossil or a raw youth—if "the chief" ever is a raw youth, which we are rather inclined to doubt. Thus he becomes "the old chief." This, be it remembered, merely applies to his own staff—and then *sub rosa* only—because for all ordinary and mechanical purposes he is—to the casual enquirer—"the chief."

THAT there are all sorts and conditions in his ranks goes without saying, and he and his profession are "in the same boat" with the members of other callings. That the "sorts" consist of good, bad, and indifferent must also be conceded. Having had something to say concerning the skippers whom it has been our lot to come across, we are going to take the same liberty with "Chiefs We Have Known," and in most instances have been pleased to know.

WE say "in most instances" advisedly, because our acquaintance with "the chief" works out that they are 90 per cent. good fellows, 8 per cent. of the "so so" brand, and 2 per cent. of the kind which may be termed "really objectionable." For the purpose of showing what traits go to make up the whole, we will discuss "the chief" professionally, and commencing with the "practical," will skim along over the different "sorts," ending up with the "right" sample.

IT may be generally imagined that all engineers are "practical." We will say at once: they are not, nor ever will be. Strange as it may appear, the "practical chief" is not necessarily the man who has graduated from a big shop—now then, you "big shopmen," set up a roar—in fact, the the reverse frequently holds good. Whether 'tis because the man from a small shop has at times to turn his hand to all portions of the business, and has less chance given him to—well, "lose a quarter," eh?—must be left to the decision of those gentlemen who figure as "experts."

IN actual practice at sea, however, the small shop man often manages to give a much better account of himself, from a practical point of view, than does his *confrère* who has served his time in a "swell" establishment, and is, therefore, supposed to be better taught. After all, there is not much need to express surprise that such is the case. The small shop not being blessed with a large plant, or a large number of workmen, and yet undertaking the same kind of work (although that work is necessarily smaller than what is undertaken by the larger and better fitted shops), the young man serving his time there must naturally get a better show, and possibly harder work, than he would get if apprenticed in the big shop.

A "GOOD SHOW" and a fair share of hard work in apprenticeship days is calculated to turn out a fairly good man to start away as "third" in the common or any modern variety of "tramp." Once started on that festive kind of vessel the "third" may make his mind up that, providing the "chief" is the right kind of person, he will have ample opportunities given him to keep his capacity for hard work up to concert pitch.

IF, on the other hand, the "third" comes from a big shop, and happens to be filled with big shop notions—which occasionally spell "laziness"—one voyage is about all his services will be required for, after which he will be in a position to go back to the "shop," if he may—a contingency not always to be depended on—or worry along, making no more than one voyage in the same ship, until he receives his "chief's" ticket.

SOMETIMES, a "practical" chief is dubbed by his professional brethren, "shovel engineer," because he graduated from a blacksmith's shop, or—tell it not in Gath—the stokehold. In the latter case, one man leaves the shovel for the starting levers every twenty-four years! The sarcasm anent the "shovel engineer" may be very right and proper from a professional standpoint, and with such we at present have nothing to do, our intention being to merely state the case as we have found it.

IN the matter of the blacksmith graduate, he is in as good a position to eventually become a good *sea-going* engineer as is the best of any other kind—always supposing that both start the same at sea. Every sea-going engineer commences his sea life with an open mind, so to speak, having never seen, in the majority of cases, a marine engine in motion until he begins his first voyage.

THE novice may be, and in most cases doubtless is, a good fitter; but as a marine engineer he is about as good—well, as any other youngster starting on a new phase of life. Therefore, the "shovel man" and the "swell shop" person start level—whether they end up in the same manner depends entirely on themselves. Being young and inexperienced, the "swell" youth must, first of all, unlearn the "shop" notions, for the simple reason that there being no machine tools on shipboard, every job has to be done by hand.

THIS, perhaps, is why the "shovel man" scores, because never having been associated with machine tools, he has no former methods to unlearn. More than this, he has been in the habit of depending, more or less, on his own ingenuity, and is full of resources that on shore may be considered rough and blacksmithy, but which in mid-ocean, with a breakdown, are welcomed with joy by all hands on board, particularly if those resources are likely to save life and property.

WE remember one "shovel engineer" who was practical enough to fettle off a broken shaft when a coupling bolt had taken the liberty of putting one hole where there had originally been six! He was only the "second," and his "chief" was a "guarantee man" from a big shop. As such, the "chief" was in the habit of poking taffy at the "second" in quite big lumps!

THE "second" being only a shovel-man, and feeling his inferiority (!), never replied to the "chief's" chin-music. When that coupling "busted," though, and the "chief" sat down to wait for a tow, the "second" asked if he may be allowed to try to fettle things. He got a stony stare from the "guarantee" person, and was told he might go and make a bally ass of himself if he chose.

HE didn't do the latter, but got permission to cut up a davit for fettling purposes, and proceeded after his own methods, which were good. The "chief" in this instance was so full of—something—that he never troubled to go near the shovel-man, or to ask what he was about. After some twelve hours that "guarantee" Johnny had a severe shock, through feeling the engines in motion!

THE "second" had managed the tinkering by lashing a piece of boat-davit on each side of the coupling, and after snaking a piece of stream cable on the double, so as to work on the a head way of the shaft, had succeeded in wedging up and fettling off generally, until easy a-head was possible, and later on a moderate full-speed was admissable!

TRUE, it was a crude job, and awfully blacksmithy, and the "second" apologised to the "guarantee man" because he could not fake the thing for reversing purposes, but it got the steamer into port, where she was enabled to employ a tug-boat at tariff rates. That "second" was a shovel man. He is now a "practical chief." His is only one case in point, too! As the series progresses, we might find opportunities for showing you others of the same kind.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *September 18, 1907.*

As we suggested in our last week's report the coal market has continued in a more or less saggy manner throughout, and as a natural result, prices—when compared with previous rulings—have undergone a further depreciation.

AT the moment of writing, tonnage supplies form the prime factor in prices, and although the amount offering for work is greater than at our last time of writing, the quantity is still insufficient to benefit the market. In short, the scarcity of tonnage is the cause of the present temporary weakness in prices.

TRUE, arrivals over the week have shown a slight improvement, but in view of the fact that stocks are still exceptionally heavy—then, the supply of coal is considerably in excess of the demand. Thus, with the possibility of prompt shipment offered as an inducement, sellers are unable to hold out as they have done for some time past.

INDEED, where the would-be buyer is in a position to offer shipment which is in line with the needs of the colliery implicated, then, he is also in a position to obtain a very satisfying concession under current quotations. Furthermore, and in this direction, the buyer would appear to be in a position to enjoy this favour for some little time to come.

SOME of the local "experts" declare that the placing of the Admiralty contracts had a steadying effect on the market, and they might have something in their favour. But according to our summing up of the situation, that steadying effect was altogether unnecessary. The coal trade has been steady enough for some time past; and present indications are all in favour of the belief that it will continue.

OF course, fluctuations will occur. That is only to be expected, and if the local wrangler had nothing more to expect from life than what an Admiralty order or so will give, then, he might just as well shut up coal selling, and keep white rabbits as a hobby. Again, the Danish friend has come to buy. He needs some 180,000 tons of coal for his State Railways.

ALL the same, he is satisfied with less than 50,000 tons of good old Welsh stuff, and with prices as at present, how is it reasonable to expect anything else? Look at the price, sirs; look at the price! Why it would surely bankrupt dear little Denmark, if its State Railways had to purchase 180,000 tons of coal at over a pound a ton!

IN addition to the Danish friend, there are quite a number who would like to buy, but dare not. They come over here to purchase, but remain to pray—for a slump in prices. Praying is powerful at times: at others it doesn't seem to amount to much. So far in the game, anyhow, the praying doesn't appear to have amounted to a very great deal, and there might be reasons?

WITH regard to those Admiralty contracts, we understand that the figures are ranging from 18s. 6d. for SECONDS, to 19s. 6d. for BESTS. And although a goodly share of the stuff is spread over next year, quite a decent amount must be shipped in the remaining months of this year. No wonder the buyer is asking, "where is it going to end?"

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d, 19s. od.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 4½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 9d	18s. 9d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 7½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 6d	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 1½d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 3d.	21s. 3d.	21s. od.	21s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 9d.	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 3d	11s od.	11s. od	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od.	25s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	23s od.	23s. od.	22s. 9d.	22s. 9d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	22s. 9d	22s. 9d.	23s. od.	23s. od.	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *September 18, 1907.*

THE Coal Market in this quarter for the past week continues on the easy side; and is due again, to the absence of expected tonnage. Stems continue disarranged for this reason, and prompt coals therefore have become plentiful. The demand on the contrary is very limited. As a result quotations are by no means actual.

IN the ANTHRACITE section, prices for the superior LARGE COALS keep very steady, as the tonnage market does not affect them so materially as the others. Secondary varieties are easier for early shipment, and have been booked at considerably under recent figures. MACHINE MADE COALS are just about steady. CULM and DUFF are weaker, the demand just now being rather slack. Promptly, the value is not much above 8s. 3d.

STEAMS show no improvement, but on the contrary are weaker. The actual price it is possible to cover at, is really dependent upon the date of shipment, and the state of the colliery stem.

PATENT FUELS are a firm market, makers keeping busy. There is a good enquiry about for forward business, which gives the indication that Fuels are likely to be satisfactory for some little time.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d	27s. od., 27s. 6d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d.	27s. od., 27s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 3d.	26s. od.	26s. od.	26s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. od.	22s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. od., 23s. od.	22s. od, 23s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 9d.	27s. 9d.	27s. 6d., 28s. od.	27s. 6d., 28s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d., 9s. od.	8s. 9d.
Duff ...	7s. od.	7s. od.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, September 18, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Karma*, 5,000 tons, 16s. 6d. ppt.
Blacktor, 4,000 tons, 13s. 6d. option Rosario, 15s.
Bahia Blanca, *Clifton*, 5,000 tons, 15s. 6d.
Monte Video, *Edale*, or sub., 4,000 tons, 13s. 9d.
/Buenos Ayres/or La Plata, *Inchmarlo*, or sub., 4,900/5,100 tons, 13s. 6d.
Porto Praya, C.V., *Riplingham*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d. 200, 9d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Cynthia*, 15s.
Kingtor, 4,500 tons, 14s. 6d. option Santos, 16s. 6d.
Rosario, Steamer, 3,200 tons, 15s.
Zarate, *Rounton*, 5,000 tons, 16s.
St. Michaels, *Glenmore*, 2,400 tons, 8s. 6d.
Pernambuco, *Queenswood*, 3,500 tons, 16s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Dawlish*, 5,000 tons, 7s.
Llandrindod, 5,500 tons, 7s.
Kurdistand, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Virent, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Wearbeck, 5,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Derwen, 5,000 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, *Charles T. Jones*, 3,100 tons, 8s.
Pinin, 3,800 tons, 7s. 3d.
Asimina, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Nonsuch, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Polynesia, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Amphitrite, 3,200 tons, max. 8s.
Naples, *Castlemoor*, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d. 1,000.
Ben Lomond, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d. 800, or 6s. 6d. if 1,000.
Radnorshire, 3,950 tons, 7s. 3d. coal, 800, 8s. fuel, 500, (s).
F. S. Ciampa, 5,500 tons, 6s. 6d. 1.000.
Sceptre, 3,500 tons, 7s. 800.
Royal Sceptre, 6,000 tons, 6s. 1,200, or 6s. 3d. if 1,000.
Barcelona, *Pelayo*, 2,200 tons, 9s. coal, 10s. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 6d. fuel, (s).
Alexandria, *Stowford*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Boltonhall, 5,200 tons, 7s. 3d. spot.
Parkgate, 4,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Tre———, 4,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Trieste, *Ethel Radcliffe*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Venice or Ancona, *Red Jacket*, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Chulmleigh, 5,800 tons, 8s.
Oran, *Saltwick*, 2,000 tons, 8·25 fcs. 600, with options.
Hasland, 2,200 tons, 9 fcs. coal, 10 fcs. fuel, option Tunis, 11·50 fcs. coal, 12·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Constantinople/Syra/or Piræus, Greek Steamer, 3,200 tons, 6s. 4½d. (N).
Algiers, *Nanthoron*, 4,500 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Restormel, 3,200 tons, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Benhead, 3,100 tons, 8·50 fcs. (N).
Monkseaton, 3,600 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Amboto-Mendi, 2,800 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Port Denison, 5,200 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Tunis, *Villequier*, 2,800 tons, 11·50 fcs. coal, 12·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Marseilles, *Felix de Abasolo*, 5,000 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Northcliffe, 4,000 tons, 8·25 fcs.
Benedick, 3,100 tons, 9 fcs.
Aeolus, 4,200 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Merviman, 2,200 tons, 9·50 fcs. (s).
Valencia, *Stuart*, 1,350 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, 400, (s).
Titlis, 1,750 tons, 7s. 9d. coal, 8s. 6d. fuel, 400, (s).
Danube, *Tre———*, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Leghorn, *Katie*, 4,000 tons, 7s. Genoa terms, 60 hours.
Reggio, *Penmount*, 3,300 tons, 8s. 350, 10d. (P.T.)
Porto Ferraio, *Monsaldale*, 4,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Carthagena, *Cap Lopes*, 1,000 tons, 9s. 6d.
Cagliari, *Eastgate*, 2,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Jane Radcliffe, 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. spot.
Gibraltar, *John Christie*, 2,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Muriel, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Swansea Bay, 1,700 tons, 7s. spot.
Cassia, 1,300 tons, 7s.
Armourer, 750 tons, 7s. 3d.
Malta, *Dunearn*, 4,200 tons, 5s.
Lisbon, *Ella*, 1,100 tons, 6s. 6d.
Ereaga, 3,100 tons, 5s. 6d. 350.

BALTIC, Etc.

Aarhuus, *Ivar*, 3,200 tons, 6s.
Christiania, *Italia*, 750 tons, 6s.
Oxelosund, *Thetis*, 1,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Korsoer, *Ellaston*, 2,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 300.
Sandefjord, *Ravn*, 7s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Nantes, *Abanto*, 2,200 tons, 6·25 fcs. (N).
Westwood, 2,000 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Lemnos, 1,950 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Dicido*, 2,300 tons, 5 fcs.
Marques de Mudela, 3,300 tons, 5·50 fcs. (s).
Alemania, 3,000 tons, 5 fcs.
Sables, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 8 fcs. (s).
Bordeaux, *Mouro*, 2,900 tons, 6 fcs.
Chantenay, *Cierbana*, 1,800 tons, 6·37½ fcs.
Discovery, 2,900 tons, 5·87½ fcs.
Bayonne, *Sestao*, 2,300 tons, 6·20 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Pembroke, *G. N. Wilkinson*, 950 tons, 3s. 9d. (Admiralty).
Portland, *Knightsgarth*, 4,200 tons, 3s. 3d. ,,
Francais Duncan, 2,900 tons, 3s. 3d. ,,
Plymouth, Steamer, 800 tons, 5s. (N).
London, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Portsmouth, *Horn*, 700 tons, 5s. 6d.
Belfast, *The Marquis*, 430 tons, 4s. (s).
Cork, *Volney*, 300 tons, 4s. 6d. free dues, (N).
Bremerhaven, *Queen*, 2,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Warwick, 2,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Nordkap, 4,700 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Dora, 2,400 tons, 5s. 9d.
Boulogne, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Calais, *Francais Duncan*, 2,900 tons, 5s. 1½d. second voyage.
Havre, *Cymrian*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Cymrian, 1,400 tons, 5s. 7½d option Honfleur or Caen, 6s.
Narcissus, 1,100 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Havre Canal,—*Quickstep*, 1,250 tons, 5s. 9d.
Rouen, *Jason*, 950 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Prudhoe Castle, 950 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Acacia, 1,250 tons, 6s. 6d. spot.
Juno, 800 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Caen, *The Sultan*, 700 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Electra, 680 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Springbok, 950 tons, 6s. 3d.
Honfleur, *Swiftsure*, 1,150 tons, 6s.
Galtee, 650 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Glassalt*, 750 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Hornillo Bay to Cardiff, *Lesreaulx*, 5,000 tons, 5s. 9d. ppt.
Bilbao to Cardiff, *Carranza*, 3,600 tons, 4s. 1½d.
Bilbao to Swansea, *Abertawe*, 1,800 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on September 5, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

18,195/06—HAILWOOD—***Improvements in miners' safety lamps.***

In accordance with this invention, which relates to miners' safety lamps, the upper face of the lamp vessel is formed with an upstanding lamp platform upon which rests a cylindrical glass having on its upper surface a flanged gauze. The gauze and glass are depressed by a spring. Surrounding the wick tube a double dome is arranged in such a manner that air entering apertures in the sides of the platform is conveyed underneath the dome direct to the burning portion of the wick. For lighting the lamp electrically, the inner extremity of the lighting pin is arranged to rest against an insulated portion of the dome, the current passing from the lighting pin to the dome, thence sparking to the wick tube where the wick is ignited.

18,195A/06—HAILWOOD—***Improvements in apparatus for cleaning the gauzes of miners' safety lamps.***

According to this invention, which relates to the cleaning of the gauzes of miners' safety lamps, the gauze which is a metal ring placed underneath the glass for the admission of air is placed in a gauze chamber the door of which is then closed. A tap in a pipe connecting the gauze chamber with a service of compressed air is then turned on, and the air passes through the gauze and thence into the waste chamber.

18,208/06—KLEINBREIL—***Improvements in and relating to safety devices for mine-cages.***

According to this invention a pair of lever abutments acted upon by the depth indicator is connected to levers adapted to act upon the reversing and braking lever of the engine in such a manner that when the cage has reached a certain point of its travel, the locking device of the reversing lever is released and the lever brought into its inoperative position. Shortly before the cage arrives at the end of its travel the braking lever is released whereby the cage is braked, the engineer being, however, able to manipulate the reversing lever at any moment.

19,408/06—DUTTENHOFER—***Improvements relating to the manufacture of explosives.***

According to this invention which relates to the manufacture of gunpowder from nitrocellulose and nitroglycerine, in addition to small quantities of indifferent substances such as oils and fats, there are added precise quantities of salts of the dibasic organic acids, such as tartaric acid to prevent muzzle flaming.

21,067/06—CHAMBERS—***Improvements in safety gates or fences for pit cages, hoists or the like lifting and lowering appliances.***

At each end of a pit cage are provided a plurality of bars arranged to work in guides, the bottom bar being connected to levers which are carried on a shaft by brackets secured to the top of the cage. These levers are connected to actuating arms provided with rollers, and near the top and bottom of the shaft are placed guides so inclined that when the rollers on the actuating arms come into contact with the guides, the levers are lifted so as to pull up the bottom bars which as they rise catch the bars above them. When the cage begins to descend the bars are lowered into the safety position by the action of the levers by which they are raised.

24,879/06—BAIRD—***Improvements in partition fittings for portable state rooms and berths for ships and the like.***

This invention relates to the metal fittings by which the wood partitions of state rooms and berths are secured to the upright posts which form the frame work. These fittings are provided with a hook which fits into supporting cups, and it is necessary to have a gap in the fitting below the cup to enable the partitions to be raised. The object of this invention is to so construct such fittings that the gap is automatically closed when the partitions are placed in position. For this purpose a sliding piece is fixed in the fitting so that when the partition with the attached fitting is placed in position, the sliding piece is caused to slide in the fitting, and completely fill up the gap, its surface conforming closely with the surfaces of the post and the outside of the cup.

1,090/07—LAUBEUF—***An improvement relating to the anchor of a submarine or submersible boat.***

According to this invention the anchor of a submarine is accommodated in a vertical watertight tube within the vessel and extending through the hull. The anchor chain passes through the tube wherein there is a device for engaging the chain when the anchor is home, and the anchor has a stop which engages the tube to prevent the flukes from coming into contact with the hull.

These applications for patents, are until October 21, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on September 11, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending October 11.

Class 4—***Coalite.***

A mark the tranoliteration of which is "OOGLIT" and the translation "COALITE."

293,020—Coal coke, Breeze and partially coked or charred coal—Coalite Ltd., 3, London Wall Buildings, London Wall, London, E.C., Merchants, May 15, 1907.

Class 8—***Including nautical instruments.***

293,259—VOXAPHONE—All goods included in this class.—W. H. Griffiths, 40, Wigmore Street, London, Lecturer and teacher of singing, May 28, 1907.

Class 21—***Capstans for use on board ship.***

294,526—DREADNOUGHT—Capstans for use on board ship.—MacDonald Bros., Lochside, Engineering Works, Portsoy, Banffshire, Engineers, July 12, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 189. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907 THREEPENCE.

THE WHITEHALL MERMAN!

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE: "Now then, Johnnie, come along. I've made everything ready for your bath."

JOHNNIE: "Shan't come. The water's too dirty."

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: -"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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Correspondence: The Editor does not necessarily identify himself with the opinions expressed by Correspondents, whose letters must, in every instance, be accompanied by the name and address (if not for publication, then as evidence of good faith), of the writer, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE WHITEHALL MERMAN!	97
MARITIME MURMURS	98
THE COASTGUARD	101
THE RAILWAY RATTLE	102
BARRY GRAVING DOCK—FITTING SHOP	103
„ „ „ RECONSTRUCTING THE STEAMER "INDRA"	104
CANADIAN MATTERS	105
OIL FUEL ON SHIPBOARD	106
NEOPHYTIC NELSONS	107
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	108
SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET	109
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	110
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	111
PATENTS	112

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

THE Kaiser has been holding forth again, and this time he is emulating the sky pilot. Needless to say, the theme was the greatness of the Teutonic race which, somewhere about the day before yesterday, agreed to unite as a number of disjointed atoms, and form one homogeneous whole. Personally, we are at a loss to understand the real inwardness of the following: "The surprising and almost incomprehensively rapid progress of our newly-united Fatherland in all directions, the astounding development of its trade and commerce, and its magnificent discoveries in the domain of science and technical matters, are the result of the reunion of German tribes to the common Fatherland." Yea, lor'! And although we are at a loss to understand the real inwardness of the speech as already remarked, we yet have to admit that if the Kaiser made that little lot up off his own bat, then he is simply wasted at his present job. A man with such a choice of language—especially the superlative degree part of it—would be worth millions per annum to the Standard Oil Trust, or to those good souls who fake up prospectuses for questionable undertakings. All the same, there should be nothing "surprising," "incomprehensively rapid," or "astounding" in the progress which a brand-new nation has made, under conditions that gave everything in its favour? What do you think?

IF Germany had done anything toward the progress of which she has simply availed herself, we could understand the Kaiser's panegyric about his own shop. But that is exactly what Germany hasn't done. The birth of the Fatherland synchronised with a period when other nations —after centuries of experiment and trial—had evolved a workable set of modern conditions; an evolution which had gone far to bankrupting the said nation; and which had filled up their various business places to overflowing. Germany came along—without any volition on its own part —and simply dropped into the niche that was prepared for her from the beginning. A niche where she has been protected from all competition, where wars' expenses have troubled her nothing at all, and where it was only necessary to tickle the earth when it laughed with a harvest. Under the actual circumstances, then, where is the incomprehensively rapid, the astounding to be considered? With the exception of a first flutter with France—a flutter which ended in Germany's favour, thanks to corruption in France —Germany has never had the need to halt in her exploitation of a brand-new set of conditions.

SHE has been free to play at soldiers; to save money for the purchase of foreign-made warships and afterwards for the building of her own from the bought patterns; to make capital out of gratuitous advertisement of the "made in Germany" order; to train her sailormen at the expense of the British shipowner; and to carry on altogether, as if there were never a day of reckoning with anybody. Now, the poor souls are suffering from swelled head. Suffering badly, too. That there is a lot of the amateur in the German, is evidenced by the advice of the Kaiser, on the occasion to which we have already referred. Read this bit: "Then we will become men of action and determined people, with gaze directed aloft, ever striving onward, with a consciousness that we have a great task allotted to us." That is it! "Allotted to us!" Not self allotted, you'll note, but given by the common consent of the nations of the world. And see the amateur in that "gaze directed aloft" part of the exhortation? Fancy seeing a crowd of Germans braced up on a wind; with their ponderous chins raised to an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon; and a steadfast gaze directed into the futtock rigging, so to say! Why, a crowd ambling along on that tack, would be likely to fall over every derned thing that came in the way?

IT might be all right from a spectacular point of view, but if the Kaiser really wishes his children to keep within the straight and narrow way that leads to national salvation, he will be well advised in reconstructing that latest piece of advice. It always pays better for a budding nation to give heed to its feet, and not imagine that because its head is sort of fat, it is essential to gaze only at the door-posts through which it wishes to pass. In the case of a cat, it is generally supposed that where it can get its head, its whole body will follow. But the same idea doesn't necessarily follow with human beings. Some of us have preternaturally big feet, and it is therefore essential to guard their callosities. However, the Kaiser

means well enough, no doubt, and if he is somewhat over-inclined to the metaphorical side of language, nobody need grumble on that account. At the same time, we are wondering what monkey-work is toward at the moment? When the Effulgent One gets off on a dramatic bendo, there is generally some awfulness in the brewing. Who is to have the next telegraph? Where will the mailed fist manifest itself this time? Is the whole fit-out aimed at those mosquito-like Socialists who are making things so warm in the Holy Roman Empire; or is it the gentle but dinned-skinned nigger of South Africa being prepared for further atrocities?

ANYHOW, the Kaiser had better take heed how he advises in future, for the good people at Milford Haven evidently have an eye upon him. Several eyes, for that matter, and they are out upon a self-advertising campaign, too. It isn't a dock dodge this time, nor is it a question of fish, and fish buyers. No, sirs, for the cognoscenti imagine that the time has come when the beauties of Milford Haven as a possible and lick-the-world naval base should be made plain to everybody concerned. Why, even the Navy League—you know the League and its vagaries, don't you? We have told you about them full many a time and oft—but even the Navy League has been writing a letter to the Pembroke County Council, or somebody else equally important and awe-inspiring, "strongly approving of Milford Haven as a naval base." One of these odd days, the ball-players of the land will be loud in its praises as a splendid spot for a diverting game of base-ball! For, tell it not in Gath, a similar letter has been received from the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, so you can see that matters are coming to a head? By and bye, when we have a little more time, we shall ask the skipper of the local model yacht club to write another letter to the Council indicated, and if he doesn't prattle loud and long about Milford Haven as a naval base, then, we'll undertake to put an awful head on him! That's what's the matter. Milford has been neglected for long enough, and don't you forget it.

BUT seeing that the Navy League is at one with the Bristol Chamber of Commerce—what is the connection, good people?—and that both of them see eye to eye with the good and enterprising (no sarcasm, mind) souls who are boosting the Haven into its hoped for prominence, a deputation has been appointed. That is a start in the right direction, for in quiffs of this kind, you can never do anything without a deputation. Sometimes, you can do but very little with half-a-dozen deputations, but that is a mere detail. Still, that deputation is—among other items—to wait on the Admiralty, to urge the claims of Milford Haven to naval base consideration. This is all very right and proper, and we haven't a shadow of doubt that the Admiralty is in blissful ignorance as to the inherent beauties of that portion of little England below Wales; that, as far as that goes, the Admiralty doesn't clearly recognise that the Haven is in the United Kingdom; that it accepts English money as legal tender; and that it flies a national flag or so, when the herring catch has been above the normal. But when that deputation has got its work in, there will be no further excuse for the Admiralty—and very little for Milford? Poor old spot! No wonder the natives thereaway declare that it is curséd.

GOOD old *Lusitania!* And she is deserving of pity, although we hardly know if she is in as much need as are the majority of those who write piffle about her doings. Anyhow, we extend our pity to both the ship and the writers, and for the reason that both of them appear to be troubled with fog—of a sort. The steamer will naturally take her portion of the fog, even as we 'longshore folk accept our multitude of troubles—as our share of the white man's burden. But it is a bit vexing to read in the "daily" of commerce, that "The *Lusitania* is being delayed on her homeward voyage, on account of fog." At the first glance, one naturally feels sorry, and sighingly asks when that blue riband is going to be handed over—with trimmings—to the Cunard Company? Getting farther along however, one begins to realise that the fog isn't of as much importance to the vessel as it undoubtedly is to the writer chiel. For this reason, that although the liner is delayed by fog, to the time of the then writing, she had averaged no less than 23·44 knots per hour! Good old fog! Better *Lusitania!* If the leviathan flinks along at an average of 23·44 knots in face of fog that is delaying her, what will she do when there is no fog? That blue riband is safe enough, come to think of it. Especially as the sister ship is winning such encomiums.

WE are wondering where the swelled head is now? With regard to the Antwerp dock strike, we mean. Is Shipping Federation afflicted, or is it that the fell disease has been passed over to the "strike leaders"? Anyhow, if the strike isn't really ended, an armistice has been agreed on, for the men have returned to work, pending an attempt to raise the wages by peaceful persuasion. Knowing the situation fairly well, we are somewhat sceptical as to the ultimate results. If the men are willing to work at old rates, we may take it for granted that the masters will be just as willing to keep them along on old lines. In any case we should be blessed with a fortnight's peace, seeing that this is the suggested limit of patience on the part of the men. Hurry things up, Mr. Shipowner, for you never know how these little affairs will pan out, once the men again get out of hand. Meanwhile, we presume that the "fideration" is clapping itself on the back, and is calling attention to the amiable manner in which it earns its half-penny a ton on all shipping registered within its limited fold. It's a great age—this in which we live—and quite a number of people reap a goodly living for settling the disputes which their own ignorance, and worse, have engendered. Antwerp! We're watching you.

'TIS remarkable how very "catching" a rate-cutting séance is! Perhaps it isn't so much a case of infection, as it is that each one engaged in the same trade must follow the lead of the worst offender? Anyhow, the disease is spreading fast, and both the Canadian Pacific and the Allan lines have joined in the fun. What the end of it will be, is not for us to say, but judging by past efforts in the same direction, all hands will go on until their fingers are severely burned, in which case, they will each put the blame on the other fellow, snarl and snivel to their stockholders, and after getting down to within shouting distance of bankruptcy, will agree to bury the hatchet. Meanwhile, and in view of the fact that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the travelling public is receiving the benefit of the ill-advised tactics. It isn't so much a survival of the fittest, for if it were that, nobody would find occasion to grumble unduly. The "war" is never fought to a finish. It is a sort of commercial frivol, and if the various concerns engaged were frivolling with their own money, the rate war would never materialise. As things are, it is just an effort to beggar my neighbour, because in many instances, my neighbour is supported from the purse which supports me. Yet those good people prattle of their business acumen!

Dr. Emil Reich is receiving a splendid advertisement for his book *Germany's Swollen Head!* Why "Swollen Head," Doc.? If you really wish to convey the meaning of elephantiasis to the British reader, you need to write it "swelled head," as that is the slang term for the courtly phrase which is written elephantiasis of the cerebrum! However, the doctor is fairly convinced that Germany, having developed swelled head, is now inclined to go in for a course of feeding that will induce swelled tummy. As a commencement, she is about to wolf up the nationettes that are nearest at hand, after which poor old Briton is in for another drubbing off the same club. Viewed all 'round, the Fatherland would appear—to Dr. Reich—to be a second edition of France under "Bony," of evergreen memory. Precisely who is the modern Bonaparte, is not altogether clear, and the fact matters nothing at all. Personally, we are of opinion that a Napoleon couldn't get anything of a show these days. Firearms are too cheap, unruly spirits are too plentiful and in the result—well, we shouldn't like to emulate the one-time Man of Destiny, unless we had fettled off a very tidy sort of insurance policy for the uses of our soon-to-be-sorrowing friends. All the same the doctor is receiving a run for his efforts, and that's one for him?

Imitation might be the sincerest form of flattery, and coincidences might be just that, and go to prove how very nearly great minds think alike. At the same time, when one "great mind" gets his stuff in print some two years before the other great mind appears to know anything about the subject; when the last great mind works off stuff that is identical with that of the former great mind—here, let's get away from the metaphorical, even while we get down to bed-rock fact. Our readers will remember a series of articles which appeared in these columns some two years ago, and which bore the title, "A New Freight Market; Manitoba-by-the-sea?" Well among other items of interest which were collected by our special commissioner, was a carefully thought-out explanation of what was possible in Manitoba, through the opening up of the Red River route, into Lake Winnipeg, on through Hudson's Bay, and thence direct to England, home and beauty. That was all right, and received very great attention from our friends of the Press outside of Cardiff. Of course, on his own heath, and among his own people, the prophet receives but little attention. At first, that is. Later on, coincidences come along, and in Wednesday's *Western Mail*, we note the following coincidence: "... and men look forward to the time when docks will be built here and canal communications developed so that *Lusitania* or *Mauretania* may sail one day down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg, northward to Hudson Bay, and then straight for England." Funny, isn't it, and say after this, if there isn't a similarity about minds that are truly great!

There is no getting away from the fact that the Government needs to be up and doing for those turbulent souls who imagine that they have a Divine right to oust everybody save themselves, from off the map of the world. Leagues and guilds are all very well as long as they keep to the mutual admiration ideas with which they are usually filled. Their supporters, in the majority of instances, merely pay up so as to keep them running as a club, or a footling-ground; but sometimes, the "executive" (and which is a somewhat swagger name for anything but swagger people) are inclined to get out of hand; to play high, low, Jack and the game with everything in their immediate vicinity. Such a catastrophe appears to be in evidence with that Vancouver Asiatic Exclusion League. The fancy-named affair is constituting itself into a minor Government, and is throwing around threats of a more or less guarded character, as to what will happen if things do not pan out even as they would decree. The Home Government must not only attend to the Japanese immigration question, but it must also see to it that Homelanders are not allowed across to Vancouver in too great numbers. If they are so allowed, then is there to be trouble on the lid, at once. This is what comes of backbonelessness; of a desire to be at peace with all mankind, and no matter whether the said mankind is peacefully inclined or otherwise.

In effect, then, it will be necessary to ask this precious League for a permit to land on British territory, or—to be prepared to biff it in the most amiable and conclusive manner known to biffists. Meanwhile, our Japanese allies are patiently waiting to see what a friendly Government will do to protect the subjects of its allies from maltreatment by a lawless gang of exploiters. Somehow or other, there is a lot to be done in the Old Country, yet. We prattle about the wickednesses of a Raisuli; of the abandonment of a gang of Italian brigands: even the picturesque Moroccan comes in for a share of our strictures; but even while we are thus employed, a band of our own countrymen are busily engaged in terrorising others of our own countrymen, and the Government appears to be helpless in the matter. How it is all going to end, nobody seems to know. The Asiatic Exclusion League—drunk with its first showing of power—is establishing branches along the Pacific coast; and in a very short while, the trouble will be about a thousand fold more grave, than ever the Asiatic problem is likely to be. What are you going to do about it, people? A new hand at the helm, or carry on as before?

One thing we admire about the local chamber of commerce, is that it means well. Moreover, it is an optimistic combination of commercial men, and we are unfeignedly glad in consequence. The chamber had its meeting on Wednesday, last, and although we do not happen to be members of the august institution (have never expressed a desire that way, you know, and mainly because we feel our unworthiness) we have an idea that it was as optimistic (no, we didn't say barren of results) as ever. We are assured that Mr. Fifoot gave an interesting summary of the Consular reports, and in consequence, Cardiff has nothing to fear from Germany. That's up against the Effulgent One, you'll find, and when he needs a little plain truth, we recommend a statement from the local chamber of commerce. Our congratulations to good old Cardiff. All's right with the world as long as the Cardiff coal dealer keeps his weather eye lifting?

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

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THE COASTGUARD.

ECONOMY being one of the catch-words of the present Government, it is matter for no surprise to note that, bit by bit, the nation's coastguard is being whittled away until but little of it presently remains. As is inevitable under the circumstances, opinions on the subject are divided, and the consensus of opinion would appear to be on the side of the belief that a coastguard is about as useful as are the Beefeaters at the Tower of London.

NEEDLESS to say, the members of the coastguard service object to being wiped away, and they are intent on using any little power which is still left them, in an endeavour to safeguard their not-altogether strenuous existence. For our part, we are willing to concede that as an embellishment to the landscape, the coastguardman has much to recommend him. When on duty, he marches about with praiseworthy perseverance, and with the aid of his "service telescope," consistently scans the offing for that which very seldom materialises.

PRECISELY what it is for which the coastguardman searches, no one outside of his own ranks appears to understand. That it has but little to do with cargoes of Hollands gin, French brandy, or Virginian tobacco, is a self-evident fact; while the silks and laces of a prehistoric age—well, those fancy fixings (or their undetectable imitations) are altogether too cheap to admit of a "run cargo" thereof, these days. Of course, it is nice to notice the coastguardman about on the scene.

HIS naval uniform lends itself to the general colour scheme, and his nest of cottage homes, with their well-tilled allotment gardens in front: to say nothing of the imposing flag-staff with its flag-wagging attachments in the middle distance; well, they belong to a by-gone age, but are none the less picturesque on that account. In theory, the coastguardman is supposed to be busily employed in watching the sea in his vicinity, for derelict craft of all sorts and conditions.

BECAUSE of this supposition, the people of the towns and hamlets in his vicinity, are inclined to believe that as the coastguard is on watch, all must be well with the world, and as a consequence they may lay them in their little beds, with never a fear or doubt. Tradition has worked the thing up in that fashion; but traditions are somewhat expensive. For instance, it is highly improbable that a sprinting coastguardman could bring the news of a possible invader, as quickly as a "wireless" telegraph; and really, the news of invasion would appear to be all that is left for this somewhat ponderous and expensive service to deal with.

ONCE in a way, it is true, the hardy souls referred to get an opportunity of saving life from shipwreck, and for that reason their jobs—up to now—have been considered sacred. But this is an utilitarian age, and when the cost of the Service is lumped up, and the lives it has saved is proportioned out, then, quite a number of people are sure that an equally pleasing result could have been attained, at a trifling share of the costs. This, of course, will appear to be an unkind manner of putting the thing—if you happen to be a coastguardman.

BUT then, the truth is seldom pleasant, if it inclines to knock on the head, a number of hoary japes with which we happen to have a personal interest? It has ever been the same, though. Men in armour were picturesque ruffians, no doubt, and when any of the brood happened upon another set of humans who were not in armour, the first-mentioned invariably won the rubber. At the same time, armour-plated humans would be sadly out of place in the present generation, and they would lose every rubber on which they were engaged?

THE dear old white wings which never grew weary took a lot of beating when the public mind ran in sentimental grooves; but with the advent of steam, and quick turn-rounds, sentiment, somehow-or-other, died a natural death. The death didn't come about in short order so to put it, for it diddered around a bit here, and a bit there. Up to recent days, anyhow, sentiment kept clear of the coastguardman—or rather it sheltered him in its last remaining folds; but even that is inclined to peter out.

As we have already stated, the coastguardman is on his last legs (metaphorically), and indications are all in favour of the belief that, in the near future, his business will be relegated to the limbo of forgotten arts. On sentimental grounds, this will be a pity; on utilitarian beliefs, it is a wonder that he has been allowed to survive until now. For some reasons not too obvious, the Associated Chamber of Commerce have been taking the matter up, having gone to the extent of what has been styled a "spirited protest" on behalf of the dying coastguard.

PRECISELY why the Associated Chambers of Commerce should have interested themselves on the subject, it is difficult to say. Latter day commercial pursuits, and obsolete bits of traditional picturesqueness would not appear to have much in common? Still, there it is, and the chambers alluded to have been spreading themselves on the subject, 'fore all the world as if they had shares in the coastguard business, and were afraid their dividends were in jeopardy.

IT came about this way: You'll remember that the associated gentlemen recently held a "conference"—whatever that is—at Liverpool? Anyhow, they did, and although the fine weather during the past few weeks might not have been the result of their able actions in this direction, we may depend upon it that they had something to do with it. Be that as it may, the president of the "conference" talked a sort of testimonial to the sterling value of the coastguardman in general, and some within his own knowledge in particular; and he earnestly implored the members of his association to bring pressure on the Admiralty, so as to bring about a close-time for the coastguardman, in a manner of speaking.

YOU see, sixty-eight stations have already been wiped away, although none of you might have noticed the difference resulting from the fact. That wiping away threw some three hundred deserving men out of employment, and—there are more to follow. For this reason, and *vide* the remarks at the "conference" already indicated: The principal cause of the withdrawals in this connection, is a dispute between Government departments, as to which should carry the coastguard service on its books.

THAT is all very pretty—as a "conference" reason. But when you and ourselves remember that it doesn't altogether matter which department "carries" a given service on its books, as long as you and ourselves foot the resultant bill—well, you can see that the coastguard service isn't passing on account of internecine Government warfare, but rather for the reason that the said service has outlived its time and usefulness? In a glorious burst of hang-all-expenses-and-give-us-another-ha'porth-o'-nuts, the "conference" recorded a belief that "such trivial departmental questions must not be allowed to imperil life and commerce."

OF course, not. The thing is absurd, and ought to be seen into, right away. At the same time, it would be just as well to ascertain exactly how much life and commerce has been imperilled since the withdrawal of the sixty-eight stations referred to, and over what would have been imperilled if the said stations had been allowed to continue in all their picturesque beauty. Liverpool has made a name for the perpetration of some absurdities (and worse); but we much doubt if a greater absurdity than that quoted above, was ever worked off, even in Liverpool—where the "guild" thrives, more or less? True, in a city where that "guild" is allowed to thrive, all things are possible, so we might reasonably hope for more coastguarditis at a near date? Anyhow, we can wait.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907.

THE RAILWAY RATTLE.

IN our last week's issue, we concerned ourselves with the roaring which had already preceded the promised hold-forth on the part of the great Mr. Bell at Cardiff; on this occasion, we intend to consider dispassionately, the rattle which took place here, on Sunday last. Let us admit at once, that quite a number of our contemporaries are metaphorically patting Mr. Bell on the back for his "moderation," and general tameness of idea. Why this should be, we have no means of finding out, and cheerfully admit the fact. Of course, we are glad to remember that the alleged champion of the downtrodden railwayman allows us all to live, in a manner of writing; and we are truly grateful for the mercies which he has vouchsafed to us, by the exhibition of that "moderation" to which we have already referred. Did our contemporaries expect that Mr. Bell was about to emulate the roaring lion; that he would ramp up and down the speech-making place, foaming at the bows; and that ever and anon, he would single out members of the community for instant execution? If so, they must be excused for prattling about that "moderation," for on the word of one who was there, you may believe that Mr. Bell acted exactly as would any other business man, who was engaged in turning current opportunities to his own advantage. That is to say, the gentleman was clothed; was in his right mind; had never a horn in sight; and his feet were covered by as good a pair of boots as yours, or ours. In short, he was attending to his work in his own way, and with apparent intention of enjoying the gifts which the gods have vouchsafed him, exactly as would apply to any other business man. This is the point on which we wish to be understood. By profession, Mr. Bell is an agitator on behalf of others. He has no personal grievance with anybody, as far as we can see. His Society is "in funds," and there is no pressing worry as to where the executive's salaries shall be found. Therefore, and in view of these little items of comfort to Mr. Bell and Co., why prattle about "moderation?" As a peg on which to hang a certain amount of justification for drawing those salaries, Mr. Bell appears to be "out" for recognition. Official recognition, that is to say. The butties who have enabled Mr. Bell to accumulate those funds referred to, already recognise the brilliant talents of their home-made champion. Never mind how many of those butties there are. That has nothing to do with the question, for there might be 200,000 of them, while again, there might be considerably less than 100,000, and in any case you have to admit that the gentleman has a following which gazes up at him with profound—profound—profound—hang it, it isn't often that we get stuck for a word; but this is one of the instances. So much so, that we are willing to leave you the task of deciding what it is with which those butties gaze at Mr. Bell. It's something—as the Cornish lad said about the hedgehog. What's that? Are we going to treat you to a dissertation on the merits and demerits of Mr. Bell's last Sunday's speech? Not to any very great extent, and mainly for the reason that we do not believe in giving a quantity of free advertisement to every would-be ameliorator who ambles along on life's road. We quite realise that these Socialistic friends are intent on wrapping their supposedly unfortunate brothers in cotton wool, and we have admitted the fact dozens of times ere this. For that matter we have assured you that those Socialistic ameliorators intend to make you pay for the said cotton wool—if it is at all possible. See? They will do the shouting, and you will find the "bunce." Now, we aren't built on those lines, for being willing to work—and fairly hard—ourselves, we have but little use for those good souls whose whole stock in trade consists of a fairly thick hide, and rather more than the normal ability to make "chin music," so-called. We showed you last week, that an agitator was sometimes educated up to the-quotation-of-Goethe mark; this week, we wish to emphasise the fact that some of them, at least, are *au fait* to most of the expressive words which find daily acceptance among the butties referred to—and for that reason we have used the said words above. Very well. Goethe, bunce, chin-music, what you like, for it will be all the same in the end, and there will be no strike. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and we have the assurance from a fairly reliable source. Rendered in modern phraseology, the saying would read "sweet are the uses of advertisement," and that, to our mind, was quite all that was aimed at on Sunday, last. Think it over dispassionately, and ask yourself what would have been the tariff rates for the reams of free gush which went the rounds of the country, as a direct result of that Sunday talk. If you size-up the out of pocket expenses of Mr. Bell and his friends on the occasion indicated, and then set off against that modest assessment, the value of the hundreds of columns of "comment" and "discussion" on the great speech—well, in that case, you will surely understand that these ameliorators understand a thing or two about business principles, what? All of which should go to show that there is something in making a rattle—something for the rattlers, you understand? For the abilities of Mr. Bell, we have a very great admiration, but cannot forget that Byron (or somebody else), once said, that it is better to reign in hell than serve in heaven—or words to that effect. It doesn't really matter who worked off the words just written, for to quite a goodly number of people, they are the blessed (or otherwise) truth. This brings us to the idea that as Mr. Bell cannot reign in the board rooms of the railway companies, he will e'en have to be satisfied with the "ovations" which his few, but enthusiastic, supporters give him, on those somewhat rare occasions when he deigns to occupy the platform in their favour. All this is as it should be. So is the conduct of the railway directorates. The latter have a very great trust reposed in them—far greater than the almighty trust reposed in Mr. Bell: and if the country's railways are to be run on trade union lines, then, goodbye to the record of safety and practical immunity from death, which the railway traveller has been favoured with to-date. Mind you, we do not blame Mr. Bell for "raising a dust." That is his business. Still, a very big dust is "laid" by the rain, when it is apt to turn into mud. In this respect, public opinion will be the rain, and—but there, you can see the point? In our opinion, and summing up the situation as tersely as possible, the following quotation from Mr. Bell's holdforth should be filled with pregnant illumination—if you'll forgive us for putting it that way: "... let me say I feel sorry for anybody if they drop money, whether they are employers or workmen," to which a voice in the hall replied: "We have got none to drop." There it is in a nutshell! A number of these railwaymen haven't anything to lose, so they do not care a toss how much they make you and ourselves lose. In any case, they will be no worse off after a strike, than they are at present, for on their own admission they "have got none to drop." On the other hand, if public opinion is inclined to be weak, the railway investors—most of whom are "small people"—will lose their little all, and at the conclusion of the fit-out, the hardy souls who now have nothing, might come out of it with a moderate share of what you now possess as the fruits of careful work, and thrifty habits. Is there any need to pursue the theme further, or to subscribe to those journals that prattle to you of the moderation of Mr. Bell? Who made him a dictator, anyhow? Did you, or his few supporters who "have got none to drop?"

BARRY GRAVING DOCK.—ITS FITTING SHOP AS AN UNIQUE BANQUETING HALL.

No. 1 Hold, from aft.
After Hold, from forward.

A Notable "Repair Job" (Reconstructing the Steamer "Indra")
at the Barry Graving Docks.

No. 1 Hold, from forward.
After Hold, from aft.

CANADIAN MATTERS.

OUR uncles and cousins "over there," are greatly exercised in mind as to the precise meaning of the present Government's hopes in connection with Canada's interest—financial and otherwise—in the Imperial Navy. The Governor-General has been pleading for support in this direction, and as everybody realises, that pleading is mainly made up of the usual number of indefinite nothings. It's a case of: "You people ought to help the old country. You should support its Fleet for you may never know when you will need its help. And anyhow, you cannot reasonably expect the taxpayers at home, to submit to a perpetual bleeding, simply that you good people might recline in safety."

AT the same time, there is seldom a word said as to the amount of that support; how it shall be paid; where the money is to come from; and what will be given in return. This is as it should be, and one ought to remember that Governor-Generals, being more or less component parts of the Home Government, and therefore imbued with its beliefs in the possession of a pagoda-tree, act after their training when trusted outside of the home-trade limits, so to speak. At home, if the Government needs money with which to carry on its experimental business, its slaps on a tax of so much in the pound.

AT home, too, there are some forty millions of people on which to practice, and from such a goodly number, it is fairly safe to believe that the experiment-money will be forthcoming. So far, then, so good, and as long as the members of the Government remain at home, they are justified in their childlike belief in the pagoda-tree idea. When, however, those good people travel amain; get into big, but comparatively uninhabited regions; dawdle around in places where money is anything but plentiful, and where a pagoda-tree won't grow for Father Peter; then, you can see the difficulties?

IF you can't see it, our Canadian friends can, and thus it comes about that a writer in a Toronto paper remarks, more or less pertinently: "We do not want to be shabby. Let the British Government, quitting generalities, tell us precisely or proximately how much we are expected to contribute" to the Imperial Navy. That is all very well, and nobody believes that the Canadian wishes to be shabby in this connection. At the same time, it is fairly easy to see how the matter works out. The Imperial Navy costs the taxpayer over thirty millions per annum, so it shouldn't be at all a difficult job to size up the proportion which should come from Canadian sources?

BUT it is useless to expect the British Government to make precise statements. That is by no means its *metier*. Terminological inexactitudes are more in its line, and we are surprised to note that the Canadian hasn't already sized the matter up after that style. Besides, how can the Government give precise data in this respect? It hasn't any to speak of for its own uses. It is still in the apprenticeship stage; is more or less a hotch-potch of amateurs, and labourers; what it doesn't know about naval affairs would fill several large-sized books; and yet the Canadian friend is wicked enough to ask for precise information!

GOING farther with the theme, and assuming that the Government should, by a greater or lesser miracle, be in a position to supply the precise information which is sought by the Canadian, where would the latter find the essential money that would be needed? Anything less than £5,000,000 per annum would be useless as a partnership on equal terms, and where would that amount of money come from? The plain facts are, that Canada hasn't the money with which to "come in" on equal terms; and the Government doesn't appear to have the wisdom. Under those circumstances, what is there left for either side?

WELL, the Government will continue with its generalities, and the Canadian will go on seeking precise information. Meanwhile, another Government will assume the reins, and will show that it has the knowledge; Protection will next arrive, when Canada will have the money; the two items will join issues, and from knowledge and money will spring power. The consummation isn't so far off, perhaps, as some good people would appear to imagine; for viewed from any standpoint, the British nation is not so silly as to go on supposing that an Empire can be run on lines which might be good enough for a tuppenny ha'penny trade union—and that is what is happening now.

INDEED, the man at home, and his compatriot abroad, is heartily sick of the froth and foam which is flung around at the moment; and both of them long—with an overwhelming longing—for the return of a combination that has backbone enough to admit of a feeling of industrial security in the country. That there is no such security at present, everybody realises, and mainly for the reason that there are too many "ameliorators" around on the breeze. The "downtrodden" is receiving all the available attention—at sixpence a week plus an occasional levy; and the remainder of us are wondering where we come in—with our shillings per week and no levies.

AND as it has been with the Canadian support of the Imperial Navy, so has it been with that long-talked-of all-red line of steamers. Canada has flirted with the same subject, for as long as we can remember. Men have come, and men have gone, but the strivings for a Canadian fast line of steamers go on for ever. Judging by all the indications, the strivings will continue, and for several well-defined reasons. In the first place, the Government of the day is as rocky on merchant steamer business, as it is on Naval matters. In the abstract, it is *facile princeps* in everything under the sun; but when you pin them down to detail, and doing, then, you can make up your minds to expect but little, in which case you will not be disappointed.

IN connection with this "all-red" affair, too, isn't is as well to admit facts? Canada is a splendid country. Of that fact there can be no gainsaying. Its potentialities are practically limitless, and the present generation has but a hazy idea of what its developments will ultimately amount to. But in the matter of water transit, it is never going to be anything of a startling success. All the money in the world will not alter this feature, for it has existed since the birth of time, and will continue until its death. You can have no really fast line—as we understand it to-day—in a land (or to a land) where ice is boss in winter, and fog in summer.

IN our own time, we have followed the strivings for this "fast line" idea, from the date when a ten-knot service was considered fast, and was yet more or less impossible; right along through varying rates of speed, until at the moment, a twenty-knot service is alone fast, and equally impossible. The truth of these statements is obvious. Everybody interested realises it: but while the promoters will reap a nice thing from the flotation, and hangers-on will secure a certain amount of pickings, the people who supply the money will ultimately be left in the cold.

THE latter portion of the contingent realises this, only too well, and that is the sole reason why these "fast line" notions, and "all red line" ideas drop still-born upon an unappreciative world. Under happier climatic conditions, Canada would have had her fast line years ago, and as a simple matter of course; but as long as existing conditions apply, for just that length of time will the "fast line" of the alleged enthusiast be something to struggle for, and never attain. In brief, is there sense or reason in supplying a fleet of ships that are good for a twenty-knot-average from port to port, only to find in practice, that their average will seldom exceed fifteen knots? This is what it all amounts to, and the money holders know it.

OIL FUEL ON SHIPBOARD.

ONCE again, that hardy annual-like subject "oil fuel for the navy" is going the rounds of the Press, and the world is seriously informed that the Admiralty has definitely decided to "go in for" the new steam-raiser in appreciable amounts. Judging by appearances, this information is scattered around as a would-be flaggellation for the wicked coalowner who is making such "unholy profits" from the sale of his commodity, and who is thereby graduating for millionaire-ville!

ONE thing about it all, is that the said coalowner doesn't appear to be unduly worried on the subject. He pursues the chequered tenour of his way, 'fore all the world as if sensationalists, geological professors, and Admiralty Boards did not exist. That is to say, he refrains from squealing when prices are at bankruptcy notches, and is not unduly jubilant when those prices have romped into the mark which will admit of his beating up a portion of the leeway of the bad years.

VIEWING the matter dispassionately, one is bound to admit that the coalowner is right, while those professional people—as all too frequently happens—are altogether wrong. Our readers will remember the fuss and furore that was raised some months ago, through the personal opinion of the University gentleman who declared that if all this indiscriminate coal-selling wasn't a national sin and shame, then, it came very near thereto?

THE gentleman referred to went in largely for the notion that the nation should purchase some valuable coal-bearing land, so that the almighty British Navy should never run the risk of being coal-less. At the time, we suggested that the estimable savant was shouting up a wrong close, so to speak; that sooner or later, the said British Navy would be able to get around the world without a trail of coal dust in its wake; and that oil fuel would possibly be the first step in the required direction; while electricity would ultimately solve the oil problem.

WE also ventured to remind those with an interest at stake, that if the coal trade had to depend on the naval purchasers—either at home or abroad—then that coal trade was in very bad case; that its exponents might just as well give up their businesses; and go in for keeping white rabbits, or something equally interesting. In any case, there is no getting away from the fact that the navies of the world are but a negligible quantity where the sale of steam coal is concerned. One year's output from Cardiff alone, would supply all the navies, for all the time that steam engines will be the means of propulsion—there or thereabout!

HOWEVER, the Admiralty has made up a portion of its mind to plump for oil fuel, and the engineering staff is supposed to be in a state that is only once removed from beatific in consequence. Moreover, we are assured that this is only a beginning, for when the British Admiralty has demonstrated the fact that steam may be raised through the use of oil fuel, industrial concerns will follow suit—and where will the coal-man be then, poor thing? But was there ever a doubt that steam could be successfully raised with oil fuel?

HAVEN'T the nations been tinkering and flirting with the subject, ever since the first steam vessel was invented? For the matter of that, aren't there numberless experts who are sure that, inside of twenty minutes, more or less, the navies of the world will be propelled through the agency of "wireless" electricity, generated at no less a place than Niagara Falls, or those of the Victoria brand? In fact, hasn't the "fancy" been trying to frighten the souls out of the coal people, ever since they undertook to refrain from giving their commodity away for nothing?

IT has, and when the supplier of the domestic hearth is assessed at anything over seventeen shillings per ton delivered, the householder is asked to consider the value of the Board of Trade unit as supplied by the local electric works; and having considered, to agree to the installation of a more or less free fit-up in his palatial home. Sometimes, the householder agrees; at others, he doesn't. But in either instance, coal prices are not seriously effected. All of this goes to show that coal will take a quantity of beating, and although it might ultimately become bested in the struggle, it won't be in our time, good people.

AND when the "bested" period arrives, there will still remain any amount of coal under-ground, for succeeding generations to fall back on, when they have tired of footling around with the newer quiffs. Still, coal is wickedly "high," at the moment, and if screeds anent oil fuel for the navy will give a twinge to the inward consciousness of the wily dealer in the black diamond, the writers will not have laboured in vain. True, their efforts will have made but an inappreciable difference to the situation—but they will have eased their minds, so to say, and that is a desideratum, these days.

MIND-EASING is what most of us go in for. A situation becomes somewhat untenable: we admit that we cannot alter it; but there is ever the blissful possibility of giving it a good slanging! When that has been brought about, we feel better, and can then turn our attention to another "grievance!" Isn't it so? And isn't life made up of grievances? Very well, then. The Admiralty has a grievance because the price of coal is too high—from their point of view; by the institution of oil-fuel depôts, the coal people will have a grievance.

OF course, nobody pretends that two grievances will make a pleasant situation, any more than two wrongs will make a right. But you may take it from us that when one is enabled to set off a new grievance against an old one; when our side is in a position to "set one up against the other fellow;" then, is there joy and comfort around on the breeze! That is human nature—of which trait there is a terrible amount among those who deal in coal.

As far as oil fuel on shipboard is concerned, we are gravely assured that "all the early troubles in the shape of getting proper combustion have been effectually overcome," and we havn't a doubt in the matter. We felt all along that "proper combustion" was a mere detail alongside of commercial success, and the possibility of working up a dependable supply. The same thing applies with electric power. The beauties of electricity are clear enough. The only trouble is in the matter of supply. As far as that goes, radium has been demonstrated as of surpassing utility in this direction, but—the same old dodge comes in. We cannot get enough of it! In spite of all these little items of actuality, the Admiralty is in mind to erect oil tanks at various places of importance; steel tanks which will contain 5,000 tons each, and which will be protected by no end of earth-works and things of that kind. Under the circumstances, then, the country is to be laid under another danger. Once get those tanks scattered around over the landscape, and the amiable enemy when he lands, will find no difficulty in obtaining a high-class blaze of light, and plenty of warmth.

As a start, the Medway is to be blessed with a storage capacity running into 20,000 tons, and there will be an oil-pumping station for the manipulation of the stuff when the gentle warship hauls alongside. As an opportunity for banging a goodly number of the nation's sixpences, this latest wheeze possesses potentialities; but as a supposed source of supply for practical purposes, or as a lesson to the wicked coal-man—well, there isn't much in it, good people. True, it gives the writer chiel an opportunity of filling a page, for it has thus enabled us. The page being now filled, we leave the entrancing theme for this occasion—with our blessing, of course!

NEOPHYTIC NELSONS.

THE first batch of naval cadets having passed out of Dartmouth College with more or less honour to themselves and to their instructors—the usual quantity of piff-niff is going around in interested quarters. Seeing that the new scheme is on trial, and that the Board of Selection has to make some sort of attempt at justification for its existence, it naturally follows that the man in the street is being catered for—unofficially, you understand!—by that ubiquitous gentleman who supplies apparently free copy for the papers—"A Naval Officer."

HE is met everywhere—is that "Naval Officer" who writes for the papers! He tells you how not to lose a *Montagu;* how to salve her if you do lose her in a nautical sense; how to train sucking skippers; how to make a carrick bend; how to navigate, fight, and hash-up a ship; in fact, he is willing to tell you anything of a nautical character, as long as you will respect his anonymity. Rude people might suggest that he is neither Naval nor an officer—that he is more of a turn-pike sailor than anything else in particular; that he has but a nodding—and scribey—knowledge of ships and shipmen; but his tag is always the same—"A Naval Officer."

HIS latest effort to come our way, appeared in the columns of a ha'penny contemporary on Saturday last, and an admirer of ours brought the stuff in for our perusal. Needless to say, we read the tale, for we are a staunch admirer of "A Naval Officer." As already remarked, he is ubiquitous; has a gall that is bound to win our respect; and if, on arrival at the end of his tale, one is inclined to ask: "What the hang-ment (it's another word, really, but it begins with h, all the same) is it all about?" that makes no difference. "A Naval Officer" means well, and that is the main point.

As already remarked, our mentor concerns himself on this occasion, with the naval cadet, and under the assumption that the screed is to be considered in the light of "a character sketch." That is alright, and if the poor little sailorboy doesn't object to the caricature adduced, we are sure that we have no reason to complain. You see, we learned most of the japes which this cadet is being taught more or less at the public expense; but we learned them at our own expense, and on ship-board. In addition, we learned quite a number of points which that generalised cadet will never learn, for he has no opportunity.

WE have no reason to doubt that, on a given occasion, "Dartmouth College looked very big and white, and rather like a lunatic asylum of the London County Council," for that is precisely how it struck us on the several occasions on which our interest in the subject took us that way. At the same time, we have to disagree with "A Naval Officer's" local colouring, so to write it. Our writing friend suggests that the College appeared in that lunatic asylum-like guise, "when Cadet Average first saw it from across the river at Kingswear Station."

Now we maintain that Cadet Average saw the College for quite a while before his train arrived at Kingswear Station; saw it, in point of fact, while running along past the Bridge Ferry, at Sandquay, say. Still, that is a detail, and helps to bear us out in our supposition that "A Naval Officer" isn't always Naval nor an officer. If the writer to the ha'penny Press is a Naval officer, he would necessarily have "passed out" from the "old Brit.", and in that case he would think more of the Brit.'s private "station" which is in front of the Kingswear Station, and from which a good view of the College is obtainable.

HOWEVER, all this is a matter of detail, and may be dismissed with more or less ease and comfort. What we are more concerned with is the fact that the first batch of cadets "under the new Act," have "passed out" with prestige, and that sort of thing. To put the matter in the words of Mr. Cadet Average's Pater, and as quoted by "A Naval Officer," "They won't plough anybody; take my word for it. They daren't. It would be giving away their own show." And it is precisely what the man in the street needs to remember.

THESE selected seaboys are pitched into the Dartmouth College, where a paternal Admiralty Board has undertaken to turn them into high-class samples of the Jack-of-all-trades-but-master-of-none. Under the circumstances, then, it is ridiculous to suppose that the said Board is going to admit that their youthful prodigies are anything short of number-one-class? Everybody knows that the piffle which is largely dealt with at the College, will be of precious little use at sea; so of what use is it to jib at ignorance in any shape or form? Especially when the nation is in sad need of a number of these "selected" youths?

EXECUTIVE officers are just as difficult of attainment (under existing rules of favouritism), as are the worthy and essential stoker-ratings which are always under-manned. With that truism in mind, you can see that it is of very little use for the Board to jib at any short-comings which might result from their own faking. One of these days, the nation will say, in no uncertain voice, that the work of the nation shall be wide open to all. That the Board of Selection—as presently understood—shall have no opportunities to make fish of one, and flesh of another.

WHEN that happy day dawns, there will be precious little need for the up-keep of an expensive 'longshore college, for the neophytic Nelsons of that age will be trained, where the original Nelson picked up his learning—at sea. As things are at present, the neophytes waste a couple of years in undergoing a stuffing process, and after "passing out" for active life at sea, they necessarily waste other six years in unlearning the stuffed up japes of the College. In other words, the present methods in force, waste something near eight years of the lad's life, at the end of which period, he is commencing to learn something of the practical side of sea-life.

JUST as his real education is beginning, he is "retired" from the Service, for another generation of pampered children have now grown up to the point where a cadet's uniform is a *sine quâ non.* And so the merry game continues. Of course, if none but the fathers of these lads supplied the taxes which go to pay for all this college monkey-work, nothing further need be said on the point. But, unfortunately, most of us supply our share of those taxes, and so the belief grows upon us that our lads should be given an opportunity to successfully win the approval of that Board of Selection.

NATURALLY enough, that phase of life will materialise in due course. Meanwhile, rank favouritism has it all its own way, and thus it comes about that we lose *Montagues*, strand *Commonwealths*, chip holes in the bottoms of *Duncans*, hash-up the boilers of *Dreadnoughts*, and maim and muss-up any number of small fry, every time it is allowed to leave the safety of its moorings. Viewed in any light, the conviction will force itself upon us, that the sooner this favouritism is thrown overboard, and all hands are given a fair field and no favour—well, the better will it be for the nation at large.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

SOME months ago, and when the birth of the steamer *Manoravon* was very much in the womb of the future, we undertook to pass a few remarks on the coming vessel, and on the possibilities which lay around the path of the earnest workers who were responsible for her advent on the freight market. Others of our friends—for reasons of their own—could see no possibility of good in the *Manoravon* Steamship Company, Limited, and they were inclined to wonder if we were on the right track, on this particular occasion. It might be useful to remind you that we had passed certain strictures on other and older concerns—strictures which have since been justified; and friends of the concerns referred to, were wrathy in consequence.

As you have had it abundantly proved to you in the past, such tactics make no difference to our methods. We first find out the truth, and being satisfied that it is even that, we state our opinions—which are invariably safe, and trustworthy. In this instance, we said that the *Manoravon* had every chance of doing well for her owners, for in addition to being a well-built, and thoroughly up-to-date vessel in every respect, she happened to be under the management of two "hustlers" who could be depended on to render a good account of their stewardship, when the time for such rendering arrived. When all is said on this point, some people will find diversion in supplying money to duffers who intend to play *Hamlet* with a prime old crusted crock. Others again, keep their money until they meet smart men who intend to deal with a smart vessel.

NEEDLESS to say, the latter coterie of investors are the better circumstanced, for while smart men will sometimes make a hash of a smart boat, we never yet found any good result from the working of any men who mussed about with an old crock. It can't be done, good people, for if the old crock were of any use, her late owners wouldn't be anxious to part with her. However, the *Manoravon* has made her maiden trip; has returned after a ninety-five days' voyage; and we are now in a position to see whether our remarks of sometime last fall, are in line with what our readers have a right to expect. Let us preface our further remarks with the hint that quite a goodly number of old-timers assure you (when sending out their statements) that times have never been so bad as they are—no, not since pa died!

IN fact, practically everybody appears to be imbued with the same belief, and for our part we are willing to concede, that "times" (for shipping folk) are about as bad as makes no odds. Freights are "down," bunker coal is "up." Merchants are a bit chary of risking any of their hard-earned money. And in the result, there is some justification for the "regrets" which meander around in steamer accounts. Bearing this in mind, and remembering that the *Manoravon* has to ply around the waters of the earth under the conditions which apply to all other vessels, let us consider the cheerful intelligence which now goes forth to the fortunate folk who trusted Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co. That account is before us, and for a start we read—but let us begin another paragraph; the intelligence is worth it.

HERE you are then, in the managers' own words: "We have pleasure in handing you account for Voyage 1, duly audited, covering a period of 95 days, and showing the handsome profit of £1,006 2s. (we like that 2s. It is sort of cheering!) which is equal to £14 6s. 4d. per cent. per annum. Out of this we divide £1 6s. per each £50 share, free of Income Tax, which is at the rate of ten per cent. per annum." That is quotation enough? A profit of over fourteen per cent. per annum, a dividend of ten per cent.—and during a period when the old-stagers are prattling about hard times. Justifiable prattling, too! You might ask what *Manoravon* is going to leave for her owners, when the long-talked-of "good times" happen along? If so, we give it up. In the face of the present fine results, we have no wish to peer too anxiously into the future.

FOR the matter of that, we have an idea that her shareholders will be similarly inclined, for if a ten per cent. dividend is possible at a time when the old hands find a difficulty in making both ends meet—then, Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co., should be well able to stretch the payments when the times are fair to middling? When *Manoravon* was in the Bute Docks, and on view as a creditable addition to Cardiff's Registry, we animadverted on her handiness, and general features as a cargo carrier. Incidentally, we drew attention to her light draft, in comparison with her carrying capacity, and forecasted an advantage over some of her competitors of the same era. The report already quoted gives us some information which fits in with what we wrote at the time referred to.

THAT information lilts along as: "You will be pleased to learn that, as anticipated, the *Manoravon*, owing to her very shallow draft, was able to cross the Sulina bar with her full cargo, thus saving the heavy expenses of lightening." That's it. Look ahead, good people, and having done so, plump for those who have done likewise. We are willing to admit that, to certain sections of steamer-managers, this non-lightening feature might not be a thing of beauty, or a joy for any extended period. When there isn't a lightening bill, the boss feels lonely—to paraphrase a popular song! Not only does he feel lonely, for he is short of certain pretty little returns which pose as discount, but which seldom go into the dividend!

OBVIOUSLY, then, when this lightening bill is saved, the shareholders get it both ways, for they save the lightening account actual, and the "spiff" which goes along with it? That this is a feature that is all in favour of *Manoravon*, goes without saying, for to the time of writing, but few steamers of her capacity have been able to dodge the lightening-bill-cum-discount; possibly this fact accounts for the handsome profit already written of? We note that the steamer is now at Genoa, negotiating her second voyage, and that she will probably undertake another Black Sea trip—with equally pleasing results we are bold enough to suggest. Come on, Messrs. Griffiths, Lewis and Co., why not "go in for" that number two? You have shown what you can do, and fortune favours the brave—especially when they are also successful.

HEREWITH, we give an abbreviated statement of the *Manoravon*'s working account:

Dr. Aug. 31, 1907.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Port Charges, Wages, Provisions, Bunkers, Stores, etc.	2984 16 5	
To Insurance	509 12 11	
„ Management Commission at 2½% ...	114 16 9	
		3609 6 1
Balance—Profit		1006 2 0
		£4,615 8 1

Cr. Aug. 31, 1907.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Freights	4593 8 1	
„ Sundry Credits	22 0 0	
		4615 8 1
		£4,615 8 1

I have examined the above account with the Books and Vouchers of the Company and find the same in order.

12, Mount Stuart Square, Cardiff. 23rd September, 1907.

RICHARD LEYSHON, F.S.A.A., *Incorporated Accountant, Auditor.*

SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET. No. 2.—THE "BLAND" SKIPPER.

IN contradistinction to the "Blunt," the "Bland" skipper certainly shines gloriously, and succeeds in every instance where the former fails miserably. Blunt—simply because he is so—dubs his bland colleague "Soapy Sam." Bland, however, when speaking of his "blunt" *confrère*, is satisfied by saying, "He *is* rather a rough diamond." There lays the essential difference in the two characters. One will not soften any of the hard lines to be met with in his profession, rather leaning toward the notion that if Nature meant any lines to be rough, why, the sole aim and ambition of man should be to help Nature to the best of his ability, by accentuating all those little roughnesses.

THE other seems to be imbued with the idea that nothing in Nature was originally meant to be rough, and if it is found to be so, Nature has made a mistake in the hurry of her workings; it, therefore, becomes incumbent on mankind to palliate and, if possible, obliterate those roughnesses. There can be little doubt as to which of the two has the best ideas; best, that is, for sailing a smooth course on life's sea. Our intention, however, is not to go in for a study of the shipmaster from an ethical point of view, but rather to show how the various traits of character effect him professionally. As in the case of the "blunt" skipper there are two kinds, so with the "bland" portion. There is the naturally "bland," and the artificially so.

THE latter is bound to be an intelligent man, for the simple reason that he recognises the advantages of "blandness." Being an artificial product, he is, as a matter of course, anything but perfect, and there come times when "the old Adam" will assert himself. This assertion generally capsizes in five minutes the good results obtained by as many months of careful demeanour. Still, the artificially "bland" has generally sense enough—prompted by past successes—to begin again. If he meets with sundry touches of "the old Adam" he also meets with sundry successes, so that his life is not altogether a howling wilderness.

THE naturally "bland" skipper's life, though, is as a veritable bed of roses. As he is naturally of that temperament, there is no hardship involved by being so, and he accepts the resultant blessings as a matter of course. He will admit that he cannot understand his "blunt" brother, neither can he quite grasp the reason for the frequent spells of enforced idleness on shore which that brother experiences. Bland—with his natural tendencies towards softening angularities—supposes that the unfortunate one has some compensating blessings, in the shape of opportunities received for the study of the longshoreman on his native beach.

IF he meets the unfortunate in person he speaks words of comfort according to his own lights. Interpreted and defined, these words spell "Twaddle!" or "Tommy rot!" according to the time Blunt has been ashore "seeking." After what has been already written it will not be difficult to pick out the few points necessary to show where the "bland" skipper proves himself a success. Take the everlasting food question: it has been, and is ever likely to continue, the one burning point on shipboard.

THE shoreman says: "The poor we have always with us"—and it is a quotation—but the shipmaster says: "The grub-growler is ever on board," and although it may not be a quotation, it is the truth. "The boys" conceive the idea that the steward, or the cook, or both of them, have been "sweating the beef-kid." After talking the matter over in the fo'c'stle, it is decided to send one of their number as a deputation to interview the "Old Man" on the matter.

THE "Old Man" is of the "bland" persuasion, so he smiles approvingly at "the boys'" deputy, who at once wishes himself with McGinty. "Well, my man," says Captain Bland (he is always hot on "my man;" 'tis the bland skipper's shibboleth): "what may I have the pleasure of doing for you?" Jack changes the "kid" into the other hand, because it suddenly appears to have become heavy, and he feels sure that its contents have grown bigger since he came aft.

HOWEVER, he *must* say something, so out comes: "I've come aft to complain about the grub, sir." "Complain about the food," says Bland; "that's right, my man. It is always better to come straight to me when you have a complaint to make. You know"—in rather a wheedling tone—"*I* rather like this sort of thing. And what is wrong? Not enough?" That "wheedling tone" has finished what "my man" commenced, so Jack says: "'Nuff, such as 'tis, sir." "That's right!" again says Bland; "I particularly desire that *my* men shall be as well treated as the exigencies of a seafaring life will admit of. Is the beef not nice, my good fellow?"

BUT that "exigencies" has completely kerflummixed Jack, so he says: "Nice enough, what there is of it, sir." "Quite so!" says Bland, "always come to me personally, my man, when anything troubles you. *I'll* see that you are treated properly." Then Jack goes for'ed. There is a consultation as to what "exigencies" may mean, and "the boys" declare that the "Old Man" is a sea-lawyer, and a tidy sort; while the steward is—something nautical. There is no more growling. In handling the various kinds of foreigner that the shipmaster has to do business with, "blandness" succeeds in a greater degree even than with Jack and the "food question."

THE "bland" skipper on arriving at a foreign port at once remembers that he is the foreigner, and the natives are at home. Consequently, when the doctor comes on board to make the customary inspection, the captain is very polite; answers all questions in an exceedingly gracious manner; seems to think an immense amount of Monsieur le Docteur, and of his wisdom; praises the country, the people—in fact, everything. The doctor is charmed; thinks the *captaine* is a very sensible man; and many a time lets the ship off quarantine when a little "bluntness" from the skipper, would have inevitably meant "several days observation" at the very least.

THEN Bland gets ashore, interviews the head of the Customs in the same happy manner, and is consequently shown and helped in the preparation of the necessary "papers," so that no trouble may follow. He eventually leaves the Custom House, and the officials are convinced that some Britishers, at least, are gentlemen. Because of that conviction, should Captain Bland want to do any night-work on his steamer, a "permit" so to do is the easiest thing in life to procure. Or should he want to "clear" after dark he has only to ask, when M. le Commandant is all smiles, and graciously gives orders to that effect.

NEXT, Bland visits his broker, and instead of acting the bear, and making an ass of himself generally because the broker is "a foreigner," he is polite, and avoids all talk that is likely to be a source of annoyance to the latter's susceptibilities. He does not try to impress that gentleman with the fact (?) that last voyage, at some other place, the steamer loaded and discharged in an impossible number of days. He rather insinuates that he trusts to the honour of the Broker for fair treatment.

THE outcome of his personally-conducted business is that the stevedore is impressed that Bland's vessel must be worked expeditiously, no matter whose ship suffers in consequence. Bland does not take all this as a matter of course, but tries to keep the broker's enthusiasm "up to concert pitch," by remarking, "Awfully good of you, my dear Sir." Then the broker, not wishing to be outdone by the gentlemanly captain, says: "Not at all," and redoubles his attention. The outcome of "blandness" in this little affair is freedom from worry, and good despatch. And a pleasing impression concerning the British shipmaster is left behind in the port when Captain Bland has sailed. Just a word in connection with the merchant who has chartered the vessel, and we finish for this week.

THE charter-party is very frequently an instrument that is "fearfully and wonderfully" made. Complexity is no name for its terms at times, especially when its margin is written all over with clauses which are only meant to delude, as is very often the case. In the interpretation of such clauses "blandness" scores for the skipper. He may be as firm as he chooses, and thoroughly intent on supporting his owner's interest; but when he does so with "blandness" 'tis then his owner wins. Bland is deferential to the merchant, and that gentleman likes deference—as who does not? He appeals to the merchant's sense of justice—from his own point of view—and asks for his decision in such a pleasing manner that Mr. Merchant cannot find it in his heart to refuse the trifle in dispute. Yes; "blandness" pays. and we think the instances mentioned are worthy of remembrance by skippers who have neglected the cultivation of the characteristic under discussion.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *September 25, 1907.*

SINCE our last time of writing, the coal market has undergone but little change, although we have to admit that there is a steadier tone prevailing throughout. Steadier that is to say, than was in evidence last week, or the week before. Comparatively speaking, prices are (at least nominally) the same as at our last.

WHEN we say that prices are the same, we mean as regards actual value, and getting away from the fictitiousness of paper quotations. Furthermore, a number of transactions which have materialised, may not truthfully be accepted as showing the value at the moment. There are so many conditions to be considered, and so many collieries to be dealt with. For instance, if the release of wagons in a given instance is peremptory, it naturally follows that for a prompt shipment, concession is possible.

BUT that concession must not be taken as an earnest of the general state of the market. On the contrary, rather, for as we have already stated, actual values continue at about recent levels. Again, those conceding occasions are becoming rarer than was the case a few days ago. You see, tonnage arrivals have been in greater force, and as this naturally relieves the wagons, there is one inducement gone from the concessioning point of view.

OF course, there is still plenty of room for more tonnage. Indeed, its arrival is anxiously expected in more than one instance. At the same time, the boats are coming in more satisfactorily, loading up proceeds apace, wagons are released, and prices consequently harden. For the demand is practically as good as ever, and the fluctuations which have manifested themselves of late, have had nothing to do with outside influences, being more involved with the matter of facilities on shore.

CHARTERING, too, has been fairly active for the period under review, the amount of forward tonnage also being of an increased total. Naturally, then, these little items give the local show a brighter aspect, although there is still room for more of those same items to wedge themselves into the foreground. And with regard to that room, indications are still in favour of the belief that the suggested improvements are by way of appearing—and very shortly too. That will mean, again, a brighter outlook, and a harder market.

AS already remarked there is plenty of inquiry, it is coming home, so to write it; in which case you will see that it is of a positive nature. In view of the fact, and also because sellers are well stemmed ahead, increased figures are by way of demand for all forward business. Taking it all 'round, oil fuel isn't handicapping us anything to speak of as yet!

ON the other hand, a number of the stems referred to are merely on paper to-date, but there is every reason to believe that, in the vast majority of instances, they will eventuate into hard and fast business. At any rate, they are sufficiently tangible to enable the seller to adhere to his own present ideas of value, which, as already stated, are in front of what obtained at our last time of writing. Naturally enough, the buyer will not oblige to any greater extent than he is compelled to. That is only as it should be, and anyhow, the game is not with the buyer, at the moment.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.	20s. 3d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	18s. 9d, 19s. 3d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 1½d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. od	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.	22s. od.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s od.	15s. od.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. od.	12s. od.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 1½d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	11s. 1½d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 7½d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d., 11s. od.
Best Newport ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d, 11s. od.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 9d.	14s. od.	14s. od.	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	27s od.	27s. od.	26s. 6d., 27s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Ordinary ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 25s. od.	24s. od., 25s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	22s od.	22s. od.	21s. od.	21s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 9d.	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 3d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *September 25, 1907.*

THE market hereaway for the past week, has not shown any appreciable change to that of the previous period. Prices taken in the main are unaltered, but they are steadier, thanks to the better supply of tonnage, which has placed collieries in a more comfortable position as regards their stems. Prices therefore are not so easily discountable, even for business of a prompt nature. In so far as forward accumulations are concerned, there is a good inquiry and quotations ahead are being firmly maintained.

ANTHRACITE quotations have been ruling steadily at their last levels, at which they are likely to be maintained. Collieries continue to experience a regular demand, and being well booked ahead, buyers are not able to discount the prevailing figures. MACHINE MADE COALS are a trifle firmer, thanks to an improved demand. CULM is also hardening for the same reason. DUFF remains much about the same. LARGE COALS show no alteration.

STEAMS are remaining easy for prompt shipment, but beyond this, higher figures are being asked. The improvement in tonnage supplies is, however, affecting stems, and a firmer feeling is in evidence. BUNKER qualities are fairly steady also.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 9d.	27s. 9d.	27s. 6d., 28s. od.	28s. od.
Seconds do. ...	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 9d.	26s. 9d.	27s. od.	26s. 6d., 27s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	22s. od.	22s. od.	22s. 3d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 6d.	22s 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	23s. od.	23s. od.	22s. 9d.	22s. 9d.	23s. od.	23s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 3d.	27s. od., 27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	16s. od., 16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. od.	18s. od.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, September 25, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Singapore, *Langdale* or *Labuan*, 10s.
Aden, *Coulsdon*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Colombo, *Langdale*, or sub., 9s.
Alberto Treves, 8s. 9d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Argo*, or sub., 4,000 tons, 13s.
Marie Suzanne, 3,500 tons, 13s. option Rosario, 15s.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 13s.
Tre——, 5,000 tons, 13s. option Rosario, 14s. 6d.
Tregothnan, 4,300 tons, 17s. option Rosario, 17s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,700 tons, 12s. 9d.
Aislaby, 3,500 tons, 17s. 6d. (P.T.)
Beltor, 4,000 tons, 16s. 6d.
Las Palmas or Madeira, *Cheviot Range*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 3d.
/Or Teneriffe, *Lord Londonderry*, 7s. 3d.
Monte Video, *Portugalete*, 4,500 tons, 16s.
Bahia Blanca, Steamer, 13s. 6d. (N).
Rio de Janeiro, *Pydna*, 15s. 6d.
Dunster, 6,100 tons, 16s.
Punta Arenas, *Gena*, 4,000 tons, 20s.
Para, *Fairmead*, 2,700 tons, 13s. 6d. 1½ milreis.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 16s. 6d. (N).
Teneriffe, *Glenroy*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, Two Steamers, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Derwenthall, 4,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
King ——, 5,300 tons, 6s. 9d.
Genoa, *Blakemoor*, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d. option Palermo, 7s. 9d.
Frederiksborg, 2,500 tons, 8s. 4½d. (s).
Lavernock, 3,300 tons, 7s. 9d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8s. 6d. spot, (s).
Silvia, 2,600 tons, 8s. (s).
Oakdale, 1,500 tons, 8s. (s).
Noviembre, 4,600 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Lesreaulx, 4,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Bermeo, 3,800 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Alexandria, *Aviemoor*, 5,400 tons, 7s. 3d.
Tremorvah, 5,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Algiers, *Oiz*, 2,600 tons, 9 fcs. coal, 10 fcs. fuel, (s).
North Gwalia, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Algorteno, 3,000 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, 600 dely. coal and fuel, (C. or N).
Urrate No. 1, 4,000 tons, 8 fcs. (C. or N.)
Gwentland, 1,900 tons, 8·75 fcs. spot.
Savona, *Hatfield*, 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. (s).
Marseilles, *Dunsley*, 2,800 tons, 9·62½ fcs. (s).
Kirkwall, 3,500 tons, 9 fcs.
Bacchus, 4,000 tons, 9 fcs.
Parana, 4,500 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Constantinople, *Valhalla*, 3,200 tons, 7s. ppt.
Tarragona, *Diamond*, 1,100 tons, 8s. 10½d.
Venice or Ancona, *Eftikhia*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Woodburn, 3,100 tons, 9s. 3d.
Luchana, 4,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 500.
Westmoor or *Uskmoor*, 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d.
Naples, *Thistleroy*, 6,400 tons, 6s. 9d. 1,000.
Valencia, *Prestonian*, 1,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Mersyne, *Erminie*, 2,300 tons, 9s. 6d. coal, 10s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Piræus, *Ariadne Alexandra*, 2,500 tons, 7s. (N).
Trieste, Steamer, 2,900 tons, 8s. 400.
Syra, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 6s. 6d.
Sfax, *Rom*, 2,600 tons, 11 fcs. 300, (C or N).
Monaco, *Daphne*, 700 tons, 9s.
Spezzia or Leghorn, *Manoussis*, 2,600 tons, 8s. 1½d. Genoa terms.
Oran, *Jeanie*, 2,400 tons, 9·25 fcs.
Steamer, 2,100 tons, 9·25 fcs. coal, 10·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Barcelona, *Corso*, 2,600 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt.
Argylle, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Bougie, *Blaenavon*, 2,500 tons, 10 fcs. coal, 11 fcs. fuel, (s).
Malta, *Munificent*, 4,200 tons, 6s.
Gibraltar, *Ruabon*, 2,500 tons, 4s. 4½d. net terms, (s).
Lissabon, 1,700 tons, 7s.
Enterpe, 1,850 tons, 7s.
Hawthorn, 1,500 tons, 6s. 9d.
Lisbon, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Holmlea*, 2,000 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
Copenhagen, *Hogland*, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Dowlais, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Elsinore, 1,250 tons, 5s. 9d. prompt.
Cronstadt, Steamer, 3,800 tons, 6s. 6d.
Harburg, *Sappho*, 1,5/1,700 tons, 5s. 9d. net.

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Belgica*, 3,500 tons, 6 fcs.
Cosme, 3,400 tons, 6 fcs. (P.T.)
Gorlitz, 2,000 tons, 6 fcs.
Pluton, 1,350 tons, 6 fcs.
Rochefort, *Dategrove*, 1,700 tons, 6 fcs. (s).
La Rochelle, *Isidore*, 2,900 tons, 5·62½ fcs. coal, 6·12½ fcs. fuel, (s).
Nantes, *Ragusa*, 1,900 tons, 6·50 fcs. coal, 7 fcs. fuel, (s).
Sables, *Abertawe*, 1,400 tons, 7 fcs. (s).
Charente, *Ingoldsby*, 1,650 tons, 6 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Plymouth, *Onyx*, 650 tons, 5s. 3d.
London, *G. N. Wilkinson*, 900 tons, 5s.
Queensferry, *Lochwood*, 3,300 tons; *Valetta*, 4,400 tons; both 6s. option Cromarty, 6s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Earlswood, 4,000 tons, 6s. optn. Cromarty, 6s 6d. „
Frances Duncan, 2,900 tons, 6s. optn. Cromarty, 6s. 6d. second voyage, (Admiralty).
Portland, *Frances Duncan*, 2,900 tons, 3s. 3d. (Adm'lty).
Greenhill, 2,900 tons, 3s. 3d. „
Berehaven, *Calgarth*, 2,300 tons, 3s. 7½d. „
Chatham or Sheerness, *Tees*; *Porthcawl*; *Fleetwing*; 4s. (Admiralty).
Dieppe, *Congress*, 1,450 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Ville de Bayonne, 2,000 tons, 5s.
Granville, *St. Kevin*, 520 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Congress, 1,400 tons, 5s. 3d.
Trouville, *G. Player*, 760 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Boulogne, *Allie*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Rouen, *Ossian*, 750 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 1,300 tons, 6s. 1½d. (s).
Marie Horn, 1,800 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Cheriton, 1,400 tons, 5s. 10½d. (s).
Foscolino, 1,300 tons, 6s. (N).
Caen, *G. Player*, 750 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Or Honfleur, *Speedwell*, 1,250 tons, 5s. 6d.
Havre, *Sindbad*, 1,150 tons, 5s. 9d. (P.T.)
Rive de Gier, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Hazelmere, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Calais, *Iris*, 1,650 tons, 5s. 9d.
Honfleur, *Seagull*, 800 tons, 6s. (s).
Ghent, *Gipsy*, 700 tons, 5s. 9d. (N).
Coleraine, *Mourne*, or sub., 5s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Onton to Newport, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bilbao „ „ Steamer, 1,900 tons, 4s. 6d. ppt.
„ „ „ Steamer, 3,000 tons, 4s. 6d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on September 12, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

18,833/06—ROPNER—***Improvements in passenger, cargo, cattle and other vessels.***

The object of this invention is to increase the carrying capacity of vessels of the "trunk" type. At each side of the trunk there is constructed a tank of which one side is formed by the trunk. The tanks extend the entire length of the hold, and are sub-divided by partitions to prevent damage due to heeling should a tank be emptied on one side only. Diagonal struts are fitted between the sides of the vessel and the underneath sides of the tank. Water-tight doors are fitted in the bulkheads in the tanks to afford passageway there through when ballast is not required.

22,191/06—HOLMAN AND HOLMAN—***Improvements in or connected with rock drills.***

This invention relates to means for conveying water to the cutting point of a rock drill. In conjunction with the twist bar of the drill is arranged a double ratchet and pawl mechanism capable of working in both directions, and trip mechanism is also provided in conjunction with the pawl, so that when the twist bar has made nearly a revolution, the pawl by coming into contact with a stop will be thrown over so as to engage in the opposite direction, thus giving an oscillatory movement to the piston, so that the hose pipe conveying water to the hollow drill shall not be wound around the piston to any extent.

22,591/06—DYNE—***Improvements in fishing jennies.***

This invention relates to improvements in fishing jennies, and is intended to facilitate the handling of the warp on board herring and mackeral boats. The jenny consists of a central sheave or roller which serves to keep the warp in its place and revolves on a pin supported by two uprights which also act as stiffening pieces to the two sides, which are foliated and have an embossed surface to receive the ends of the roller and in which it revolves.

26,120/06—TARVER—***Improvements in or pertaining to fishing tackle or the like.***

The object of this invention is to facilitate the landing of fish when caught on a line. Hinged to a ring having an opening are a number of spikes capable of being forced upwards when the ring is horizontal, but prevented from falling below the level of the ring. The ring is attached to a single line and is passed onto the fishing line by means of the opening, and is lowered until it surrounds the fish which is gripped by the spikes.

27,565/06—CRAVEN—***Improvements in the propulsion and steering of ships.***

This invention relates to propelling and steering mechanism of that type in which submerged reciprocating blades are employed, the blades being feathered a quarter of a revolution at each stroke. According to this invention the means for feathering the blades consists of a straight groove in the hull in which the shaft of each is reciprocated and a guide bowl linked to the end of the shaft and travelling in a curved groove for feathering the shaft.

454/07—GUTT—***Improvements in drags for sounding and other hydrographical purposes.***

A drag according to this invention consists of a prismatic hollow body of which the two ends are open and the sides are provided with openings. The body is attached to the tow-line through the medium of links, one of which is provided with a series of holes in order that the tow-line may be secured at a higher or lower point, and thus cause the body to assume a more or less inclined position when towed through the water. When the apparatus is to be used for determining depths, it is fitted with an air container in connection with a tube extending to the surface and with a water inlet pipe extending nearly to the bottom thereof, the depth being estimated by means of a manometer secured to the end of the tube above the water.

770/07—JAKEIT—***New or improved device for facilitating the swimming of persons.***

This invention which relates to a device for aiding persons to swim, consists of two spring flaps of light and water-tight material hingedly attached to the underside of a shoe plate to be fixed to the foot of a person. To ensure a good working, these flaps are at both ends of their upper side connected by a spiral spring.

3,179/07—HIMALAYA—***Improvements in or relating to the production of explosives.***

According to this invention which relates to the manufacture of explosives on oxygen carrier such as potassium chlorate and starch are mixed with water and incorporated together at such a temperature that the starch grains expand without being destroyed, and become impregnated with the particles of the oxygen carrier. A siccative oil is then poured over the mass, and a paste is formed, which is dried, and compressed, and the siccative oil is oxidised after which the explosive is ready for use.

8,167/07—NEWMAN—***Improvements in safety brake mechanism for mine cages and ships, lifts and the like.***

According to this invention which relates to safety mechanism for mine cages, timbers are arranged parallel with the runners at the sides of the shaft. On the top of the cage at each of two opposite sides is located a pair of pivoted levers, interconnected by means of spindles, on which are mounted toothed wheels adapted to engage the timbers in the shaft when the safety catch comes into operation. In the event of the winding rope breaking, the levers are expanded and cause the toothed wheels to grip the timbers and support the cage.

8,592/07—NOBEL'S EXPLOSIVE COMPANY AND MUIR—***Improvements in machines or implements for fixing detonators or like metallic tubes upon the end of a fuse.***

The implement according to this invention consists of a fixed and moving part. The body part, which is fixed upon a bracket is provided with a number of grooved paths, which pass through an annular bearing ring into the centre opening and in these paths are fitted sliding jaws tapered at their inner ends. The movable part is rotated upon the bearing ring by a handle, the two parts being held together by screws. Upon the top of each sliding jaw is fixed a stud carrying a roller which engages with a slot in the movable part, the rotary action of which produced by pulling the handle towards the operator, causes the jaws to close upon the detonator tube into which the fuse is inserted, and to indent it in such a manner as to cause the end of the tube to be firmly gripped.

These applications for patents, are until October 28, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

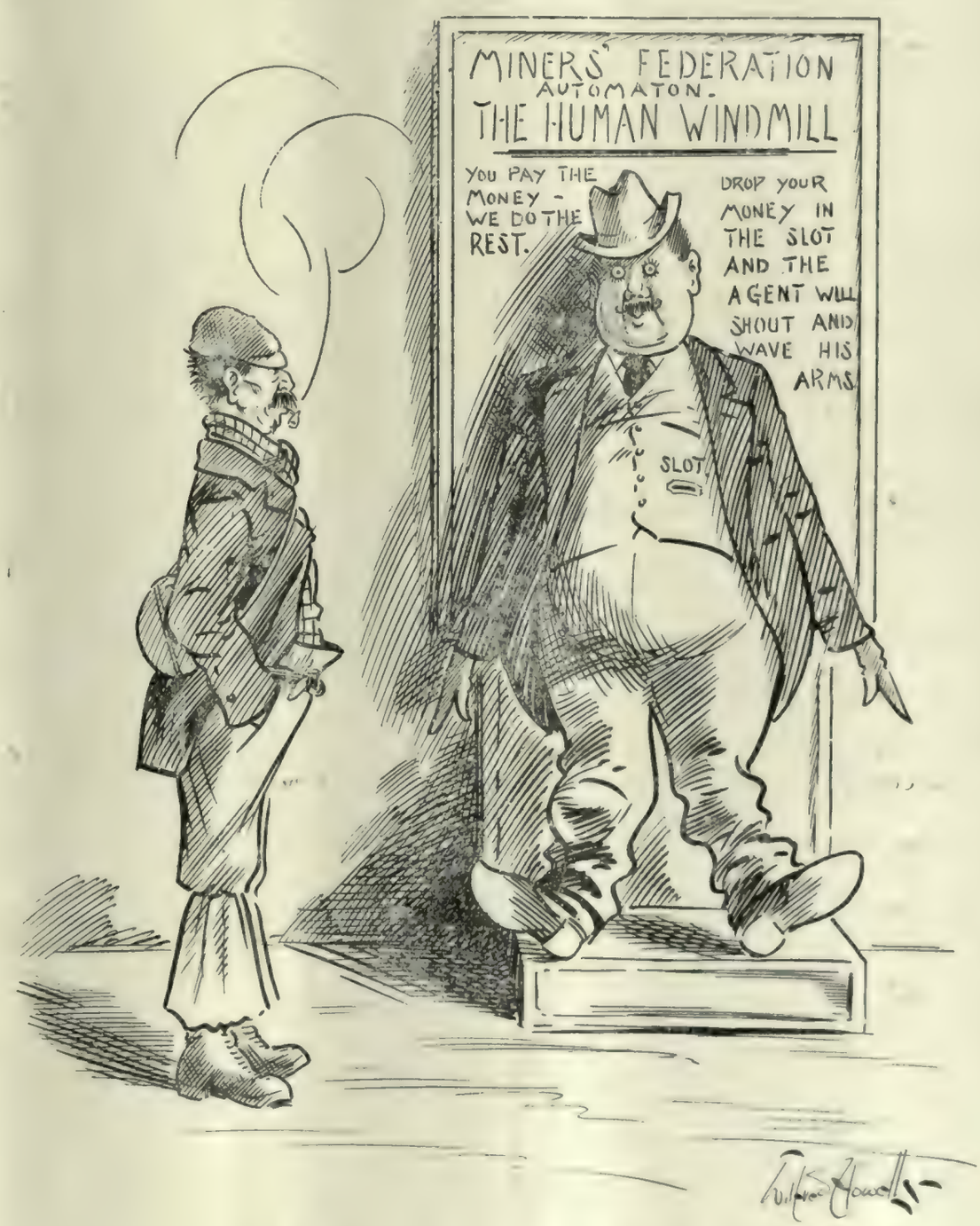
THE MARITIME REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.— No. 190. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1907 THREEPENCE.

A PERTINENT QUERY!


MINERS' FEDERATION
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THE HUMAN WINDMILL
YOU PAY THE MONEY - WE DO THE REST.
DROP YOUR MONEY IN THE SLOT AND THE AGENT WILL SHOUT AND WAVE HIS ARMS.
SLOT

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Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A PERTINENT QUERY!	113
MARITIME MURMURS	114
SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET—No. 3	117
"HAPPY JAPAN"	118
RECOGNITION—AND THINGS	119
THE "ROYALIST" STRANDING	120
A NEW LEAGUE	121
THOSE LEVIATHANS	122
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	123
THE LOCAL "SLUSHIE'S ACADEMY!"	124
"BE SURE YOUR SINS, ETC."	125
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	126
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	127
PATENTS	128

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

FOR the past eighteen months, we have consistently called attention to the parlous condition into which the Navy has been allowed to drift, consequent on the alleged policy of economy practiced by those who have been entrusted with naval administration. For quite a while, we were alone in our strictures, for the traditions of the country had worked up a feeling that it was nothing short of sacrilege to question the almighty ability of Britain's supposed First Line of Defence. Not only were we alone, for we were treated to all sorts of attempted sarcasm on the subject, and were, on frequent occasions, assured that we had stumbled across a mare's nest. That was alright, and made but little difference to our actions. When a group of writers have sailed in the Fleet; have coaled it under all sorts of conditions; have fraternised with members of both the naval executive and engineering branches; when, in short, that same group has had every opportunity for sizing-up the truth of the situation: a quantity of snivelling from ignorant sources isn't calculated to make much difference to the facts of the case? It didn't, you'll remember, and now, at almost the eleventh hour in the history of British naval supremacy, our continued strictures are beginning to bear fruit.

THE man in the street—careless individual as he usually is—is beginning to have an uncomfortable feeling that all is not well with the glorious navy; and because he is expressing doubts—is out for more, and detailed, information—a number of our erstwhile silent friends are attempting to supply the needful. We give place to no one in our admiration for the seamanlike abilities of Sir John Fisher, and we are confident that, if given a free hand, he would fix naval matters up on a basis that would stand the strain of anything that is likely to be placed upon it—either now, or in the immediate future. But then, it is manifestly clear that "Jacky" is given anything but a free hand, and there are they who declare more or less openly, that he is but a pawn in the game that is being worked by the predatory politician. Having spent a considerable number of years at sea, we are in a position to state that the sailor is by no means the best kind of man to put into opposition with professional politicians. You mightn't think it, perhaps, but the key-note in the nautical make-up is a trusting belief in the bonâ fides of all that he comes in contact with.

BRED up in the open, with little other than fresh air and absolute discipline around him; reared in an atmosphere of self-denial, and where the good of the many takes precedence over the aggrandisement of the few; the sailor is quite the last man to be entrusted with matters of grave import—unless he is trusted wholly, and is given the free hand to which we have already alluded. Yet, we have such a man at the head of affairs at the Admiralty, and true to his training, and the traditions of his calling, he is anything but a match for the wily schemers who obviously use him as a metaphorical cat, that shall draw the metaphorical chestnuts out of an equally metaphorical fire. It will be fresh in the public mind, that at various times and on many occasions, the Admiralty Board has indulged in the practice which is known as "jumping Jim Crow." Deadlocks have arisen, and threats of resignation have fluttered around on the breeze, all conditional on a reversal of the policy originated by the predatory ones. But the said policy was not reversed, and the resignations did not come off.

THE public has been assured on these occasions, that there was a little misunderstanding in the ranks of those who had been entrusted with the essential power; that the said misunderstanding had been satisfactorily explained; that both sides of the undertaking had been moving toward the same objective, but by different routes; that the said routes presently synchronised; and that in consequence, all would henceforth be well with the world. In actual fact, the claims were pure bunkum. The two sides were not moving by different routes toward the same objective. On the one side—that of the practiced sailorman—was a desire to insist on efficiency, even if it cost a few pounds in the winning; on the other, was an insane intention of saving up money at any sacrifice. It was a case with the latter, of: "Hang the Navy. Why, we haven't had a sea fight for the greater portion of a century, and see what a pile of money we should have to flutter, if we had saved the millions that a swagger navy runs away with, year by year. Besides, if we can save from the Navy, we shall

have it to spend on other, and more congenial pursuits: we shall be able to ease the resultant taxation; and then, 'our side' will remain in power for ever and ever, amen."

You see, those amateur folk hadn't *nous* enough to realise that the main reason for the absence of naval wars, was because the nation had a war-fleet with which it was unwise to monkey; that the price of an efficient fleet is to be considered in the light of a national insurance policy; and that when economy is about, the Navy is quite the last place where its malign influence should be placed in evidence. The Government of to-day, resembles a man who has been wasting his shekels in fixing up fine frescoes to his ceilings; flopping on expensive freizes; going in for the ornate, generally; and at a time when the roof of his old shebeen is letting in the sunshine and the wet. With the first shower of rain, that misguided man will find his frescoes anywhere but as he originally planned they should be; while as to his freizes and ornate beauties—well, the less said about them the better. So it will be with the country—unless real, eighteen-carat men are placed at the head of affairs. Talk is cheap, but it won't buy whisky; it is cheap, but it won't frighten off adventurous foreigners who believe that London would be a splendid city to sack: it is cheap, but it won't keep the Briton's neck from underneath the heel of a thick-hided alien—while a really efficient Navy would do all that, and more.

However, the nation would appear to be awakening to the realisation that instead of being in a snug country, they are in little other than a fool's paradise, and that is a good sign. When the nation awakens to a due realisation of its responsibilities, and the possibilities which have been allowed to grow up around it—well, on those occasions it is fairly safe to say that there will be a sudden relief given to the watch on deck; a fresh hand will be placed at the helm: and if it is at all possible, a better state of affairs will be organised. At the same time, it shouldn't be forgotten that such drastic changes cost a power of money; considerably more than if a continuity of policy had been insisted on right along from the beginning. When the present Government came into power, it prattled considerably about that very same continuity: we were assured that no difference would be made in naval policy; and if everybody wasn't all right in consequence; then, it would be entirely everybody's own fault. But has there been a continuity? Certainly not, and in the main, there hasn't been any policy! Just a muddling through.

Why, Sir John Fisher has laid it down that "long and constant association of ships of a fleet is essential to success" in naval war; and that "a newcomer is often more dangerous than the enemy." No sailorman will refute the truism, for although you might be perfectly clear as to what you, personally, are going to do in a given set of conditions, you are ever in doubt at the action of the other fellow. Yet, in spite of that "long and continuous association of ships" statement, the same Sir John Fisher is at the head of the seagoing branch of the Admiralty, and naval manœuvres are a thing of the past, for the Fleet is exercised on parish council lines—one horse at a time, and when it is safely in the stable, bring along another charger! Makes you feel tired, doesn't it? Especially when you remember that out of a Home Fleet aggregating 219 vessels, its headman will only be allowed to try his luck with thirty-eight vessels! If thirty-eight vessels are considered enough for tactical purposes, why waste money on the purchase of 219? And if 219 are considered as the irreducible minimum for safety, why play the fool with a mobilisation of a bare thirty-eight? Of course, there is no justification for those mad tricks. Even on an economical basis there is nothing to recommend it, for with the majority of the Fleet eating its head off, and rusting at its anchors, there are millions of pounds being utterly wasted.

When the Sultan of Turkey ties up his "little lot," inside the Golden Horn; and when the outside world realises that the unpaid pashas remove everything that is movable therefrom, in a desire to work up a share of back-pay; the stay-at-home Briton is inclined to smile at the trick. But it should be remembered that a fleet is no more efficient where back-pay hasn't to be faked up through a removal of breech-blocks and top-, and-bottom-end brasses, say. Inefficiency may be worked up through various phases. For strange officers in strange ships; barrack-trained seamen; scamped repairs; incapability to keep in line through want of practice; either or all of these items will muss up an Empire, just as readily as would happen, if the various units of so-called efficiency had no breech-blocks to its guns, and no brasses to its engines. Economy is all very well, as long as your possible enemy is engaged at the same game. But when you "save" several millions, at a time when your possible enemy is doubling his expenditure; and if you have a shrewd suspicion that the said enemy is a keen business man, and doesn't believe in spending his shekels for fun: what is the indubitable decision to which you must arrive?

Why, that the enemy is spending his money, now, so that he may be in a position to remove your socks later on; and having removed your socks, and having scattered in your path a number of prickly bushes, say, it will be fairly obvious that Mr. Enemy needs more than your socks? In other words, he wants your little lot as a going concern, and with a bit of luck, he is going to have it. Of course, this line of argument suggests that if the nation has to move in the matter, it must shift the gifted soldier who is now posing as Chief of the Navy—Lord Tweedmouth. But even so, worse accidents than that might happen. It is easier to shift Lord Tweedmouth from what appears to be something of a sinecure, than it is to gather up the broken pieces of a crumbled Empire. Again, it might be unkind, and little short of heresy on our part; but is Sir John Fisher quite the best man that the nation possessed? He is the exponent of an old school; is the soul of honour, and appears to be under the impression that everybody else is the same; but in a trades union run Government, is it wise to set too much store by honour? In our opinion—and in that of numberless others—the unwritten motto of trades unionism is: "Get there—honestly, if you can; but get there." The same motto would appear to be a splendid cut line for the portraits of the present Government?

Dear, dear! Politics is a funny game—especially as practiced in America, and by the Americans. While the Yankee *Sun* is working its supporters up to concert pitch over a Japanese war, Mr. Taft—who is "out there"—is engaged on throwing cold water on the fevered patients in Japan. One thing about it all, is that the amiable Jap will probably accept it all in the spirit in which it is given, even as he sees that his war-fleet is up to concert pitch, and that his powder is about as dry as practical needs may demand. This is the age of bluff, and the unfortunate part of the business is, that each exponent of the game imagines that he, alone, has the copyright of the theme. The Western Man has gone mad on education. He eats, drinks, and sleeps with it. He is willing to fight (in the abstract) for it, and right along through the trouble, he fools himself

with the belief that he is the only education-crank on earth. He cannot see that, for some inscrutable reason, the Creator has decided to remove the scales from the eyes of mankind, generally; that the Eastern Man, equally with his Western Brother, is "out" upon the same game. In short, the prevailing stream of education is not confined to any one nation, or to one particular portion of the earth's surface. Everybody is bitten with it, the Jap most of all. Under the circumstances, then, is there sense or reason for a Yankee paper to be engaged in throwing around election squibs of a highly dangerous character; even while a responsible member of the American Government is engaged in doing the Yankee commercial drummer act, out East? Of course, not.

WELL, well! Just as we had read the proofs of a dissertation on "Recognition," and which appears elsewhere in this issue, we happened upon the query: "Should Mr. Keir Hardie be arrested?" Of course, not. Why arrest him? As shadowed out in the screed to which we have already referred, there is but one really dependable method of dealing with gentlemen of the Keir Hardie temperament. You need to shanghaie them. And having done so, give instructions to the officer of the watch in which Keir would be placed, that kindness would be altogether thrown away. Suggest that poor old Keir was labouring under the delusion that his back parts had been turned into a football, and that to humour him, and thus keep him right and comfy, the said officer must endeavour to get a drop-kick at that football, once in a way. That is the best way to cure those detractors of their own countrymen. It all came about as the result of a mistake. In the dim vistas of the past, somebody took poor Keir seriously. Perhaps it was the first time in his life that such a mistaken policy had been accorded to him. Anyhow, the thing appears to have stuck, and henceforth, the poor man intends to go on taking himself seriously. You can't help it, and arresting the man will make no difference. But if you shanghaie him, and send him off to sea as suggested, he will be so busy taking the second mate seriously, that he will return cured—and that is a consummation to be prayed for, what?

THAT you may not think that we have no precedent on our side, let us explain. We know a shipmaster. For that matter, we know hundreds of the cult, and everyone of them is about as smart as needs be, in this more or less smart world. But the one that we have in mind at the moment, had come to grief somewhere out Bosphorus way. The fellow who was mate with that Old Man had peculiar ideas about his own fitness for things, and, sad to say, he had a fondness for the cup which cheers—and inebriates. Not that he was keen on taking his lotion from a cup. Not at all, for failing anything better, we believe that he would have taken it from a drain pipe, which, after all, is merely a detail. Anyhow, after the stranding—and which was mainly attributable to the "wet" ideas of that mate—the gentleman commenced to make a nuisance of himself. He wouldn't write the happenings up in the log, until he had seen the owner—which looked bad, and sort of suspicious. Our Old Man friend, however, had ideas of his own about log-books, and although we believe that his owner was ultimately pleased with that skipper's journalistic ability, the great trouble was how to fix the mate who wouldn't write save under office inspiration. Something had to be done: a lesson had to be inculcated: and although the Old Man was merely a good young fellow, while the mate was quite old and wicked, the something was done as we shall explain.

WE told you it happened out Bosphorus-way? Well, that is a place where you can hire nice, loyal Greek pilots, at thirty shillings a time, with a retu—but never mind. That has nothing to do with the tale. Thus, the ship was ashore, the pilot was a Greek, the mate was addicted to drink, and he needed a lesson. That night, the Old Man and the pilot had gone down to Con.—we think it was—leaving the ship once more afloat after salvage operations had been completed. As the result of a quiet talk, the pilot agreed to return to the ship, ask the mate to come ashore at Baker's Bay—when he would act as may be. That was alright, and the mate went ashore at Baker's Bay—and with the pilot. As a matter of fact, the mate stayed at Baker's Bay for the major part of a week; until the steamer had gone somewhere up the Black Sea to load, and had again returned. We never got to know exactly how it happened, but the mate said he had been taken sick, while the pilot declared he was drunk the whole of the time. Personally, we believe the man was sick, for he looked harried and worried on his return to the ship, and our skipper friend fetched us along to see into the matter. We did, and we also improved the shining hour, so to speak.

FOR instance, we asked that mate how it happened that he deserted from the ship during the master's absence, and why, having gone on shore without leave, he continued there for the better part of a week. You can take it from us that the mate was a sadder and a wiser man: also that—according to the statement ultimately given us by that skipper friend—he was most amenable to writing up a log-book. There was no further trouble on the erstwhile stranded vessel, for the Old Man appears to have threatened proceedings for desertion, drunkenness, manslaughter, and heaven knows what else beside: so that the mate simmered down, and for the remainder of the homeward trip was quite a nice sort of sailorman. You need not suppose that there was any log-book flogging underway, for there wasn't. In fact, we heard afterward, that the underwriters presented our Old Man friend with a nice little cheque and a letter of thanks, as a return for the able manner in which he had attended to their interests; and the owner—strange to say—did likewise, with the exception of the letter. All of which goes to show that shanghaieing a man on occasion, is quite the kindest thing you can do to him. It cured our friend's mate; we believe it would cure Keir Hardie. The trouble is, these firebrands are taken too seriously. When they need drastic treatment, the man in the street fawns on them, and that spoils the whole business.

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

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SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET, No. 3.—"THE NAVIGATING SKIPPER."

ALTHOUGH a knowledge of navigation is necessarily a *sine qua non* with the ship-master—and, as a consequence, each should be a "navigating" skipper—yet the one of which we write does not belong to the ordinary class. Instead, the term "navigating" is used by his colleagues for the purpose of expressing disapprobation of the trait.

STRANGE as it may appear, the skipper who is known to his professional brethren as a "navigating" man is the one who always appears to be in trouble—navigationally. If there happens to be a small rock or a "little patch" anywhere on the route he is travelling, Captain "Navigating" is bound to *prove* to the maritime world that the rock or "little patch" exists, by navigating either or both with the bottom of his vessel.

IN every instance the poor man meant to pass clear, and took the most elaborate precautions to that end; but somehow or other—he is not clear about the reason—the little imp who looks after such affairs has made all those "elaborate precautions" abortive. Each successive *faux pas* confirms the "navigating" propensity, and the poor skipper becomes, eventually, a marked man in his profession.

ON occasions when, in company with other skippers, he may expatiate, in the back-parlour belonging to a foreign shipchandler, concerning the inexorably hard fate that evidently pursues him, he is a study. He vows that his last mishap—in addition to every other—was simply unaccountable. He had determined his position beforehand by every method known to ancient and modern navigators.

HE was absolutely sure of his compasses, because he had attended to their adjustment personally. He had made every allowance for wind, tides, or currents; had attended to the steering himself; and had "hauled up" or "kept away" a little, as he considered necessary under the circumstances. Had attended to that universal panacea for maritime ills—to wit, the lead—and yet, after all, had "come a cropper."

SOMETIMES one of the skippers present may hazard the remark that a little less experimental navigation, together with just a wee bit of common-sense, may bring about the desired result on future occasions. Then Captain "Navigating" develops "hump" of the most pronounced type, and is firmly convinced that his would-be mentor is no sailor, and that a knowledge of navigation hangs about his person "like feathers about a pig."

AFTER the foregoing weighty decision has been definitely settled by himself, Captain "Navigating" withdraws from the ship-chandler's back-room in a continued state of "humpiness," for the purpose of making an effort to place himself in more congenial society. His withdrawal gives the remaining skippers an opportunity of discussing the *pros* and *cons* of the "navigating" propensities.

HAVING been present at several of those discussions, and being thoroughly convinced of the truth brought to bear on the subject, we mean to give a short account of the same, with the hope that the "navigating" skipper may benefit therefrom. It may be said at once that the whole trouble is consequent on too much navigation. The art of navigating is a splendid servant, but when it is allowed to subordinate every other bit of nautical business it is apt to prove a particularly bad master.

IT may be said that it is impossible to have too much navigation. Perhaps, perhaps not! But when a man has become a "crank" in the art, and is for ever dabbling with it, the very knowledge that is derived thereby is detrimental to him. He has attained to a state so filled with formula, and is so fully conversant with the thousand and one possibilities of making errors in computating, as well as with the consequent results of those errors, that he has completely lost all belief in his own knowledge and ability.

HE, therefore, does his level best unwittingly, of course—to make the very errors that he wishes to avoid—which seems a paradox. He will commence the day by flirting with "Ivory's Method of Double Altitudes." He will find his longitude by chronometer in the morning and latitude at noon. Possibly the different results may not coincide—somehow or other they rarely do—so it becomes necessary to find longitude from a P.M. "sight," and latitude from the first available star after dark.

THE results from this combination of "skill" generally tend to making "confusion worse confused," so that Captain "Navigating," instead of walking his quarter deck or bridge with a light heart, is prepared to see omens of disaster in everything. The most trivial discoloration in the sea makes him fear shoals, so that he begins to play hanky-panky with an already uncertain position, by altering his course—to clear a danger that is very probably non-existent.

HE is, perhaps, expecting to sight a certain shore light. Not being able to trust his multifarious attempts at defining his position, he commences by sending a hand aloft to look for that light about four hours before it is visible. The "hand" naturally, does not see it. Captain N. then goes aloft to try his vision, because he does not trust that of the sailor! How can he be expected to, when he does not even trust himself?

AFTER watching for that expected light for two or three hours, he has gradually worked himself into a fit state to swear that he can see a light anywhere he chooses to look. The next step is very simple. He becomes convinced that he *has* seen a light on the expected bearing. He asks the sailor if he cannot see it. On being told "No," he invites the mate hitherward. But the mate's saying he cannot see it does not convince the skipper, so he yells out to the helmsman to keep her "so-and-so," with intent to raise the light sufficiently for this "blind" mate and sailor to see.

SHE goes "so-and-so" for about an hour, thus playing "Old Harry" with the already uncertain position, because there is no record kept of when the course was altered or as to what distance she has gone. The skipper is easily convinced that he was only ten minutes aloft, instead of the hour he really was, or the reverse.

"THE light" gradually proves to be pure supposition, while the havoc played in the ship's position proves to be very real. Then we have the spectacle of a skipper possessing a knowledge of every navigation wrinkle on the board who is in the same position as the man we have already heard of, inasmuch as "'E dunno where 'e are!"

WORSE still, his predicament is solely the result of knowing all those "wrinkles" and allowing them to rule him, instead of doing as he should in the matter—by ruling them. If the weather continues favourable, Captain N. has another dig at the whereabouts of himself and ship, by requisitioning "Ivory" in conjunction with two available stars, or else by fooling around with a "Lunar."

IT seems to us that it is just as well to admit that "Lunar" navigation is only "playing the fool" in the common or garden variety of steamer. The mate *may* be competent to assist, but the chances are very much against this being the case in every instance. If he ever learned the business, the necessary want of practice must militate against the possibility of success.

STILL, Captain N., being a man of intelligence—albeit a "crank" on one count—means to try his ability—and the mate's. And in ninety nine cases out of every hundred that "Lunar" proves even more disappointing as a position-finder than did all the other attempts. Thus, doubt, uncertainty and vacillating action follows, with the usual results. This when favourable weather obtains.

HOW much more are the "usual results" likely to follow if, after monkeying around after that phantasmagorial light, "fog, mist, rain, or falling snow" should intervene? At the commencement of the fog, etc., Captain N. is the happy (?) possessor of a "position" found by each known method. Each position has the peculiarity of differing from each other, to a greater or lesser degree—generally greater—and as a natural consequence he does not know which to trust.

HE may, in his desperation, add them together, and take the mean result as a "departure," or he may do as those other and less clever skippers have to do under similar circumstances, that is, "Guess his way, and trust to Providence and the little cherub."

THE foregoing should show that the "navigating" skipper is not a success professionally, any more than is the "non-navigating," to whom we shall refer at a future date. Meanwhile, if these lines should meet the eye of a skipper, who, in his inmost heart, recognises the description given as applying to himself, we would reiterate our statement that navigation is a splendid servant, but a particularly bad master. Let the fact not be forgotten, an' it please you.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1907.

"HAPPY JAPAN."

THERE is no getting away from the fact that the ancients possessed a remarkably good store of so-called dead knowledge. For instance, that bit which reads: *Quem Jupiter vult perdere, prius dementat*, is as touching to-day, as it was in the period when it first became coined for universal use. Leaving Jupiter out of the question, isn't one of the tutelar saints of the United States of America engaged upon a similar pastime, where the upholders of the Great Eagle is concerned? For "tutelar saint," of course, you read "almighty dollar," which is merely a detail. In other words, isn't the rush for the dollar referred to, working up a situation which is analogous to the conditions portrayed by Lord Byron, when he wrote about "Butchered to make a Roman holiday?" Naturally, the coming bother will have but little to do with the Romans, for the alleged "holiday" will be all a Yankee affair. Let us explain. For some time past, we have given our readers a quantity of intelligence anent the situation which is gradually developing between America and Japan. That same intelligence was culled from reliable sources, and although we refrained from making a big to-do about the good people who supplied us with the information (such low-down tactics being altogether foreign to our policy), the trend of current politics will convince you that we were right on the spot, in a manner of speaking. In the early days of the San Francisco/Japanese bother, we rather derided the idea that war would eventuate for such small reason. But that was because we believed that the American friend still continued in possession of a level head; that he knew mutton from goat, say; and that with all his prattle about a Monroe doctrine—well, you could see the drift of our reasoning? At the present moment, we are by no means so sure about it all. That *quem Jupiter vulture* will intrude upon our minds, and, as we have already remarked, if Jupiter is thrown overboard, there is still a power which appears to aim at undoing the Great Republic, although not strictly for the purpose of making a Roman holiday. No, it isn't a holiday, as far as we can see. The real *point d'appui* is at the White House, and with reference to the gentleman who shall remain boss of its up-to-date glories. President Roosevelt has had a double innings as uncrowned king; possibly he has grown so used to the thing, that he is a bit disinclined to drop it and peter out on the world as a plain Mister. We know that he is to be found declaiming against the weight of the Empire; declaring that he wishes to retire into private life, so that he may find time to cultivate his hobby; and some people are inclined to believe the declamation, as well as the declaration. But then, those believers are mainly of the stay-at-home brand; people who have never travelled anything to speak of; and who, as a natural consequence, know but little of the tortuous twistings to which the human mind is prone, on occasion. *Per contra*, there are people who wink the other eye when the declamations alluded to, are brought forward for their notice. These latter folk are they who have travelled; who have studied human nature from every possible coign of 'vantage; and who, in the result, are somewhat inclined to dub the said declamation, as "All my eye, and Betty Martin." Now, it is distinctly rude to say things about your eye, or about Betty Martin,—unless you have been formally introduced to the lady. Some week or so ago, and when giving attention to this phase of life, we hazarded the opinion that the policy of drift was being pursued in America, and that one of these first days, our relatives "over there," would find themselves face to face with grim-visaged war. At the moment, we have to reconsider the suggestion which we then made out of courtesy. There is no drift in the matter, whatsoever. The trend of affairs is being punted along in a straight line to war, and when the American battle fleet has arrived on the Pacific, there is going to be trouble. One side of the possibilities, here, appears to have escaped the notice of those with most at stake; they blissfully forget Port Arthur, and the midnight (and sudden) attack which sent a splendid fleet to the bottom of the deep blue sea. While all this palaver about President Roosevelt accepting a third nomination, providing his country were up to neck in a struggle with Japan is on the *tapis*, won't some of the people implicated remember that, although thrice armed is he who has his quarrel just, the best man is, we know, the chap who gets his blow in "fust?" Thinking people have asked if American journalists have gone mad—and there is a semblance of reason in the query. Reason, that is, to those who are a bit rocky on the methods of the cult "over there." To those who are "in the know," well, the madness has been ever apparent! Anyhow, the stern danger of the situation lays in the fact that being a "yellow man," the Japanese statesman might not realise that all this old chowder is, as likely as not, a chunk of political capital; one of the methods adopted by the out-going man, so that he might again be in-coming. The Jap is fairly well in line with modern thought, but being blessed with a stable Government, and a land where patriotism is not assessed on a dollars and cents basis, we are inclined to believe that he will not be in a position to distinguish the froth from the beer. That is to say, that while the American wire-pullers are easing themselves of some tall talk—and which, after all, might be intended as talk, only—the Jap might take it all seriously; might believe that he is really and truly menaced. If he should view the matter in that light, then, we shouldn't care to take an insurance line on the possibility of the American battle fleet safely arriving out West. We shouldn't, indeed! It is all very pretty to talk about that fleet being blessed with knowledge of modern warfare—or its *personnel*, if you'd rather have it that way; but we have a haunting fear that if a Togo instead of a Cervera, undertook to pump sense into the Yankee Eagle, well, the results would be anything but similar to that historic sea-fight where only a mule was damaged! It's all very nice, and partizany, for the American *Sun* to remark, "Well, go to war we doubtless shall, and as cheerfully and enthusiastically as the heart of man could wish;" but is the American nation willing to be butchered for the purpose of forming a presidential holiday? When the giant of the *Sun* says "we," let the fact not be forgotten that the writer of that Jingoism will take no chances in the matter. Come what will, we may be sure that he will guard his valuable head—and pen. Truly has it been said that between the countries involved there is no *casus belli*; but if tall talk goes on for any extended period, we have an idea that the *casus* will be there, right enough. And it will lay in the fact that an American fleet of battleships has been lost, stolen, strayed, or sunk. With that fleet gone down to McGinty, the great American Nation will have a *casus belli* sure enough; and possibly that is about all that it will have? If Mr. Roosevelt must be allowed to have a third run for his undoubted talents, hasn't the United States enough of brains to work the oracle, without risking the chances of losing a modern fleet of warships, to say nothing of having to pay out quite a goodly number of dollars, *plus* the Philippine Islands? We know the country, fairly well; and knowing it, are somewhat surprised at the spirit of Jingoism that is about. In the olden days, a pull at John Bull's leg was considered good form for electioneering purposes, and usually succeeded. But then, John Bull understood the true inwardness of the pulling. Knew that it was all a piece of bluff. Is the Jap similarly educated, or will he take the thing seriously, with sad results to the paper-built warriors?

RECOGNITION—AND THINGS.

THIS is a progressive age, and most of us are after the same thing! The crying need of the hour is "recognition," and although no two people are of the same opinion as to the meaning of the word, everybody is sure that if "recognition" doesn't come along in quite big amounts, then, something terrible is by way of materialisation. We want it, you want it, they want it—the "it," being "recognition." So far, so good, and now we'll make a diversion.

THERE are other items wanted quite as badly as is recognition—and let the fact not be forgotten. For instance, there are a number of old saws which need re-sharpening, so to write it; to be re-cast; set-up to modern conditions, and—things of that sort. Time was, that the learned among us, were wont to declare that, "Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the pen is mightier than the sword." To-day, that old jape needs working up on modern lines, for it is only partly correct.

IN point of fact, it should read, "Beneath the rule of men entirely great, old gough is mightier than the sword—as long as a dilettante pressman can be found to spread it around on the world." Coming back to recognition, we find that Mr. Bell, M.P. wants it. Wants it badly, too. So badly, that he appears to be intent on making everybody uncomfortable, providing he isn't given his desire in this direction.

THE man in the street, supposing he is not too busy in backing a winner to admit of his giving attention to the matter, believes that the railwayman's trouble is all a question of recognition to his society. So it is—for a start. But there is another old jape which occurs to us in this connection, and it reads "the power to do ill deeds, oft make ill deeds done." If you don't mean to risk the ill deeds, then, deny the power to work them.

JUDGING the matter dispassionately, is anybody (possessed of the normal quantity of sense) going to doubt, that once that "recognition" is granted, the actual trouble will only then be beginning? Great Cæsar, that recognition is the milk of the industrial cocoanut, aye, and the whole of the fruit, including the hair, outside. Where would Mr. Bell be now, if the Press had ignored his meandering after elusive power? A fortnight ago, we noticed that the gentleman had been quoting a dead German—one Goethe, to wit.

IN this connection, we don't object to the working off of a quotation on our own, and being more patriotic, shall be satisfied to quote a dead Briton—The Rev. Charles Churchill, in point of fact. At a time like the present, and when the name is being humped around the world at the public expense (in a warship, you know), Churchill should receive attention. Here are his views on the subject:

> "The little merit man can plead
> In doing well, dependeth still
> Upon his power of doing ill."

And there is no gainsaying the truth of the quotation, which fact should be remembered, what?

THE recognition which is sought by Mr. Bell would undoubtedly strengthen his "power of doing ill," and although he probably claims an immunity from any such ideas at the moment, those ideas might, conceivably, grow? Under the circumstances, then, isn't it good sense to keep that same old piece of recognition up a capacious sleeve, or anywhere that Mr. Bell is debarred from reaching? Of course it is, and in spite of all that may be offered to the contrary. The reverend gentleman already quoted worked off another *bon-mot* (forgive us, won't you?) although he flourished at a time when strikes were unknown.

WHAT was the gist of the notion indicated? Well, read it:

> "And they will best succeed, who best can pay:
> Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
> Must add to force of merit, force of bribes."

The words were written just anterior to the year 1764, and that is a fairly distant date? At the same time, the leanings of the "British tribes" haven't unduly altered since then, and bribes are not always of a monetary kind. In other words, the fact that a professional agitator has won recognition where erstwhile it was denied, would be a potential bribe in winning over quite a number of the railwayman portion of the present day "British tribes?" And with the winning, well, the subscriptions and levies would follow as a matter of course.

TALK about recognition! Where would Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P., be at the present moment, if the Press of this great and glorious country had denied him recognition? Well, in all probability, he would be languishing in the oblivion that was his until in a more or less weak moment, that same Press "took him up." In serious fact, does anybody—outside of his own meagre following—care a cheap and inconsequent swearword as to what Mr. Grayson thinks, says, shouts, writes, or otherwise expresses? Nary a time.

THE "bottle speech" would have been unknown to the world had it not been for the mistaken kindness of the writing brotherhood. It will probably be just as much unknown five years hence, although in the interval, it might be thrown about until all is blue. Recognition did the gentleman a questionable favour. Had it been denied, we verily believe that Mr. Grayson would have continued as quite a pleasant sort of individual, for supposing he vituperated, and talked sass up against his neighbours, nobody would have been any the worse off.

BUT with the advent of the recognition, came the belief that he was being taken seriously, and we honestly believe that for such peculiarly constructed personages, the belief is likely to bring along its punishment right quickly. We should hate to see Mr. Grayson come to grief through taking himself too seriously. We would rather attempt to save him from himself, by shanghaieing him aboard a hard-case lime-juicer. He would surely receive recognition there! He might also receive sundry other things, as far as that goes; but the recognition is what he would value most!

THEN consider Mr. Queer Hardie. Kind persons are inclined to suggest that he is only queer; while others give his conduct an altogether different name. He is in India at the present time, and his progress among the din-skin compatriots that are so dear to his heart, is triumphal in the extreme. So much so, that recognition is about in lovely lumps. It will be about when he returns, as far as that goes, and we have a haunting fear that his white-skinned compatriots up at Merthyr, might object to the questionable manner in which he has been fraternising with the King's enemies—the sedition-loving natives of India's coral strand.

WRITING as sailormen, we should not object to shanghai Mr. Hardie, if by so doing, we could save him from himself—which would be a great deliverance. Shanghaieing conjures up the word maroon. Personally, we should not mind losing the gentleman on some vegetation-clad atoll in the Southern Pacific, for that is practically what marooning amounts to! There would be recognition about then, you'd find. Mr. Hardie would recognise the fact that he had played the fool with his chances in life, and that as far as practical politics were concerned, he was out of it. Would any of them be missed, do you think? Oh that recognition! To say nothing of things!

THE "ROYALIST" STRANDING.

ONCE in a way, the unfortunate shipmaster receives an amount of fairplay which is as unexpected as it is pleasing, and an instance of the kind resulted from the trial of the stranding of the *Royalist*, last week. This inquiry was held in London, before Mr. J. Dickinson, Metropolitan Magistrate, assisted by Captains Massey and Ronaldson as Nautical Assessors. This affair was one of those unfortunate instances of where the sailorman had been at loggerheads with his master; where the latter had invoked the powers that were undoubtedly his; and where, to "have a bit of his own back," the amiable sailorman had attempted the rôle of the illiterate, by metaphorically damning everybody concerned.

FOR once in their lives the would-be scratchers of better men received the disbelief which should ever be accorded to such rodneys; at the same time, their untruths should not be allowed to remain just at that point. We know that it is of but little use to attempt to get blood out of a stone, or compensation for wrongful accusations, when the latter are given by a number of hooligan sailormen. At the same time, a little prison discipline would have a salutary effect on such folk; and would prove a deterrent to others who might be similarly inclined.

BRIEFLY put, the *Royalist* stranded on Kullagrund Shoal, on May 28, last, and at the Board of Trade inquiry—which lasted three days several members of the crew alleged that both before and after the stranding, the master of the steamer was under the influence of drink. Needless to say, the master denied these allegations, and in support of his denial, brought the testimony of other members of the crew, and that of a number of persons outside, including two Swedish Customs officers.

LATER on, the reason for the false accusations was plain enough. This portion of the crew of the *Royalist* had been extremely unruly, and after the manner of their kind, had left the ship without leave, returning in a condition usual to the circumstances. So much had this conduct been in evidence, that the captain had found it necessary to log some of them, and to imprison two others. Needless to say, then, with this sort of nautical man-meat, the stranding was seized upon as a god-send for them to get some of their own back.

IN some courts which we could mention—without any very great difficulty—the sailormen would have had things all their own way; for in the courts which we have in mind, a shipmaster is considered guilty before arrival there, and nothing short of a Divine dispensation would convince the presiding genius that this was an accident, being rather another instance of original sin, and malice prepense. But with regard to the *Royalist* and her stranding, the high-old-timers were debarred from their share of the anticipated revenge; if they aren't put in gaol for perjury, later on, then they should consider themselves lucky.

IN any case, we commend the decision of the President of the London inquiry court to the careful consideration of some of the provincial juggernauts who appear to be labouring under the delusion that to be a shipmaster is to be, without doubt, a villain of the deepest dye. The trouble here, is that the courts as a rule, are bossed by men who have no sort of qualification for the business with which they are entrusted; and as every nautical man knows, the "assessor" of commerce is sometimes conspicuous for his ignorance of everything appertaining to the profession of the sea as understood to-day.

INDEED, quite a goodly number of seafarers are convinced that an "assessor" is chosen because of his ignorance of modern sailorising, and of his antipathy to everything that is less modern than thirty years ago. To sit out some of the recent "trials," and to note the inane questions that are frequently put by these "assessing" gentlemen, is to receive a high-class object lesson on how not to do it. Furthermore, the veiled—thinly-veiled, too—insinuations which are thrown at the unfortunate captain, are anything but edifying.

BUT in the inquiry which we are now considering, the President, in giving judgment, said the Court, having carefully inquired into the circumstances attending the stranding of the *Royalist*, found that the accident was caused by the default of the master in setting too fine a course, and not allowing sufficient for deviation. To our mind, that is a manly way of placing the facts, for nobody wishes to pretend that a sea accident occurs as the fault of nobody concerned. Somebody is ever to blame, no matter where, or when the accident occurs.

BUT our provincial geniuses appear to believe that these fine courses, or insufficient allowances for deviation are ever done on purpose, and with the fixed idea of throwing away the ship and helping to annex the "over insurance" which is supposed to have been effected thereon. The mere fact that a man's professional career is irrevocably ruined by such arbitrary methods has nothing to do with the case; the quidnuncs know; the skipper is a felon; treat him accordingly!

THEREFORE, in view of the usual procedure at these more or less packed tribunals, the action of the London magistrate is all the more pleasing. In effect, he said: "Captain, you made a mistake by cutting it too fine, and by not allowing enough compass error. Still, we realise that you acted in good faith all through, and that nothing in your conduct was antagonistic to the honourable traditions of your profession. In the result, you see, yourself, that by allowing a bit more deviation, you would have dodged that shoal; but we have no intention of pretending that merely because you are a shipmaster, you should therefore be infallible."

THEN, the mate came in for a little well-merited censure—well-merited, in that he allowed himself to withdraw a man from the look-out. Possibly that mate was keen on getting his ship made presentable, and equally possible the Assessors knew exactly how the whole thing had transpired. But none of them wished it to appear that either master or mate had acted solely with intent to rob the underwriters of the price of a ship; on the contrary, for they had simply made a mistake that might have been made by the smartest men afloat.

ALL of us are inclined to be wise after the event, and it is generally the little things which we omit that make all the difference in life. All the same, it is a rotten policy, that which pretends to declare that the little bits were left out wilfully. Not only a rotten policy, but one which is fraught with much danger to the country. Nautical matters and administration have become so very questionable the past few years, that thinking men will have none of them. They come ashore, as fast as may be, and in the end, none but unthinking ones will remain. What is likely to happen when non-thinkers are in full charge, needs no prophet to determine.

AND as already suggested in the *Royalist* case, the Court was satisfied that the master was not under the influence of drink, either during the voyage, at the time of the grounding, or until the ship was refloated. Therefore, the Court did not deal with the certificates of either, believing the censure already given sufficient to meet the case. So, Captain W. H. Edgecombe, and Mr John Macmillan were given their certificates, without the damning red ink indorsement. But what are they going to do with the soulless traducers of better men? The "whales" had hoped to get a bit of their own back? Truly is there a great temptation for a shipmaster or mate to take the law into their own hands—on occasion!

A NEW LEAGUE.

NO sooner does the Legislature pass an Act—either of good, bad, or indifferent kind—but a snug little coterie of home-made philanthropists undertake to fake up a league, or a guild, or a society, to see that its provisions are duly carried out. All this goes to prove that we are a great nation, and that but two methods of earning a living exists to-day, as they have existed all down the ages. With regard to the two methods referred to, let us say, at once, that they are: Fight or snivel—according to your abilities, and your temperament.

THE last couple of lines put us off on a moralising lay, and seeing that the prevailing weather is of the humpy kind, let us pursue, together, the by no means uninteresting theme for yet a paragraph or so. After that, we will come back to the league thing which started us off, and anyhow, you will thank us for keeping you off the blatant righteousness of the affair, for yet a while longer? To win a living, then, you have to fight or snivel! Not particularly inspiring for those who are unable to fight, is it?

BUT there is no getting away from the truth of the saying? The lion fights for his share of the world's goods, and having satisfied himself, he hies him off to sleep. Mr. Lion doesn't bury the remains of his repast, and mainly for the reason that he knows that when he is again in need, he can bring down a brand-new and cleanly chunk of venison. No, it is the jackal that sneaks the remains of the lion's feed, and after eating to satiety, Mr. Jackal buries what is left.

YOU see, Mr. J., realising that he is a sniveller, and also knowing that he might not be able to meet another lion for a day or two—well, according to his nature he digs a hole and buries what is left of the feed. In doing so, he emphasises the fact that he is a sniveller; that, among the brute creation, he is the league-maker in ordinary? Isn't that so, and cannot you see our drift? Very well. And now having cleared the decks in a manner of speaking, we have no objection to bringing you along to a passing consideration of a fake that is going down the hill of time, under the style and title of Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention League.

IT'S an all-embracing title, isn't it, and we know that you have already developed a great faith in the concern. That faith will be further developed—we trust—when we assure you that it doesn't practice for the pure love of the thing. Oh, dear no. That would be too much to undertake. Subscriptions are essential if that "league" is to continue on life's path, for obviously, it cannot do its work on nothing. It will need stationery, a fund for the prosecution of wicked backsheesh-takers, office rent, clerk's salaries, and—oh, yes—the honorarium for the ubiquitous and inevitable "secretary."

AND the fact that the London Chamber of Commerce spreads its sheltering wing over the affair, should not prejudice you against its soulfulness. When the London Chamber of Commerce shelteringly protects an arrangement that is composed—at the start—of a possible secretary, and one or two odds and ends of life that need not be particularised, you can see how the matter is going to pan out. Can't you, now? We wish to be clear on this point, and as we have never had an opportunity of receiving backsheesh from anybody, we are naturally righteously inclined to assist anybody that means to stop somebody else who is out upon the game of crib.

YOU'LL need to read the last two or three lines over a time or two, when the hidden beauties thereof will dawn upon you! Meanwhile, we'll get on with our consideration of the Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention League. Wonder if it has any relationship with the Primrose League, or—yes, the Navy League? If it is as strenuous as either of those affairs, and shows as much real grit in getting to its objective—phew! Won't the backsheesh-man pick it in, directly? There are secretaries to both of the aforementioned, and as we have heard no growls about their having to wait on salary day, their little concerns should be in good fettle.

BUT you might wish to know what our anti-corruption friends intend to do. Their *raison d'être*. Their their—well, why they do it. Now, don't get impatient, nor think that we mean to inflict you with a long tale about their intentions. The latter are honourable—every one of them—and they romp along under eight clauses. As time passes, we doubt not that those clauses will be added to. It all depends upon the support that is forthcoming from the public. If none of you put up your subscriptions, then, the beauteous S.C. and B.P.L. will fall, still-born, upon an unappreciative world.

PERSONALLY, we are not at all sure that this would not be the better fate for it, as we have an idea that when a self-made combination of put-me-straights undertake to bolster up a weak sort of enactment—well, it might be better dead, than alive. Anyhow, the main sheet in this little flangary is: "To create and maintain a public opinion adverse to corrupt trading in any form; and to let it be widely known that the giving or receiving of or offering to give or receive a corrupt commission or bribe is as dishonest as theft, or embezzlement, and is punishable by Law."

YEA, lor', but it's awful, isn't it? These people are creators and maintainers! They are out upon you wicked backsheesh-men—either of the give or take persuasion. Really, it would be interesting to know the sort of world that would be worked up, if these peculiarly-minded individuals had their own way. We heard some pierrots chortling a song about "If I built a world for you," the other evening, the supposed singer being a male, and the "you," his tottie-fay. We listened—for a time; then we developed the pip, for the blatant song ran that "I'd make the world all pop-corn, and the waters morning dew."

PERSONALLY, we'd as soon live in that pop-corn-cum-morning-dew world, as in that which would be in evidence if these "league" patriots are allowed a run for their talents. We would, indeed, for when all is said, we think that there is far too much of the Pecksniff trait in these home-made geniuses who undertake to tell you and ourselves how we ought to live. For instance, who wishes this precious league "to educate those people who are most susceptible to temptation" of the secret commission sort? How do we know that the "league" will be any better than ourselves? And, anyhow, why should we pay them subscriptions merely to have our possible weaknesses thrown out upon a possibly not-altogether-clean screen.

THEY might "hold public meetings" until their teeth drop out, and until their hirsute peculiarities are non-est, or grey; and, if they can do it on the cheap—which is to say, for nothing—they may "secure the support and co-operation of the Press." In other words, they will rope in the subscriptions, but the Press (if it will), can supply the puff potential on thank-you terms. Yes, yes! Same old story, nothing new. Not a bit of originality with which to brighten the world of pop-corn-cum-mountain-dew!

No wonder the good souls wish to "establish branches in the principal trading centres." Really, we have no difficulty in understanding the beauties of the Inquisition, nor of the amiable manner in which it flourished in the more or less dark, and ignorant ages that have gone. But these are not dark days, and if we may be allowed to prophesy, that S.C. and B.P.L. is up against a real hard time. Most of us have seen too much of their kind already, and, thank you, we aren't having anymore

THOSE LEVIATHANS.

WHAT is the truth about the scanty success of that lick-the-world steamer which was going to do so much, but which has done so little--where old records are considered? Our so-called "shipping" contemporaries are silent on the subject, or nearly so. That is to say, those of our friends that are known to the business world as 'whole hoggers where shipowner is concerned." are attempting a little bandinage on the subject, and 'fore all the world as if shipowner alone, were the one man who (as long as he and his friends advertise in "ours") can do no wrong.

THE other samples of "shipping journal"—those which affect to be all things to all men and as a consequence are derned little to anybody—are silent. Presumably, they are enacting their usual rôle of fence-sitters, and when a real shipping journal comes out with a pronouncement on the subject--well, they'll lift its ideas; paraphrase them so as to make them slightly unobservable (but not too much, fearing they will get lost in the attempt); and then foist them off as another example of the, "Alone, we did it!"

POOR critters—both! The wonder is, that reputable business men will agree to support such milk-and-water efforts? They do, so there must be some occult reason behind it all. However, we are not constrained to "whole hog" for anybody; neither are we inclined to sit in silence until a better authority gives us our cue. And reverting to *Lusitania*, we must admit that, as sailormen, we have wondered why, in passing through the Irish Sea. she was able to flink off her twenty-five knots per hour, and yet, later on, had to simmer down, in a manner of speaking.

NOW the waters outside of the Irish Sea are no more dense, or difficult to negotiate, than are the waters in the Irish Sea. Furthermore, dirty bottom, hot bearings, doubtful positions, or the much-talked-of fog, will not apply? In other words, *Lusitania's* bottom composition was as clean after she had passed, say, the Fastnet, as it was when she was skirting down past the confines of Cardigan Bay? Her engines too, according to all reports that have been available, were in splendid fettle throughout; and everybody is fairly sure that as far as position is concerned, her commander had no matter of doubt.

WHAT, then, was the matter? We will not ask what was wrong, for on the face of it, nothing was wrong. The boat showed that she could do her twenty-five knots, even supposing that it was deemed inadvisable to continue at that pace. In discussing this matter with a marine surveyor of exceptionally wide experience, we gingerly touched on the question of four propellers, and the absence of data concerning such new-fangled ideas and their working. Of course, the whole thing was discussed in a metaphorical sense, and mainly for the reason that the Cunard people had given neither of us an opportunity to size up their latest leviathan on our own.

WE might remark, by the way, that such opportunities are reserved for that portion of the Fourth Estate which is amenable to leg-pulling. Shipping men of a bonâ fide character are warned off, and presumably for the reason that we might not accept the *ipse dixit* of every tame official with a tale to tell. It never seems to strike those shipping companies, that quite their best friends under all circumstances, are the writer men who are in a position to plump out a "story," where the local colouring is in order; and where practical experience suggests exactly what to say, and what to leave unsaid.

As things are, the stories which get around, invariably suggest that there is something behind the business; something that might hurt somebody if told; and in the result, the man in the street is made to feel uneasy when, under other conditions, he would be just the reverse. But harking back to our discussion already alluded to, we asked if vibration was likely to be over-much in evidence, because of the two forward propellers being rather far out from the midship line of the steamer. We wish to put this matter so that our non-technical friends will assimilate the possibilities, and wish them all to understand that (for reasons already explained) we merely ask questions. We want to know, you know.

OUR surveying friend, in reply to our query, launched out into a detailed explanation concerning spectacle-frames of the kind that is used in conjunction with twin screws. Those spectacle-frames—and through which the tail-shafts of the twin screws pass on each side of the ship—are a component part of the vessel; are built in, exactly as are her other frames; and as a natural consequence, the bearings which are connected therewith, will vibrate never a bit. But this happy result is only to be found in connection with the after propellers on each side.

MOREOVER, these two screws, being comparatively close to the midship line of the vessel, have a fairly easy task before them. Not so, however, in the matter of the two propellers, which are situated further forward, and, because of the widening of the vessel, further out from the midship line. Under the circumstances, then, this forward pair of propellers might easily make matters on board the ship, most uncomfortable from a vibration consideration—especially as in their case, there is no spectacle frame; merely a stronger contraption of a purely local character.

WE have already remarked that we are keeping clear of the technical side of this consideration. We wish to put the thing so that our "shipping" contemporaries will be able to understand it, in which case, they will surely trot it out, later on. Just you wait. You will see that we are quite right in our sizing-up of the situation—at least as far as the "shipping" writers are concerned. We might be, with regard to *Lusitania's* inability to "lift" the record. She hasn't done so, yet, and in an attempt to soften the blow to the owners of the steamer, one "well-informed shipping journal" remarks: ". . . the Cunard Company will be well advised to let the record alone until next year."

GREAT SCOTT! *Phoenix*, the Cunard Company isn't touching the record, so why offer them such inane advice? Let the record alone, forsooth! Is that why the country put up that lovely subsidy? Just to give the Cunard Company an opportunity of leaving the record alone? Why, you funny-named "shipping paper," there was no need to give a subsidy, so that the Atlantic record might be "let alone." Go to, thou merry wag. For once in your varied career, admit that there is a possibility of a shipowner biting off more than he can chew; admit that as he can make a mistake, he is therefore human; and in any case, stick to quoting the ha'penny press, in which event you might not offend more than is absolutely necessary.

INSTEAD of advising a concern to leave alone a record which they cannot touch, wouldn't it be better to ask a few pertinent questions as to the possibilities of those forward propellers? Say "If your lovely vessel can do 25 knots in the Irish Sea, why couldn't she keep it going in the Atlantic?" And ask, "Was the vibration so intense that you had to check the forward propellers, or what, in thunder, is the reason for the comparative fiasco which has followed on the flooding of the country with cheap sneers about the super-excellence of the rival boats?'

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

THERE is nothing original in the saying that hope springs eternal in the human breast—especially when the said breast covers the heart of a would-be shipowner. We have passed similar remarks ere this, but that in no wise invalidates the truth thereof. As a matter of fact, you cannot be given too much Truth these days, when the lady spends most of her time at the bottom of the well which was allocated to her uses, right from the dawn of history? Very well, then, and when you go in for real truth, you might be inclined to ask, "What is luck?" Real, genuine, eighteen-carat luck, you know. "Shipowners' luck," to crystallise the thing right down to a fine point.

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FOR instance, if two or three of you happen to have spent the major portion of your lives as coal "foremen" or trimmers; if, because of free education, inherent ambition, or anything else which might apply, you develop a holy wish to blossom out as "shipowners"; if, in pursuance of the new notion, you put up £5 per head, and persuade the public to supply the remainder of the cash that is essential for the purchase of a fifteen-years'-old-sample of more or less shaky beauty; if, going further, you formally decide to "go in for" a brand-new steamer; get her—somehow or other—under your house-flag; load her; learn that she grounds in leaving dock; that later she knocks the stuffing (and other parts) out of a homeward-bounder, and in damaged condition, has to return herself— is that luck?

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DON'T all speak at once, because this is an instance where things might not be quite what they seem. Luck, after all, is simply a relative term, and to our mind, there should have been more of it about if the homeward-bounder had been the fine, cheap (but woefully second-handed) steamer originally "owned" by the £5-per-man-putting-"shipowners." In that case—and supposing no lives were lost—the crocklet should have been better off, and the new vessel would still have the beauties of a repair bill hanging about her? As things are, the fifteen-years-old, four-pounds-sixteen-shillings-a-ton steamer is still looking for freights and other things, while her proud and haughty sister (the brand-new one, you know) is discharging her cargo, preparatory to some extensive repairs. Don't tell us about luck. There is no such thing, and man is born to sorrow, even as the sparks fly heavenward. A man might be a Plymouth Rock, or a callithumpian, but the sorrow will corral him, all the same.

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AND in spite of this—and more—hope does spring eternal, as we remarked above. Sometimes, it is justified, at other times it isn't, but in a pending flotation which comes before us at the time of writing—the "Jesmond" Steamship Company, Limited—we have an idea that success should smile upon the house-flag under which the steamer implicated will sail. You will attach all the more importance to our praises on this occasion, in view of the fact that we do not lay ourselves open to the accusation of being gushy. Not us. Why then, do we believe that the "Jesmond" company stands a good chance of earning a bit for its supporters? In the first place, their steamer, the *Northumbria*, is a handy-sized boat—3,100 tons d.w.; following on that fact, we realise that she is good for any route where a freight offers, and will be equally at home in the Baltic, Bay, or Black Sea trades.

FURTHER, she is good for nine knots per hour on some ten tons of coal *per diem*—and that is certainly a consideration in these days of "dear bunkers"? She is fitted with triple engines by no less a firm than Blair and Co., Ltd.; has two single-ended boilers working at 160lb. pressure, and withal is classed 100 A1. at Lloyd's, under special survey for hull and machinery. She is second-hand, yes; but then, there are degrees of second-handedness? For instance, when a steamer has recently gone through an overhaul which ran into close upon £7,000; when that steamer is of 3,100 tons d.w.; when she is sold to a new company for £10,000—or at £3 6s. 9d. per ton; and when her managers have been brought up in the business, and should therefore be in a position to emphasise the fact that what they don't know about ships and shipping isn't worth knowing; well, what about it? For all the foregoing applies to *Northumbria*.

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WE quite understand that comparisons are "odorous"—at times. A few weeks ago, we animadverted on another sweetly seductive second-hand boat which was prospectused as worth £4 16s. per ton; and told you as plainly as we know how, that we weren't inclined to invest in the vessel. We had seen her in dock; knew that no £7,000 had recently been spent upon her, although we felt that she might reasonably do, say, with half that amount, right away; and—well, we didn't consider her worth nearly £4 16s. per ton. Matter of opinion, of course, but it is the opinion of experts, don't forget. We have also seen *Northumbria*, we like her appearance, we believe that at £3 6s. 9d. per ton, she is a remarkably cheap boat; and that is why we say a word in her favour. We note too, that her managers are Messrs. W. C. Wailes and Co., 111, Bute Street, Cardiff, so, if any of you good people feel like putting a little on an apparently "sure thing," you may start in the right way, by applying to the address just written.

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LAST week, we had something to say anent the pleasant results following on the first voyage of the steamer *Manoravon*. Since that time, we have gleaned a few points which are of interest, and some of which undoubtedly had a lot to do with the fourteen per cent. dividend to which we then referred. There is no need for us to apologise to our readers, for remarking about the commercial successes which are likely to follow on the employment of British seamen—and that is what *Manoravon* is doing. True, a number of supposedly expert people are keen on assuring you that the Briton is everything that is bad, while the cheap alien is everything that is good; but then, those alleged "experts" have never had the handling of a crew of either kind; while we have handled dozens of each sort. For that reason, we have ever contended that your own countrymen are not to be beaten, and that if there really is any trouble with a given combination, you mustn't blame the crowd, but should rather change its executive.

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MORE than that, we have conclusively shown that the cheap foreigner is dearest in the end, for what with bad stoking, worse steering, and physical unfitness generally, he is but an apology for a servant. If any doubt on this subject remains with you, let us ask you to analyse the various balance sheets "on your own," so to say, in which case you will indubitably find that the "regretful" managers are they who pass their own countrymen in favour of the alien; while the able men who give you a return for your money, will unhesitatingly state that they employ none but Britons, and have no sort of bother therewith. Of course, not. It is all a question of managers—and *Manoravon's* are certainly of the capable sort.

THE LOCAL "SLUSHIE'S ACADEMY!"

CARDIFF should be by way of developing swelled head, for in addition to its other educational advantages, it now possesses some sort of school for the coaching of the cook of the sea profession! In days gone by, the sailorman who wished to ease his mind in mere figures of speech, but didn't wish to go the whole hog in a manner of speaking, was wont to use as a term of opprobrium, the words, "You son of a sea cook."

ALL that, however, will be altered, for in future, the son of a sea cook will e'en be the son of a certificated gentleman; and if his papa seldom rises above the sum of four pounds ten shillings per month as remuneration for all his certificated aptitude, well, the boy will be considerably more proud than was the son of a sea-cook of ten years ago!

AT the same time, it will be as well for some of us to go slowly, and to take our honours at an easy gait. It isn't all beer and skittles being a "slushie." At least, it wasn't in the good old days, and judging by all the portents, it is going to be considerably worse later on. There is generally sorrow on the sea, even supposing you cannot see it; and there will be more, anon.

AFTER June 30, 1908, for instance—although we cannot quite understand why that date was used in connection with the cooks, when All Fools' Day is generally the date for masters and mates! Still, it is as well to have a change—if only in the matter of date; and as June 30, 1908, is to see the advent of the diplomaed *chef de fat pork;* the Shipping Federation is attending to the matter in its usual all-embracing manner.

IT's playing it a bit low down on the almighty Federation, when it is considered essential to place it on a par with a fifth-rate cram shop of the orthodox kind? When all is said, there is some little kudos attaching to a nautical cram shop, pure and simple, for to run it successfully, it is necessary to be a sailor and navigator, as well as something of a business man. But to show a nondescript sailorman how best to fricassee a bloater, or to make an omelette out of a snake's egg—well, you need to be more of a conjurer than anything else?

HOWEVER, on Monday last, Cardiff was blessed with its first attempt at training sea cooks, and if, later on, the sailorman is saved from dispepsia; is worked up into aldermanic proportions as the result of being fed on good victuals well cooked; why, see the style in which he will give the ship a good name! Then, although the cookery lessons commenced on Monday, last, you needn't think that the commencement was anything formal. It wasn't. That is postponed for a later date.

To a time, say, when the Federation—having broken the Antwerp strike, and broken the backs or hearts of the erstwhile-esteemed-by-it-aliens who kicked over the industrial traces—will be in a smug frame of mind, and fit to indulge in official openings, and things of that sort. Then will be prepared those cunning little pars for the use of the whole-hogger among the "shipping" press; pæans of praises will pierce the empyrean blue: the boss man of the Federation will have another opportunity of telling people where he lives, and what he means to do when he has found old Cromwell's shirt of mail; and the merry old world will have a John Canoe show of a new sort, so it will!

BUT the part to which we really object, is where our friends of the local Press descant on the supposed fact that "the object of shipowners in inaugurating the school is to enable sea cooks to gain first-class instruction in the culinary art, etc." Fudge, dears! Fudge, and fiddlesticks. The shipowners aren't caring a tuppenny dam as to whether the school is inaugurated, or outaugurated. The jape is a "fideration" jape. Just that, and nothing else.

TRUE to its teachings, that "fideration" means to keep its job as long as possible. Really, that possible time wouldn't be a week longer, if the executive ranks on shipboard had the gall of a bloater. But failing that gall, and possibly for the reason that the executive's societies pull with the "fideration" on the assumption that they are in the same boat, the latter will continue for yet awhile longer. Not too long, although we shall not be ultra explicit as to our ideas on that subject.

THOSE ideas will strike you later on, and we venture to suggest that you will be surprised at the subtleties which have undoubtedly surrounded the whole lot. But in the interval, we have agreed to write to you about the sea cook subject, and in accordance with that agreement, we note that the dear old "fideration" has engaged a number one cookery instructor "who is able to teach, not only ordinary plain cooking, but the higher branches of the subject."

LOOK at that, now. The higher branches of the subject! What's that? How best to cook a succulent kipper, without stinking the whole ship out with its fumes? If a sea-cook can be taught that way, then, his teacher will be worth money. And what, in a nautical sense, is "ordinary plain cooking?" Does hash-me-gandy come under that category? If so, will the old style of it be wiped away, and will a new dodge be inaugurated?

EH? What's that? How did they make hash-me-gandy in the good old days? We are not cooks, you know—either in the ordinary plain cooking range, or on the higher branches of the subject. Still, we don't mind telling you how we were taught to make hash-me-gandy. Taught by an expert, too. You first need a seven-beller tin plate. That is to hold the hash. Ingredients: Two hard biscuits; one pint of water; two ounces of slush—pork fat, say; and some fire. Implements: The seven beller already referred to, and a good set of teeth.

DON'T look sceptical, please. The teeth are as essential as the biscuits, and for this reason: You place the tin plate on your knees—for choice, although the floor or a chest-lid will do on a pinch, so to put it; you take the biscuits, one at a time, and inserting an edge between the good set of teeth already written of, you crunch. Needless to say, if you are careful and judge the distance fairly well, the crushed biscuit will fall straight into the tin-plate—beautifully dry and clean.

CONTINUE with the crushing process until your two biscuits are pulverised, then add the pint of water, mixing the stuff up until it is nice, and stodgy. Be patient, and remember that good cooking stuff needs preparation—and time; when the stodgy state is reached, rest awhile from your labours; gloat over the feed you are to have at tea-time; and having gloated sufficiently, add the pork fat. Don't add the stuff in a heap, or you will spoil the effect of your hash. Spread it over softly, touch-it-with-care sort of treatment, and having done this to your entire satisfaction, take it along to the certificated cook who will place it in the oven.

As he is certificated, he will know what to do with it; and at eight bells you are in for an epicurean feast! Don't tell us about "fideration" cooks, and hash-me-gandy. We have made the hash—and that is more than the "fid's" boss ever did. Still, the city of Cardiff, as already explained, is in for a good thing. It has a deep-water cookery school, and shipowners are supposed to be responsible therefore! Makes you smile, doesn't it—you, who are in the know? That's how we feel!

"BE SURE YOUR SINS, ETC."

IN the present era of industrial wars and rumours thereof, the ha'penny Press is not without its uses. Being of the small-and-nimble-copper sort, it has to hunt around for sensations. Sometimes the hunt is fruitful, in which event the public is grateful and assists the circulation question; at others, it is anything but successful, when the "sensation" falls on deaf ears, or opens out to unseeing eyes.

HOWEVER, the *Daily Mail* recently treated its supporters to a re-hash of a speech that was delivered by the great "C.-B." as far back as 1891, and with reference to the railway trouble of that time. We have an idea that "C.-B." will not be unduly grateful for this haling up of youthful (!) indiscretions; but that is no concern of ours. Ours not to reason why, ours to comment and sigh—for somebody with a chunk of consistency in his composition.

ANYHOW, the speech referred to pursued the lines usual to the non-committal gentleman who so far in the railway rattle has been silent (you'll remember he wasn't Prime Minister in 1891); and we feel that it is essential for somebody to dissect the latent beauties of the "C.-B." tale. Here goes, then: "Railway companies are not like mere ordinary traders, who may or may not be on good terms with their men. Railway companies have received from Parliament, acting in the interests of the community (which is somewhat naive, in view of the costs of "Parliamentary powers?"), large peremptory and exclusive powers."

LET us take breath there, good people. It's a big subject, and it is essential that you should give the matter becoming thought? Having taken breath, let us, in imagination, skip over acres of the speech, until we come to this gem of purest ray serene: "The railway companies are not—although they sometimes speak and act as if they were—our masters. They are our servants. The men in their employ are the servants of the company and not of the public." Look at that, now!

MOST of you people have been shouting up a wrong close, haven't you? Didn't you erroneously believe that the railway servants were styled thus because, in point of fact, they were nothing at all of the sort, being rather public servants? Of course, you did, for "C.-B." is generally sure of what little ground he is enabled to cover at one stroke. So, after this, just you remember that the railway companies are our servants—not our masters. And if you wish to have the windows of a railway coach cleaned, hunt around for one of the directors of the line.

HAVING found his nibs, point a lordly finger at him; style him minion; give him a command to polish up the glass referred to; and if he eyes you in a supercilious manner, tell him, straight out, that the Prime Minister is with you all the way in this busines. If he wont clean the window after that, jolly well make him—unless he happens to be bigger than you, in which case your safest plan will be to switch on the latest mentor. When a man says things, it is just as well to let him take the onus of its responsibilities, and affairs of that kind.

NOW for another pretty little bit of Alice in Wonderland stuff, and which is curiouser and curiouser than that which we have already culled: "It is the company itself—its shareholders and directors—who are the servants of the public," for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said so in 1891, and we don't care a hang who knows it. Some more of it. "In face of this fact—as I think, this indisputable fact—may we not be a little amazed at the patience and forbearance, the humility of the Scottish public?" That was the way the gentleman pumped it into 'em in 1891, land sakes!

GETTING somewhat warmed up to his subject, the learned explainer of the obscure further remarked: "Now you will observe that I advance two points. My first point is that the companies are bound by their obligations to the public to maintain the service at whatever cost," and that is "point" enough for us to eke out the one clean page which we are allocating to this ancient line of reasoning. Frankly, then, good people, isn't that "first point" absolute piffle!

THAT is to say, who owns the blessed railways; who traffics in its stock; who invests its little bits of money with the hope that some little return will be made thereon? Is it the public—which is to say, you and ourselves; or is it some other indefinite article known only to "C.-B."? Aren't we justified in believing that the speech-maker of the occasion referred to, was talking more or less, through his hat, as the vulgar little boy would remark?

AND why aren't railway companies "like mere ordinary traders?" Can anybody say? Do people "go into" rails, just for the fun of the thing, and does the casual investor—who really makes up "the company"—care a tuppenny curseword as to the methods which have to be adopted, the assurances which have to be given, the obligations which are spread out over the landscape, or the point as to who is servant or master in the deal? Certainly not, for a man (or woman) puts money on a railway, precisely as he (or she) would put it on a bakery, or a dry-cleaning show, or a brewery—to earn a dividend.

THIS being so, and it surely is, where is the sense or reason in the Campbell-Bannerman speech of 1891? As the speechifyer of that era was out upon the suppositionary game, suppose we follow him for a brief period. We can't go far, as we have but one page in which to offer our suggestions. Suppose, then, that through the acceptance of the claims of the men, the railway company at stake is rendered bankrupt, hasn't enough money to carry out its "obligations," but must close down pending a re-arrangement of its final position, will the Government which is run by "C.-B." take the breach in the public interest, and supply the needful?

IT won't, emphatically! And if the companies are ruined in this manner, and its million or so of stock-holders thereby lose their little all, what is going to happen, later on? Other investors will fight shy of an absolute sink, and what will "C.-B.'s" public do then, poor things? The Socialistic cry would inevitably be, "Oh, nationalise the railways. That would end the difficulty." Of course, it wouldn't, for the cry of nationalisation is as empty as are the heads of most of the crowd who prattle thereon. There isn't enough money in the country to admit of buying out present stock-holders, so that cheap jape may be dismissed at once.

TRUE, a number of hunters after a little brief notoriety are intent on explaining how this nationalisation dodge may be carried out; but nobody is paying any attention to the tales; most of us have serious business to attend to; and as a natural result, we have but small patience to render unto the users of opium, or other soporific (if comparatively imagination-giving) drugs.

PUTTING the whole fit-out down to actual fact, aren't there considerably more stock-holders in the railways of the land, than there are servants in the "union" which is attempting to foment the present trouble? Of course, there are, and the vast majority of those same stock-holders, are small investors who put their money in railways because they are supposed to be "safe." If "C.-B.'s" 1891 speech were allowed to bear fruit; if the much-maligned directors prove that they, too, are merely bifurcated-rigged old women, then, the "safety" of railway investments will be over, and a continued stagnation a thousand fold worse than a short, sharp, strike, will be the result. May wiser counsels prevail.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *October 2, 1907.*

TRADE in the local staple during the past week, has shown little—if any—improvement. Indeed, the quietness which has prevailed of late, continues without abatement. Prices, generally considered, show no material alteration—at least, quotably; for while sellers endeavour to maintain same with all their accustomed tenacity, the success with which they have been favoured, so far, hasn't amounted to a very great deal.

TRUTH compels us to admit that, in not a few instances, and tenacity notwithstanding, concessions have been made, although the paper quotation remains as firm as ever. This naturally means, that there are yet a few weak spots in the market, and although tonnage supplies have been much better of late, the demand for prompt shipment has been decidedly limited.

WITH prices around at present levels, this is only to be expected, for the potential buyer will never eventuate into the positive buyer at present rates—unless he is in the position where choice in the matter is impossible. Again, with a comparatively limited demand, the supply of the commodity is naturally fairly full—a fact which the potential buyer is noting with some little amount of satisfaction.

HE, amiable soul, understands that with a full supply of coal, and with a consequent scarcity of wagons looming in sight—well, he knows that, given half a chance, he will be in a position to reap some sort of advantage from the situation. That advantage mightn't amount to a very great deal, but when prices are up as at present, the buyer who succeeds in getting his requirements filled at threepence under current quotations, is a proud man.

IN fact, he is somewhat inclined to be patronising in his conduct towards other less-favourably conditioned people, and they, in turn, say things up against the lucky-man! Under the circumstances, then, the buyer who is enabled to grant immediate shipment, is exactly the man who is in for a concession—granting, of course, that the colliery implicated is short of wagons and finds the same old output to be dealt with.

So much is this feature in evidence, that at the moment, there is a great disparity in prices over a given area. Some collieries are blessed with good stems, while others are not; thus it comes about that the latter are willing—nay, anxious—to accept figures which the other fellow would sneer at.

IN the matter of next year's contracts, collieries continue to quote firmly. Not without some show of success, too, as is evidenced by the settlement of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railways' little lot, which is closed up at prices approximating into 19s. per ton. Somewhat satisfactory, don't you think? The inquiry from American sources, for some 100,000 tons of Welsh coals with which to bunker the Pacific Squadron has, so far, not been decided upon.

TENDERS for this last amount have been sent in, and when they are finally accepted—which of course they will be—the action will have a beneficial effect on the market for the latter months of the year, seeing that shipment will have to be made then. For actual values, we refer you to subjoined list:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 6d	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 10½d.	17s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 4½d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	20s. 9d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
,, 2 ,, ...	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Smalls:-						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.
Seconds ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d., 11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.	10s. 6d., 11s. 0d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 1½d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 9d.	13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d., 13s. 9d.	13s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:-						
Special ...	28s 0d.	28s. 0d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	27s. 0d., 28s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	25s. 0d.	25s. 0d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.	24s. 0d., 25s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	22s 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d., 21s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	28s. 0d	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *October 2, 1907.*

BUSINESS in the local Market for the past week has been satisfactory, and that something known to the local trade as the tone thereof, has been very steady. This, thanks to an improvement in the demand, and a fair amount of bookings have been recorded at recent figures. Prices, generally, are ruling at last levels, and as stems are good with the bulk of collieries, it is anticipated that they will be maintained for some time ahead.

IN the ANTHRACITE department, the demand continues good for nearly all descriptions. LARGE COALS are well inquired for, as also MACHINE MADE COALS. The latter are a very firm commodity, makers finding it difficult to meet the request for them, especially for anything approaching prompt shipment. Other varieties show no change.

IN the STEAM COAL section, prices are firmer. Stems with the collieries are now fairly satisfactory, and in view of the enquiry existing, are asking higher prices. Bests are active, and Bunker qualities are moving off to a brisk tune. Smalls are easy in price, supplies rather exceeding the demand.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked, Malting Large ...	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d	28s. 3d.	28s. 0d., 28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 3d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. 0d., 27s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 6d.	22s. 3d.	22s. 0d., 22s 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 9d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.	23s. 9d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	28s. 3d.	28s. 3d.	28s. 0d., 28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 18s 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 4½d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s 0d., 18s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.	16s. 3d., 16s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, October 2, 1907

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Suez, Steamer, (handy) 9s. ppt.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Ethelwynne*, 4,000/4,500 tons, 13s. 6d. optn. Rosario, 15s.
Putney Bridge, 4,600 tons, 17s.
Cardiff, 3,500 tons, 17s. 3d.
Tre———, 4,000 4,500 tons, 13s. 6d. optn. Rosario, 15s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Bertholey*, 4,500/4,700 tons, 14s. 6d. option Santos, 16s. 6d.
Teespool, 6,000 tons, 15s. 9d.
Ethelstan, 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d. option Santos, 16s. 6d
Rhodanthe, 5,000 tons, 15s. 9d. option Santos, 17s. 9d.
Exmouth, 5,200 tons, 18s. 6d. fuel.
Rosario, *Vittoria*, 3,700 tons, 18s. (P.)
Madeira, *Indianapolis*, 2,700 tons, 7s. 9d. 200.
Rothesay, 2,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 250, (C. or P.T.)
Teneriffe, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Las Palmas, *Nith*, 2,800/3,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Parana/Bahada Grande, Steamer, 3,200/3,400 tons, 17s. 6d. 150, 1s. option lightening, 16s. 6d. (N).
Steamer, 3,300/3,500 tons, 15s. 6d. 150, 1s. option lightening, 14s. 6d. (N).
Monte Video, *Belle of France*, 16s. 9d.
Buenos Ayres or La Plata, *Westmoor*, 4,500/4,900 tons, 17s. 3d.
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 9d. fuel.
Santos, Steamer, 4,800/5,300 tons, 16s. 6d. (B.D.)
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 17s. 6d. (B.D.)
Castellamare, *Duchess of Cornwall*, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d. option Salerno.
Gladstone (W.A.), Steamer, 5,250 tons, 18s. Rails.
St. Vincent, *Riversdale*, 3,700 tons, 8s.
Campana/Villa Constitucion, Steamer, 4,200 tons, 14s. 6d. option Rosario, 15s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Ganges* or *Jumna*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 6,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Wagner, 4,600 tons, 6s. 6d.
Dargia, 4,800 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Genoa, *Leuctra*, 7s. 9d. (C. or N).
Or Savona, *Camperdown*, 3,400 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, (S).
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Andreas*, 2,800 tons, 8s. (S).
Steamer, 3,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Andrea, 6,100 tons, 7s. 6d.
Benshaw, 2,500 tons, 8s. 9d. 400, 8s. 6d. if 500, 6½d.
Alexandria, *Eaton Hall*, 5,400 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Afonwen, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Enidwen, 5,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Algiers, *Wandsworth*, part cargo, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs.
Vanadis, 3,900 tons, 8 fcs.
Steamer, 3,8/4,000 tons, 8 fcs. ppt.
Valin, 2,000 tons, 8 fcs. spot.
Woglinde, 5,800 tons, 7 fcs.
Barcelona, *Ereaga*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 400.
Lekeitio, 3,700 tons, 8s. 500.
Winnie, 3,500 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Naples, *Unimak*, 3,500 tons, 7s. 800.
Or Leghorn, *Snowdon*, 4,300 tons, 6s. 9d. 800.
" *Upcerne*, 4,400 tons, 6s. 3d. 800.
Venice, *Cresswell*, 4,600 tons, 8s.
Thorndale, 3,300 tons, 8s. 4½d. 500.
Thornbeck, 5,500 tons, 8s. 1d. 400.
Silksworth Hall, or sub., 6,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Reggio, *Peterston*, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d. 400.
Oran, *Ville de Bayonne*, 1,900 tons, 9·75 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Spezzia, *Radley*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Leondis, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d. option Civita Vecchia, 7s. 9d.
Piræus and Kalamata, *Aeon*, 3,700 tons, 7s. 6d. coal, 8s. 3d. fuel, (S).
Palermo, *Cap Tarifa*, 1,600 tons, 9s. (S).
Steamer, 2, 00 tons, 8s. 6d.
Bona, *Vagn*, 1,900 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (S).
Bari, *Douglas Hill*, 2,500 tons, 8s. 6d. (S).
Tarragona, *Opal*, 1,000 tons, 8s. 7½d.
Djibouti, *Duffield*, 8s. 3d.
Seville, *Alassio*, 1,400 tons, 7s. (N).
Kustendje, *Trevethoe*, 2,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Philippeville, *Toarmina*, 1,800 tons, 9·50 fcs. coal, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (P.T.)
Jeanie Conseil, 2,500 tons, 10·50 fcs. fuel, (N.R.)
Cadiz, *Clarence*, 1,400 tons, 7s. 6d.
Gibraltar, *Skald*, 1,400 tons, 6s. 9d. option Newport loading, spot.
Malta, *Trevelyan*, 4,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Otto Berg, 4,000 tons, 5s. 9d.
Lisbon, *Alice*, or sub., 1,800 tons, 6s.
Lyderhorn, 1,140 tons, 5s. 6d. 300.
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 5s. 6d. 300.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stockholm, *Botnia*, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 1,700 tons, 7s.
Libau, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 6s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

Chantenay, *Banderas*, 3,400 tons, 6 fcs.
Pasages, *Whimbrel*, 700 tons, 6s. 3d.
La Rochelle, *Camargo*, 2,600 tons, 5·50 fcs. (S).
Dicido, 2,300 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Nantes, *Trafalgar*, 2,200 tons, 6·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Earl of Dumfries, 1,900 tons, 6·50 fcs. (N).
Bilbao, *Waterloo*, 1,400 tons, 4s. 9d. (N).
Sables, *Vivienne*, 1,450 tons, 6 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Queensferry, *Penvearn*, 6,000 tons, 6s. (Admiralty).
Skeldon, 1,750 tons, 6s. optn. Cromarty, 6s. 6d. "
Haulbowline and/or Queenstown, *Sindbad*, 1,000 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Chatham, *Maywood*, 1,450 tons, 4s. (Admiralty).
Or Sheerness, *Skeldon*, 1,750 tons, 4s. "
Portland, *Dalegarth*, 2,200 tons, 3s. 3d. (Adm'lty).
Londonderry, *Enriqueta*, 400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Queenstown, *Buffalo*, 260 tons, 5s.
Cork, *Rosslyn*, 650 tons, 5s.
Belfast, *The Viscount*, 410 tons, 4s. (S).
Harwich, *Firth Fisher*, 520 tons, 6s.
Granton, Steamer, 650 tons, 7s.
Bremerhaven, *Rumina*, 1,900 tons, 5s. 6d.
Friederike Muller, 2,600 tons, 5s. 6d.
Havre, *Rive de Gier*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 3d.
Carn Brea, 2,300 tons, 5s.
Marie Horn, or sub., 1,300 tons, 5s. 1½d. option St. Malo, 5s. 1½d.
Fecamp, *Bishop Rock*, 690 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Steamer, part cargo of 500 tons, 6s. (S).
St. Brieuc, *Brilliant*, or sub., 700 tons, 6s. 10½d. (S).
St. Malo, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d. (S).
Caen, *Congress*, 1,400 tons, 6s.
Odd, 860 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Stock Force, 650 tons, 6s. 6d. option Rouen, 7s. (S).
Honfleur, *Glassalt*, 720 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Brest, *Rive de Gier*, 1,500 tons, 5s.
Trouville, *Arizona*, 820 tons, 6s. 6d. (S).
Rouen, Contract 12,000 tons, 5s. 9d. (Bristol Chnl. ports).
Kingsley, 720 tons, 7s. (S).
Inver, 1,150 tons, 6s. 3d.
Cherbourg, *Formby*, 500 tons, 6s. 9d. (S).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Pendennis*, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d.
Venice to Port Talbot, Steamer, 2,600 tons, 6s. 9d. f.d. Burnt Ore, ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on September 19, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

19,303/06—GAYOTTI AND LAGANA—***Improvements in screw propellers.***

The object of this invention is to provide a screw propeller with flexible blades for the purpose of reducing the slip. Accordingly the blades are constructed of a number of sheets of suitable elastic metal riveted together, the thickness of the blades being gradually lessened from the bottom to the tip by decreasing the number of sheets forming the blade.

19,862/06—ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH, LTD., AND WRIGHT—***Improvements in apparatus for shipping and transferring coal and other materials.***

This invention relates to the cradles onto which railway wagons are run, and its object is to make the cradle suitable for dealing with tipping wagons, and wagons having end doors, as well as those having bottom doors outside as well as inside their axles. The cradle consists of two longitudinal girders, under the wheels of the wagon, and four cross girders, two under the axles, and one at each end, thus leaving a clear space for the coal as it is discharged. Four hinged stops are provided for securing the wagon upon the cradle, and these stops are automatically caused to fold downwards into an horizontal position by balance weights to allow the wagon to pass off the cradle, and are automatically brought to a vertical position by chains fixed to the balance weights, and coupled to the lifting chain.

19,911/06—ANDREWS AND CAMERON—***Reversible screw propellers.***

This invention relates to screw propellers of the type in which the pitch of the screw may be varied by turning the blades axially. According to this invention each blade is formed with a round shank, having a raised collar to fit into sockets in the boss. The shanks outside the boss are provided with another collar of which the fore and aft edges are preferably flat, whilst the edges parallel with the axis of the boss are curved. The boss is contained within a sleeve reduced at its forward end to fit the propeller shaft. By moving the sleeve relatively to the boss in a fore and aft direction the blades are caused to turn around the axis of the shanks thereby changing the angle of the blades relatively to the axis of rotation.

25,165/06—DOXFORD—***Improvements in turret vessels.***

This invention relates to internal supports for turret vessels. The main and external supports for the hull are made with the frames in-swept towards the top. Upon the line where the frames turn upward to form the turret are placed vertical columns in the form of tubes secured at the top to the frames and at the bottom to the keelson. Diagonal struts extend from the outer frames to beams arranged transversely under the central portion of the turret deck. These struts are arranged in pairs one on each side of each column. The side walls are made with deep frames tied together at intervals by angle frames.

26,458/06—MAYOR—***Improvements in cutting machines for use in mining coal and the like.***

This invention relates to coal cutting machines of the type in which a cutter bar with a rotary as well as a reciprocating motion is employed, the invention dealing with the terminal end of the casing which serves as a support for the cutter bar. A recess is formed at the terminal end of the casing, and a sleeve is adapted to fit over the shaft and project into the recess, a flange being provided at the outer end of the sleeve to cover the mouth of the recess to prevent the entry of the end of the sleeve. The sleeve is locked against a tendency to rotate by means of an engagement of the flange with the end of the casing. By this arrangement foreign matter is excluded from the casing without the movements of the driving shaft being impeded.

25,905/06—HOSKINS—***Improvements in or relating to the lee-rails of ships and other berths.***

This invention relates to ships' lee-rails of that type in which a folding table is combined with the rail structure. According to this invention the panel which supports the folding table is mounted within an opening in the lee-rail structure, and the top and bottom sides of the panel are fitted with vertical pivots which are engaged with corresponding holes in rod members of the lee-rail above and below the panel-retaining space. The pivots provide for the independent reversal of the panel and table which are normally secured in position by catches.

27,732/06—SERVE—***Improvements in telescopic masts for signalling purposes.***

The object of this invention is to provide hydraulic means for raising and lowering a telescopic mast. The mast consists of two tubes which may be telescoped into each other, and housed in a stationary tube located beneath the level of the deck. Water under pressure is admitted through a nipple into the lower part of the stationary tube, and the under surface of the inner tube forming a piston acted upon by the thrust of the water, and being larger than the surface of the outer movable tube forming a piston, this latter tube is raised only when the inner tube has been previously raised.

29,523/06—SPEIGHT—***Improvements in or connected with oiling wheels for automatic axle greasing devices for colliery tubs or like vehicles.***

This invention relates to oiling wheels for colliery tubs the wheels being designed to perform sectional oiling. Two side discs are mounted on a boss and carried on an axle, and between the discs are mounted two or more rings spaced apart by washers, and clamped at intervals in such a manner that the periphery presents four edges, which are calculated to take up a small quantity of oil to effect sectional oiling and to allow of the surplus oil returning to the box.

These applications for patents, are until November 4, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—NO. 191. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1907 THREEPENCE.

MORE "SHIPPING" JOURNALISM!

THE TIRED ONE: "I say Bill, I'd rather be a wreck on land, than one on sea!" (And Bill saw the point!)

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—MORE "SHIPPING" JOURNALISM!	129
MARITIME MURMURS	130
"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN—No. 2	133
THE GLANHOWNY STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED	134
COAL-TRIMMING "CUSTOMS"	135
"BOUNDERS!"	136
CONCERNING CONSULS	137
A COMPETITION—BUT NOT A "LIMERICK"	138
SHIP SPEED IN FOG	139
"ASK THE COOK!"	140
THE CARRIAGE OF EXPLOSIVES	141
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	142
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	143
PATENTS	144

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

As emphasising our last week's remarks anent the universal desire for education, and that it is in no wise the copyright of the Western Man, it might be useful to bear in mind that the Chinaman is intent on improving his more or less untutored (but eminently cunning) mind. Constitutional government will soon be an accomplished fact with Chang, and if that doesn't spell trouble to the remainder of the world, then, we shall be terribly (or agreeably) surprised. Ignorance of their own power, alone, has kept the Chinamen back for centuries, and once education is scattered around in anything like appreciable amounts, a realisation of that power is inevitable. With its usual kindness towards the alien races, this country is doing its best—not only to educate John Chinaman, but also to make him into a number one sailor. He has a free stem under the flag which his indubitable superiors first hoisted, and if he is given but a few years of a run similar to what he is now enjoying, he will be able to come across here in his millions, and sing his song of, "Me likee lilly gel, she likee me." We are willing to admit that nothing this country can do, will stop the spread of education, altogether.

AT the same time, there is neither sense or reason in going out of one's way to hasten the Armageddon that must be fought? Yet that is what this country is doing, in its rush for "cheap" Chinese seamen. Gads, the fellows will be dear at any price, in the near future. Anyhow, local government schemes, and promised parliaments are about in the Flowery Land, and we are wondering why Keir Hardie, now he has succeeded in setting India in a blaze, doesn't go farther East, and do the same favour for the Chinaman? Perhaps the Great Disturber is fearful of his hide. The Chinaman is only partially educated, as yet—like Mr. K. Hardie? That is where the trouble comes in: While the period of educational development is progressing apace, all manner of troubles may be expected. If this country (and China) manages to survive the experimental stage, all will be well; if it bursts up (as appears inevitable)—things will be somewhat otherwise! The time would seem to be somewhat near, when the operatic man will have to let up on Chin, Chin, Chinaman, and work his japes on some other (and less-educated) individual. There is always trouble about, good people, and somehow or other, the Briton is pre-eminently the man who understands whether to run up against it!

THERE is another trouble brewing! The Labour party—true to its accretive instincts—is decisive in its demands for an old-age pension to come off in double-quick time. This is what comes of giving a vote to a crowd of men who haven't anything else on earth! Their vote—being their only possession—is willingly given to the "patriot" who will convince them of its importance. Hitherto, the people who work for a living, have considered it *infra dig* to cajole the comparative wastrels for their "vote and interest." Not so the "Labour Man." Being of the same build, more or less, he doesn't mind the cajoling—as long as it will enable him to reap where he hasn't sown, or gather where he hasn't strewn, and this is a point which the workers of the land need to assimilate. Mighty soon, too, or it will be too late. Meanwhile, we are being treated to tales of a 5s. pension to every "poor old soul" who has passed the mystic age of sixty-five. Personally, we do not believe that any of the shouting brigade care a toss about the "poor old souls" indicated, but it sounds a lovely war-cry with which to go to the free, and enfranchised folk who will listen. That is the main point.

ALL the same, the genuine workers should remember that the £22,000,000 that are essential for this magnificent charity has to come out of their pockets. It's all bosh to pretend that it is coming out of "the State," and for the simple reason that each of us is an unit of "the State." To the poor, and partially-educated struggler, it appears to be a grand thing to have this "State" somewhere in the back garden of the house occupied by the "Labour leader;" but once that struggler understands that he is "the State," and as such, he must put up a share of the results of his own thrift, to keep in comparative comfort, those who never exercised a bit of thrift—then, sirs, there will be a hard time for the "leaders." They will probably cease from "leading"—being rather the led, and by the proboscis! For this reason: Presently, the real workers will realise that it is incumbent on them to fight the agitating gang, rather than to affect to treat them with contempt. Hitherto, contempt has been most in evidence, and as contempt

never killed anybody—especially if his progenitors built him on thick-hide lines—it naturally follows that the "leader" has waxed fat, aye, right up to the point of kicking.

But when the real upholder of "the State" takes his inevitable tumble, and sees that if he would live, he must stump the country for his own protection—that is when the fun will commence. Where the majority of the fish are minnows, it doesn't need a large endowment to pose as a triton. The majority of those agitators are just tritons among the minnows, so when some really big fish undertake to give them a much needed lesson, you can see how the matter will pan out? To-date, the worker has been given but one side of the story—and that the agitator's. Later on, will come in the other side. It must—in self defence. And nobody realises this better than the agitating brigade, for their campaign of speechifying—and all at the expense of the actual worker—indubitably proves this. Hitherto, caste has prevented the really smart members of the community from entering into competition with the gas-bags. In the near future caste will be tossed on the scrap heap, and then will come a bitter awakening. May it come soon. When a man who never earned more than £3 per week in his life, will calmly say: "Here is our scheme in a nutshell. The proposal is to pay 1,750,000 persons £13 per annum. To do this we need a little over £22,000,000"—well, it's time to ring down the curtain?

These pickers up of a share of the weekly subscription would appear to be taking themselves terribly seriously? "To do this we need, etc." How much of it are they going to put up? They prate very learnedly about Income Tax, but have they ever supplied a penny piece toward the administration of the country of which they prattle so much? Not many of them, and if they really know mutton from goat, they will see that they never do put up any tax. That is not their game, by any manner of means! However, there is no use in merely talking about this type of ameliorator. Actions from the about-to-be-despoiled will alone meet the case. To-date, there has been sad absence of that action, and it is now almost too late to make a move, for yet, in a little while, the agitator will believe the moonshine which he is so intent in unloading on to his present dupes. The latter too, will believe it, because nobody seems to think it worth while to refute the nonsense. And after prattling about these millions 'fore all the world like real financiers, these good souls dismiss the subject with such stuff as this: "An increase upon the tax upon large fortunes would provide the remainder of the needed sum," and that is all there is about it.

Stupendous, isn't it? Why not say at once, that you aim at all the cash that is in the hands of present holders, and wish to share it out among those who have none? Never mind justice, laziness, or what not. Take the lot and we'll starve, as they say at sea! There is one bit of reassuring intelligence in the whole fit-out, and that is: No two of these universal benefactors with other people's money appear to be agreed upon the sum which "we require." For while one giant assesses the money at £22,000,000, another is equally sure that £15,000,000 will do it. You see, there will be so many who will never claim the pension! Really, one has to admire the fortitude of these million-pound-men. We much doubt if Mr. John D. Rockefeller could handle the theme in a livelier strain. All the same, let it be understood that old-age pensions are right on top of "our platform." If the planks thereof are good, they might succeed in getting something out of it. Personally, we would rather incline to the belief that the planks will give out at the first strain of any real importance. Agitators, no more than other combines of half-educated people, may not pull together for any length of time. At the best, they see as through a glass darkly, and when one of their cult "rats," to use a vulgarism, the consequent re-shuffling of the cards hashes up the progress hitherto made! Funny state of affairs, isn't it?

Eh? Here's another good thing! It is proposed to erect a purification plant for the water that is supplied to the Corporation baths at Cardiff. That is exactly as it ought to be, for to our mind, the Corporation has set too much store on pigs, and too little on persons. Of course, it is never too late to mend, and if the good souls really mean to see that the bath water is clean in future; will go the whole hog (remembering the pigs); will see that it is perfumed with attar of roses; is warmed up nicely; plenty of clean towels, and toilet balm is supplied—out of the rates, you understand; then, we'll say no more about it. Personally, we hate these cheese-paring attempts at doing us proud. Of what use is it to teach the youthful Cardiffian how to swim, if his bath water isn't in line with the real thing that he will meet when he has shipped on the tramper of the district? Bath water needs filtration and æration, and the councillors ought to be supplied with fishing rods—out of the rates, you know—so that they might catch all the nasty little bits of bacteria stuff which is about in most self-respecting waters. You take it from us, if this filtration dodge is worked as it ought to be, sailors will be plentiful enough, by and bye.

What really nice boy could keep away from water, if it is properly filtrated, ærated, rendered germ proof, and perfumed? Nary a one, and while the council is about it, they should appoint Corporation "helps" whose duty it will be to serve some of the scullery sinks similarly. There is no sense in having the public bath water above reproach, if the kitchen tap is grimed over and its trough is a howling waste of stale cabbage-water and other items? Anyhow, the intended undertaking is simple enough you'll find, and all the expense that will be incurred (barring that for the attar of roses and clean towels) will be the price of some pumps, and things like that. What's that? You thought there would be a contract job on it, somewhere? Well, what about it? A contract means approaching somebody or other for permission to supply? It does, and what about it? A man doesn't go into the council for the good of his health—not by a very long chalk. He goes there to be able to give that permission. It sounds big to vote for a deserving firm of engineers, and there are other points about the business which might not appear to the casual observer. They appear to some of the councillors right enough, and all of them are deserving men, who give a quantity of time to a thankless job. True, the fates are good to them in return, for although they sacrifice so much time, most of their businesses progress apace. It's nice to deal with a real live councillor, we suppose—which accounts for the success indicated?

The present being a close-time for Parliamentary warriors, "Havelock" has been making squibs at Middlesbrough. In addition to the squibs, his "union" has been holding its "conference," whatever the word really implies. Anyhow, the "branch sicretaries" have been in Middlesbrough in force, and among other items that occupied their attention was that of undermanning as practiced to-day.

There is no getting away from the fact that practically every tramp sailing salt-water is undermanned, and we opine that if Wilson's "union" had been of any real use to the seafarer, that phase of life would have received attention (and remedy) long ago. Of what use is it for these "war-horses" to meet and prattle with each other year after year, if the same old disabilities continue? For instance, of what use is that "union" if, as was declared by one of the "sicretaries," "Vessels of 5,000 and 6,000 tons, sailing to different ports in the United Kingdom, had practically only four able seamen and two ordinary, to do the work which was done on a vessel of 800 tons 10 and 15 years ago?" We admit the figures; have admitted them dozens of times; but where does this "union" come in as of utility to the seafarer, when seagoing conditions are many times worse than applied 10 or 15 years ago?

Further quoting the same "sicretary"—himself a foreigner!—we get: "It was said by some shipowners that they would sail their vessels under a foreign flag if a compulsory manning clause came into operation. He did not believe that any patriotic shipowner would do such a thing as that." Whatever does that "sicretary" know about patriotism? His name is Scandinavian, also his birth and up-bringing, and now out of the fulness of his own "patriotism" which allows him to earn a living while tootling to a number of alien seamen who pay into a British "union," he undertakes to give the world his ideas on the subject! Give over prating about "patriotism," "Mr. Sicretary." It's a jape which counts with "the boys," when they have about twenty inches of sheep-dip resting on their port kidney; but it won't wash with the remainder of us who read the reports of your "speeches" where Jack will never see them. There is already a manning clause in force, and you ought to know it. There has been one, for that matter, for years before you became introduced to an English vessel. But it is useless, and any other—under existing conditions—would be just as useless.

Moreover, shipowners won't put their vessels under a foreign flag for any question of labour charge. You take that from us. Shipowners of the kind to which you refer, "Mr. Sicretary," have too much blamed trouble in "raising" a boat, to admit of their thinking for one moment, of putting her under a foreign flag, and thereby enriching, say, one of your own countrymen with her management fees and pickings. Such tricks might be good enough for a "union," and an alien "sicretary" might have more persuasiveness in recruiting his own countrymen, than would a Briton; but shipowners are not built that way—never once. When they put their prime old crusted dug-outs under a foreign flag, it is because they have become too "high" for home use. The Board of Trade man keeps an unpleasant watch on them. And anyhow, they have been sold, or your compatriots wouldn't get their management fees. This is a tip for you "Mr. Sicretary," and we offer it free, gratis, and for nothing. Never mind about "The foreign flag has always been raised when Parliament intended to legislate for any class." It's right enough, but it is only doing the same as your "union" does—is stuffing the man in the street with hot chestnuts. We feel that neither of you really mean what you say, and we believe that you are just as eligible for a bit of "kid," as is the wily shipowner of whom you speechify.

Another member of the brigade gravely assured his hearers that "large shipowners were sending ships to sea undermanned," and now we are wondering if it is because those shipowners are large, or rather because they are built that way? Anyhow, just because a man happens to be hefty, is that a reason that he should be debarred from doing what his lighter brethren are engaged upon? Surely not! Then we note that there was a ship which went away from Leith "with only one qualified A.B. under the Act, and that was a boatswain." Great Jelunga! Why did they qualify that A.B. under the Act? It was most unkind, wasn't it—especially as he was higher than mere A.B. rank, being a boatswain. Then the Bristol "warhorse" suggested that the Government should be asked to receive a deputation on the subject, and the resolution was unanimously adopted! So that's all right, good people. The Government is in for a nice rating later on, and when that resolution fructifies into a deputation. Sweet are the uses of advertisement, although it isn't of much real use in this case, as sailors do not read the papers which report all these weighty deliberations.

Once in a way, the refractory sailorman strikes the real thing in tribunals. Fifteen of them struck it—if the gallant Admiral, who is harbourmaster at Holyhead will excuse us for the seeming irreverence—one day last week, and most of them are now sadder and wiser men. The men in question were serving on the Glasgow barque *Huguomont*, and for reasons of their own which are somewhat involved, they had decided to go in for conduct which laid them open to the charge of continued disobedience to lawful commands. Admiral Burr—before whom the delinquents appeared—sentenced two of the men, as ringleaders, to four weeks' imprisonment, while the remaining thirteen were let off with two weeks' apiece. "Hard labour" was the punishment in each instance, and we are now wondering which would be better: A continuance on the *Huguomont*, or a spell in chokey? Personally, we are sorry to read of the affair, because as the men were in a sailer, it is to be supposed that they were sailormen; not merely turnpike riff-raff, or alien scum such as usually foregathers on the tramp of commerce.

For seaport and riverside towns, floating steam fire engines form most adequate and powerful means of coping with large conflagrations. The Shanghai Harbour Board has had a Merryweather fire float in service for the past six years, and in view of the enormous shipping and property at risk, is putting a second vessel of this description into service. The hull is being built at Shanghai, and the entire machinery for fitting up on board has been constructed by Messrs. Merryweather & Sons, of London, and has just been shipped to its destination. It includes a quick steaming boiler of fire engine type, a double cylinder vertical propelling engine, with single screw, to give a speed of 9 to 10 knots, and a powerful double cylinder fire pump of the firm's patent Admiralty "Greenwich" pattern, capable of delivering 1,500 gallons per minute, discharging through a monitor in one large stream, or through two delivery heads, each with three outlets, in the event of a number of jets being required. Arrangements are also made whereby the pump can be employed for salvage operations, feed pump, feed heater, donkey pump, and all necessary piping for connecting the various parts of the machinery, are also included, all complete and ready for fitting up on board. The boiler can raise steam to working pressure in about ten minutes from cold water, but this time will be lessened by the employment of a boiler heater, by means of which the water in the boiler will always be kept hot. The vessel should prove a valuable asset to Shanghai's fire-fighting plant.

"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN.

No. 2.—"THE THEORETICAL CHIEF."

THE "chief" who is professionally theoretical is neither a nice man to sail with nor a safe man to instal as "boss" of an engine-room. The principal reason why he is not nice to sail with is to be found in the fact that a man given to theorising in one direction is bound, eventually, to theorise all round. He may commence in a mechanical direction, but he is certain to finish up by bringing his particular weakness to bear on the social and economic sides of sea life.

WHEN it is remembered that a sea life is eminently practical in all of its phases, it will be understood that this kind of "chief" is sadly out of place. Generally speaking, the "theoretical chief" is an over-educated individual who has been dry-nursed through the earlier and (should-have-been) rougher stages of his career, until he has come to believe that he is the only man living possessed of any mechanical knowledge.

THE amusing part of the business—to an outsider that is—is to note that each "theoretical" atom is thoroughly imbued with the same notion concerning his own superiority! On shipboard he is condescendingly polite to each member of the crew, and acts as if he would imply: "I am awfully sorry for your lack of knowledge, but, really, you should make an effort to learn something—like I do, for instance." He is always, metaphorically, "shaking hands with himself," over his assumed superiority, and is ever ready to trot out his absurd and absolutely impossible ideas on any or every occasion.

HE has two key-notes to all his chatter, and two only. The major is "I," and the minor "Why." With the "I" he is for ever trying to impress on all and sundry what he would do with the service generally and the marine engineering department particularly. Utopia would be a second-hand-furniture-shop kind of place in comparison with what he would make of the Mercantile Marine if the chuckle-headed galoots in authority would only listen to him! He has one theory for making the food go further and taste considerably better than it does at present; another theory for giving each hand a bathroom, and yet shut out no cargo.

AGAIN, he could bring the number of hands carried—small though that number is—down to about half the present number without sacrificing the necessary efficiency, if his theory were only accepted, etc. Sometimes an alleged shipowner hears the latter assertion, then, *presto!* the quondam "theoretical chief" is at once fertilised into a "theoretical super"—but that's another type and for another time! The room occupied by the "theoretical chief" is usually filled with learned tomes, and he discourses in a most careless and abandoned manner, about differential and integral calculi.

ASK him such a simple question as, What is meant by indicated horse-power, in contradistinction to normal horse-power? and he will, after treating you to an indulgent smile, reply: "Oh! that's *quite* simple! Write $p \times a \times l \times n$ over 33,000, which is the formulæ for finding i.h.p., the mean effective pressure having been already found with the "Indicator." Suggest that you do not care a cuss about the formulæ, but are anxious to know the common-sense difference, and he will start telling you $p =$ (or ought to) the mean effective pressure (in pounds per square in.) on the piston at the time of taking the "diagram."

THEN, unless you knock him down with a fire-brick, he will seeshay through the whole alphabet concerned, with such interpolations as: "See? It's so simple: *l* is only length of stroke in feet and inches;" and if at the finish you have been turned into a gibbering idiot, you alone are to blame, as a fire-brick may always be depended on to stop a "theoretical chief." In continuation with the "I," he is sure to want to impress you with the number of "quiffs" he has invented, and which have, in every instance—at least, he says so—turned out mechanical and financial successes.

IF you are ass enough to reply to the effect that you have never heard of his name in connection with the said "quiff," he gives you another indulgent smile, and after shrugging his shoulders, says: "Oh! I gave the 'tip' to a friend of mine; he was hard up at the time; now he is a millionaire." Then, after throwing his hands out, in a most careless manner, as if to say: "True genius thinks not of filthy lucre," he leaves you alone to ponder over it. Of course you do so, and are soon convinced that theoretical people are not only queer, but are the lineal descendants of one Ananias!

YOU may further decide that 'tis rather a pity this "chief" does not remember that charity begins at home, and that, as the engine-room is the "home" in this instance, a wee taste of the same commodity expended as a "quiff" may be the means of making his engines sound less like a bag of hammers, and more like orthodox propelling machinery. You may also consider that the resultant blessings to follow such actions will be increased speed of the packet; a saving of fuel, consequent on having glands that do not leak quite so much; and a greater freedom from the worrying feeling that something fearful is pending in the engine-room.

THAT the foregoing is always the state of affairs under the benign reign of a "theoretical chief," all sea-going people will admit. He talks largely and algebraically concerning "lap and lead," but when it comes to practically demonstrating the benefits likely to follow from a little less "lap," and a consequent increase of "lead," or *vice versa*—well, he calls the "second!" If the latter individual is also a theoretical person, the log abstract at the end of each passage will be something to contemplate—and to swear at—as will also be the coal bill! Other mechanical work is treated in like manner.

TO touch lightly on the "Why" side of the "chief" under discussion: he is sure to want to know "Why the 'Old Man' lives aft and himself amidships?" "Why cannot a 'quiff' be found for stopping the fearful waste of good heat ('C.D.' he calls it) that is ever rushing up the smoke-stack so soon as the fires 'are away'?" "Why should he not have a say in deciding the course to be steered?" "Why does the 'super' make himself so many varieties of an approximate idiot in connection with machinery and its needs?" or "Why does the owner employ such a gommaw, as this 'super' undoubtedly is?" are "Whys" of every-day occurrence with the "theoretical chief." That he is not a safe man to instal as "boss" of an engine-room is certain.

HIS ideas of discipline being purely theoretical, and—supposedly—the firemen not being educated up to the standard, there is always trouble under the fiddley gratings. Say, for instance, "there's no steam"; the "chief" visits the stokehold and endeavours to inculcate a "quiff" into the head of the fireman (or men) on watch, relating to the maintenance of a given pressure with the smallest expenditure of muscle in combination with the minimum quantity of "through and through."

THE fireman—always eminently practical, and one or two other things—allows that he's "firin' this job, *and* kin do it." Strained relations follow this declaration; the "chief" talks wildly about the log-book and the consequent loss of wages following the entry of the fireman's name therein for impertinence; while the fireman suggests that the best place for the "chief" to fully utilise his many talents is "to chief engineer a white-shirt laundry somewhere down in Bow Road."

THEREUPON the "theoretical" one rushes to his room to consult some book regarding the correct thing to be done on occasions such as this. In the meantime the "second" or "third" has interviewed that fireman in the only manner he appreciates, and although the accompanying conversation is considerably more forcible than polite, there's soon a full head of steam! So full, perhaps, that "she blows off!" The noise of the "blow-off" fetches the "chief" from the consultation of his printed authorities to the engine-room door, where he shouts: "Shut that damper, mister; the boilers will be empty in a moment. Oh, the waste of good coal!!!"

THE blowing-off having ceased, the "chief" again searches his books for the correct "theory" in this awful trouble. That the engine-room will necessarily be the reverse of *comme il faut* with such men in charge is apparent to all, and that the machinery is likely to be anything but trustworthy is also pretty certain. Remembering that a "chief" is carried so that the engine-room shall be as it ought, and that machinery shall be thoroughly efficient to undertake the work it was built for, then the "theoretical chief" must be a failure.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1907.

THE GLANHOWNY STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED.

WHEN, on July 12, we touched on the doings of the meeting of shareholders connected with this company; we remarked that the grumbling minority thereof, intended to have a dig at litigation, for the purpose of seeing whether a soft-hearted County Court Judge would over-ride an agreement that had been entered into by a coterie of business men; with all their wits about them; and when all the cards had been laid on the table. Following our remarks of the occasion referred to, an anonymous friend and well-wisher sent us a marked copy of an up the hills news-sheet of more or less importance; and, needless to say, the marked piffle was a letter from the facile pen of the gentleman who had already intimated to us his views as to *Glanhowny*, and his intentions in connection therewith. Out of courtesy, we read the marked letter, thereafter consigning it to that bourne whence no letter returns—the editorial waste paper basket. For that reason, we are unable to quote our journalistic hill-genius, and, as we forget its name (there's fame for 'oo, inteet), are also unable to ask a friend if he happens to have a copy containing that letter. However, there is no need for us to bother on that account, for although the astute gentleman who first attempted to pull our leg (and afterward succeeded in easing himself in the columns alluded to) appeared to be out on the "confidence trick"; we have an idea that he is now a sadder and a wiser man! Suffice it to say that the grumbling minority in the *Glanhowny* venture have had their little field-day; have trotted out their grievances in the Cardiff County Court; and at the time of writing, we are inclined to believe they are begrudging the money which the little flutter cost them, for—they lost their case! The shareholders implicated, represented 174 shares, while the opposing team represented 272 shares, and as the fortunes of war are ever on the side of the big battalions, it is only right and proper that the majority won in a canter. In our opinion, an outsider would be justified in believing that the malcontents had made up their minds to win their fight, and in the endeavour so to do, didn't care a toss as to what tactics were indulged in. As an example of what we mean, there was a letter written by the surviving director of the steamer owned by the company, to the sea-going co-director who was in command of their joint job, and who has since passed away, which letter was used as "evidence" by the minority. Precisely what point that letter was hoped to determine, is somewhat difficult to understand—unless it was a sort of *in terrorem* idea on the part of those who "put it in"? For instance, this was a petitioning on the part of a given number of dissatisfied shareholders, for the compulsory winding up of the company indicated. The said company had owned a steamer; she was unfortunate—up to a given point; was ultimately lost; her insurance money was paid; and now—by virtue of a clause in the articles of association which all business men are supposed to read before accepting—the surviving director has purchased another steamer for the uses of the company. That is clear enough, so why was that "remarkable letter"—as one of our contemporaries put it—read in court? We have no intention of playing into the hands of the malcontents by reprinting the letter alluded to, and mainly for the reason that its concluding words are: "I trust you to treat this letter strictly private and confidential, and as between you and I absolutely." In view of the fact that the said letter was written some year or two ago, and that the recipient thereof has been dead for some time—since May 8, 1906, to be exact—it would appear that he was inclined to treat the private information offered by his co-director, as privileged and confidential? This being so, why did not the deceased director's heirs respect that confidence in the same manner? Is it altogether a manly trick to produce a letter written some years ago to a man who has since died—especially when the said letter has no sort of bearing on the case? Somehow, we feel that it should be fairly easy to pass some very deserving and weighty strictures on the wire-pullers in the petition—for of course, there are wire-pullers: and judging by the production of the letter referred to, some of them, at least, would appear to be somewhat closely related to the dead skipper of the *Glanhowny*? We do not know whether the words of the legal gentleman who attended to the wishes of the minority in this somewhat unsavoury business, is calculated to throw any light on the matter. The words which appeal to us in this connection read: "The whole question is whether the money recovered from the insurance company shall be invested in another ship. The insurance money was a good deal more than the ship was worth—viz., £13 125, and the ship was bought for £8,900." Is the solution of the trouble to be found in the difference between the original cost and the insured value which was afterward paid? Did the minority feel that in pressing for a winding-up, they were in line to fob their share of that unearned £3,225? If so, why? On their own showing, or by that of their representative in court, we read that "Dealing with facts . . . its (the company's) capital was not subscribed, and they paid £4,375 for the ship, and the balance was to be paid by yearly instalments of £875." Presumably those yearly instalments were paid—but how? Out of the earnings of the steamer? We see that "its capital was not subscribed," but that the vessel was kept afloat, and as a going concern, right up to the time of her loss. We also see that her insurance premiums had been paid, so we naturally ask who earned all this money? It wasn't subscribed; it was paid; so, who managed it all? Of course, the director and manager whose bonâ fides are challenged by these good people who, between them, put up their share of the £4,375-deposit on the steamer! Really, that minority appeared to be anxious to have the penny and the bun, although fortunately for the community generally, there is a Judge Owen who doesn't look at these little matters with a jaundiced, or covetous eye. The natural thing occurred to the judge at the outset, for when "the whole question" as already quoted was thrown around on the beautiful atmosphere of the New Law Courts, he asked: "Is there anything in the articles of association providing for reinvestment of the money?" There was, and is. A clause which carries the same weight, and which has to be taken as seriously, as any other clause found inside the same document. So much so, that one wonders why all this fuss was made, and whether the letter was held over the head of the director-manager of the new possession of the Glanhowny Steamship Company, as a sort of if-you-don't-we-will-so-look-out? Anyhow, instead of admitting the existence of that clause, and of its inviolability, the legal friend of this jibbing minority remarked: "Technically, yes, but I am going to say that the primary object of the company was to run this steamship." What did that mean? Anybody tell us? If there is any weight in that "technically" jape, why have an articles of association extended further than the "primary" clause? Why waste the remainder of the good type, and nice paper? Especially, and as is possible here, if you happen to be of the would-be rushing type of small investor? Still, Judge Owen wasn't beguiled by that "technically" wheeze, for in the result, "he saw no reason why the company should not work another vessel with success, and he dismissed the petition with costs." Same here, and in most other places. Indeed, we are not subscribing to any belief in a doubt as to the company's ability; and we would like to know if the dissentients were really actuated that way: or if they had a collective eye on a sub-division of the extra splosh?

COAL-TRIMMING "CUSTOMS."

As long as those concerned therewith take their disabilities laying-down, the Welsh Coal Charter is a splendid instrument—of torture; and the thing redounds to a colossal credit for the brainy souls who first thought up its clauses. But once those idiotic provisions are resisted, then, is there trouble for the charterer, while the framers of the document mentioned pose less as geniuses, than do they as men who had a keen regard for their own interests, with never a care about the other fellow.

Time was, that the shipping on Cardiff's Registry was altogether too inappreciable to justify a strenuous fight for equality between the parties who are liable to make a contract under the charter referred to; that time, however, has long since passed, and although the Welsh Coal Charter is a comparatively modern affair, that is no reason why the shipowning fraternity should not lay their heads together, and get it yet more modernised. Here is a fair opportunity for Shipping Federation, Limited, and if it would quit tootling with a "slushie's academy"; would protect its paymasters in a real, and essential manner; well, it would be doing something tangible for the half-penny per ton that is assessable on the vessels of its clients.

Meanwhile, the clauses of the charter under which Welsh coal is laden are so one-sided (and generally in favour of the charterer with very little care for the interests of the chartered), that a capsizing of the so-called "customs" appertaining thereto is a comparatively easy affair. A case in point occurred a few days ago, when the owners of a steamer which left Penarth Dock after being trimmed by the charterer's agents (or their nominees) sought to recover damages resultant from obviously faulty work in the trimming line.

In brief, the steamer *City* had loaded at Penarth Dock, and, "in the customary manner," had been trimmed down by a gang of trimmers employed by the charterer's agents, the said trimmers being amenable to the superintendence of a trimming contractor, "coal-foreman," boss-ganger—style the professional job what you will. In any case, it is well to remember that the trimming is let to the "contractor," who again sub-lets it to a crowd of trimmers, while the shipowner—although he owns the ship, has contracted to carry the stuff laden into her, and is supposed to know something about the business of a common carrier—has mighty little to say in the matter. In fact, shipowner's chief care, is to pay up and look big.

We are not sure that he deserves any better treatment, for he is generally so busy in splitting straws over the employment of a cheap crew, finding a cheap store-dealer, and hunting for rebates that might, could, would, or should have been paid to a skipper or engineer, that he has but few available opportunities for attending to the real business of his life. In other words, he will anxiously give time and care for the purpose of saving £10 in wages to a sailorman, even while he submits to an extortionate claim of say, £60 for a trimming bill, when a modest "fiver" would generously cover the work done. Still, that is shipowner's little circus, and so many "journalists" assure him that, as a result, he is a heaven-sent genius—well, you see the point?

However, the *City* had loaded as already explained, and she sailed away on her voyage. By the time she had arrived at the Nash—there or thereabout—and in view of the fact that it was on a December morning when the rude winds were blowing; *City* ran into some weather. Seas were about in quite big sizes, and one of them undertook to shake the vessel, very badly—and by the way of testing her trimming as supplied at Penarth Dock. In our opinion, the less said about that trimming, the better, for at somewhere about the first try, that big sea put *City* well over on her port bilges, and her Old Man—realising that discretion is ever the better part of valour—ran her back to Barry Roads.

He couldn't well do other, and having arrived at Barry Roads, a more or less intricate examination showed that in No. 1 hold, the cargo had been allowed to form a "cone," while all around was space and to spare. In other words, the coal was more or less as the tip-shoot had left it, and it only needed a really serious roll, to shake the stuff over to that side of the ship, whereon was the least resistance—the port side, on this occasion. In addition to all this space, quite a quantity of coal had been allowed to recline in the 'tween-decks, so we are wondering whether *City* therefore posed as a double-decker, or of the single-deck variety. No need to wonder, though, is there?

Under these circumstances, the owners of *City* considered that they had a clear case for damages accruing, and for compensation therefor. In the result, that is precisely what Judge Owen—before whom the case eventually came—thought, for he decided that the charterer's agents and the trimming contractor between them should pay the £85 claimed by the shipowners, and the costs incidental to this approach to the cadi. In all probability, no sane business man will consider that any other result were possible?

Even when the clause which deals with this phase of work is taken into consideration, the results should be the same? It is all very well to write "Charterers not answerable for any negligence, default, or error in judgment of trimmers, or stevedores, employed in loading or discharging the cargo"; but isn't the said clause a ridiculously childish affair, and isn't it so one-sided in its provisions, that it is altogether against the tenets of British law and prevailing ideas of equity? Of course it is. Somebody has to be responsible for everything that happens. We see that shipowner hasn't much to say in trimming his own ship; has merely to pay up and look big; but if anything untoward transpires, he is to consider it as an "act of God," or his share of the white man's burden!

If shipowner wantonly breaks up a cargo of large double-screened coal—although it is in his own ship—he will have to pay; but if the charterer's contractors scamp their work so that a ship be lost with all hands—well, the charterer's agents will corral their farthing per ton out of the deal: the "contractor" will get his plum; and the remainder of the bunce (a not-altogether big proportion, by the way) will be distributed among the men who actually do the work—or scamp it as the case might be. Tricky, isn't it, and (supposing you are on the right side of the deal) you have a wonderful admiration for the Welsh Coal Charter, what?

The only possible losers, if "custom" is to prevail, will be the seafarers and the underwriters. The former will lose their lives, and the latter a hundred pounds a-piece until the value of the ship is made up to the erstwhile owner. Fortunately, "custom" doesn't prevail—when it is opposed to equity and commonsense. Of course, there was some sort of defence offered on behalf of the trimming contingent of the *City*. She was bunkered by one firm, and loaded by another. The bunker people were said to have left her with a list to starboard—which was wrong; the cargo people certainly left her with a potential list to port; and naturally enough—from a coaly point of view—these two wrongs made a right?

It didn't in the estimation of Judge Owen, however, and if the litigants wish to take the matter "up higher," we sincerely hope that a similar fate will meet them. Two wrongs don't make a right, and as shipowner has little to do with the trimming save pay for it—aye, and pay a tariff rate regardless of justice or commonsense—he has at least a right to be indemnified for all losses under that arbitrary treatment?

"BOUNDERS!"

AT the present moment, there appears to be something of a plethora of the "bounder" about on the breeze. Keir Hardie with his crazy prattle is supposed to be a "bounder;" the local business man has been written down as the same kind of animal; and thinking the matter over, more or less dispassionately, we are half-inclined to believe that there is a suspicion of truth in some of the suggestions.

ANYHOW, a worthy member of a swagger London club has been confiding to an up-town editor, his (the worthy member's, you know) ideas as to the fitness of things on Cardiff Coal Exchange. Especially in the matter of dress, and general deportment. The editor person referred to, seeing in the expression of opinion from the club-man, a fairly good chance to throw around the apple of discord, obliged his circle of admiring friends. In other words, Mr. Editor passed the letter for publication, and one of our well-wishing acquaintances has brought us a "clipping" –as he styles it.

THAT is all very pretty, and out of courtesy to our friend, we read that "clipping." Having read it, we are somewhat inclined to believe that we appreciate his reasons for styling it a "clipping." It's a word that is used in connection with sheep and lambs, isn't it? And it invariably means that some part of the said sheep and/or lambs has been shorn away? Very well. Let us now get down to show you where the shorn (or "clipped") idea comes in.

FOR a start, we read: "In common, probably, with many other persons living at a distance, we look on this Exchange (Cardiff Coal Exchange, don't forget) as the hub of the world's coal trade, and picture the traders thereon as sedate, responsible, well-dressed gentlemen, representatives of huge interests, transacting business in a manner befitting serious and important affairs." That is all right, and the local sedators ought to feel proud in consequence.

BUT doesn't it seem to strike that writing friend that he is rather giving himself away? It isn't at all the Cardiffian's fault if, because Taff-side is really the hub of the world's coal trade, outsiders should kid themselves with the belief that the manipulators of that trade have nothing better to do, than to run around like so many animated tailors' dummies? Everybody knows that Welsh coal is an unbeatable commodity, and that to a large extent, it will sell itself. All the same, and when its oversea sales, alone, run into more than a score of millions of tons per annum, its sellers have something to do, if only to tally out the tons sold?

OF course, they have, and although all styles of dress is to be found at the Docks, aye, and all sorts and conditions of men for that matter, we yet have an idea that "the hub of the world's coal trade" would soon lose its proud position, if its stalwarts were ill-advised enough to emulate one Beau Brummel. Other times, other manners, our gentle club-man mentor. When the world was much younger, fresher, and considerably more "hard up" than applies at present, its inhabitants footled around on the subject of dress—and civet.

AT that time, the burning question of the hour was clothes—now, it is Welsh coal *v.* oil-fuel! True, clothes occupies a lot of attention at the moment, but its exponents in the main, are the dear creatures who stay at home while our club-man's "beanfeasters" go to the Exchange, in a wild endeavour to find the wherewithal for the aforesaid's autumn toques, and winter furs! And after all, bounders may be divided into classes, exactly as applies with other branches of the human family. There are, worse luck, a number of bounders at Cardiff Docks, and if collated with care and attention, they would surely form a "motley gathering."

BUT then, we much doubt if the same thing doesn't apply at the Junior Athenæum, for instance, and what, to a dock labourer, would appear as a well-dressed gentleman, would be, to the real article, a hopeless bounder. Isn't that so, clubby? For our part, we are glad that this writing reformer has been at Cardiff—and that he came down for the purpose of supporting the "city festival." Such conduct shows that he has a bit of ooftish, and, when out for his own pleasures, is inclined to bang some of it about in style. Why are we glad? Mainly because he is by way of adding some finish to his education.

WHEN a swagger club-man is so misguided as to size up a situation altogether different to what really applies in connection therewith—well, it isn't of much use to trust to the *ipse dixit* of the club-man? That's what's the matter! At the same time, our writing friend is by no means original in his strictures, for the esteemed manager of a very large colliery concern assured us some two years ago, that he had been thinking on much the same lines. True, he was trying to pull our leg, and for the sake of peace, we let him think he had succeeded. When he happens upon this screed, he will be disillusioned, and one of these odd days, we might see his photo removed from the show-case outside a Docks huckstery!

THE coincidence is all the more apparent, when we assure you that our coaly leg-puller-by-intent used *the* Athenæum as his example. But say, we'll give you the tale as well as we remember it. Here it is, in effect: "Well, suppose that Blank, the great shipowner of Cardiff were introduced to the Athenæum Club by one of its members—what would be likely to happen? Hold on, a bit! I'll explain what would happen, myself. As likely as not, that shipowner friend would invite the crowd to a mighty spread of good victuals; he would motor them; Hippodrome them (with boxes around), each night; would show them London by night—which, in the aggregate, would cost a power of money; and he'd possibly squander the major portion of £1,000 in his giddy whirl."

JUST there, we mopped our heated brow, even as we decided that our coaly friend thought out his japes in big figures! Continuing, he remarked: "Blank would have commenced on the Monday; kept it going all the week until Saturday; and on Saturday afternoon bade adieu to his temporary friends. As he passed over the portals of the Club, a member who hadn't been feted and Hippodromed—etc.—asked of another member who had been treated as suggested, 'Who is that, old chap?' and the reply was merely, 'Oh he is some shipowning bounder up from Cardiff for a beano!'" And we felt sorry.

WHERE was the leg-pulling? It came in, right enough. Excuse our blushes, won't you, and we'll get over it as quickly as possible. Here 'tis: "But if you were to go up there, the members would wish to fete, Hippodrome, and t'other thing you, and when you left on the Saturday, and an unintroduced member questioned your identity—well, he would be given your name, when the other fellow would remark, 'Pleased to meet you, old chap,'" and now we are wondering if there is anything in our coaly friend's tale, or if, in deed and truth, he were stuffing us?

FURTHER along in the conversation, our friend assured us that if you substituted himself for Blank, the shipowner, the same result would apply, and the final answer on the club-steps would be, "Oh, he's a coal-bounder up from Cardiff." Is there really any justification for the claim? Still, bounders abound, and though gold is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that! Therefore, friends, be men, and let who will be bounders—club-men, coal-sellers, or candle-experts! We have finished, thank you.

CONCERNING CONSULS.

SOMETIMES our American cousins offer us a good lead, sometimes the lead offered is other than good; but their latest break in an educational sense, is certainly worthy of careful attention. Without in any way wishing to suggest that the United States Government is taking a tip from Shipping Federation, Limited, as far as the schooling of sea-cooks is concerned, the fact remains that the American State Department has started a training school for Consuls. As a result, no Consular officer will henceforth be sent abroad, until he has been familiarised with his duties.

THIS is as it should be, and proves conclusively, that the American is thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of the importance of Consular work. Not so the Briton, however, for in most countries, anything that is cheap may have the privilege of hanging the lion and unicorn outside his alleged office. We have often felt sorry for "the counsel," as Jack styles him, when, on occasion, he has had to worry through with certain legal books printed in a language with which he was anything but familiar—English, to wit.

THEORETICALLY, the Consul is supposed to have at least a working knowledge of the language of the country which he represents; in practice, he frequently convinces you that it isn't only in a shipping office that the "language test" is essential. Not at all, for we have visited "consulates," where the presiding genius knew but little other than "God d———," as one lesson. How did he carry out the onerous duties of his post? You take it from us that he carried them out all right—from his point of view.

THAT class of Consul—generally of the "vice" persuasion—doesn't take the job out of any particular regard for the country which he represents; not he! He is either pushed into the situation out of kindness of heart on his side, and because nobody else will apply for it; or he schemes to get the appointment because it will add to his social status, and therefore to his chances of doing himself proud. Thus it comes about, that if the gentleman is faced with a crowd of defaulting sailormen, and the Old Man has anything of a gift of the gab—well, you may take it from us who have been there, that the fate of the sailorman is hard in the extreme!

EVEN when a foreigner is paid to uphold the might and majesty of the lion and unicorn outside his front door, he is usually paid a salary that would give a navvy the hump; would constrain him to the use of expressive language; and would finally drive him outside in the damp and darkness. Of course, we are not altogether clear that such wages are not sufficient for a foreigner, especially when the Home Land contains so many unemployed brainy ones.

BUT looking at the principal of the thing, if the man is accounted good enough, and learned enough to represent a mighty Empire, then, he should be accounted good enough to receive a decent salary. He isn't, however, and thus it comes about that, in the main, the British Consular Service is the laughing-stock of the universal world, not excepting the stay-at-home business man who reads the various Consuls' belated reports on trade and commerce.

FOR our part, we could unfold some harrowing tales of "counsel's" justice, and at a goodly number of foreign ports. Could tell you of how British subjects have been allowed to wander around the streets barefooted, when through no fault of their own, disaster had overtaken them and their vessels. Then, of the arbitrary treatment meted out to men—aye, and masters—when such conduct fitted in with Mr. Consul's financial obligations. But there is no need for us to expatiate on these points. We have already done so *ad nauseam;* others have followed suit; and, with a bit of luck, yet others will again oblige.

MEANWHILE, the laughing-stock will continue, and mainly because the predatory politician is too busy attending to his own needs, to admit of his casting a metaphorical eye to Britain Beyond the Seas, say—for wheresoever a few Britons congregate together, there you may depend on finding a Britain Beyond the Seas. It's a weakness with the race! They invariably wish to boss the show, and possibly that is mainly why the Consular Service is so poorly attended to. The powers that be realise that if half-a-dozen Britons visit a place where they have a vice-Consul, that half-dozen will surely peter things out in a correct manner; and if no Britons favour Mr. Vice with their presence, then, it doesn't matter whether he is *au courant*, or otherwise. Does it now?

THE political Briton never realises that the main reason for the establishment of a Consular office, is so that British traders may be kept posted as to the possibilities of new business. Perish the thought. Business is trade, and can you imagine a Government official mussing himself up with vile trade? Certainly not. You can understand his taking a salary that has been raised out of a tax on trade—but that is merely indirect acknowledgment! If you expect him to touch the thing in a practical manner, then, are you doomed to disappointment.

TRUE, your Consul friend will send you a report, in time. Say, some three months after you have read all about it from a German report, or an American, and just about coincidental with the arrival of your "commercial" on the ground. Of course, the fault is not altogether with the Consul. He sees how careless the home trader is, and so that he shall not unduly annoy him, he accepts the situation as it stands. The home trader is inclined to "compete" with his German rival, by sending trade lists and catalogues faked up in English currency, and English weights—the latter being the caricature of modern trading items.

MOREOVER, the Briton will quote the foreigner prices f.o.b. only, while the German will give a c.i.f. price for everything—and will plunk it in native weights and currency. The pushful American will do the same, so one shouldn't blame the Consul for all the falling off in British trade. The words "falling off" to be used in a comparative sense, you understand. Still, as we have already remarked, the American State Department means business in this direction, and although the time of probation is, perhaps, a trifle short, in view of the fact that an American Consul merely keeps his job during the reign of the President who gives him his appointment, we shouldn't grumble unduly on that score?

To be explicit, the State Department has equipped a model Consular Office somewhere on its premises, and all embryo Consuls are supposed to put in a given number of hours *per diem* (on full pay) for a period of thirty days. You know, a smart man could pick up quite a number of points in thirty days—and of course, all American Consuls are smart men. That goes without saying.

WHAT brought this new phase of Governmental life about, it would be difficult to determine, but American Consuls have been subjected to a quantity of adverse criticism in the past—exactly as have those of the British persuasion. Perhaps this accounts for it all; perhaps it is a desire on the part of the American Legislature, to move with the times, and to remember that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. But whatsoever the cause, the effect will be all for good. Will the Briton ever develop enough *nous* to admit of his doing likewise? We shall see.

A Competition—but not a "Limerick."

SOMETIMES, a so-called prospectus and its accompanying "letter of explanation" is in sad need of the kindly attentions of the newspaper man; at others, an added word would utterly spoil the whole effect. We are right up against one of the latter at the moment, and the screed in question emanates from a more or less respected firm of Cardiff "shipowners." Precisely what they "own" doesn't matter, for on this occasion, the letter indicated has more to do with something which they hope to own—sometime.

But, dear us, we will not keep the unique beauties of the screed referred to on our desk. We'll print it. And to show that there is no ill-feeling about us on the subject, we offer fourpence (in stamps) to the writer of the first letter which reaches us, and which contains the name of the firm in question. Fourpence isn't a lot of money—for some things. As a prize for these unique folk—or for their unearthers—it is colossal!

If any of you intend to enter for the fourpenny prize, please refrain from offering any additional japes for the "Insurance Scheme." We have already thought up free milk for life; two pairs of trousers, annually; a new hat, on quarter-day; and a tin of golden syrup on each Saturday. In fact, we have "thought up" a goodly number of inducements—but not one that will draw in the spondulicks needed to purchase the "fine steel screw steamer which we have purchased (purchased is good?) subject to inspection and delivery in November." Can anybody help us—and the presently anonymous geniuses who "thought up" the letter which is as follows:

Cardiff,
October, 1907.

Dear Sir (or Madam),

We have pleasure in placing before you a few particulars of a fine steel screw steamer, which we have just purchased subject to inspection and delivery in November.

She is classed A1. at Lloyd's and has all up-to-date improvements, she carries 5,250 tons d/w., on the exceptionally low draft of 20ft. 9in. of water.

We think it will be found that this class of vessel has been the most remunerative to shareholders during the past few years, and whilst no one can forecast future profits, we don't think we shall be far wrong in estimating an average dividend of 10% per annum.

The steamer will be registered and owned, under the Limited Liability Acts, by a Company, now in process of formation, the articles of which will contain some special clauses very advantageous to shareholders.

In case of loss or sale of steamer, it will rest with the shareholders as to whether the proceeds are invested in another steamer or whether the Company is wound up and the amount distributed.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS. The shareholders at each annual meeting will have the option of appointing (or re-appointing) not exceeding six shareholders to act as an advisory or reference Board of Directors.

CAPITAL. The nominal capital of the Company will be £20,000, divided into shares of £1 each, of which we and our friends propose taking half. We do not, however, propose to go to allotment until two-thirds of the shares are subscribed for beforehand, there will thus be ample provision for the first payment of the steamer, also a good surplus for future payments and working capital.

EXTENDED TERMS. Shareholders can have extended terms over 4/5 years subject to the payment of interest on the unpaid portion.

LOANS AND ADVANCES. Loans will be granted to shareholders (when there are funds in hand) on the security of their shares to the extent of three-fourths of their value or thereabouts on payment of interest at the rate of 5% per annum, this is, perhaps, a more satisfactory way of taking shares on the "extended terms" principle than on a partly paid up certificate.

GUARANTEED DIVIDEND AND RE-PURCHASE OF SHARES. We are prepared to guarantee an average 5% dividend taken over ten years, and at the end of that time we will re-purchase the shares, if required to do so.

INSURANCE SCHEME. Shareholders who elect at the outset to receive a regular 5% dividend in lieu of the amounts paid by the Company, will be offered a Free Life Insurance Policy for the full amount of their holding, so that in the event of death, their estates will be immediately credited with the cost of their shares. This is a very valuable asset, and is given by no other Company. It also practically insures the shares against any depreciation, as a Life Policy always carries a cash surrender value. Shareholders who don't want the insurance will be given an extra 1% dividend, but the guarantee as to re-purchase will stand.

Further particulars will be given on application, meantime we will say that a few years ago we paid £43,000 for a similar steamer to the one now costing £32,503, this means a saving of £1,200 a year in interest and insurance alone, which is a 6% dividend in itself, leaving out the saving £10,000 in capital.

The steamer is at present on time charter, and will continue so until January. She is earning over 15% profit, and if intending shareholders wish to take up the shares earlier than November, they can do so by applying for shares in————, Ltd., at once.

We have had 26 years of shipowning. This, together with the fact that we are taking half the shares, will doubtless convince shareholders of our faith in the investment.

The attached Application Form speaks for itself, and binds you to nothing, so that if you are inclined to take any interest with us, please fill it up and send it to us at your earliest opportunity.

Yours sincerely,

Particulars of Steamer.

Build, Single deck type.
Material, Steel.
Length, 335ft. overall.
Breadth, 47ft.
Depth, Moulded, 24ft. 5in.
Draft, Loaded, 20ft. 9in.
Deadweight, 5,250 tons.
Masts, Telescopic.
Hatchways, Four, all of 24ft. x 16ft.
Holds, Four.
Built 1904, at Newcastle.
Engines, Triple Expansion.
Cylinders, 24in., 40in., 64in. x 42in stroke.
Boilers, Two Steel.
Donkey Boiler, One.
Donkey Engines, Three.
Steam Steering Gear.
Stockless Anchors.
Water Ballast, Fore and Aft.
Class, 100 A1, at Lloyd's.

Preliminary Application Form.

To..... .....Cardiff.

....190.....

Dear Sirs,

I am inclined to take.....Shares in your new Company, but reserve my final decision until the Company has issued its prospectus.

Yours truly,

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation .....

SHIP SPEED IN FOG.

WITH the change in the weather, one would naturally suppose that the silly season had ended, and that holidaying scribes would settle down to the stern realities of their arduous calling. In the majority of instances, no doubt this is the case, but with some of the fancy, silly season jokes are still persevered with. True, the exponents of the game might not suppose that they are engaged upon anything that is silly; might be going in for their "high speed in fog" discussion in deadly earnest.

But that makes no difference to the result. A worthy sailor starts the game with one or two sane observations on the subject, when along comes the inevitable crank with a vessel-brake up his capacious sleeve! Like the poor, the makers of steamer-brakes are ever with us; like the poor, they are more or less our portion of the white man's burden; but unlike the deserving poor who are in that condition because they can't help it; the advocates of a steamer-brake start in because they are built that way.

Regulations for safety at sea are very much of the "lumped in" order, and while transit facilities are in the transition stage (which they undoubtedly are), each separate case must be judged on its merits. It is all very pretty, and soul-satisfying (to the 'longshore traveller) to be told that in fog, mist, or falling snow, all vessels must proceed at a moderate rate of speed; but in effect, it is all buncombe. Not only buncombe, for it is positively misleading.

For instance, if the officer in charge knows that his conduct as a sailor will be judged purely in the light of what is seamanlike, and "according to the practice of seamen," won't he be a thousand-fold more careful than if he is impressed with the fact that, as long as he is "inside the law," it doesn't matter how many ships he may sink; or what the risk he personally runs? Let us look at the matter without prejudice, in which case we must admit that all speed regulations as presently applying, are a delusion and a snare.

With a fast Atlantic liner, a moderate speed might easily be some fourteen knots per hour, while with a coasting collier, her "moderate" would be anything around five or six knots. Going further into the theme, is it supposable that a given man would rather drown as the result of a six-knot-impact, than he would for an impact resulting from sixteen knots? Of course, not, and this old question of speed at sea—albeit as old as the hills—will ever be contentious, as long as the legislature attempt to make men careful by "orders in council."

For as it is impossible to make a man moral by Act of Parliament, so is it impossible to make him careful by an order in council. Not only that, for as long as a practical seaman realises that the majority of these said "orders" are obviously faked up by persons who have less than a nodding acquaintance with the conditions which apply, for just so long will he treat them with contempt. You might say: "But if he does so treat them, and we catch him—well, we'll make it hot for him." Quite so. You will. For that matter if he doesn't treat your orders contemptuously, and yet comes to grief, you'll make it hot for him?

Under the circumstances, then, what is he to do? Well, he'll do what he has been doing all along—he'll please himself, and if his pleasantries happen to drown a few hundreds of people who had nothing to do with it; then, your warming-up will have but little utility in the final deal? You can't bring back the drowned ones, and in any case the navigator knows that off with his head will result, for every accident big or little. You mighn't like to admit the fact, but it remains: That you are entirely in the hands of the navigator.

You might fuss around with your orders in council; you might potter about with examination-room quiffs; you might make all manner of regulations for the guidance of the men who go to sea; but once they are outside the dock gates, they have but themselves to please until the next port is reached—be that soon or late. Why not practice a little commonsense in dealing with them? One of these days, they will be educated up to the notch which will show them how to "get some of their own back," and when that happens, you orderers in council and Act of Parliament men might find that you must sit down and watch yourselves grow thin.

A threatened railway strike is putting the fear of the Lord into the hearts of a large number of people; but did it ever strike you as to what would happen if you had a shipping strike to contend with. Not one of Wilson's "periodicals." But a really high-class, and admit-of-no-humbug sample. Speed at sea would be checked in that instance, you may be sure, but in the meantime, the sailor is mussed around with "regulations" which merely perplex him; and which, under no circumstances, are to be viewed in the light of assistance on a vexed subject.

Continuing "with speed at sea," we note that a heaven-sent genius is again advocating a brake for quick-moving vessels. Many years ago, a sanguine inventor showed us his ideas of a brake. It took the form of a wide band of steel looped down over the vessel's stern, and connected by heavy bolts to her hull, just in the wake of the break of her poop. This genius was sure that if his brake were dropped at any time, the scooping effect would stop the ship, dead. We said it would—if the bolts held! That there might be no doubt in the matter, our sapient inventor said he would attend to the bolts; they would be all serene; and his fortune was made!

Poor soul, he had a lovely turn at what has been named "a mechanical mind;" but he was of no use where figures and pressure came in. For instance, it was useless to tell him that with a band of steel so many feet wide, and at a speed of so many knots, the resultant pressure on the "brake" would be so many thousands of tons; and that a dead stop as suggested, would break the necks of all hands on board—even admitting that such were possible.

And as already remarked, a silly season giant has been prattling to a London contemporary on the same point, and that contemporary has printed the screed. Well, it helped to fill a column, and as the value of a "daily" is essentially but from day to day; possibly there is no harm done. At the same time, it might help to call public attention to the idiotic conditions which now apply to this phase of sea-life. Conditions which will frank a liner as within the law when she is doing her fifteen knots; but which will damn a cargo carrier when she is doing eight; and mainly for the reason that the liner can go no slower, while the tramp could.

You see, it's all a question of individual aptitude, and that is why we maintain that those tom-fool orders in council should be withdrawn, while one all-embracing, and thoroughly conclusive "order" should be issued in its stead. An order which said, in effect: "Boys, you belong to a profession which has made the world what it is. It is the ancient-of-days among professions; is chock-a-block filled with honourable traditions; and we are looking to you to uphold them. If you come a cropper we shan't quote any blatherskite thing of an order in council; we shall just see if your conduct has been in line with the ordinary practice of seamen. If it has been, we shall exonerate you; if it hasn't, we shall treat you accordingly. So, now, full-speed ahead—when you think the conditions justify you as explained."

Good people, you would do more good that way in one month, than you will under existing circumstances, in a hundred years.

"ASK THE COOK!"

TIME was, that the above phrase was intended to convey—among sailormen—an amount of subtle impertinence which, with the more ribald portions of the nautical fraternity, was expressed by the words, "Go to Hades"—there or thereabout. In future, however, the expression will mean ever so much more, for after the culinary artist has been favoured with a certificate of competency; has graduated from the slushie's academy; is ushered on board with all the honours which will then be incidental to his exalted position; you can see how things are likely to be on shipboard?

No more will the ignorant steward man be allowed to seeshay along to the galley, and with a tureen filled with burned pea-soup, demand what the hangment sort of feed this is? With a lordly air, M. le Cuisinier will wave his diploma of honour; will order the steward from "my galley;" and if there isn't an undue amount of skin and hair flying about in consequence; then, you may reckon that we know nothing about the situation, or the gentlemen involved.

YES, sirs, there is trouble a-brewing, for as we prophesied last week, the formal opening of the *Academie de Dog's Body* has materialised; the gentlemen concerned have had their little run; and presumably all concerned are happy and contented—especially in view of the fact that the "function" had a run in the local press, and a picture of the "academy" was handed down to posterity. To our mind, there is an awful amount of pathos in this class of meandering on the part of reputedly smart business men.

To say the least, it is pathetic to note the gathering together of a number of men who are fussing themselves, in an endeavour to show a low-class alien how best to cook the matutinal bloater for the sailor in a weekly-boat; and at a time when the management of the steamer involved is left to the mercy of anybody who is smart enough to fake up a prospectus on his own; or to procure the services of a registration agent to the same end. You can see it, can't you?

PATHOS, of course, is not the only feature in evidence. Smug complacency is about in quite big amounts, and if but half of the soft sawdor which the congregated patriots threw at each other were believable, then, this would be a fine old world in which to live, and Cardiff would be quite the snuggest corner thereof. It isn't an unalloyed blessing to have one's bump of humour well-developed, and mainly for the reason that humour would not appear to be the strong point of the many.

THUS it comes about, that one frequently sees a number of otherwise estimable gentlemen playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep. Humorous people twig the fun of the occurrence; those without humour either take it all in lugubriously, or the notion escapes their attention altogether. But we have no intention of dropping into the moralising lay. Cookery schools for seamen is our theme—at least, the opening of the sample which now belongs to Cardiff.

IN a manner befitting to the occasion, the chairman of the local unit of Shipping Federation, Limited, was chief ranger at the opening ceremony. We understand that the gentleman in question was decked out in ordinary, and everyday—Cardiff ordinary and everyday, you understand—attire, for to the time of writing, there would appear to be no insignia belonging to the responsible posts which amble along to more or less glory, under the ægis of the "fideration." In the days that are to come—if the said "fideration" doesn't ruin the country by its overfondness for alien seamen—that insignia might materialise.

YE gods, and little fishes! But it would be a sight to gladden the hearts of many, could we but persuade the "officials" of the "fideration" to don a distinctive badge and collar! The culinary brigade could fake up a pale blue collar edged with crimson—and reminiscent of the "strike me blind and molasses" which the menu will still carry along through the ages. Then, on the most conspicuous parts of that collar, two beef bones saltire could appear, fixed up on top of an up-to-date hook-pot. For a badge, a "Liverpool pantile," surrounded by an aureole of tinned sausages in miniature.

As to suggestions to other departments under the "fideration," particularly that portion of the combination which affects a knowledge of the nail-studded bludgeon—well, we'll attend to them later on. We could easily deck out the various departments of the "fid," in our off-time, and as a side line. Furthermore, if we had allowed ourselves to be beguiled into running that little show, insignia would have been our first care. We can see how seriously the patriots involved take themselves; and if a blue collar and sundry stripes are good enough for Wilson's "union" which is doing so well under Government patronage—we'll see about it.

BUT reverting to the new cook's school at Cardiff, we note that the president of the undertaking informed his admiring friends, that "the establishment of such a school had been in the minds of shipowners for years, and in 1901 they agreed to start a fund;" but possibly because of the advance in the price of petrol, and the blessed "ring" which cornered sparking-plugs; that school had remained in the minds of the shipowners for years? Dear us, but it's an entirely nice place to have a school—in the minds of shipowners?

GOING further, we note that the local technical instruction committee has been approached on the subject, but for once in their more or less wobbly lives, they refused to waste ratepayers' money in an attempt to qualify a herd of alien ruffians, for certificated cook rank in the British Mercantile Marine. November elections approach, good people; let that refusal count to the members of the said committee as righteousness. Still, our presidential ameliorator "urged those present to use their efforts and bring their influence to bear upon the education committee, with the view of getting them to follow the precedent of other large seaports and make grants to the school."

As things are, "The cost is now being borne entirely by the shipowners, and, mainly owing to the exertions of the Federation executive (see, you fellows? We are willing to pass along your advertisement, as long as the thing is given in bulk) similar schools have been established" elsewhere. All of which goes to show that if Cardiff elects to lead, instead of follow precedents, the native hereaway, is by no means as slow as some of his detractors would pretend.

"THE cost is now being borne entirely by the shipowners," forsooth! Who should bear the cost, anyhow? Is it to be assumed that the digestive organs of the foreign trash which now finds work (and sanctuary) beneath the British flag, is a national affair? And why, when the Government of a bygone age decreed that after a given date, none but certificated navigators (and later, engineers) should practice at sea, why didn't shipowners start navigation, and engineering schools? For the simple reason that they were in the hey-day of their supply, for that was before the birth of Shipping Federation, Limited, and its trade-strangling methods.

TO-DAY, seamen and cooks are scarce. So much so, that although the certificated chef isn't due until the middle of next year, the "fideration" is getting outside itself in a mad effort to prepare for the trouble which even its so-so brains can realise, and attempt to anticipate. Let's get away from it, for we see the humour of the dodge, and we hate to see a joke taken seriously.

THE CARRIAGE OF EXPLOSIVES.

IN a city where £1,000 piggeries, and £4,000 palaces for mental hospital specialists are *de riguer*, it is passing strange that so little attention should be paid to the criminal carelessness, which admits of the carriage of large consignments of high explosives, through the streets. True, the question, from time to time, receives a little perfunctory attention, and the same old dodge is likely to continue, until an explosion on a large scale leaves but little of either the piggeries, the palace, or the city.

EVERYBODY will admit that pigs are worthy of attention, for when they have developed into "rashers" for breakfast—well, there it is, and you can see the connection. Seeing it, and if for no other reason, what is wrong with safeguarding the comfort of the pigs, even if the people are disregarded. Both sides of the community will stand or fall together, so if the people are not to be considered from a possible explosion point of view, let us work up the safety for the pigs.

As everybody realises, the explosion of one lorry laden with dynamite, say, would leave mighty little real estate for the consideration of Cardiff's Property and Markets Committee; incidentally, too, the owners of property on another and smaller or larger scale, would assuredly find their bricks and mortar gone to other realms, in the event of the suggested explosion arriving with or without notice. For these reasons, we have to wonder at the delay in arriving at some sensible conclusion on the subject.

THERE can be no two thoughts as to the inadvisability of sending car loads of explosives through the public thoroughfares, and only a week or two ago, the city was saved from practical annihilation, by a mere fluke. This is no sensational item worked up for the silly season. It is one fraught with much danger to each unit of the community. So much so, that we doubt if such a state of affairs could exist in any other town in the Kingdom.

THAT is to say, these explosives have been carried right from the beginning, and the work commenced at a time when Cardiff didn't amount to a very great deal from a population point of view. Possibly for this reason, the said carriage must continue until disaster overwhelms us? Anyhow, we note that the department of the Corporation which has to do with this particular phase of work, have been holding meetings, and interviewing the Home Office Inspector. The latter gentleman will report in due course, and if no explosion occurs meanwhile, "something" might come out of the arguments that were adduced on either side.

WE also note that the representatives of the different interests involved, admitted that other landing places could be found. We should smile! As if anybody ever doubted such a thing! Why, there are dozens of suitable landing places to be found in the near vicinity of the Port of Cardiff, and the claim that the essential new wharfages would entail great expense, is nonsensical in the extreme. Will it be contended that to land an occasional consignment of explosive, it is necessary to have a dock system, and wharfage facilities, electric cranes, and the like?

OF course, in a city where so much attention is paid to the gentle "wee-wee," it might be considered the thing to fit up wharves as suggested; but for all practical purposes, a very simple wharfage facility would be amply sufficient for all that is done in this direction. Furthermore, why should the public purse be compelled to supply the essential accommodation for the commodities which are exploited by but few among us? We none of us eat explosives. And as far as the generality of the crowd is concerned, it would not unduly matter how they came to hand.

IN other words, the good folk who make money from the sale of these dangerous commodities, should be firmly—albeit gently—informed that they must not endanger the lives and property of the community, by risking in our midst, an inferno on a by no means small scale. We have, ere this, reminded our friends of the terrible calamity which happened at Johannesburg some years ago, and when the explosion of a truck of dynamite blew a hole in the ground, nearly as big as the crater of Vesuvius.

NONE of the people in that locality anticipated such a happening. They, too, had carried dynamite in the same happy-go-lucky manner for years. And if anybody had ever given the possibilities a thought, then, nobody had ever heard of it. Yet the loss of life was great enough—as was also the resultant distress—to justify a Mansion House Fund, and we are wondering if the Cardiffian, generally, is simply awaiting a similar catastrophe, and charity for his heirs and successors?

ONE is justified in thinking some such thing, for this question of the carriage of explosives through Cardiff streets is a hardy annual. It is more, for about once in three months, a "narrow escape" from annihilation transpires, just by way of a thinker-on. One of these odd afternoons, the fates will become tired of giving "thinkers-on," and will give a striking example of what is likely to follow on the contravening of natural laws. For the carriage referred to, is surely the contravening of natural laws.

IN the case of infectious diseases, no end of precaution has to be taken, and it is a misdemeanor to travel in a public conveyance in a state of infection of any sort. Yet, with all our vaunted education, and skill in this, that, and the other direction, risks are allowed to be taken which, in the immensity of the calamity which might easily happen, are unthinkable. True the inspector of explosives—to whom every praise must be rendered for the capable manner in which he attends to his anything-but-pleasant job—made several practical suggestions whereby the danger could be minimised.

BUT none of us will plump for a mere minimisation of the danger. We want it removed altogether, and if it is only possible to do this by the erection of those "suitable wharves," then, by all that is righteous, let the Corporation raise a mortgage on the Whitchurch pigs'-styes, and if foreclosure should ultimately result—then, better that, than that we should be hastened heavenward before our appointed time. Some of you might premise that if we were hoisted skyward in the suggested manner, our time would surely have come.

PERSONALLY, we are disinclined to dispute the contention. We are too earnestly concerned as to when an unnecessary danger shall be removed from our midst. None of us, for that matter, are inclined to funk a danger that cannot be removed; but when we are asked to walk up Bute Street behind an innocent-looking lorry, filled with equally innocent-looking cases; but which, with little or no provocation, might land us into Kingdom Come in the twinkling of an eye—well, you can see the poignancy of the thing, can't you?

IN our opinion, this scandal would have been removed long since, if only the public would awaken to the indisputable danger that is in evidence. As Alderman Mildon remarked on the occasion to which we have referred: ". . . a little extra expense to the manufacturers and merchants ought not to weigh with us at all. It is a question of the public safety." That is it. Just a question of the public safety, *versus* vested interests. Nothing more.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *October 9, 1907.*

DURING the past week, the coal market has shown but little animation, and prices, such as have been in evidence, have been somewhat irregular. Nominally, quotations are the same as at our last, but no one in the know attaches a very great deal of importance to quotations. Seeing that the ultimate price is altogether dependant upon the position of individual stems, this is not to be wondered at.

A FEW—comparatively few, at that—collieries may yet be found that are favoured with a stem list that is calculated to keep them more or less comfortable ; but the majority of the exponents of Cardiff (and other) Coal still find themselves "hard up" for stems of a prompt character. As a natural result, prices for immediate shipment have continued weak, and distinctly in the buyer's favour.

THE latter individual has experienced no difficulty in securing concessions—always providing, of course, that the suggested business is in the proper position, as regards loading. All the same, the market is certainly in no worse condition than applied at our last time of writing, albeit the long-hoped-for resurrection of tonnage has not materialised. There is plenty of tonnage about, of course ; that goes without saying ; but it doesn't unduly trouble the Bristol Channel with its presence.

GAINSAY the fact who will, there is still a scarcity of prompt and handy vessels—a scarcity that was by no means anticipated ; and the failure of the arrival of boats that were chartered in the more or less long ago, has woefully upset the calculations of the coalowner in very many instances.

UNDER these circumstances, then, you will understand that prompt coal is very plentiful ? It is, anyhow, for there is any quantity of it about on the sidings of both collieries and docks. Outputs are well up to the average, and as lading is anything but on equal lines—well, there it is.

So much is it "there," that, as we have already remarked, prices are uncomfortably irregular, for the would-be seller who is anxious to clear away an appreciable amount of his rapidly accumulating stock, is not altogether inclined to let the question of price stand too much in his way.

AT the same time, it must not be thought that the amiable buyer is in a position to acquire his little lots at any price which appeals to him. Not at all, for he has to be as diplomatic as ever, and providing he "works the oracle" in a fashion that is not too pronounced or blatant, he is likely to be favoured with a concession. Of course, these concessions aren't published abroad on the house-tops. They are there, notwithstanding.

BUYERS who are by any means enabled to, are holding off under the belief that the bottom has been knocked out of the boom. But, bless you, it hasn't, and it is likely to continue for a while longer. So mote it be, is the unuttered prayer of the much-maligned coalman !

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW :—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9s.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Best Newport ,, ...	18s. 3d	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 17s. 9d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. 9d	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 4½d.	17s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	20s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. 1½d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6 l.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 4½d.	12s. 3d.
Smalls :—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.
Seconds ...	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od., 11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	11s. od	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 6d.	13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od., 13s. 6d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke :—						
Special ...	28s od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od.	27s. od.
Ordinary ...	26s. od.	26s. od.	25s. 6d.	25s. 6d.	25s. od.	25s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	22s od.	22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.	21s. od.	21s. od.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	31s. od., 35s. od.	35s. od.	36s. od.	36s. od., 38s. od.	37s. od.	37s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *October 9, 1907.*

TRADE in the local staple for the period under review has been fairly satisfactory, but new business has been somewhat slow in coming forward. In this absence of movement, the market remains in much the same position as of late. PRICES show no alteration, recent figures being about maintained. The tendency however is towards easiness, due to a scarcity of tonnage, which is making prompt Coals more plentiful.

IN the ANTHRACITE SECTION stems are, however, keeping collieries in a fairly comfortable position. The demand is about equal to the supply, so there has been little room for fluctuation. BEST LARGE descriptions are a steady market, but SECONDARY varieties can be obtained at slightly reduced figures. MACHINE MADE COALS continue steady. CULM AND DUFF are marked easy, prompt stuff being obtainable at under the quotation.

STEAMS show no improvement, the absence of tonnage continuing to affect them adversely. BESTS are just about maintained but that is all that can be said of them. INFERIORS are weak. BUNKER qualities are the same for prompt shipment. PATENT FUELS are also easier for the reason afore-mentioned.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite :—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	28s. od.	28s. od	27s. 6d., 28s. od	27s. 9d.	27s. 9d.	27s. 6d., 28s. od.
Seconds do. ..	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. 9d.	26s. 9d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 26s 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 9d.	24s. 9d.	24s. 6d., 25s. od.	24s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ..	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s. 9d.	23s. 9d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	28s. 6d.	28s. 3d.	28s. od.	28s. od.	27s. 9d.	27s. 9d.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.	9s. od., 9s. 6d.
Duff ...	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel :—	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d., 18s. 3d.	18s od.
Steam :—						
Best Large ...	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s. od.	19s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	16s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. od.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. oo.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, October 9, 1907

N. denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Hong Kong, *Ganges,* 5,800 tons, 13s. 6d.
Simonstown, *Riverton,* 2,900 tons, 14s. coal, option Walfish Bay, 800 tons, fuel, 15s.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Trefusis,* 3,300 tons, 16s. 6d.
Treloske, 4,300/4,500 tons, 16s. option 15s. 6d. if Nov. ldg. (C. or P.T.)
Rio de Janeiro, *Southport,* 5,300 tons, 15s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 14s. 9d.
Chorley, 5,800 tons, 15s. 6d. (B).
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 14s.
Cape Verdes, *Trident,* 4,500 tons, 8s.
Las Palmas, *Lord Iveagh,* 7s. 6d.
Or Madeira, *Chelford,* or sub., 4,300 tons, 7s. 6d.
Patras, *Skarp,* 1,850 tons, 8s. 3d.
Dakar, *Chatton,* 4,500 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel.
Bahia Blanca, *Grangewood,* 4,200/4,600 tons, 14s.
Buenos Ayres, *Siward,* 4,600/5,000 tons, 17s. (N).
Or La Plata, *Londesborough,* 4,100 tons, 16s. (N).
Port Limon, *Gretavale,* 11s. 6d. fuel.
Vera Cruz, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
Colastine, Steamer, 3,500 tons, 17s.
Bahia or Pernambuco, *Golden Cross,* 3,500 tons, 16s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Ramsay,* 5,400 tons, 7s.
Steamer, 5,200 tons, 6s. 6d.
Genoa, *Lama L.,* 3,200 tons, 7s. 9d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
Teesdale, 3,800 tons, 7s. 10d.
Cyclades, 4,100 tons, 8s. 500, or 8s. 3d. if 350.
Savona/or Leghorn, Steamer, 3,300 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Steamer, 4,700 tons, 7s. 7½d.
Giuseppe Accame, 4,000 tons, 7s. 10½d.
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Antonios Strathatos,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 9d.
Savona/Spezzia, *Andriana,* 7s. 10½d.
" " *Isle of Kent,* 4,000 tons, 7s. 10½d. (C. or N.)
" " *Claveresk,* 5,000 tons, 7s. 9d. "
" " *Kossuth,* 5,300 tons, 7s. 9d. "
Carisbrook, 3,300 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 3,150 tons, 8s.
Spezzia, *Arcola,* 3,400 tons, 7s. 10½d. 500, 8s. 3d. 350.
Epirus, 4,800 tons, 7s. 6d. Genoa terms.
Algiers, *Deux Sevres,* 3,600 tons, 8 fcs.
Monkseaton, 3,500 tons, 8·50 fcs.
Nile, 2,900 tons, 8·25 fcs. spot, (P.T.)
France, 3,000 tons, 8 fcs. ppt.
Frans, 2,280 tons, 8 fcs.
Hornfels, 4,300 tons, 7·50 fcs.
Venice, *Szell Kalman,* 5,000 tons, 8s.
Torre Annunziata, *Hampshire,* 3,500 tons, 8s. 400, ppt.
Port Mahon, *Mary Horton,* 1,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Palermo and Trapani, *Elmville,* 2,400 tons, 9s. 3d. (s).
Oporto, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 6s.
Catania, *Uplands,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Civita Vecchia, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 8s. 9d. 400.
Cadiz, *Pontypridd,* 2,000 tons, 6s.
Carloforte, *Cervin,* 2,400 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
Gibraltar, *Rosario,* 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Snell, 1,700 tons, 6s. 9d.
Cambro, 2,800 tons, 4s. 3d. (Admiralty).
Lisbon, *Rotterdam,* 3,000 tons, 5s. 6d.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 6s.

BALTIC, Etc.

Pillau, *Neptunus,* 1,400 tons, 8s. 3d.
Stettin, Steamer, 1,500 tons, 7s. (s).
Copenhagen, *Fri,* 1,200 tons, 6s. 9d. 300.
Stockholm, *Edith,* 2,000 tons, 7s. 3d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

Bordeaux, *Alemana,* 3,000 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Everest, 2,100 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 7·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
La Rochelle, 1,850 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Orinon, 3,400 tons, 6·25 fcs. (s).
Pasages, *Mod,* 700 tons, 6s. 6d.
St. Nazaire, *Rhio,* 3,600 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Ollargan, 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Steamer, 4,200 tons, 5·75 fcs. (P.T.)
Santiago, 2,800 tons, 5·62½ fcs. (N).
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Eureka, 1,850 tons, 6·75 fcs. optn. Chantenay, 7 fcs. (P.T.)
Steamer, 1,900 tons, 7 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Clieveden,* 2,200 tons, 6·50 fcs. ppt. (N).
Cornelia, 1,150 tons, 6·50 fcs. (P.T.)
Cresalubi, 1,800 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Bayonne, *Melrose Abbey,* 1,500 tons, 7·50 fcs. (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Queensferry, *Muriel Coverdale,* 6,000 tons, 6s. (Adm'lty).
Devonport, *Gatesgarth,* 2,300 tons, 3s. 1½d. (Adm'lty).
Chatham or Sheerness, *Porthcawl,* 2,400 tons, 4s. "
Portland, *Skeldon,* 1,750 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Dartmouth or Portland, *Kyanite,* 700 tons, 5s.
" *Elemore,* 1,100 tons, 4s. 9d.
London, *St. Aubin,* 1,500 tons, 4s. 9d.
Newhaven, *Crathie,* or sub., 300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Cork, *Thelma,* 4s. 9d. free dues, (N).
Dungarvon, *Derwent,* 320 tons, 5s. first voyage.
Youghal, *Derwent,* 300 tons, 5s.
Bremerhaven, *Dodona,* 1,750 tons, 5s. 6d.
Aarvak, 1,050 tons, 6s. 6d.
Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Cairncrag, 4,600 tons, 5s. 3d.
St. Servan, *Sindbad,* 1,200 tons, 5s. 9d.
Calais, *Cairn——,* 2,600 tons, 5s. 3d. (consecutive voyages)
Cairnstrath, 3,000 tons, 5s.
Rouen, *Edward Williams,* 1,000 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
St. Andre, 1,350 tons, 6s. (s).
Juno, 800 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
St. Malo, *Hazelmere,* 1,500 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Sheila, 530 tons, 6s. 6d. (B.F.)
Foscolino, 1,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Treport, *Iron King,* 500 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Camille,* 1,300 tons, 6s. (s).
Springbok, 950 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Dieppe, *Kingsley,* 650 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *Bishop Rock,* 580 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Honfleur, *Ravenswoth,* 980 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Havre, *Greenhill,* 2,800 tons, 5s.
Brest, *Galtee,* 650 tons, 6s. 6d.
Cherbourg, *Volante,* 380 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Ollargan,* 3,000 tons, 4s. 3d.
Bilbao to Newport, Steamer, 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d. ppt.
Onton to Newport, Steamer, 2,500 tons, 5s. 9d.
Bordeaux to Swansea, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 7s. 1½d.

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

COMPLETE STATISTICS

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PATENT FUEL, PITWOOD.

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PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on September 26, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

19,549/06—RICHARDS—***Improved means for discharging coal from barges and the like.***

This invention relates to discharging coal from barges by means of a hopper and buckets. The buckets are tapered at the top to form shoulders for the tapered sides of the body of the bucket. The bottom of the bucket consists of two hinged doors opening outwards, and attached to the corners thereof are lifting chains passing through blocks on each side of the body. When the bucket is lowered into the hopper, the top of the latter closes around it, and the bucket is stopped in its downward course, whereupon, the chains being slackened, the doors open and the coal is discharged. The hopper is fitted with a hood which when closed envelopes the bucket and prevents the coal dust from escaping.

20,305/06—SHAW—***Improvements in apparatus for the washing of coal and other minerals.***

This invention relates to coal washing apparatus of the type in which a moving belt works in a trough over which flows a stream of water. According to this invention the coal together with the water are delivered into a reservoir at the lower end of the trough by means of a feeding plate fixed at such a height above the belt as to allow only a fixed quantity of dirt and coal to pass to the reservoir beneath. The dirt and coal are carried to the higher end of the washer passing beneath sprays of water on the way. The feeding plate is provided at its higher end with a floating tray upon which the coal and dirt pass to the reservoir without obstructing the passage of the coal and dirt carried upwards by the moving belt.

21,298/06—WILSON—***An improved hog for cleaning ship's bottoms.***

The hog according to this invention consists of a metal framework fitted with legs designed to keep the framework at a fixed distance from the ship's side, but allowing it to travel along the sides and hull on anti-friction wheels by means of ropes manipulated from above. In the rear portion of the framework are fitted two screw propellers which by their rotation set in motion cog wheels so arranged as to rotate a cylinder which is fixed on an axis in the framework, and from which protrude a plurality of blades whose longitudinal edges carry wire brushes and which are disposed at an angle opposite to that of the propeller blades.

22,184/06—DALTON—***Improvements in marine life-saving apparatus of the breeches-buoy type.***

This invention relates to improvements in breeches buoys, the improvements consisting in the provision of a luminour signal and a cushioning device. An electric lamp is suspended from the ring of the traveller block, and a colour screen provided in front of the lamp. This screen can be raised or lowered in front of the lamp by the passenger as a means of signalling when the buoy is occupied. A cushioning device is provided between the overhead traveller block and the head of the occupant to protect him from injury in the event of the sudden decent of the traveller block.

22,533/06—MCCARTHY—***Improvements relating to ships' hatchways and the like.***

This invention consists in the provision of a net over ships' hatchways, the net being arranged so that it may be readily placed in position or withdrawn. The net is mounted upon a frame hinged at one side so that it may be turned for removal of the net. The edge of the hatchway is recessed for the reception of the frame. For facilitating the complete removal of the frame, hook shaped hinges are provided.

25,001/06—JOHNSON—***An improved spindle and brush for cleaning the gauzes of miners' safety lamps and the like.***

According to this invention which relates to a brush for cleaning the gauzes of miners' safety lamps, the brush consists of a steel spindle carrying two semi-circular brushes which form the body part of the brush and a semi-globular brush forming the top. A collar with a lock pin secures the semi-circular brushes to the spindle whilst the end brush has a screwed piece fitted into the spindle.

964/07—GAGNE—***Improvements in life-buoys.***

A life-buoy according to this invention consists of two pairs of drums made of sheet metal, and having a tube extending through each pair, and secured over the tapered ends of two wooden rods. The two pairs of drums are connected by straps so arranged that they can be quickly placed over the head and rest upon the shoulders. The drums then assume such a position that one of each pair will be at the back of the shoulders, and the other of each pair at the front.

These applications for patents, are until November 11, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on October 2, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending November 2.

Class 4—***Including Coal.***

290,020—LEDA—All goods in this class—George Schicht, Aktiengesellschaft, Obersedlitz Aussig, Austria, Manufacturers, Jan. 31, 1907—Address for service in the United Kingdom, C/o Carpmael and Co., 24, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

294,027—***Grape-Nuts***—All goods included in this class—Charles William Post, Bangor House, 66, Shoe Lane, London, and Battle Creek, Michigan, United States of America, Manufacturer, June 21, 1907.

294,895—***Toasties***—All goods included in this class—Charles William Post, Bangor House, 66, Shoe Lane, London, and Battle Creek, Michigan, United States of America, Manufacturer, June 21, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

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VOL. XV.—No. 192. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1907 THREEPENCE.

A PICTORIAL PROPHESY!

Cardiff Coal Exchange units—after their shake-up by the London Club-man!

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—A PICTORIAL PROPHESY!	145
MARITIME MURMURS	146
"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN—No. 3	149
MORE OF THE RAILWAY RATTLE!	150
"BRASSEY'S SCHEME"	151
SPEED IN FOG—AND OTHER ITEMS	152
"SHIPPING FEDERATION AND THE STRIKE MOVEMENT"	154
"LUSITANIAS" AND LONDON	156
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	158
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	159
PATENTS	160

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

ONCE more the public is horrified with the contemplation of a terrible railway disaster, and in the midst of that horror, sorrow and sympathy goes out to the sufferers involved, as well as to those who are left to mourn for the loss of their dear ones. Meanwhile, all manner of reasons for the accident to the North Mail which came to grief on the curve outside Shrewsbury are being bandied about. Unfortunately, the only men who could possibly throw light on the terrible misfortune, have gone to that bourne whence there is no returning, for both driver and fireman were killed at the post of duty. When all is said, and as is being circulated in different forms by our contemporaries, the accident was undoubtedly due to excessive speed on the curve referred to; but so far in the discussion, no one seems to have made an effort to learn the cause of that excessive speed. As we have already remarked, the only ones who could throw a glimmering of light on the matter are beyond the reach of an earthly tribunal, and although there will doubtless be the inevitable inquiry into the accident, we may take it for granted that naught save a number of platitudes will be the result. It cannot well be other, under the distressing circumstances?

SPECULATION is already rife as to the why and wherefore of the disaster, and the man who is ever willing to find fault with the vacuum-brake is about in quite big numbers. In view of the fact that millions of trains are being safely handled, and thanks to the efficiency of the brake in question; also in view of the additional fact that accidents are, when all is said, comparatively rare; it would certainly appear that there is little to cause disquietude in connection with the brake? Moreover, the brakes were "on" when the ill-fated train came to grief, and as far as that goes, a number of railway experts are convinced that the efficiency of the brakes were responsible for the trouble. In other words, the brakes were put on too suddenly, and as a natural result the train skidded along the line, finally toppling over to destruction. It has been suggested that these accidents usually come about when a train is entering an important station, and at a time when the driver would necessarily be very much alive to the importance of his task. On the face of it, there is a quantity of feasibility in the argument; but there is another way of looking at the matter, and without leaving that particular standpoint.

As we have frequently remarked when other disasters have claimed the attention of the public, personal equation must not be overlooked in this connection. Everybody will admit that under conditions which apply in negotiating an important station—with its net-work of lines, points, and bewildering signals—the strain upon the driver is very great, supposing he is a careful and conscientious man. On the other hand, and if he is not thoroughly careful and conscientious; is rather of the build of those who prove that familiarity breeds contempt: well, you can see the possibilities? With the really careful man, what guarantee has the public that, at the crucial moment, the man can stand the continued strain?. None, whatever, and if the strain is too much—then, sirs, accident, so-called, is bound to transpire? The danger is just as great where familiarity has bred contempt, and in view of the enormous increase in the responsibilities of heavier trains, greater speeds, and more powerful and intricate engines, is it quite fair to the public to place their safety under methods which obtained when trains were light, engines of so-so power, and speed anything but worthy of surprised attention?

THAT is to say, if the pioneer railway train was considered safe and well-manned with one driver and a fireman, can we reasonably suppose that with all the altered conditions, and increased nervous strain, two men are still sufficient? We wish to be fair in this matter, and have no intention of writing one word that shall be misconstrued as bearing unkindly on the subject. At the same time, we realise that there is little use in giving attention to a given set of circumstances, if, after doing so, we refrain from writing the obvious result thereof. Railway engines are as near perfection as the art of man can bring them; coaches are constructed according to modern ideas; the signal system is undeniably efficient; but man—frail man—remains as heretofore. True, the man is better educated, is filled with all manner of quiffs tending toward safety and celerity, and is highly trained where, in the past, he might have been just the reverse. But his training is merely a veneer. Nothing has been (or

can be) done to harden up his nervous system, and thus make him immune from breakdown at a crucial moment. In short, his responsibilities on the railway have been increased fourfold, but his physical endurance remains at the same old notch.

THE question of pay comes not into the matter, for if a given driver is paid the equivalent to the salary of a Prime Minister, his fallibility at a crucial moment remains the same. Here then, is a point which demands careful attention and, in the interests of the public, should be discussed with unprejudiced minds. If in the result, it is believed that one driver is more than ordinarily liable to mental breakdown, what is wrong with the idea of carrying two drivers on all express trains? True, it will mean an additional expense in working, but after all, and in view of the fact that railways are run for the public convenience, and with the understanding that every precaution toward safety has been taken, the matter of expense should not be allowed to intervene. Furthermore, if the costs incidental to the accidents which are becoming so disquieteningly frequent are totalled up—the costs, as to the rolling stock, permanent way, and damages to the injured—it will probably be found that the amount would more than cover the cost of a second driver on each express train? We have ever contended that this method of one-man-navigation on the rails, is, at best, but a makeshift. Is no better than the same idea at sea.

INDEED, to shift the argument to a nautical venue, to put one driver on a train, is much the same as fitting a steamer with one chronometer. Where the vessel goes a long way in a long while, one chronometer might be good enough—and on a goods train, one driver might be the same; where a "heeler" is concerned, or a man-of-war, three chronometers are *de riguer*, and in this way there is a satisfactory check upon the working of a possibly faulty instrument. As already explained, we have no wish to appear didactic in this consideration of a deplorable happening; but when we are officially assured that the signals were all against the unfortunate driver; that he was obviously running at too great a rate of speed; that the wreck of his train shows conclusively that the brakes were "on;" when we remember that he was about to enter a station of importance, and where his best-side-to-the-boss would naturally be in evidence; well, in face of the dire accident which resulted, what is there to say, or to think upon the subject? Simply that the driver—merely as a piece of human mechanism—failed at a time when such failure was fraught with danger, and that if a second driver had been in the cab of the engine, he might reasonably have been expected to take over control, and have thus averted what everybody is now deploring.

SIR MAX WAECHTER has been drawing up a Memorandum containing, among other items, a comparison between the circumstances which exist in America and those in wicked, played-out old Europe. Needless to say, the said comparison is all in favour of the United States, and Sir Max would appear to be exercised in mind as to what the end of it all will be. For instance, we are reminded that in the United States, "They live in peace, and no fear exists of attacks from foreign countries; therefore there is no restraining influence upon enterprise." That is quite correct. So is the following: "Last, but not least, they enjoy absolute free trade between the different parts of their enormous territory, which produces everything, and this must be considered as the main source of their accumulated wealth." Of course, these blissful conditions are shadowed out as an excuse for Europe to go and do likewise: to plump for an European Federation, which shall be less than once removed from a Millennium. The Memorandum also declares, that "The United States receive a very large number of emigrants from the Old World. In most cases, Europe has borne the expense of their education, and when they arrive in the New World they become at once productive members. If not English, they soon learn the English language, and in the next generation they are Americans."

VERY well, and the whole thing is merely a proof that Westward the star of empire wobbles along upon its inevitable way? Too far West is East, so if poor old Europe is patient for long enough, its time will surely come at last—even as it did in the beginning. Our present civilisation came originally from the East, it is ever travelling West, and ultimately it will be in the East in readiness to begin the game all over again. Possibly the whole reason for the prosperity of the United States is, that it regulates its emigrant visitors, in a manner which will not admit of any swamping. To put the thing out in a metaphorical sense, the situation is exactly similar to the making of a "gold-toning bath" in photography. You first get the sulphocyanide—which is a crude affair, and may be considered as representing untutored but "downy" America; you next take the chloride of gold (which costs all the money) and this is represented by the European-educated emigrants. Now, in these days of cheap photography, everybody knows that if the gold chloride is dumped into the sulphocyanide faster than it can be assimilated, then, a holy mess results? But if you pour in that gold stuff gingerly, the poison will absorb all the beautiful toning stuff, and in the end, a lovely "bath" results.

THERE you have it. The United States Government will not allow that European-educated humanity to come in too freely. Obstacles are placed in the way, and if a chunk of the figurative gold chloride isn't right up to Departmental assay, it is returned by the next steamer, as being below the sample that is required. In other words, the emigration racket is only allowed to go on, so that the native can easily assimilate the batch of people, and thus, in one generation, they become good American citizens. You see the analogy, of course, and now you are wondering why Sir Max Waechter didn't appear to think of the thing before? Of course, the gentleman might have done so; again he mightn't. Anyhow, he puts it into Europe in no mean sort of fashion, for among other truisms he remarks that, "The different countries are all arming against each other," and that "Europe is expending annually upwards of £250,000,000 sterling on its Armies and Navies." Then, "this does not include the cost of fortifications in the different countries, nor the appalling loss which European countries suffer by permanently withdrawing four million men at their best age from productive work." Of course, it's a lot of money, but some of us are inclined to believe that it is fairly well spent, as long as it keeps each wild tribe of humans within its own frontiers.

IT is only when the machine breaks down, and the dogs of war are set loose that the taxpayer is inclined to grumble. We much doubt if anybody would grumble about his proportion of that £250,000,000 (which, individually, is a small affair after all), providing it kept off horrid war. Sometimes it does, you know; sometimes it doesn't. But to our mind, Sir Max Waechter is shouting up a wrong close. He appears to overlook the fact that America is what it is because it is composed of one race, speaking one

tongue, and practicing one religion. Moreover, it is actuated by one desire—to get money. In Europe, however, matters are altogether different, for here we have a thousand languages and dialects; just as many religions; and as many different races as it is possible to cram into a piece of earth of a similar size. Now, you can't have much federation, where religions are divided, for mankind was ever noted for his fondness to break the head of any other piece of man-flesh, who dared pretend that he were going to heaven by a route different to that undertaken by the potential head-breaker. If one wishes to receive proof of the assertion, he has only to remember the fires of Smithfield, and the peculiar methods adopted by that old Inquisition.

And when European desires are considered, well, they are just as numerous as are its religions. To a comparative few, the desire is to make money. Because they are few, they usually manage to bring their little games to a successful issue. But the vast majority desire what they style pleasure. An eight hours' day, free music halls, municipal tram-cars free of charge, piggeries that are palatial, horse racing *ad lib*, and when that fails, a gamble on a "limerick." In fact, the "pleasures" are legion, for sometimes it includes sitting in a down-pour of rain, for the major portion of an afternoon, watching a few "muddled oafs" kicking about a piece of pig-skin. Now, what can you do in the matter of federation with people who will engage in those kinds of "pastimes?" And then, in the case of the ladies! Why, see the amiable manner in which they will tootle around in an attempt to knock the stuffing out of an inoffensive ball, even as they style it hockey. When it isn't hockey, its golf; failing that, its tennis, or la-crosse, or cricket, or ping-pong. But in any case, you may be sure that in any game that is favoured by the ladies, the ball takes a most prominent part. Well, you can't play ball and federate at the same time, so of what use is it to shout, and say unkind things about it?

Still, if federation on the Waechter lines were possible, we are assured that: "An European war would become practically impossible." "Europe ought to save annually about £200,000,000 on armaments"—whither, then, would the money go? "And added on to that saving would be the productive power of some three and a half million men"—so that the unemployed ranks would be increased by precisely that amount? "These enormous savings spread over the countries would bring about a higher standard of living"—in which event doctors would have the pull, because of the increase of dispepsia and kindred complaints? "Emigration would cease"—and so would everything else, for Europe would then have become so stale, that there would be nothing in the world to stay the threatened "yellow peril" which big armies alone keep off; and if the end of the European era hadn't been brought about in double quick time, then we should like to hear about it. As a winter-night's tale, we believe that Sir Max Waechter's screed in the *Morning Post* is good, and possesses potentialities; as a bit of possible political work—well, it might be rude of us to suggest it, but the fact remains that in our opinion, it is just the fancy of a high-class dreamer plunked out in cold type. On the stage, and with the lime light playing about it, Federated Europe would look nice, and cheerful. As a stern bit of life, however, we have our doubts. We aren't alone, for that matter.

Well, well! You know our opinions as to Mr. Lloyd-George when out upon a séance for the benefit of the sailor? It is good, and it isn't! We have ever admitted that "Georgie" means well, even supposing that his meaning is "mark seven!" But when he comes to Cardiff on evangelistic work, he is a whole team with a bull-pup under the axle. See the amiable manner in which he spoofed the piety party the other day! Why, he became quite pathetic, and most of the local papers have been prattling about his personal magnetism ever since. We are now wondering if the ship in which he made that Governmental voyage, was noted for poor courses and land-falls. If so, the fact is not to be wondered at, for with all that magnetism seeshaying around in one body, then, it would be a good compass that would accept it all and never turn a hair! But when out upon the piety lay, then, Mr. Lloyd-George would appear to be at his best. In a pleading, wheedling way he said: "Be fair to us, and we will be true to you. You have got to trust somebody. Oh, let me say this to you: If you can find a better, go to him, but in the meantime don't fire at us behind our backs." The gentleman seems to realise that he has turned his back, anyhow? You can't hit a man behind his back when he's facing you? Can you, now?

Then waxing Board of Tradey—which is to say fiery—"Georgie" shouted, in an altogether unseemly, aye, and unnecessary manner: "Who said I was going to sell Wales?" As if anybody had seriously said any such silly thing! You can't sell Wales, Mr. Lloyd-George, although you have succeeded in stuffing a portion of it that plays with shipping. Sell Wales, forsooth! Anybody would think that Wales was a pettifogging public house upon which a conveyance would cost three guineas, no more. Sell Wales indeed. Before you can sell a place, you have to find a buyer, and Rockefeller, Carnegie, and all the gilded host couldn't put up enough money to buy gallant little Wales. Besides, the gentleman couldn't have meant to sell Wales at any time in his career, for when he was at Cardiff, he piously ejaculated, "God knows how dear to me is Wales." So that ought to settle the question once for all. "Georgie" might think about selling the shipowner; he might reason out the price of the sailor; he might wonder how many lives he has sent to perdition, through his fatuous load-line; but sell Wales! Perish the thought.

Our recent remarks on oil fuel for the Navy has received a quantity of attention, and while a number of whole-souled patriots are inclined to believe that the day of old King Coal is done, others are sure that all this old blather about oil is just that, and no more. Why, good sirs, we notice that Mr. William Brace, M.P.—and on his own admission—has been bothered with inquiries on the burning question, every time he takes a trip around in a railway train. That shows that our friends up the hills are beginning to take the matter seriously, and to wonder if the introduction of oil-fuel isn't a trick on the part of the masters, indulged in for the purpose of docking Shonni's wages, look you! Anyhow, and in his own words, we note that Mr. Brace is "sorry to have to give a cold douche to sanguine believers in the coming of oil-fuel as a substitute for coal." Same here, Mr. Brace. It can't be done, sir. The old and trusted coal will no more supercede the untried and altogether volatile oil-fuel which financially interested persons are prattling of, than will the new school of volatile politicians supercede the old and trusted stalwarts who made the British Empire. Both of the new fakes will enjoy a little brief notoriety; but they'll surely simmer down after a while.

"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN.

No. 3.—"THE OBLIGING CHIEF."

APART from the, so to speak, professional side of the "chief's" character, the comfort of the crew with whom he sails is largely influenced by his personal traits. Thus, the "obliging chief" comes into the same category as most obliging people, and is a success when viewed from the social aspect of sea life. He may be a practical man, and as such is likely to be a success; but if he is also "obliging," then his success is bound to be accentuated, and he is a thoroughly good shipmate to boot.

WHEN the "chief" is dubbed "good shipmate" by the men he sails with, he is a happy man, and life on the lugger is considerably more pleasant than it ever can be when he is—well, say, cantankerous! Taken in connection with his own staff, the "obliging chief" will not, on every instance that the ship is in port, imagine that he is the only man who is worthy of thought in the matter of going ashore.

IT may be said that the fact of going ashore need not trouble him any, because the whole staff come and go just as they will. The remark holds good, no doubt, where the festive tramp is concerned; for 'tis no common thing in that class of packet to find all the engineers away from the ship at any time after 5-30 p.m. when the ship is in port. Fortunately, however, all steamers are not tramps, neither is the eternal fitness of things quite so much disregarded everywhere as it is on vessels of that class.

WE know of firms who pay a heap of attention and money in getting a number of nicely-printed "General Instructions" for the guidance of the crews of the vessels which they manage or own, as the case may be. One of the principal "instructions"—and, we are bound to admit, one of the most sensible—is: "That one engineer must be on board at all times, and in every port."

REMEMBERING the many chances of fire arising on board, and that the engine-room is depended on solely for extinguishing such a fire should it occur, then one of the engineers *should* be on board for the purpose of looking after the pumping machinery. In this connection the "obliging chief" acts as a blessing to the other members of his staff. He does not mind staying on board occasionally, so that the second and third may take a run ashore without breaking out of the ship on the quiet and returning much after the manner of a nautical Bill Sykes.

AGAIN, in the everlasting victualling question, the "obliging chief" is bound to get along better than will a man possessed of the opposite trait. Not because he will "obligingly" eat any mortal thing which is placed before him, as some cynical colleague might suggest, but because he is "obliging" naturally, and therefore goes about the business of getting a better sort of commissariat in a sensible and manly way. For instance, he will not do as did a "chief" of our acquaintance, who was the reverse of "obliging."

BEING somewhat of a "hard case," the man had, on a certain memorable occasion when there had been more bone than meat sent to the mess-room, undertaken to carry the said "chunk of bone"—after the manner of ye growling fireman—to the cabin, that the "Old Man" might have ocular demonstration of the scarcity of what the vegetarian describes as "disease-forming fibre"—otherwise, good beef.

BEHOLD, then, the "chief" enters the cabin with a big dish in hand after the fashion of he that chortled anent the boar's head and rosemary—and straightway asked the skipper if that was not "a pretty dish to set before a king (engineer)?" Coincidentally, the "Old Man" was also a "hard case," and the result was similar to what we are taught to expect when Greek meets Greek—that is, cuss words were common. The cussing eventually culminated in the "Old Man's" taking the said bone from the dish and placing it with much unnecessary force on the "chief's" head.

THE latter gentleman, remembering he had a reputation to live up to, and acting up to his belief as to what was right and proper under the circumstances, retaliated by placing the empty dish with what he considered was equal force on the head of the "Old Man," after which *quid pro quo*, so to speak, blood and hair was disgustingly common in that cabin for some few moments. The worst of the job was: the cabin did not see the *finale* of the "civil growl." Oh, dear no! The "chief," thinking he had not been treated with the courtesy becoming to his rank—he had had the worst of the "deal," it may be remarked—sued the "Old Man" for assault and battery on the high seas; and the skipper sued him!

ON coming before the Magistrates, the case was dismissed as not being hard enough; so were the skipper and "chief" from their berths—as being too hard—which was another coincidence. Leaving out the wickedness of the "Old Man" on that occasion, it may be safely said that if the "chief" had been an obliging man he would have adopted very different methods for bringing about a better state of affairs. Of course, the "Old Man" was to blame for commencing active hostilities, but that's a mere detail.

IN the purely professional part of his business the "obliging chief" is a distinct success. Take him in the matter of having steam ready to start away on a passage. The "General Instructions" say that 24 hours' notice is required for the raising of steam, that the boilers may not be strained by undue forcing.

NOW, it is sometimes impossible to state definitely that a steamer will be ready to start away fully laden in 24 hours from a given time. She may be ready in 24 hours, and she may be detained for 48. With the "obliging chief" this is likely to cause no difficulty—and no waste of coal, which is much more desirable from the owners' point of view—because he will trouble himself a little in watching the course of events, and will act accordingly. In fact, he is always ready: you never catch him napping, and never need bother about figuring out the possible time for ordering steam.

THAT such a man is desirable must be obvious, and the man who works in the manner indicated in one connection may be depended on to practice the same forethought on each or any occasion when his professional services are needed. Thus the skipper is always sure that the steam-steering gear is ready for use immediately he wants it. It will never be in a disjointed condition on the wheel-house floor for a week at a time, so that if fog or bad weather intervenes, much worry may result through having to scull her along with hand-gear. The same with the winches. They are always in good fettle for the discharging of cargo, and there has been no necessity to ask any questions about them either.

THE "obliging chief" knows what he came aboard the steamer to do, and he does it; he is, also, ever ready to help the officers who sail with him, either morally or physically, in any difficulty that may arise. If the mate wants to borrow a tool from the engine-room the "obliging" man does not pretend the particular tool is in use, going rather to the other extreme; and if it really is in use, but can be spared, passes, or sends for it at once.

CONSEQUENTLY, the man is a success all round, and everybody has a good word for, and a kindly feeling towards, "the *old* chief" even supposing he happens to be quite a young fellow! In handling the firemen, this "chief" is as much of a success as he is in other directions. Believing that even a fireman has a soul to be saved—albeit after much earnest endeavour only—he is prepared to listen to all his grievances, fancied or real, and by a few happy words rightly put, generally succeeds in sending the fireman away in a contented frame of mind, and prepared to do anything for "the chief."

IN bunkering, the same happy results follow. The "chief" is courteous to the "coalee," and at least pretends to believe that even a bunker-man may get to Paradise. The "coalee," being blessed anyhow with an apology for a soul, likes the "obliging chief," and does not try to "work" him to the same extent as would happen were the "chief" not obliging. After the bunkering is finished, so pleased is the "coalee" with the treatment meted out to him that——But 'tis the "chief" we are writing about, and not the "coalee," so what is done on the occasions alluded to, being a professional secret, need not be mentioned here. But the "obliging chief" is a success, and don't you forget it! Moreover, there are many of him about, and thanks to better counsels, the number increases.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1907.

MORE OF THE RAILWAY RATTLE!

AT last, the much-talked-of reply from the directorates of the railway companies is made public, and quite a number of people who ought to know better, are aghast at the one and only solution of the alleged difficulty. The companies will have no truck (this is a railway subject, you'll remember) with the self-appointed champion of the few malcontents, and if the travelling public is inclined to view the matter in a sensible and reasonable light, they must admit that no other course is possible.

GAINSAY the fact who will, the "feeling" that has been about for the past three or four months, and on any railway line one cares to consider, has been anything but what the public has a right to expect. Open impertinence, we know, has been absent, but the traditional civility of the railwayman has been very much out of reach; and as already suggested, the "feeling" has been one that has convinced the traveller that, in a manner of writing, he has been flopping about on the edge of a sort of volcano.

NEEDLESS to say, this style of business is of little use to the folk who find the money; equally needless to say, that rebellious "feeling" is only natural, when the railwayman has been allowed to usurp more than his due share of the perspective in the national picture. The railwayman is an essential to comfort, but it should not be forgotten that when the word "railwayman" is used, it doesn't necessarily imply the men who are presently at work at the job.

IF the present crowd were discharged *en bloc*, and a fresh combination taken on from the ranks which have plenty of potential workers, then, the new crowd of railwaymen would be just as essential as are the present occupants of the various jobs. For quite a while past, the traveller has seen little other than a number of contents bills issued by various journals, and everyone of which contained—in poster type—some allusion to the alleged "railway crisis."

UNDER such very unsatisfactory conditions, it is only natural to suppose that the men who perambulate the platform in front of those contents bills, should feel that they have suddenly acquired an altogether unexpected amount of importance in the general scheme. For instance, if you, amiable reader, should happen to step out of a railway coach that has been stopped right in front of a book-stall which contains the contents sheets alluded to; and if the one which stands out in bold relief against your vision should read, "railwaymen must be respected;" are you foolish enough to believe that the man who collars your grip-sack, is likely to render you the civility which was erstwhile your wont?

WELL, he isn't, and by this time, you have assimilated the great truth. Yet these are the days when the suggested struggle is only in the embro stage. If smouldering mutiny is in evidence, now, what is likely to be the result, once the directors have shown that, at best, they are a weak-kneed lot of critters, and altogether unworthy of the trust which you, collectively, have placed in them? You do not need to be anything of a prophet to determine what should be the answer, do you?

HITHERTO in the prattle which has gone around, "recognition" of an intangible something or other has been the plank upon which the self-advertisers rest. They want "recognition," and if they don't get that altogether unnecessary something, they assure you that they are willing to plunge the country into a devastating industrial war; a war in which you will be the metaphorical soldiers who are put up to be shot at; and a war which is foredoomed to failure, as far as the self-advertisers are concerned. Foredoomed to failure, that is, as long as the companies sit tight—which they have every appearance of doing.

IN this connection, a local contemporary has been spreading itself editorially on the subject. Among other more or less touching items, our friend says: "If the A.S.R.S. used the recognition, as it is used by the Miners' Federation, as an excuse for the repeated petty strikes in order to compel non-unionists to join them, then the safety and the efficiency of the systems would be seriously imperilled." "If!" Of what use is it to split straws in any such ridiculous manner? Human nature is the same all over the world, and the power to do ill deeds, ever make ill deeds done—especially when the doers thereof would be a horde of uneducated men, who are prone to listen to the rhodomontade of anything that can chatter.

IN the early days of the struggle, we much doubt if any of the miners' officials had a thought as to working their unwarranted power for the despoiling of innocent men whose only cry was (and is) "Leave us alone." But having the power, and having also to kow-tow to the more ignorant among their butties, abuses have crept in, and now, instead of being an organisation for the upraising of the down-trodden, the Miners' Federation is little other than a political caucus. In the case of the miner, this class of hazing may continue, without endangering the life and property of the public.

DIFFERENT groups of collieries may be closed down pending the insistance of all hands joining the "union," and in the meantime, there will be coal enough and to spare from the collieries which are allowed to work. But if the same dodges are risked in connection with railway work—and of course, time would inevitably bring along those dodges—then, in view of the running powers which practically turn the whole net-work of rails into one interdependent system (as far as the public is concerned), disaster of no mean order is bound to result.

IN plain language, a railway system may not be carried out on lines which (in the absence of something better) is good enough in a dry-dock, or a paint-store, say. With trouble at a given dry-dock, or paint-store, then, it has merely to wait until the clouds roll by, when a re-start may be made—if liquidation hasn't been brought about meanwhile. But if the railways of the country are to be run on so-called trade union lines, heaven help the traveller!

UNDER those conditions, he would never know when to depend on catching a train, and time schedules would be among the funniest things on earth. In fact, railway tickets would have to be enlarged, so that they may contain the inevitable strike clause; and paterfamilias, after having stroked his family to the railway station, would never need to be alarmed or worried, if his contemplated train were ten hours late, because of a strike on some part of the system over which his favourite line had running powers.

THERE is no need for us to prolong the theme, for our readers—being all sensible people—will be able to think up instances for themselves. And it must be admitted that we have set naught down in malice; that we haven't overdrawn the situation in the least degree; and that if we write in conclusion: The directors must in the public interest, sit tight even though the heavens do fall (as has been suggested by some of the agitating fraternity)—well, nobody with any unbiassed knowledge of the situation will unduly blame us. As a try-on, the A.S.R.S. dodge is passing good; as a piece of practicality, it leaves very much to be desired.

"BRASSEY'S SCHEME."

UNDER this heading, an interesting letter from the facile pen of Mr. W. Clark Russell appeared in Saturday's issue of *Shipping Gazette and Lloyd's List*. As we have a shrewd suspicion that but few of those with most interest at stake will see that letter—appearing as it does in a threepenny "daily"—we are about to depart from our usual custom, by reprinting it, here:

"TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR,—On the occasion of the sailing of the *Port Jackson* may I, with all imaginable modesty, venture to express my deep appreciation of the scheme which the country owes to Lord Brassey—I mean the shipping and *teaching* of young gentlemen in sea-going training vessels. Signing young gentlemen on ships' articles to serve as midshipmen is no novelty. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find out when the first young gentleman that ever served as midshipman in the British merchant service stepped aboard, brand-new in buttons, and as "oily" as Squeers's son with the good cheer of a comfortable home. Was he in existence before the days of the Hon. East India Company? He certainly abounded in John Company's ships, and was very numerous long afterwards. In my first voyage in 1858 from Blackwall, the ship carried 12 midshipmen and a fourth mate in one berth. Several were Eton, Harrow, and Winchester boys. The premiums were first voyage £68, second £52 10s., third £42. Every boy's father paid £10 10s. mess money each voyage. All the ships I can remember—Green's, Wigram's, Smith's, Duncan Dunbar's—carried midshipmen. They certainly learned practical seamanship, but I never heard of them as being instructed in navigation. This they picked up ashore at such classes as were held by Mrs. Jane (Janet) Taylor, &c.

"Now in educating the boys in navigation at sea lies the feature which I admire in Lord Brassey's scheme. This is the feature that will qualify them for steam, to which the lads will have to come. I mean they will join steam as competent navigators, and their experience in sail must certainly in all respects of emergency be valuable to them when they pace the bridge instead of the quarter-deck. It is very different from the case of the training-ship for aforemast hands. But this is a question I need not enlarge upon here.

"The British merchant service needs gentlemen as well as officers for its ships. You have many men of good British antecedents and of such breeding as the rough life of the sea permits in passenger liners. Why should the bridge of the tramp be manned as it is? You are told 'We cannot get the right men.' Those who say this are not likely to get the right men. For these are the people who oppose improvement in pay, board and lodging, and who take no steps to render the treatment of officers less humiliating to their feelings as men, to say nothing of their sensibilities as gentlemen. But of such tramp-owners we may say as was said of another community: 'When we talk of men we don't think of monkeys.'

"It vexes those who have served and those who are serving under the red flag to think of such a picture as this, for example: A large steam collier is lying alongside a cruiser, coaling her. Several naval critics aboard the cruiser view with ill-dissembled merriment the figure of a man, 'the old man,' on the collier's bridge. His belly is like a humming-top; his slippers are of ruby velvet; on his head is what he calls 'a little 'ard 'at.' He is swearing in the language of one of Mr. Kipling's Whitechapel 'guffies' at a 'Dutchman,' who keeps his back turned upon him and who does not understand the tongue in which 'the old man' declaims. The naval experts up there smile and whisper to one another, 'That's the British merchant service!' I confess, as an old merchant turnpike sailor, I could heartily wish that fat, slippered, 'ard-'atted beggar yonder anywhere but at sea under our flag.

"I am sure that Lord Brassey's scheme, if practiced and enlarged and supported (all needful sequences), will remedy much that is complained of—the paucity of British gentlemen as merchant officers: the paucity of officers, whether British gentlemen or not; the existence of 'ard-'atted skippers who would break, not one, but all the Commandments if they could get at them. I hold that this scheme would ultimately lead to better pay, better lodging, better treatment, and to a superior class of men for shipowners to employ. In which conviction I heartily wish Lord Brassey's scheme God-speed.

"Yours, &c.,

"Oct. 11, 1907. "W. CLARK RUSSELL."

THE foregoing, then, is Mr. W. Clark Russell's ideas on the subject, and in a spirit of fairness (and with a due appreciation of the irony which sometimes surrounds these little matters?) our contemporary also found space for the following:

"THE PORT JACKSON.

"TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR. Thanks for information conveyed in your footnote *re* cadets by this vessel. May I ask whether these young gentlemen are expected to pull and haul and go aloft, as I assume the *Warspite* boys will have to do; or will they have to be content with book learning and what seamanship they can pick up from observation? Messrs. Devitt and Moore are to be congratulated upon earning £1,540 of premium money for nine months' board of the 22 cadets, of whom I think it may safely be predicted that one voyage will satisfy the aspirations of a good few of them for a sea life.

"Yours, &c.,

"Oct. 11, 1907. "SAILER."

THERE you are, and reverting to the first letter, we are not altogether clear as to why Mr. Clark Russell should express his deep appreciation "with all imaginable modesty." We haven't any matter of doubt as to who has been responsible for the greatest number of embryo sailors—Lord Brassey who merely poses as more or less of a philanthropist, and renders yeoman service to a firm of shipowners in their netting of much kudos and £1,500 of premium money; or Mr. Clark Russell, whose mastery over the pen, and deep knowledge of ships and shipmen, has filled thousands with a desire to uphold the flag, at any cost. Still, the latter gentleman knows his own business, and if he considers that "all imaginable modesty" is due to the philanthropist, we are willing to let it go at that. At the same time, and although it is as well to speed the going guest in a manner of speaking, we should advise all concerned not to place too much store on that "teaching" idea. Time enough to go into that, when *Port Jackson* has returned from her voyage, and the young gentlemen are lined up for inspection?

THE portion of Mr. Clark Russell's letter which interests us most, is his graphic description of the large steam collier and her skipper. Unfortunately, the picture is all too true, and there are yet too many men who sail under the red ensign and believe that, because they have a certain knack in handling a steamer, the possession excuses them for conduct which would be sickening in an East End hooligan. Most of us who have had sea experience, can "think up" the flesh-and-blood example, the incarnation, say, of the Old Man whose belly was like a humming-top, who wore those Rotterdam slippers; and whose head—heaven save it!—was more or less covered with "a little 'ard 'at." At the same time, we mustn't unduly blame the skipper, for when all is said, he is the victim of a system. Of course, if a little wholesome ridicule will turn him from his foolishness, then, that ridicule will not have been written in vain. We are dubious on the point, however. So much so, that we shall return to this same subject at an early date, when we shall see what the profession has to say about it all. In the meantime, we counsel a careful perusal of both the letters appearing on this page. To say the least, they are honestly deserving of attention.

SPEED IN FOG—AND OTHER ITEMS.

IN connection with this subject, and which was dealt with in our last week's issue, an esteemed Liverpool correspondent asks us: "Don't you think the one all-embracing and thoroughly conclusive 'order' would be more complete in the sub-joined form, than in that given in the last paragraph but one, of the article on the above subject in this week's issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW?" The amended "order" reads:

"Shipmasters, you belong to a profession which has made the world what it is. It is the ancient-of-days among professions; is chock-a-block filled with honourable traditions; and we are looking to you to uphold them. *Recollect that two-thirds of the disasters that overtake shipping are due to faults of navigation when approaching the land or navigating in narrow waters, and let no false pride prevent you from acting upon the rule you observe in the open sea, of making your officers work out the ship's position independently so as to be a check on your reckoning.* If, having done this, you come a cropper, we shan't quote any blatherskite thing of an order in council; we shall just see if your conduct has been in line with proper seamanship; if it has been, we shall exonerate you; if it hasn't, we shall treat you accordingly. So, now, full-speed ahead—when you think the conditions justify you as explained."

NEEDLESS to say, the italicised portion of the foregoing is that suggested by our correspondent, and it touches a theme with which we have concerned ourselves, on numerous occasions. So much so, that we are very much inclined to believe that with the absence of the order-in-council thing, would come the absence of the disasters shadowed out. Anyhow, it will be as well if we discuss this phase of nautical life, from the accumulated experience of a life-time among the conditions.

IN the first place, is it a "false pride" which works up that caricature of a skipper that is known as the one-man navigator? Having sailed with him, we say, No—most emphatically. As a matter of fact, pride comes not into the business at all. It is prudence—aye, and a prudence which has been engendered by those same orders in council. Time's flight is as notorious for change on shipboard, as it is on shore. The professional politician has his fell grasp on the men that go to sea, even as he has on those who stay at home.

THUS it comes about that one section of the navigating community has been educated up to one standard of efficiency—or otherwise; while other sections have each been educated in the shibboleths which were current in their "passing" days. One man obtains a "ticket" when the world is younger, and less wise; he is put in charge of men who have "passed" when the examination is somewhat in line with modern requirements. With the older man, practical experience is supposed to be of equal value (he thinks it is of more value, of course) to the "book learning" of the youngster; and the order in council winks at the delusion.

IN effect then, the British Mercantile Marine is filled with a hotch-potch of navigators who took their degrees at various times, and with various samples of navigating art current. Because of this, we get the one-man navigator. Not being a born fool, he is careful that his educated mate shall not see the crude attempts of the master, and thus is the disaster referred to, courted. As a bit of experience is worth a whole heap of fictional prattle, let us point our moral thereafter.

SANDYS (although that wasn't quite his name) was

SHIP REPAIRING AT THE MERCANTILE PONTOON.

master of a very decent sample of steam tonnage, and we happened to be mate with the old chap. He had obtained his certificate of competency when the order in council dealing with the same had been more or less of an amateurish affair; when a knowledge of a simple logarithm, the working of a day's work, a noon latitude, a tide, and an amplitude had included the whole fit-out. All the same, he was a certificated navigator, and was eligible on that account, to be entrusted with the command of a £50,000 ship.

Let us explain the Old Man's methods of winning a longitude. We were told to go to the chronometer while the Old Man "took a sight." That was alright, and the mean of the three attempts which he would take—with our time—formed the data for the day's position. Next thing, and for the sake of appearances, we had to give the Old Man three angles of the sun, while he "took time." That data was for the private use of old Sandys. The thing had worked like a charm for quite a while, until on one never-to-be-forgotten day, we had made an appreciable error in our computation. The Old Man accepted our position with a certain amount of misgiving, and on going to our room amidships, we began to think matters over.

The next thing, was to go over our figures, when a decent-sized error was dropped on, at once. Rushing aft to the Old Man, we found him in the saloon, poring over the North Atlantic chart, and looking as if he had hit up against one of the crises of his life. Puckered brow was a mere detail to his condition, and after taking our courage in both hands, so to speak, we hesitatingly declared that we had made a mistake in the position lately supplied. Dropping his dividers, old Sandys gravely declared: "Mister, if you haven't made a blank mistake, then, this blank ship has been making a strategic movement to the rear. Yes!"

This was an instance of where one of the idylls of our youth had been sadly broken—and yet Sandys had no sign of any of his own working about on the saloon table; only the slip of paper which we had recently handed him. That put us thinking! You might have noticed that we are whole teams at the business, and that once we get off on the lay, something usually comes of the effort? Very well. The outcome of the thinking on this occasion, was that our Old Man couldn't work a chronometer—putting the matter colloquially; and his "time-taking" was merely a bluff!

In other words, the Old Man could measure an angle of the sun, for he had to do that to gain a noon latitude (with an 89·48 formulæ!). But the chronometer—albeit in his room, and religiously wound each morning—was a holy secret to Sandys. He approached it with fear and trembling, and was too ignorant (or superstitious) to attempt to learn even the simple trick of noting the time correctly? Perhaps, he was too lazy, but the fact remains that he couldn't do it. Thus, his angle and our time gave the longitude, while our angle and his time was all a bluff!

Ship Repairing at the Mercantile Pontoon.

But is anyone going to blame him for thus safe-guarding his job? The order in council—promulgated in some prehistoric day—had made him the equal, professionally, of a better educated man: he had the job; and he intended to keep it. Foolishly enough, we "gave the show away;" told the Old 'Un that it appeared perilously as if he couldn't do his bit; and—well, we got the sack on our return. That was all. Nothing more. True, old Sandys lost a steamer some eight months after, and we have often wondered whether it was on account of a faulty longitude—or what?

Still, we don't altogether blame old Sandys. Human nature is the same everywhere, and if orders in council will insist on playing the fool with the commercial man's chances in life, are we of they who mean to kick up a row about it? Not us! We commend the moral of this little homily, to our friend in Liverpool. We can give dozens of similar instances—every one of them authentic, and capable of proof.

"Shipping Federations and the Strike Movement."

UNDER this heading, a Liverpool contemporary recently unburdened itself of a quantity of more or less reliable "news." As a start, it is asserted that "shipowners seem to be apprehensive that they may be confronted on an international scale with the sort of trouble that is just now occasioning anxious consideration to the railway directors of the country." "Seem to be apprehensive," and "may be confronted" is non-committal enough for one sentence, don't you think?

BUT why, really, should shipowners bother their heads about the matter at all? Our would-be mentor again obliges, for it sapiently remarks: "Owing to the failure of the men who have gone on strike from time to time in different ports here and abroad, their leaders have propounded a scheme for international co-operation under which the ships of those owners with whom the Unions have a quarrel would be placed under a ban wherever they went."

WHEN everything has been said on this point, who are the men who, from time to time, have gone on strike, and where was their failure? No shipping men have gone on strike for very many years, and as a natural result, there could have been no failures? True, Wilson's "union" has talked largely and somewhat grandiloquently of what it intended to do, at some time in the dim vistas of the future; but as far as anybody interested may glean, the whole furore has fizzled out in froth.

WE can quite understand that if the so-called "unions" could succeed in banning the various shipowners who kick against a return of the Inquisition, then, there would soon be trouble about in quite big amounts. And as regards this suggested co-operation on an international scale—well, the Millennium is not yet; and if our contemporary doesn't develop corns, and/or baldness until international co-operation is *de riguer*, it may take our word for it that its little lot will be a singularly fortunate one. Yes.

THE trouble here is, that our scribbling friends write more or less as their "Little Marys" guide them. They have a nodding acquaintance with a loud-mouthed patriot who meanders along on his noisy way adown the Line of Docks, and having seen this unkempt and unwashed sample of jibbing humanity, erroneously believe that he is yoke-fellow with the foreign Anarchist who hopes to paint the world incarnadine. But, bless you, he isn't. Not at all, for on both sides of the Silver Streak, the would-be demagogue is out for oof.

BEING that way inclined, he is also disinclined to share his possible gleaning with the other fellow. True, the twain might meet in Hamburg, and after "tossing" as to who shall pay for the very much be-resined lager beer that is on tap in that portion of God's country, they might spin each other (and the reporter on the local paper) all sorts of fairy tales. Neither of them mean it, however, and one of their biggest wonders is, to see their twaddle reproduced in the morning paper, with all the importance of leaded-type, and possibly big scare-heads!

GOING along with our Liverpool friend's hold-forth, we read that "To meet this threat and to counteract general schemes of agitation a conference of the representatives of shipping federations will assemble in London next week (this week, that is) from all the leading ports of this country and the Continent." If our readers can suggest a bigger joke than this for the ensuing winter's evenings, we should like to hear about it. When it is seriously suggested that a shipping federation is worth shucks in breaking a shipping strike—well, we have to laugh, although we aren't altogether built that way!

AND for a really uproarious outburst of mirth, the following couldn't very well be beaten: "It is probable that the chairman of the British Federation (that is our old war-horsey affair which is known as Shipping Federation, Limited, you know), the senior association of the kind, . . . will preside, and the object of the meeting is to consider the best means of co-operation and defence." Leaving the mirth-provoking side of that outburst of high-class literature, let us—for argument's sake—treat the tale seriously. If only for a paragraph or so.

IF shipowners really wish to know what are the best means of co-operation and defence in the apprehended difficulty, we can give it in exactly eight words. No more, no less. Those words are: "Get the support of your officers and engineers." Now, we have no wish to waste a lot of time and space in what has been euphemistically-named flogging a dead horse. It isn't our way, and at this late date in the history of THE MARITIME REVIEW, the fact is self-evident.

AT the same time, there is no getting away from the fact that in every trouble which has yet materialised with the yahoos who pose as "British seamen," and the majority of whom might have been born in a promiscuous manner on the steps of a Continental doss-house, the officers and engineers have saved the situation. Federation, Limited, has taken the credit, but that "lift" in no wise invalidates our claim. Furthermore, a thousand federations would be utterly helpless, if the officers and engineers decide to stand by and play a waiting game.

In other words, if those officers and engineers elect to stick out for legal rights; if they refuse to sail with a non-descript horde of alien savages; if they object to go into the nearest Roads, and there, under a sort of drum-head courts-martial, agree to sign-on the riff-raff which a strike ever brings to the top—well, in either of the suggested set of conditions, the Shipping Federation, Limited, will be of negative value. This being so, and in view of the unrest that positively exists among the executive officers of to-day, why not take the matter in hand before it is too late?

NEVER mind tootling with your federations. Give credit where it is due. And then, if that "national co-operation" should manifest itself, well, you will be able to rise triumphant over it, even as you have done before. The shipowner's memory is notoriously short, for his is a strenuous life. At the same time, there are a few outstanding points in his career which should claim his careful attention. For instance, what happened in the year 1890, when Wilson (he was much younger then, and had lungs which were probably more resonant) elected to play all manner of fantastic tricks before high heaven, and, incidentally, before the residents of Bute Road, Cardiff.

WELL, we don't mind recapitulating the happenings of that far-back era. We can the better do so, in that we figured somewhat among the strife. Ships were tied up, and ultimately sailed from the Roads with a "full and complete assortment of anything that could walk," as we heard it described at the time. Pickets, and alien seamen stricken with a terrible amount of swelled-head perambulated the Docks district; while "dillygates" from the "union" waited upon ourselves and other officers who were then in collar, intent to cajole or terrorise us into joining the "certificated officers branch of the union."

THAT was where we ever contended that Wilson made his culminating mistake. If he had confined his efforts to the tatterdemalion mob which he had succeeded in bringing under the lash of his tongue, the agitating gentleman might have done better. Up to that precise point, the certificated men had merely looked on indulgently. They knew the turbulent nature of the alien seamen, far better than did the boss of the "fideration" of that date—aye, far better than its present boss will ever know it. Knowing, the executive said, in effect, "Let the adjectived idiots play

their hanky-panky, here. We'll persuade it out of them when they get into deep water"—and it was even so.

But when Wilson inadvisedly attempted to coerce the certificated men into joining up with his riff-raff, the indulgent phase was switched off indefinitely, and in its place came real, eighteen carat enmity. So much was this in evidence, that the poor, unfortunate "dillygates" became noted for the sudden manner in which they would disappear from the deck of a steamer, after interviewing the mate or second mate. Even the nicely-printed "members' card"—which had a sextant in gold on its back—couldn't alter the matter, and to see a "dillygate" was to catch sight of a sprinting human being!

In far too many instances, the weak-kneed owners signified their intention of giving in at once, and instructed their officers to join the Wilson brigade, offering to pay the needed fee and subscription. The whole-hearted patriot who had erstwhile been favoured with our loyal services gave those instructions, and therefore we were rapidly out of a berth. Still, providence moves in mysterious ways! At that time, we had no intention of embarking on the stormy seas of journalism, not us. We had too much pride, and this is a fair example of what hard luck will do to otherwise deserving men!

Yet, if we hadn't shown a sufficiency of gall to admit of our scorning this semblance of the foreign yoke, we should now be unable to tell you, at first hand, of the tomfoolery which was enacted at the "great strike of 1890." Being among the then unemployed, we were enabled to twig moves in a whole-hearted manner. That you might not be cajoled with any old prattle about the doings of Shipping Federation, Limited, at that time, we propose to go over a few of the main issues, and to show you who proved to be the owners' sheet anchor—to plunk the matter out nautically.

The shipping office was as good as a dead letter, right away, for it was considered unsafe to sign on a crowd of men through the usual media. Wars and rumours thereof were about on the breeze, and if half the dire threats of the "union" mob had materialised—well, there would have been a greater dearth of officers than exists at present. Of course, threatened men are proverbially long livers; bombastic union warriors are just the reverse. Anyhow, the streets of Cardiff were thronged with blue-sashed matelots possessed of a greater or lesser adaptability to the language of the Briton; and while the weaker shipowner-folk wobbled around soulfully asking when the trouble would cease, the hard-cased members of the flock took it all as their share of empire building.

After the poignancy of the first week or ten days had passed, and seeing that nothing very terrible had resulted from the threats of Wilson's gallant band, shipowner commenced to pull himself together. The more Wilson's energy became dissipated, the more did shipowner's manifest itself—and even a Wilson cannot fight a losing war indefinitely. At first, the public sided with "Poor Jack;" later on, it felt like throwing bricks at him. The daily procession—at the start—was looked upon as a sort of fete and gala; later on, it was stigmatised as an unqualified nuisance.

The brass bands which tootled out disjointed music anent "A Life on the Ocean Wave," "Rule Britannia," and "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue," were indulgently considered—at first. Afterward, the law-abiding portion of the community openly wagered as to the different quantities of prussic acid that would be needed to stifle its "music" for ever. And ultimately, the ships began to leave the port, en route for a clime where the agitator gets no sort of a show, whatever. We haven't space to tell you of the piffley speeches which were indulged in by the gang—but you may safely take our word for it that they were piffley in the extreme; aye, and long-winded.

But romping along to the sailing stage, we might assure you that being young and somewhat fearless withal, we soon obtained a berth as mate, and hied us out to the Roads for signing-on purposes. That was where the full force of a tatterdemalion strike appealed to us! You might realise what it is to lay off in the Roads; to be so near and yet so far from—but you understand; and you mightn't know anything at all about it. But you may once more take it from us that it is anything but a picnic—especially when you have to mooch around the deck until the shades of evening admit of the Old Man's return in a cockle shell of a boat, laden down to the gunwales with as heterogeneous a mob of "Micky Doolans" as ever left Tipperary; the said consignment being eked out with a choice assortment of non-English-speaking Yahoos from the Continent.

This is where the "fideration" might have come in—but didn't. No, sirs, the executive officer and his engineering colleague alone came in, for the former was willing to accept these wastrels as "deck hands," while the latter undertook to raise steam with their half of the useless consignment. In the result, it meant that the mate had to do the steering (aye, and keep all the look-out that was possible) until his steamer was well outside of Lundy; thereafter, he had to waste the toes of his sea-boots in a futile endeavour to kick seamanship into the persons of the fine "seamen" supplied by "de fideration."

Don't tell us about "fiderations," please. We know 'em, and their wiles. Knowing 'em, we have absolutely no use for them, and can express nothing save surprise, to note that they are still allowed a run for their somewhat peculiar talents. However, steering under the conditions portrayed were bad, firing was worse, and many an erstwhile smart ship had to be written down as one that could go a long way, in a long while. The strike obviously played Old Harry with the shipowner, and without benefitting the sailorman one iota. It helped the "fideration," we admit, for out of the reams of "inspired" twankey that was thrown around on its behalf, quite a quantity of the balderdash stuck.

A similar set of conditions usually applies you will have noticed, for if you spin a cuffer fourteen times, you are by way of believing it, yourself. But if the shipowner really wishes to "consider the best means for co-operation and defence," let them take our tip. In that case, they will spare no effort in winning back the allegiance of the executive officers and engineer, and the first move in the desired direction will be, to stop paying that ha'penny a ton into the "federation" coffers, and distribute the amount as wages to the officers and engineers. That *would* be a step in the right direction, and if a Federation of the right kind is hoped for, let it be one between the owners, officers and engineers.

With the men who cannot be dispensed with joined up, the portion of the crowd that is by no means indispensible, would be taught wisdom. With a sailors' strike, it is possible to "man" your vessels with the scrapings of the workhouses, the doss houses, prisons, the plough tail, anywhere; but with the certificated men on your side—well, you could soon dictate terms to all malcontents whatsoever. A horde of strikers can no more work (save the name) on an empty stomach, than can an army fight. And anyhow, the traditions of the certificated officer are all on the side of loyalty and faithful service to his master; at the moment, and thanks to the machinations of these "fideration" things, that loyalty and faithful service is suffering an eclipse.

But so far in the game, the eclipse is only partial, and may be removed quite easily. Continue on the same misguided way, however, and the eclipse will become total—and permanent. Having pawned—or otherwise disposed of—our sextant, we have no personal interest in the matter; save that is, that we expect somebody to bring us along our food, even as we have already brought it to millions. Your interest is about the same, isn't it? Then, why not disband your "fideration"? It has outlived its usefulness, anyhow.

"LUSITANIAS" AND LONDON!

THE present is, undoubtedly, an inquisitive age. It is also an age wherein a business man of the right kind is to be depended on to find in the merest query, a peg upon which to hang a full-column advertisement of himself and wares. Isn't that so, good people? Never mind bothering about an answer, for we have one ready at hand, and it comes along in the form of a full column of platitudinous stuff from no less a person, than the deputy-chairman of the London and India Docks Company.

You might have heard of the London and India Docks; you might not have heard; but in either instance, there will be no harm in us remarking that they are somewhere up London River—sort of keep right on for a bit, and turn to the right. Anyhow, somebody has been asking the Hon. Sydney Holland, the deputy-chairman already mentioned, why *Lusitania* sails from Liverpool, instead of from London. At the first glance you might think that the query could easily be answered in a few words.

FOR the matter of that, it could be so answered—if you were an ordinary shipping man, and had nothing to do with the chairmanship of a more or less obsolete dock system. You could easily say, "Because Liverpool is fit for the job, while London isn't." But with the weight and responsibilities of a dock push resting metaphorically on your shoulders, you might be inclined to spread the theme somewhat; to go over ancient history for the purpose of pointing your moral; and to dive into the future, for the purpose of justifying your peculiarity in the past.

IN the first place, the *Lusitania* could not enter any dock in London, and for the simple reason that she happens to be wider than its dock entrances. Still, she is the first steamer which has been that way inclined, so the decadence of the Port of London is in no wise resultant from an overdose of big ships? In this connection, we have often wondered why London's alleged "shipping" journals do not give a little more attention to the needs of their home.

INSTEAD of this, they are so busy in putting the provincial ports right, that they have absolutely no chance to give a little spare time and space, to their own folk. Perhaps they are actuated by a belief in the saw which says, that it is ill fouling your own nest, or mussing up your own door-step? However, we have it on the word of the latest amateur journalist, that *Lusitania*

SHIP REPAIRING AT THE BUTE DRY DOCKS.

could get up to Tilbury all right, and that having arrived she could lay in the stream indefinitely. "Quite comfortably" it is written, and which might not mean the same thing.

BUT, then, it isn't the fault of the directors of the London and India Docks Company that the London docks are all too narrow to admit the entrance of a *Lusitania*. Not at all. It is now years since those directors obtained Parliamentary powers to extend their market gardens, and they bought land for the purpose. Indeed, they have been ready and willing to build a dock —or docks—that would accommodate a ship of much greater dimensions than the *Lusitania;* "but, as everybody knows, the question of the Port of London has been so kept in suspense by the action—or rather inaction—of Parliament, that no dock improvements involving large capital expenditure have been possible for years."

VERY well, then. But you needn't think that the foregoing supplies any pressing reason for the non-

appearance at London, of *Lusitania*. It doesn't. "The explanation is to be found in the very simple fact that she carries passengers, and passengers only." There you are! *Lusitania* is a passenger ship, and so is ineligible for London River where the mud is sort of smelly! True, "The objective of most of her passengers is London," but they also object to get there viâ the Nore, and other parts adjacent thereto.

In plain language, London's geographical position is altogether against her success as a modern shipping port. If the founders of that hub of the universe had known that in time, a Republic in the West would have been instituted, then, it is probable that London would have been plunked down nearer the western shores of the Kingdom. They didn't know it; London is situated on an impossible and dangerous river; it is woefully out-of-the-way from a seagoing point of view; so why should Parliament sanction the spending of money, that is hardly likely to be productive?

Has he—in his official capacity—ever had a very great deal to do with a really first-class passenger service?

A passenger service on a large scale, that is. On a *Lusitania* scale, to be exact. And if there is any truth in his remarks, then, it is a bit rough on Southampton, and why does Parliament go out of its way to sanction "improvements" there, if it is proved that they are useless in the case of London? These are the pertinent questions which our London friends would like to have answered. It is all very pretty to say, that "the vessels that are used for passengers are always of the largest type, and they require, therefore, the most expensive kind of accommodation."

We are beginning to realise the thusness of the fiasco in connection with the L.C.C. steamers! They carried passengers—when they could get them; but were they of quite the largest type; and was their accommodation of an altogether expensive kind? And even admitting that Liverpool's charges over the past ten years, and in

Ship Repairing at the Bute Dry Docks.

Of course, most of us have heard that old jape about the fox who tried to get the historic grapes, and failing in his attempt, declared they were sour? We have. Learned it at school, didn't we? Yes! Thus, when we come along to the Hon. Sydney's remark that, "There is an even more pertinent question to ask, and is, 'What is the value of a passenger trade to a port?'" and note that in his opinion, the reply should be, "Very little, indeed," well, we aren't unduly worried on that account? Never a bit.

Liverpool might have found all this out, as suggested by the latest mentor, and there might be some truth in the remark that "those there who know do not weep so bitterly at the loss of the White Star steamers as those who do not know." Personally, we are inclined to the belief that the Liverpudlian isn't the sort of man to weep over spilt milk. He would rather get up and dust in an endeavour to obtain a new milk-man! But how can the Hon. Sydney Holland arrive at all this dead knowledge? connection with dredging, alterations, and dry dock accommodation, has totalled into some £7,000,000 or £8,000,000, largely incurred for these "big passenger-carrying ships," what has that to do with London?

Liverpool's indebtedness will not make the Londoner's heart ache? And looking at it from any point of view, Liverpool is making a fairly good thing out of its seafaring business. The White Star boats have, in part, left the Mersey; but the river isn't closed on that account. Indeed, and when we visited it a few days ago, it appeared to be as busy as ever—aye and as prosperous. It is all very sweet to prattle about a love for the owner of the cargo-carrying ship; but if those tactics had been followed in the past, London river wouldn't be the obsolete place it undoubtedly is at present. Accommodation certainly coaxes traffic; but big traffic provides the cash for bigger accommodation. Poor Mr. Lloyd-George! He, too, is brought in for a certain amount of responsibility as to London's debâcle!

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *October 16, 1907.*

AGAIN, we have to chronicle the fact that the disposition of the market which deals with the local staple has, during the past week, remained unchanged. That is to say the weakness of which we have written you week by week of late, is still apparent, for prompt business remains a sadly lacking item.

TONNAGE arrivals, it is true, show some little sign of improvement, but stocks all 'round are heavy, so that the increased arrivals are altogether insufficient to make any appreciable difference therein. Under the circumstances, then, and to avoid further accumulations as much as possible, sellers have been more or less anxious and willing to play into the hands of the buyer.

THAT is, the buyer, and he has been genuinely willing, has found the question of price anything but approximating into the region of quotation. Wagons must be released if possible, for after they are released, they go hurtling back to the collieries. There, at the moment, they are urgently needed, so that if a buyer will "talk business"—and of the right kind—he is sure of a smile from his friend the seller, and a concession under quotations to boot.

BOTH docks and railways are chock-a-block filled with accumulated stocks, and naturally that gives a concession as a freely obtainable item—for immediate shipment. Indeed, a few stoppages have already been essential, the collieries implicated being unable to find an outlet for their present stocks. When present stocks are not disposable, it is madness to strain a point in raising more of the stuff for the same purpose.

No, the seller's lot at the moment, is anything but a happy one. His hitherto stoic firmness has disappeared, and his friend the buyer is somewhat master of the situation. Well, this is only as it should be. Live and let live, you know, is a good motto, and if the seller has taken a back seat for a time, indications are all in favour of the belief that it is for a time only. He will have his revenge full soon, of that we may be sure.

IN the matter of demand, this, as already stated, is extremely limited. Users are resting on their oars, for the lately over-inflated prices gave them pause, All the same, that pause is but temporary, for the stocks which they obtained away back, will not last for ever. They must soon come on the market once again, and when that psychological moment arrives, well, then the seller will get a bit of his own back.

AT the same time, there is no getteng away from the fact that the supply exceeds the demand to an alarming extent; again, the accumulated stocks are in the way of rapid easement; but even so, the colliery man appears to be inclined to take it all with a smile. He thinks cheerfully of the good times which have been his, and which will again be his.

THAT recent American inquiry for 100,000 tons has fizzled out as we suggested at the time. The price was too high for Brother Jonathan, and he is going to steam his Pacific Fleet on American production. The Egyptian tenders have not yet been declared.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9s.	19s. 6d.	19s. od., 20s. od.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d.
Drys ,, ...	18s. 3d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. 3d	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.	17s. od.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. od.	16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ...	20s. od.	20s. od	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.	20s. od., 20s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d., 19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	15s od.	15s. od.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. od., 16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff ...	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. od.	12s. od.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Seconds ...	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. 9d., 11s. od.	10s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s 9d.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d., 10s. od.
Seconds ...	10s. 3d	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. od.	13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ...	28s od.	28s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 28s. od.	27s. od., 27s. 6d.
Ordinary ...	25s. od.	25s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od.	24s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	22s od.	22s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. od., 22s. od.	21s. 6d.	21s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	33s. od.	32s. od.	32s. od.	30s. od.	28s. od., 30s. od.	28s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *October 16, 1907.*

THERE is nothing of a new and strange idea to report in connection with the market hereaway, which during the past week has shown a very steady tone. Supplies are fairly good, but the demand existing is well up to them, and there is every indication of the market remaining a satisfactory one for some time ahead.

IN the ANTHRACITE section, there is a firmness noticable. LARGE COALS are experiencing a regular demand, and steams with the collieries being good, there is no change in prices. RED VEIN is, however, an improved department, thanks to an increased demand. Here and there prompt stems are rather easy, due to a scarcity of tonnage, but generally speaking, there is no weakness, and quotations are obtained. In the MACHINE MADE COALS, prices are very firm, the demand exceeding the visible supply. COBBLES have advanced, and NUTS easily command the demanded figure, these qualities being somewhat scarce. CULM and DUFF are marked steady.

STEAMS are about the easiest point, and stems for these qualities are easy for prompt shipment. Consequently lower prices are being accepted for this position. BUNKER qualities likewise.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. 6d	28s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.	28s. od., 29s. od.
Seconds do. ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	27s. 6d.	27s. 6d.	27s. od., 27s. 6d.	27s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	24s. 6d.	24s. 6d.	24s. od., 25s. od.	24s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. od., 19s. od.	18s. od., 19s od.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	28s. od.	28s. od.	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	29s. od.	29s. od.	29s. 3d.	29s. 3d.	29s. 6d.	29s. od., 30s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 3d., 6s. 9d.	6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	18s od.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. od.	18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.	12s. 6d., 13s. od.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, October 16, 1907

(N) denotes Newport. (S) Swansea. (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo, *Stephanotis*, 5,000 tons, 11s. 6d. ppt.
(Via Cape), *Clan Macnab*, about 9s. for part cargo of 3,000 tons.
Muirfield, 9s.
Hong Kong, *Charlton*, 6,000 tons, 13s. 6d. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 12s. 9d.
Wyandotte, 14s. 6d. for 1,500 tons.
Kathleen, 14s.
Cape Verdes, *Bristol City*, or sub., 3,000 tons, 8s.
Sheppy Allison, 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d. spot.
Westlands, 4,800 tons, 8s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Peruviana*, 4,500 tons, 16s. 1½d.
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 14s.
Para, *Valetta*, 3,500 tons, 13s.
Las Palmas, *Woodfield*, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Exmoor, 4,800/5,200 tons, 7s. 6d. optn. Cape Verdes, 8s.
Glenmorag, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Or Teneriffe, *Bangor*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Madeira, *Ravelston*, 2,900 tons, 7s. 9d.
Teneriffe, *Capenor*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Azores, *Mantinea*, 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d. 250.
Buenos Ayres, *Dunrobin*, 4,800, tons, 14s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Palestrina*, 4,800 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 5,400 tons, 7s. 6d. spot.
Genoa, Steamer, 4,800 tons, 8s.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *San Nicola*, 4,300 tons, 8s. 3d.
„ „ Steamer, 3,600 tons, 8s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Italiana*, 3,500 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Semantha, 4,000 tons, 8s.
Wingrove, 4,200 tons, 7s. 4½d.
Norfolk Range, 4,400 tons, 8s. 6d.
Barcelona, *Hermann*, 2,800 tons, 8s. 6d. 500.
Steamer, 3,100 tons, 8s. 6d. 400.
John Christie, 2,300 tons, 9s. coal, 9s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 9s. 400.
Titlis, 2,300 tons, 9s. 6d. (s).
Naples, *Poldhu*, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 1,000.
Amie, 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d. 800.
Or Leghorn, *Hellas*, 5,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 800.
Venice, *Baro Fejervary*, 5,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Steamer, 4,600 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Or Ancona, Steamer, 5,300 tons, 8s. 7½d.
Algiers, *Dingwall*, 2,850 tons, 8·75 fcs.
Spezzia or Leghorn, *Lizzie English*, 1,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
„ „ Steamer, 2,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Prado, 8s. 6d. 500, 6½d. (s).
Charlton Hall, 6,800 tons, 7s. 3d. free discharge.
Leghorn, *Talavera*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d. 500, 10d.
Brindisi, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 8s.
Ergasteria, *Lady Palmer*, 3,500 tons, 9s. 6d. coal, 10s. 3d. fuel, option Venice, 10s. 6d. and 11s. 3d. (s).
Smyrna, *Trevaylor*, 3,300 tons, 8s. 600. (N).
Oporto, *Scoresby*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 3d. (N).
Bizerta, *Isle of Hastings*, 2,000 tons, 11·50 fcs. coal 12·15 fcs. fuel, (s).
Piræus, *Trewellard*, 2,900 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Marseilles, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 9·75 fcs. (s).
Trieste, *Slingsby*, 4,000 tons, 10s. coal, 10s. 9d. fuel, spot, (s).
Almeria, *Ella*, 1,950 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Canganian, 1,350 tons, 8s. 3d. coal, 9s. fuel, (s).
Oran, *Becfi Freres*, 2,400 tons, 8·75 fcs. (N).
Tunis, *Deux Charentes* or *La Vienne*, 2,000 tons, 11·50 fcs. coal, 12·50 fcs. fuel, (C./N./or s.)
Steamer, 2,300 tons, 11 fcs. (C. or N).
Syra, *Thirlwall*, 4,600 tons, 7s. 6d.
Danube, *Hieronymi*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 9d.
Tre——, 2,900 tons, 9s.
Malta, *William Middleton*, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Etonian, 5,400 tons, 6s. 6d.
Lisbon, *Baltic Sea*, 3,300 tons, 6s. ppt. (N).

BALTIC, Etc.

Sundswall, Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7s. 9d. (s).
Cronstadt, *Neguri*, 2,900 tons, 7s. fuel.
Bergen, *Ancient Briton*, 1,200 tons, 8s. f.d.
Kallundborg, Steamer, 1,300 tons, 7s.

BAY, Etc.

Huelva, *Dolcoath*, 2,250 tons, 6s. 3d.
Bordeaux, *Marnegro*, 4,000 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
Lizzie, 1,100 tons, 7·50 fcs. second voyage, (s).
Nantes, *Faedrelandet*, 1,900 tons, 6·75 fcs.
La Pallice, *Rive de Gier*, 1,450 tons, 6·75 fcs. option Rochefort, 7 fcs. or Tonnay Charante, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).

COASTING, Etc.

Portland, *Calgarth*, 2,250 tons, 3s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Porthcawl, 2,300 tons, 3s. 4½d. „
London, Steamer, 2,400 tons, 4s. 9d.
Belfast, *Yorkshire*, 450 tons, 4s. (s).
Harrier, 200 tons, 4s. 3d. (s).
Cork, *Lancashire*, 500 tons, 4s. 9d. steamer paying dues.
Guernsey, *Enriqueta*, 520 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Brest, *Flandria*, 500 tons, 7s. fuel.
Havre, *Castleford*, 2,400 tons, 5s.
Carn Marth, 2,200 tons, 5s.
Southmoor, 1,100 tons, 5s. 7½d. (s).
Dunkirk, *Lowlands*, 2,400 tons, 5s. (P.T.)
Dieppe, *Belliver*, 1,000 tons, 6s. (s).
Hedworth, 1,250 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Fenham, 1,700 tons, 5s. 6d. coal, 6s. fuel, (s).
Elemore, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Ouse, 950 tons, 5s. 4½d.
Treport, Steamer, 680 tons, 5s. 3d. (s).
Rouen, *Alice M. Craig*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Prudhoe Castle, or sub., 930 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
St. Valery, *Coaster*, 300 tons, 10s. (s).
Bremerhaven, *Abchurch*, 2,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Lovland, 4,000 tons, 5s. 3d.
Honfleur, *Elemore*, 1,150 tons, 5s. 10½d.
Steamer, 1,750 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Caen, *Jason*, 950 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Boreas, or sub., 650 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Trouville, *Gipsy*, 600 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Clieveden*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 3d.

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1907.

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PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on October 3, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

19,925/06—LEHNERT—*A new or improved life-boat.*

A life-boat according to this invention consists of two closed parts, made of aluminium and hingedly connected at their rear ends, so that the upper part can be turned on its hinge to allow of persons entering the boat. The two parts are rigidly held together by means of fly-screws and when closed the boat is made watertight by means of an indiarubber joint. The boat is provided with two paddle wheels actuated from inside the boat in any convenient way. Air is admitted through a pipe in the upper part of the boat, a watertight flap closing the inlet.

28,656/06—HEARTON—*An improved haulage clip for attaching and detaching, colliery or other wagons, tubs or corves to and from endless rope haulages.*

This invention relates to a haulage clip for colliery corves. The clip is rigid and constructed in the form of an artificial hand, the parts representing the fingers forming the upper part of a loop which embraces the outer part of the rope, and the thumb forming the lower part of a loop, and embracing the opposite side of the rope.

2,733/07—STIEPEL—*A new or improved coal cutting machine.*

This invention relates to a coal cutting machine in which the reciprocating motion of the cutting tool is effected by means of an eccentric. On the top plate of a truck is fixed a bracket in which toothed gearing is mounted. The axle of the lower toothed wheel carries an eccentric which is placed between the vertical guide-jaws of an horizontal double armed lever centred in the top plate of the truck, and carrying the cutting tool. When the toothed gearing is actuated the movement of the eccentric is transmitted to the guide-jaws and the lever in such a manner that a reciprocating motion is transmitted to the cutting tool.

3,804/07—ENGLAND—*Apparatus for stopping or retarding ships.*

This invention relates to means for quickly stopping or retarding ships. For this purpose a plurality of retarding wings are attached to each side of the hull below the water line. Normally these wings lie flush with the sides of the hull, but when desired they may be thrown into action by means of automatic tripping devices. For closing the wings a rack is slidably mounted in a guide channel secured to the side of the ship, and is provided with a push lug adapted to engage the outer surface of the wing to press the latter into a closed position when the rack is moved forward.

7,185/07—HICKEY—*Improvements in ships' logs.*

This invention relates to improvements in that portion of a ship's log which is towed through the water. According to this invention, the rotator is weighted to keep it always in the water and continually rotating. The weight is in the form of a cylindrical spindle with a flat side, whereby the centre of gravity is lowered. When the rotator is towed it revolves around the spindle on ball bearings.

7,616/07—SNOWDEN—*An improved fairlead for steam trawlers and other vessels.*

This invention relates to fairleads for steam trawlers the fairleads being used to guide the warp from the winches over the top sheave of the forward or after-gallows frame for the purpose of hauling in the trawl. A bracket is formed with recessed sides for the accommodation of the flanges of the sheaves, thus wholly protecting the sheave so that the warp cannot become jammed. One of the recessed sides may be riveted to the side of the bracket, whilst the other may be bolted thereto, thus enabling the sheave to be withdrawn at will.

14,693/07—BROWNJOHN—*An improved paint for ships and the like.*

This invention relates to a black paint for ships. Pitch, previously crushed to powder, is mixed intimately with black naptha, and dissolved therein. Black lead is then added, and the whole stirred until the solution is of a homogeneous nature. Paint made according to this invention prevents corrosion and is non-inflammable.

These applications for patents, are until November 18, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on October 9, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending November 9.

Class 8—*Including nautical instruments.*

295,779—MOLETTE—Philosophical instruments, scientific instruments, and apparatus for useful purposes. Instruments and apparatus for teaching. J. B. Jacquemin, Bros., Ltd., 65, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Wholesale Manufacturing Opticians. August 23rd, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.— No. 193. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1907 THREEPENCE.

FRITZ ON THE MELODRAMATIC LAY!

FRITZ: "Yah. he dinks he's a great man growed. But, vait! Ven I der nex' schip gets, den I his blude vill get! Yah!"

NOTICES.

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Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD. together with all BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS, must be addressed to CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF. Telegraphic Address: -"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—FRITZ ON THE MELODRAMATIC LAY	161
MARITIME MURMURS	162
SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET—No. 4	165
FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM—BUT DON'T YOU SNUB US!	166
THE NAVY LEAGUE, AND—OURSELVES!	167
CONCERNING CERTIFICATED OFFICERS	168
"THE 'GENTLEMAN' SAILOR."	169
SALVAGE OPERATIONS UNDERTAKEN BY THE BUTE SHIPBUILDING, ENGINEERING AND DRY DOCK CO., LTD.	170-171
WITH REFERENCE TO THE RAILWAY RATTLE	172
CONCERNING TENDERS	173
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	174
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	175
PATENTS	176

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF,

Thursday Afternoon.

WITHOUT laying any claim to originality in the matter, and with never a pretence that we "thought up" the words, there is no getting away from the fact that 'tis a wonderful world that we live in, also that we move in a wonderful way. At the same time we are willing to hazard the opinion that one of the greatest wonders of all, is the serious manner in which one group of professional agitators will accept the manifestations of another group of the same enterprising gentlemen. Let us explain: A so-called International Conference of Maritime Employers (since the birth of THE MARITIME REVIEW, the word "maritime" has become frightfully common, hasn't it?) sits in secret conclave; it considers—Heaven knows what; it prattles of that which—the Almighty, alone, could explain; it stalks away from its secret meeting house—and on-lookers think up tales of old Guy Fawkes; it wobbles around among its fellows with a vacuous look upon its combined face; but even so, the agitating fraternity on the other side of the fence, immediately takes up the cudgels, and with never a care for consequences, rushes into the columns of the "vehicle" which is willing to accept its scintillations of more or less brilliancy; and there is a nice old kettle of fish toward.

SERIOUSLY, why should anybody bother about the doings of that International Conference of Maritime Employers? Is it to be supposed that its deliberations will make any difference to the evolution of the world and its people? Won't it be all the same, fifty years hence, whether it sat in secret conclave; whether it passed its time in playing marbles; if "bridge" occupied its strenuous moments; or rather that it wiled away the days between manhood and the grave, in sucking chocolates? Personally, we opine that it will be all the same, and mainly for the reason that the said "maritime employers" have been jockeyed into the "conference" through the representations of a clique of strenuous souls who accept the rôle of the agitator on the masters' side. Some people are peculiarly constructed! If a workman pays a windy atom of humanity a given sum of money per week, so that the said atom may shout and wave its arms, then, the atom referred to (and in the ranks of the employer) is written down as professional agitator. But if a similar affair practices for the employer, then, although the arm-waver has no personal interest in any of the disputes, and in spite of the fact that his work (save the name) is only of the so-much-a-week brand, it isn't polite to dub him professional agitator. Oh, dear, no! In the latter eventuality he is a "manager," what ho!

OF course, we are not inclined to jib about the differences in nomenclature. If a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it is open for us to believe that the same thing will apply with one of those please-adjust-your-dress-before-leaving places? Very well. We like to be frank in these affairs, and we note that our predilection for calling a spade a spade, and for merely throwing the flash-light on industrial abuses, is being backed up by no less a person than President Roosevelt. As a digression, we might remark that in connection with Trust-wickedness, "Teddy" declares: "All I did was to turn on the light. I am responsible for turning on the light, but not for what the light shows. It is impossible to cut out the cancer without making the patient feel for a few days rather more sick than he felt before." There you are, and you might be justified in supposing that President Roosevelt is a constant reader of these columns? Gads, he might easily be that, for it is a fact that a copy of each week's issue of THE MARITIME REVIEW finds its way to the Library at Washington. And now, having worked in that little bit on our own account, we are willing to come back to the particular chunk of mutton which occupied our attention, at the start of this present exchange of confidences.

ANYHOW, one of the workmen's writing champions has been giving attention to this phase of international work, and in passing along, we offer our congratulations to Mr. William Brace, on the manifest improvement which is evidencing itself in his occasional screeds. By and bye, we believe the gentleman will be able to write quite nicely—aye, and convincingly. Time was, that we felt it incumbent on us to suggest a more frequent use of the full-point in his writings. Judging by recent effusions, our well-meant advice has been followed, although even now, we cannot get away from the fact that some of the sentences are unduly prosy and long-winded. Still, practice makes perfect, and anyhow, Mr. Brace, your meaning is all right. That is more than could be said (right away, and without any careful

thought) for some of the enterprising souls upon whose conduct you occasionally pass strictures. Anyhow, the writer referred to remarks about the proneness of the masters' little "star chamber" to keep its manifestations all to its little self. Why jib about that? We have already assured you that it will be all the same fifty years hence. Who is there among us—and outside of its own restricted ranks—that will take that international thingumajig seriously?

And if it is difficult to take the thing seriously, why shall we bother about its secretiveness in the matter of "conferences?" If the push had any right to be taken seriously, it would throw its doors open; would take the world into its confidence; and more especially that portion of the world which supplies the needful money—shipping shareholders, to wit. In passing along, let us ask how many shipping shareholders are there, who are given one word as to how this portion of their invested capital is used? It is our misfortune to be bothered with whole batches of shipping balance sheets, and to-date, we are awaiting one of the sort which will inform us straight out, that so much money has been handed over to "our federation." Why should this be countenanced? If the shipowner must subscribe to "our federation," why not plump the fact out in the broad light of day? Having plumped the fact, why not give the trusting shareholder an opportunity of learning how much the little dodge is costing him? Furthermore, "international conferences" are not held on nothing; we may be fairly sure that the "high contracting parties" thereto, do not put up their own little bits of ooftish for the mutual admiration séance which follows; we may be absolutely sure that it is ever a case of "other people's money;" so why is the fact not stated in those balance sheets?

What's that? It might be stated in future balance sheets? Yes, and pigs might fly, but we haven't yet met a man who appeared to be willing to bet on the probability of their success in that direction. Pigs are more or less unlikely birds. The holders of "international conferences" are, in our opinion, just as unlikely. But getting along to a dissertation on the law of conspiracy, our mentor already quoted lets himself go with more or less of a bang. Case in point: "I am not unacquainted with the argument that an employer must have the right of declining to retain a man in his employ who is always complaining about his conditions of employment and agitating for their improvement." Argument be hanged; there is nothing at all of the sort in the matter. An employer has no right to say a word as to whom he shall employ. He is not in business for business' sake. He spends his money as a benefactor, of course, so if a man wants to growl, you must let him growl. Some fat-headed people suggest that an employer pays a man to work, but the contention is wrong. An employer gives a man a job, just to keep that man out of mischief, and—incidentally—to admit of his giving a third, say, of his earnings to his wife and kiddies, so that the latter may be kept off the rates. Every employer knows that it is better to give a man a job as long as he will give his better-half one-third of the boodle, for in that case, the employer has merely to supply a portion of the keep of the good souls indicated.

Our writing friend isn't at all inclined to subscribe to that so called "argument," and thereby shows, conclusively, that he is up-to-date; is in line with modern thought; modern labour-leading thought. Mr. Brace says distinctly enough: "Personally, I refuse to recognise the soundness of this doctrine"—as quoted in the preceding paragraph; so after this, you employers, if one of your hands puts in six hours a day in proselytising among his fellows for recruits for the "union" which he honours with his honest attentions, you haven't to say a word. You ought to be proud to pay a number of men to waste your time in wordy warfare with others of your workmen who will work (if allowed to), but who are just as willing to engage in wordy warfare if the boss allows it. That's what's the matter? Of course, some hard-hearted employers are asinine enough to believe that they pay their hands for a given amount of work; that if agitation is to be carried on, it must be done after work; but clearly, those employers are wrong all to Hades. We know, because one of our henchmen assured us of the fact. The party in question was under the impression that he could leave his work twenty-seven times a day, to answer telephone calls from correspondents who were interested in his "union."

That worker was a honest man, right enough, and would not have robbed us of one penny in actual cash; but he had no objection to rob us of pounds which were the equivalent of the time he wasted on his "union." He has left us, now. By and bye, we shall hear of him as a high-class agitator, and so the world wags. From the foregoing, you will understand that we do not see eye to eye on every point with Mr. Brace. Our misfortune, you know, and we cheerfully admit the fact. You'll have noticed that there is no false pride about us? We own right up, when we are unable to rise to our responsibilities as shadowed out by the labour-leader. We stupidly believe that we pay a man to work for us. Not that he may be in a position to spread his propaganda at our expense. But Mr. Brace says that, "Personally, I refuse to recognise the soundness of this doctrine," and we are wondering if it will make any difference to the general progress of the world? You see, we are doing the employment act; Mr. Brace isn't—which possibly accounts for the latter worthy's inability to recognise the soundness of the said doctrine?

But in connection with the shipowners' combine, why did "the nation ought to know the amount of money the respective industries set aside to defend their interests?" That is how Mr. Brace puts it. We have already admitted that the shipping shareholder has a right to know these little things, but that he is not informed openly and fearlessly. At the same time, we fail to see what it has to do with the nation, viewed in any light one cares to adopt. For the matter of that, we are somewhat inclined to believe that the nation will still have to go on in its benighted lack of knowledge, as far as the international come-all-ye is concerned. For our part, and as we have frequently remarked ere this, we believe that "federation" is merely an opportune affair that was invented to supply a more or less decent-sized living to a number of hombras that fate, hitherto, had been anything but kindly disposed towards. We know for an absolute fact that if the certificated seafarer had the essential amount of backbone, he could lay that "federation's" playthings all away inside of six months. Still, that is as may be, and in a country where any number of out-of-work combinations of partially-educated men are allowed to dominate and terrorise the remainder of the community, one "federation" more or less might not amount to a very great deal.

However, in following along this consideration of Mr. Brace's little screed, we note that, in his opinion, "workmen must retaliate." Retaliation is a good word, and when one has had a biff in the nose, or has been given a fat eye,

say, its meaning is filled with blissful potentialities. Precisely why this retaliation is to be recommended on this occasion, we are not quite clear. For that matter, Mr. Brace fails somewhat in making the matter any clearer to us. He says: "Following their own precedents, the maritime (there it is, again!) employers have floated an aggressive, but not an educational, international movement." What does it mean, exactly? And where is the aggressiveness? If the said "conference" flops around with closed doors; if it refuses to take the world into its confidence; if it acts precisely after the manner of its kind; if—hang it all! Why if anything further? There surely is nothing aggressive in the "conference" as manipulated to-date, is there? And if not, why bother about it? Let it hum, Mr. Brace, and take our tip for it, that you are in front of quite a number of "conferences" that will give you and your pals a thousand-fold more trouble, than ever will this newest fake-up which appears to have beguiled you into wasting several folios of decent copy paper.

MOREOVER, why should Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., be in need of any suggested rallying cry? Granted, and under certain conditions, the "fideration" might be inclined to play into Wilson's hand as suggested in the Bracian screed. But then, is it forgotten that without Wilson's "union," there would never have been a "fideration?" That "fideration" was instituted solely for the purpose of playing Old Harry with the "union" indicated? Both of them appear to wobble along on much the lines which have applied right down the years in which they have played their fantastic tricks; as far as that goes, both of them appear to be interdependant. Some shipowning friends assured us—at the time when the Compensation Act was made applicable to seamen—that "fideration's" fate was sealed. Those shipowners, obviously, didn't know the character of the bosses of the "fid." They knew that, practically considered, they existed merely as the manipulators of a "benefit scheme" which benefited but precious few. But with the passing of that, their *raison d'être*, it was comparatively easy for the "managers" to safeguard their jobs. Possibly this international confloption is one of the manifestations that way?

DON'T be impatient, Mr. Brace, but we feel, in common fairness to you and your august assembly of miners, that we should ask one or two pertinent questions. Let us begin. If your miners were faced with the competition of a number of alien wastrels; and if they knew that their Federation openly accepted the subscriptions from those alien competitors; do you think that the said Federation would exist longer than, say, twenty minutes? You have said and written a quantity about taking the nation into confidence on these matters. Very well. Take your own medicine, Mr. Physician. Tell, or persuade Wilson to tell, the world exactly how many members there are in his "union." Being on that lay, let him truthfully state how many of them are native born, and how many unconquerable aliens. Having done all this, let us hear from you, as to your opinion in thus attempting to save the situation for a number of soulless foreigners, even while hundreds of thousands of your own countrymen are starving, as being out of work. These are the little points which your supporters should be told. Tell Shon and Dai that you are breaking a lance for an organisation that is as willing to support a squarehead as it is to support a Briton, and then see if you will be encouraged, or told to drop out under pain of dismissal from a by-no-means bad sort of job.

WE like to be fair in our strictures, and as "union" is the fashion to day, we realise that it is as well to be out of the world as out of the fashion. In spite of all that dead knowledge, however, we have an idea that it is no part of a self-respecting labour-leader's business, to go out of his way to bolster up a concern which contains, at least, a very large percentage of aliens. We have an idea that the Compensation Act was instituted for the use of the tax-paying Briton; not for the wet-nursing of the non-tax-paying foreigner. What do you think, Mr. Brace, and what have you to offer in reply? You ought to know that Wilson's "union" is credited with being a cosmopolitan affair. If the idea is wrong, let Wilson say so, and give that nation of yours corroboration. In that event, we make bold to say that the said nation would back Wilson to a man; but as long as there is a doubt as to the cosmopolitan nature of the said "union," then, for just so long, will the nation be of the same mind as ourselves. What that is, we have already attempted to explain. This is rather a long consideration of your screed, isn't it, Mr. Brace? Never mind, we like to show willing, and really, we have become tired of the railway rattle, and of its associations.

THAT was an interesting presentation made by Mr. John Macaulay, general manager of the Alexandra (Newport and South Wales) Docks and Railways Co., one night, last week. Mr. W. G. Flanders, who has been in the employ of the Company for 35 years, has recently been appointed secretary thereof, and to signalise his preferment, a number of friends and well-wishers met at the Westgate Hotel, Newport, under the presidency of Mr. Macaulay. Local shipping men will need no reminder that Mr. Flanders was in charge of the wharfingers' department at the Newport Docks, and that he was highly esteemed by all who had business relations with him is equally obvious. The presentation took the form of a valuable "grandfather's clock," while Mrs. Flanders—mother of the guest of the evening—was also presented with silver candelabra and a silver inkstand. As showing the feelings which Mr. Flanders leaves behind him in taking up his new duties at London, Mr. Macaulay stated that he "had found Mr. Flanders, above all things, a man of honour, who had earned the respect and esteem of all who came in contact with him." Furthermore, no one was better pleased at the appointment, than Mr. Macaulay—which is high praise, and must be gratifying to Mr. Flanders? For our part, we offer our sincere wishes for the future prosperity of the gentleman who was thus considered worthy of the friendly gathering which was made in his honour.

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

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SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET.

No. 4. "THE NON-NAVIGATING SKIPPER."

SHIPPING people generally are thoroughly convinced that, in connection with our Mercantile Marine, there are many anomalies. These "deviations from rule" may be multiplied almost indefinitely, and to mention a few on the spur of the moment is particularly easy. Thus, "light dues" is a variety that should be heavily underscored. "Life belts" with an insufficiency of buoyancy to successfully sustain an emaciated kitten; and ships "in ballast" which are in reality nothing near that condition, may be cited. Compasses whose cardinal virtue is to point anywhere but magnetic North, and log-books which contain anything but a true account of the happenings of the voyage, may also be mentioned. Then, repair-bills in connection with "insurance jobs"—but these open up such a number of anomalies, and other things, and would take such a quantity of space for their discussion, that it is best we start at once on the particular specimen we have in mind, to wit, "The Non-Navigating Skipper."

IN certain quarters, which claim to be well informed, the custom has become so general, to pretend that everything connected with the sea-going portion of the Mercantile Marine is *comme il faut;* that an assertion to the effect that there are men in command of merchant ships who do not navigate may come rather as a surprise—a surprise, that is, to the shore-going members of the shipping industry, although to the sea-going portion it will be nothing of the kind. Unfortunately, especially for the underwriter, the non-navigating skipper is well in evidence, and is gradually increasing in number. That this fact is largely the fault of "the powers that be" there can be no doubt; for this reason: An examination must be undergone by all candidates for the honours of "skippership" which, as an *olla podrida* of all that is useless and nonsensical, would be difficult to beat.

THE "standard" for such exams. is being continually "raised," for the ostensible reason of getting more skill into the profession. This "standard raising," being of a theoretical and artificial nature, is slowly, but surely, eliminating from the ranks of the shipmaster all the skill that at one time obtained within those ranks. The embryo skipper of to-day, instead of being thoroughly taught a couple of reliable methods for defining his position, is allowed to flirt with a dozen different styles of so-called navigation. Then, providing he can obtain a correct result *from data supplied by a paternal Government*, he is dubbed "skipper" and may walk the bridge or quarter-deck until such time as he is required to *find his own data*, when *presto*, it may easily happen that another ship is marked up "missing." Under the circumstances, it is scarcely fair to blame the non-navigating skipper.

HE has fulfilled the requirements of the B.T., in so far as proving to their satisfaction that given, say, the altitude of a star with the time, etc., he can find the longitude of a supposed place. The B.T. do not trouble themselves as to whether the candidate can find the said star in the heavens, much less as to whether he can measure a reliable altitude if the star is found. As the B.T. do not mind, why should the skipper? As a matter of fact, he does not, but rather inclines to the belief that after an examination for a certificate of competency, the best possible thing for a successful competitor is a good dose of salts, for the purpose of clearing all the "examination-room-rubbish" from his system! True, at the present time, a candidate is required to show that he knows *all* about the position of stars—theoretically—and as a greater exhibition of skill (?) for the highest certificate *(which carries no benefits with it*, being rather detrimental to its possessor), he will be trotted out for the purpose of showing what acquaintance he has with "first principles."

THESE latter may be desirable acquisitions for the *savant*, but are not worth shucks in the making of a successful and work-a-day navigator. "First principles," forsooth! As well compel a carpenter to study botany before allowing him to make a coffin, or a blacksmith to study geology before allowing him to turn a horse-shoe. Why trouble the skipper as to whether he knows *why* a given formula has a certain result? Would it not be better for all concerned if he were thoroughly taught the formula, and a knowledge of its possibilities of manipulation under various circumstances to be met with in a sea-going life? Yet there is always some "crank" doing his utmost to make the shipmaster less trustworthy and able, by suggesting all manner of absurdities in the way of knowledge *(sic)* for his supposed benefit.

THESE "cranks" do not know that the merchant skipper, at best, has but one other person to assist him in the navigation of his ship. Yet they advocate the advisability of his learning "flash" signals, for fear of another *Werfa* case! He should also learn, according to the "crank," all about rendering "first aid" to the injured, regardless of the fact that "first aid" is utterly useless for a case in the middle of the ocean, unless a fair knowledge of surgery is also forthcoming; and so on *ad nauseam*. The suggestions of the "crank" would fit in all right, supposing the merchant vessel were manned like a man-of-war. The latter carries signal-men for signal duty, doctors for "first (and last) aid," and, in like manner, special people for special work. But the "merch." has only two men—generally—to remember and carry out everything. As a consequence of those two men being crammed with a sprinkling of all wrinkles, but a knowledge of none, is it be wondered at that the non-navigating skipper is on the increase?

THAT he *is* on the increase is an indubitable truth. We know, because we have met with him. He may carry off his little weaknesses in various ways, but the weakness is there. We remember one who was master of a fine steamer, and he was hopelessly ignorant of what "taking the time" for a chronometer "sight" meant. He did not know the simple fact that he must note the time when "time" was called by the mate who took the altitude! That skipper *could* measure an altitude though, so his *modus operandi* was as follows: Mate takes altitude, and skipper pretends to take "time." Then the skipper pretends to work the "sight." Now skipper takes altitude, and mate takes "time," which "sight" is really worked by the mate for the position. Mate compares his real position with the skipper's pretended one, and thus the skipper obtains his position! See? Beautifully clear, eh?

IF the "Old Man" had practised half that amount of talent on learning to navigate, what an expert he would have become! But he didn't, and was eventually found out by an accident on the mate's part. That skipper was only one of the non-navigating variety! Another, bound from Gib. to Baltimore, was wont to ask the mate each day at noon if he thought the ship would find Baltimore. Quoth the mate: "Unless they have shifted the city since we left Gib.; in which case we must find out where they have placed it, and go there!" Baltimore was eventually reached, and the "Old Man" put on as much "side" as he would be allowed had he really brought the ship there! Yet another: *His* invariable method of finding a compass course from a given true or magnetic, was to *guess* a compass course, and then apply deviation and variation, in the hope of equalling the known true or magnetic course.

NATURALLY, under the circumstances, he had to make many trials before hitting on the compass course that would work backwards into the required true course. Sometimes he would develop headache—'tis surprising how subject to headache is the non-navigating skipper—and then the mate would find the required compass course from the true, direct, and according to Coc[illegible] But that skipper was noted for "side" on arrival at port! Other skippers of the variety under discussion affect an absolute contempt for the science of navigation—"purely," as they say, "on principle." They are sure any fool can navigate, consequently smart men don't need to! Whether this kind is a blessing to owner and shareholder is open to doubt. Very much so.

FOR instance, a man bound, say, from the Channel to Bahia. He steers away to the Southward, at haphazard, and when he gets in the latitude of Bahia, steers West, or as near thereto as his "principles" will admit of, until arrival. Of course, he has lost a couple of days, but that's nothing—bad weather, in the log, accounts for it all you know. He is also another man who is a one-man navigator. For obvious reasons, too. Couldn't expect him to let his mate know what an unmitigated ass he is! In conclusion, we will repeat that the ranks of the non-navigating skippers are ever on the increase; that as a marketable commodity he is of little value; that he is a constant menace to the safety of his own vessel—and of any other that is unfortunate enough to be in his vicinity. Also that his existence is solely due to "cranks" who have attained to power.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1907.

FIAT JUSTITIA, RUAT CŒLUM—BUT DON'T YOU SNUB US!

THE foregoing occurs to us, after considering the holdforth of Mr. Bell at the Theatre Royal, Leeds, on Sunday afternoon, last. You see, one of his friends, a few days ago, and at another more or less historic meeting remarked, "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall," and although the saw is a good old legal maxim, we found ourselves wondering why, by all that is wonderful, it should be thrown about on the atmosphere surrounding a gathering of professional agitators.

Of course, it is no concern of ours, and if those erudite labour leaders see fit to sail above the heads of their one-time butties in this remarkable manner, we are not going to offer any objection. Especially as we have a haunting belief that, in any case, the heavens won't fall, and that justice won't be anything unduly in evidence, unless those concerned attend to the matter with, say, a club stick, or something equally efficacious.

However, as scheduled, Mr. Bell had his little flutter at Leeds as indicated above, and if we are to judge by the plethora of "writing," cartoons, and smart quips that have resulted in consequence, the gentleman should feel pleased—not to say proud? Personally, we are of opinion that the railway agitator runs the heroic defender of beleaguered Mafeking rather closely in his bid for public attention, so we are wondering if there is anything in that old jape which assures us that a man who masters himself, is more to be advertised than he who conquers a city.

We are willing to admit, right away, that the foregoing paraphrase isn't altogether according to the Book. But then it should be remembered that the said Book was written at a time when advertisement was in its infancy—at least, the advertising of those who did yeoman service for their compatriots. As a case in point, we might remind you that although the builder of the Temple of Ephesus is forgotten, the galoot who burned it down is still included in the classical "who's who" book. Very well.

You might suggest that we aren't taking the Leeds flutter very seriously. If so, we have to admit the soft impeachment, for we happen to be among those who find it difficult to believe that the majority of our fellow countrymen are so far left to themselves, as to be made cats' paws in the game of rescuing a few more or less hot chestnuts. Chestnuts that will be handed over to the uses of a number of estimable—but altogether dispensible—patriots who "get there" through agitation, pure and simple.

That is to say, we are unwilling to admit that Mr. Bell is the only person who knows the railwayman in the bulk. There are many of us who know the hardy worker, with a know that is quite as convincing as is that of the self-made agitator. Under the circumstances then, we are also among they who are disinclined to believe that these speeches are anything more serious than stage-thunder. Naturally enough, we are willing to give Mr. Bell a run for his talents, for this would be a monochromatic (say, that's a good word, isn't it?) sort of world, if everybody were inclined to the serious side of living?

Going further, you will remember that we have said, on various occasions, that if a man repeats a doubtful tale exactly fourteen times, he will get to believe it himself on the fifteenth application. Now what appears to us to be extremely doubtful, is the suggestion thrown out at Leeds on Sunday last, and in an alleged answer to Sir E. Paget's Midland Manifesto, to the effect that whatever action the A.S.R.S. took in the present deplorable circumstances, "sprang from the men's own initiation."

Did it, now? Really, we mean? Did the peaceful railwaymen leave their work for the purpose of faking up a "society," or rather, did a few patriots interview and circularise the erstwhile contented workers, so that they may be induced to pay up so-much per week, for the purpose—among other items—of remunerating a secretary, and what he is pleased to term "my executive?" Let us be clear on this point, because hitherto, we have worked up a belief that the said "executive" has been dref'fly busy in gathering in as many men as possible.

Not only have they been busy, for we happen to know that for years, their success in this direction has been anything but phenomenal. For the matter of that, we are somewhat inclined to the belief that present successes are anything but breath-taking. Mainly for the reason that the really dependable workers on the railway have lived for long enough to ask themselves what they are likely to gain if, by backing up this home-made society of which so much is being heard, they sacrifice their present jobs, and their prospective superannuation.

True, the railwayman isn't paid at rates that would apply in connection with the manager of an American Steel Trust. In comparison with other branches of labour, however, the railwayman hasn't much to grumble about. We have already admitted that, in individual instances, hardships undoubtedly exist. But then, the Millennium is not yet, and as we have frequently suggested, the vast majority of the workers had no sort of thought that they were being ill-used, until the advent of the agitator with a belief that (in his own case) the labourer is worthy of his hire.

Naturally enough, there is an amount of somewhat naive argument attached to these theatre-bred speeches. For instance, here is a pretty little bit of it: "It is said that the companies cannot afford to give an advance of wages, whilst, at the same time, they are spending thousands of pounds in building bungalows and in supplying beer to imported men who were to take the place of those on strike." Dreadful, isn't it? But what would those engineers? Is there a possibility of satisfying them, anyway short of giving them the whole of the country as a going concern?

As far as the foregoing "beer and bungalow" notion is concerned, the Government cannot afford to give the Continental hordes of would-be adventurers a free run over free and happy England—to say nothing of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. But to keep the said horde in abeyance; to supply the essential amount of hell's blazes that will make them appreciate heaven aright; the Government can afford to spend millions per annum on an Army and Navy. Won't somebody tell Mr. Bell that the Midland Company's "beer and bungalows" is its army and navy that will protect its shareholders' money in the event of the agitator being taken seriously enough to make trouble?

And what, precisely, is meant by this: "I, personally, have no desire to be too hasty in appealing for Board of Trade intervention. I have not forgotten 1897, and once I get a snub I am not likely to risk it again." Isn't Mr. Bell taking himself far more seriously than the situation calls for, or warrants? Is it possible to be a professional agitator—even in these rampant days of so-called trades unionism—without laying one's self open to the snub, either direct, or implied? We want to know, you know, and possibly because we might undertake the business, later on! You never know, for when agitating is patently remunerative—well, we'll see.

In any case, and in our straight opinion, if Mr. Bell really means that "once I get a snub I am not likely to risk it again"—then, we should like to ask the railwaymen if they think that it is time to relieve the wheel, or, in railway talk, to put another guard on their train? For this reason, we head the present writing, *fiat iustitia, ruat cœlum*—but don't you snub us!

THE NAVY LEAGUE AND—OURSELVES!

IF we belonged to the pushing atoms of life, we should certainly write the above title somewhat differently. Should say "Ourselves and—the Navy League." But never mind. There are occasions when we wish to emulate the blushing daisy. And this is one of them. Why? Well, the Navy League has been writing its annual letter to a London contemporary, and under the heading of "Trafalgar Day and the Navy League," works off some pretty good notions of a capital I sort.

For instance, that letter leads off with, "It has been the custom of the Navy League in past years to remind Englishmen of the needs and claims of that great Navy which won its proudest triumph upon this anniversary, and which is still to-day the sword and shield of the British Empire, the one defence of the United Kingdom against invasion." There you are, and when you realise that all that sword and shield, and most of the defence is the direct outcome of the action of the well-meaning but somewhat verbose gentlemen who make up the League in question, you will naturally feel all right?

Of course, you will, for that is how we feel on the subject. Especially when we further read, "Since the Navy League drew attention to the unpreparedness of the Channel Fleet during the summer, changes have been made which greatly strengthen that force." True, we are seriously asking whether the Navy League or ourselves succeeded in drawing the greatest share of attention to the "unpreparedness" referred to, and we leave the answer to the enlightened souls who are good enough to throw in their allegiance to The Maritime Review.

At the same time, we feel a certain amount of justifiable pride in the recollection that our own strictures anent the unpreparedness alluded to, went farther than did those of the League in question; and we don't mind calling further attention to the fact that we also had several words to say in connection with the split in the ranks of the League; and of the amiable manner in which its literature is attended to. But even here, we shall probably see a contemporary or so attempting to filch from us the credit of our good work. Meanwhile, let us give more attention to those "It has been the custom of the Navy League" gentlemen.

Mind you, we are ready to asseverate our belief that the said gentlemen mean well, aye, right up to nine places of decimals—and that is a sufficiently exact fraction? But even so, meaning isn't everything? Quite a number of people mean well, although circumstances might be altogether too strong for them. We opined, a few months ago, that circumstances were too strong for this precious League. For the matter of that, we have some such idea at the moment of writing, but in view of the annual letter which started us off on this occasion, we are beginning to have doubts.

You see, we are willing to admit our limitations, in which respect we differ from the Victoria Street affair? Personally, we are chary of admitting that the League has any limitation, for in our humble opinion, and when out upon a put-'em-right séance, it would appear to be willing to go the whole hog, in a manner of speaking. As an example of what we mean, let us again quote: "The Navy League has, in the past year, refused to take action or to indict the Admiralty for a failure to maintain the two-Power standard, and the chief reason for its refusal has been the delay which has occurred in the case of the new German ships."

We suppose it is all right, and that the reason assigned will hold water, so to say. But the fact remains that we have happened upon one or two good people who have averred that the supineness of the Navy League in the indicated direction, was consequent upon the internecine warfare which existed within its own ranks. That there were dissensions, everybody interested knows. That the dissensions—at one time—bade fair to extinguish the work of this self-made reminder of the beauties and glories of Trafalgar Day, is equally apparent.

However, and supposing that the warfare referred to is not a thing of the past; if a minority is still antagonistic to the meanderings of the majority; the League comes up smiling with its annual letter, and that is something for which we should be thankful. To our mind, the British Admiralty should now be shaking hands with itself. Should be glad that it happened upon a snug job at a time when the dreaded Navy League had other fish to fry, and therefore couldn't be bothered with an indictment against their lordships, what?

To clear the matter up definitely, we want to ask the Admiralty if they aren't thankful for the mercies which have been vouchsafed to them? We should also like to know what would have happened to the Board of Admiralty if, in a weak moment, they had been exposed to the action, and to the indictments of this puissant League of estimable potterers after notoriety? In the suggested events, would the Admiralty have given up their swords and belts; would they as one man, have made a mad stampede across the landscape; and as they cockled around the nearest corner, would they have cast a sheepish look over their shoulders, even as they breathlessly ejaculated the words, *et tu Brute?*

Admiralty! Our congratulations go out to you! You have our sincere admiration, for if the Navy League had taken action on your account, or if they had even issued an indictment against you, then, it would have been "Dicky, up a stick," with your highly-paid jobs; your metaphorical apple-carts would have been capsized; and if you hadn't ultimately arrived at Shanklin in a state of more or less delapidation—well, you would not have thus arrived! The fates are good to some people—aye, and when they appear to deserve it least! Yet, we wouldn't mind betting tuppence that the Admiralty is pursuing the even tenour of its misguided way, 'fore all the world as if a Navy League hadn't let up on it!

But here's a bit—and we are somewhat surprised to read it: "Though the final word in a naval action will probably rest with the battleship"—no, we can't go on. The statement is simple heresy, supposing it does appear in a Navy League letter. We are not to be beguiled in any such a silly manner, not us. We know that the final word will rest with the Navy League. You cannot stuff us about battleships having anything to do with it. In the old days, yes; battleships might have had the decision of a fight all on its side. But in the old days, there was no League.

Why, even the League itself goes on to explain—as we note, after a further perusal; for it says, as plain as day: "yet for the attainment of the highest efficiency, each component part and arm in a squadron must be equal to the work imposed upon it." We like the word "imposed." It is so suggestive of the work of arm-chair—and retired—tacticians, when dealing with the labours of those on active service, and in an epoch when sailorising is as different to that which obtained when the "retired" gentlemen were "on the strength," as light is from dark.

However, "To sum up, the Navy League holds that vigorous efforts in new construction will be essential next year"—and if the whole fit-out isn't on a par with reading a page out of Zadkiel's or Old Moore's Almanac, then, we should very much like to hear about it.

CONCERNING CERTIFICATED OFFICERS.

IN our last week's issue, and when discussing "Speed in Fog—and Other Items," we animadverted on the different kinds of certificated men who are legally eligible for a command in the British Mercantile Marine. Well, good people, we have started something and no mistake! Furthermore, we have arrived at that point where we are sure that there are quite as many certificated men on shore, as there can be at sea, for our correspondence—but let us get away from it.

SOME of the letters are nice, some of them aren't, and quite a goodly proportion convince us that if the time hasn't arrived when a shake-up of the variously examined men is essential, then, indications are all in favour of the belief. However, we sit here more or less for the purpose of being shot at, in a manner of speaking, and a goodly number of years at the business has inured us to the diversion. All the same, we earnestly desire to do good in our time and generation, and for that reason we are about to leave the settlement of this examination question to those with most at stake.

As we have frequently assured our readers—both nautical and otherwise—we have disposed of our sextant in a manner that was pleasing to us. We have no intention of making an effort to "raise" another sample of the optician's or nautical instrument maker's art. Under the circumstances, then, we can discuss this question dispassionately. What is the question? In a few brief words, it is:

"Ought certificated officers to be periodically examined, and should those who fail the modern tests be disqualified?"

THERE you are, good sirs. The question has been thrown at us by countless numbers of earnest sailormen; we have hitherto dodged it; and have tried, by every means within our power, to smooth out the rapidly growing ill-feeling on the subject. At this precise point in the discussion, we shall refrain from having anything to say either for or against the subject, although you may take it from us that we have very decided views thereon.

INSTEAD of giving our opinions at the moment, we shall be satisfied to review the situation as it presently applies; and with this end in view, we shall lead off with another query:

Is the Board of Trade examination as we know it to-day, necessary?

ON the face of it, there mightn't appear to be much of a job in safely answering that question in the affirmative. But if you go a little deeper than the surface, you might work up other ideas. For example, if the modern examination is essential, why are old-timers allowed to practice? By old-timers, we mean those altogether estimable, but terribly uneducated men who attempt to keep alive the tradition that a shipmaster is the one man on earth who needn't know more about his business, than is included in the words, "Haze your mates, and pick their brains. When they do anything smart take over the credit; if you personally make a hash of things, put it on the mates."

STILL remembering that we have no wish to give a personal answer to our own question, let us drop into actual fact for a while. Let us ask another and final question on the same subject:

IF certificated officers come up for periodical examination, would such action benefit the nation by giving it none but the fit, even while it put a premium on earnest endeavour, by giving the best jobs to the best men?

THERE you are, sirs! Let us hear from you, tersely and to the point. We will respect your wishes for anonymity on this occasion, and for obvious reasons. And while you are chewing the cud of reflective consideration, we will point our moral—even if we do not adorn our tale—by quoting one or two instances that have come within our own personal knowledge.

FOR a start, a steamer where the skipper passed in '75, the mate in '84, and the second mate in '91—all with masters' certificates. The Old Man was fully convinced that what he didn't know about navigation wasn't to be found in any self-respecting epitome—and he allowed the second mate to do the navigation, solely as a favour, and that he may be "fit" when attaining command. The mate was inclined to admit that the second could beat him in what he termed "two, four, six, eight"—otherwise, in figuring; but when it came down to "handling a steamer," well, that second mate was simply not in it.

AFTER many vicissitudes, in which the mate incontinently proved his ability by strandings, hair-breadth escapes from collisions (and for which the second mate was wicked enough to "paste him," without telling the Old Man) the second mate left to get a mate's berth that was offered. The Old Man didn't like this. He considered that out of gratitude for being allowed to learn navigation (and although he had passed his examination some sixteen years after the skipper had passed, and found the syllabus thereof proportionately "raised"), that second mate should stay on in the steamer for ever.

BESIDES, the Old Man was taking his wife on the next voyage, and he didn't wish to ship a strange second mate who might need watching, and who mightn't be able to navigate worth a cent. That, however, was the Old Man's business, and the second mate said so. Then, in a sudden burst of enlightenment, the skipper asked: "Are you leaving because of any bad feeling with the mate? If so, that needn't bother you. I know most of his weaknesses." Taking the cue, the second mate said: "Captain, I'm leaving to better myself, so you cannot suggest that I am criticising the mate with the hope to get his job if you listen to me. But take my tip: Sack the mate, or he will drown you, safe as eggs. Never mind how, or why, but he will."

RESULT: Collision a few weeks afterward. Sunken ship. Only man drowned—the skipper. Since that time, the second mate in question has been chary of prophesying. But on one other occasion the same fellow did undertake the rôle. Talking to a well-known shipowner he said: "You have sacked Blank, then?" "Yes," was the reply. "Blank got too big for his boots." Our friend dared to hazard: "I always wondered why you engaged him. Still, 'twas your own business."

NOW, the shipowner was aghast at this suggestion; declared that Blank was quite the most fortunate man in the fleet; and if he had kept clear of swelled head, he could have stayed on, indefinitely. Our friend said: "Yes, he is a fortunate man. Always gets good mates. He is safe in turning in at 8 p.m., and laying there (no matter how many corners his ship might have to turn meanwhile) until seven bells in the morning watch. One of these days, though, he'll get a new mate who won't be quite so good; then, they'll all go down with M'Ginty."

RESULT: Another command. Good mate at first, and fortunate passages. Good mate left. New one engaged. Vessel left a home port, foundered in a most unaccountable manner, and all hands were drowned. How do you account for it? We do but state the facts, so:

"Ought certificated officers to be periodically examined, and should those who fail the modern tests be disqualified?" Don't all write at once, please.

"THE 'GENTLEMAN' SAILOR."

THERE is no getting away from the fact that Mr. W. Clark Russell, in his zeal for the welfare of the British Mercantile Marine, "gives it to them without the gloves." The letter from his pen, and which we reprinted from the columns of the *Shipping Gazette* last week, has "drawn" more than the usual contingent of apologists. With their lucubrations, generally, we have no concern, and mainly for the reason that in most instances the same old hackneyed path has been pursued; the same alleged "arguments" given; and the same showing of middle-class mediocrity trotted out.

IT is ever thus—when a man who knows, attempts to say a word toward the removal of the grave national danger with which the country is confronted in the matter of the manning of its merchant fleet. The man in the street will concern himself with whole reams of piffley nonsense concerning a threatened railway strike; but where the feeders of the railway systems are involved—well, Mr. Man is inclined to leave the subject even while he believes that he'll muddle through, somehow.

HOWEVER, we make no apology for our conduct in this connection. We have "been there;" know most that there is to know from sad personal experience; and possibly for that reason, we are more or less disregarded. So be it. We shall continue doing our best, and when a sailorman comes in here with the breathless demand as to whether we have seen "Friday's *Shipping Gazette*," and assures us that if we have not, then we ought to; naturally enough, we begin to ask questions. Having "been there" as already suggested, we are at a loss to know how our questioner can be out of work, and still have a daily threepence for the *Shipping Gazette*.

"Daily threepence, be jiggered," snaps our nautical friend. "Who is going to waste his substance in any such riotous manner? I saw the blessed thing in the reading room. It's always there. The room subscribes to it I s'pose. Anyhow it's there, and being inclined to dodge in out of the rain, this morning, I had a squint at it. W. Clark Russell is putting it into us in style, you bet, and—well, you ought to see it." That was enough for us. We did see it, and realising that there is a quantity of truth in the strictures given, we decide that such strictures have no right to be devoted to the limited attention of a number of sailormen who dodge into a reading room, "out of the wet."

UNDER the circumstances, then, we give our scattered admirers another opportunity of reading a bit of straight writing:

"THE 'GENTLEMAN' SAILOR."

"TO THE EDITOR.

"SIR,—'H.M.S. *Royal Oak* some years ago was being coaled by a big steam collier. One of the officers of the *Royal Oak* described to me, with laughter, the appearance, dress and conduct of the 'Old Man' on the coalman's bridge.' Now what on earth has this to do with the contrast which your illogical correspondents seek to institute between naval officers and tramp masters and mates? The question is 'Are gentlemen needed in the merchant service'? In these days the collier is not an old brig, staggering and creaking from Shields or Sunderland to her port south of the North Sea. She is often a large, handsome steel built ship, much too good to be in charge of such elderly Geordies as used to swing off on the tiller, whilst the auld wife sat on the hatch mending his breeks. Why should not gentlemen be found on tramps' articles as masters and mates? The steam merchant ships of to-day correspond with the best class of merchant ships in the days of sail, and in those days that class of sail was largely in charge of captains and mates who, socially, were out and away ahead of the sort of men you now see on the bridge at Cardiff, Newcastle, Sunderland, of steamers of 5,000 and 6,000 tons, filled with commodities as varied and valuable at least as were the cargoes of old in the biggest of ships—say the West or East Indiaman, or the China and Australia traders.

"I reason on behalf of Lord Brassey's scheme. The sneers levelled at the 'gentleman' are spurious and idle. We all like the gentleman. We desire to have gentlemen as our commanders. No matter who the man; he is always safe in the hands of a gentleman. The gentleman is a man of sympathy and self-control and self-respect. He understands his responsibilities as a gentleman. We know all about 'a mon's a mon for a' that.' But what sort of man is he? He may be a man, indeed; but he may also be a burglar, a forger, a Portland convict, and 'a' that.' We had better qualify our man by an adjective, and call him 'a good man' or 'a bad man' or 'a pious man,' and so on, but swiftest and amplest of all definitions is 'gentleman.' We know what it means. We do not look into the dictionary to find out why a good cigar pleases us; why the bouquet of a good wine delights the palate of taste and smell; to say 'he is a gentleman' is to say all. Of how many skippers and mates in the tramp service can this be said? And to the degree in which they are not gentlemen, then so much the worse to that degree for the outlook of what is called the British Mercantile Marine.

"But all this has nothing to do with a comparison between naval and merchant officers. No more to do than it has between the attire of the two services—the one being the uniform of the State, and the other the livery of a private hirer.

"The merchant service of to-day has been degraded, belittled, by the tramp owners in it. They have vehemently opposed all improvement in wages, accommodation, food, and treatment. They have discharged the British sailor, and sent him to the workhouse with a pauper's grave, and have filled their metal shipboard shanties with the dregs of the foreign slums. They have now combined with European fellow-Christians, and a mean confederacy of shipping nationalities are (as I write) sitting in secret council, their theme being their interests, their enemy the only man through whose services these Trampists (they should be Trappists) continue in being. Yes, Sir, this composite crowd of British and foreign owners are influenced by one common motive: to oppose a dead wall of flint-hard resolutions to the demands—not, indeed, of the British sailor: he is gone!—but to the half-starved, underpaid wretches who have replaced him, and whose captains are (quite necessarily) men in 'ard 'ats and ruby velvet slippers.

"In conclusion, the prospects of the gentlemen in the merchant service are hopeless, as things are. Therefore, do not let your correspondents tremble at the idea of anything like a gentleman appearing amongst them.

"But, I ask, is this as it should be?

"Yours, &c.,

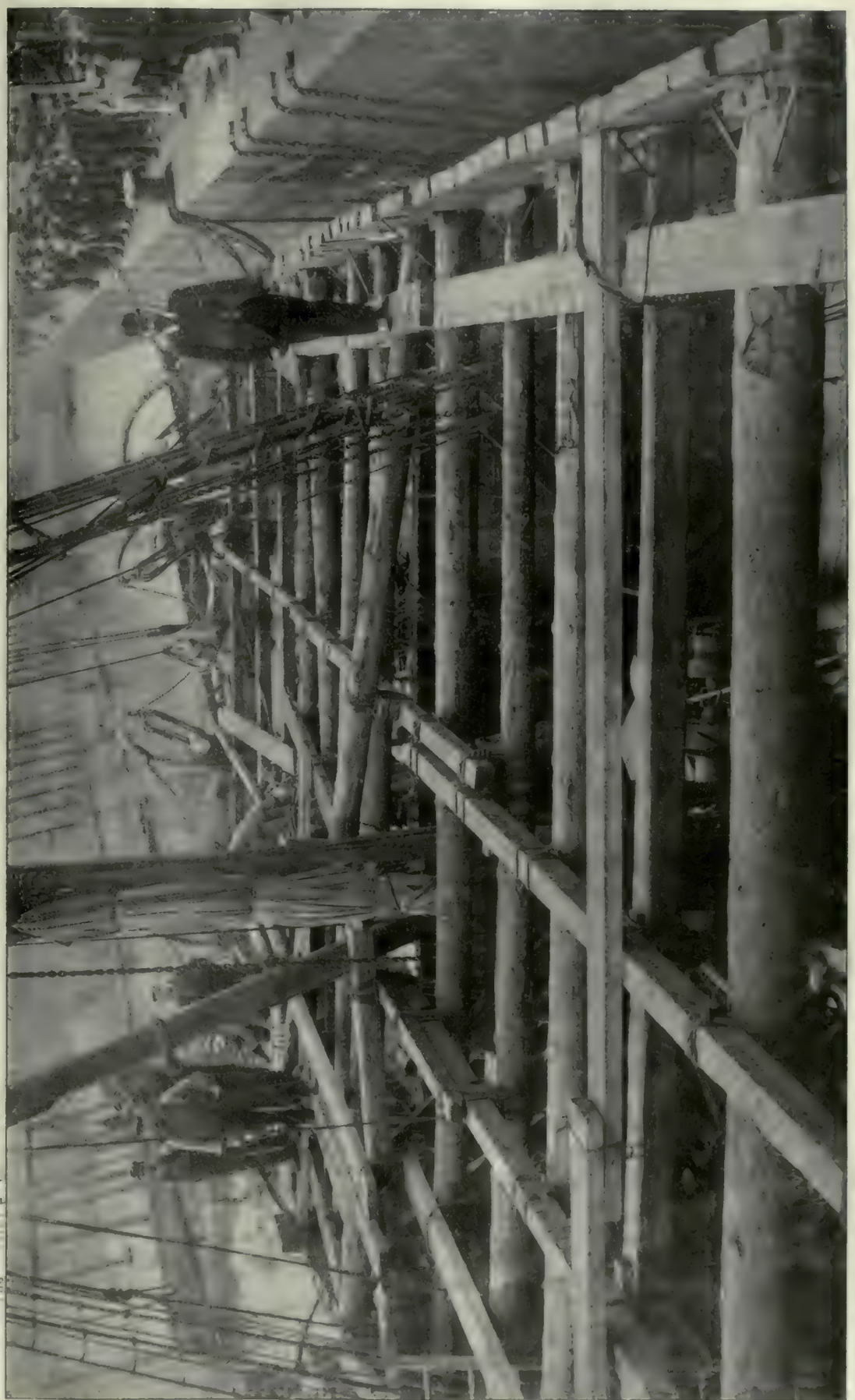
"Oct. 17, 1907." "W. Clark Russell."

THERE you are, you who read our remarks on "federations" last week. "They have now combined with European fellow-Christians, and a mean confederacy of shipping nationalities are (as I write) sitting in secret council, their theme being their interests, their enemy the only man through whose services these Trampists (they should be Trappists) continue in being. Yes, sir, this composite crowd of British and foreign owners are infuenced by one common motive"—to kill the goose that lays them the golden eggs!

MEANWHILE, what is the younger member of the executive officer branch doing? Just playing the fool. In vulgar parlance, he is kidding himself with the belief that he is an officer and a gentleman; he pays half as much as a dock walloper in the matter of a "federation;" and if he pays that amount, he soulfully sighs for the advent of a Bell, or he "shoves off" in an endeavour to wrap himself up in a mantle of semi-obscurity. Tell him that he has the power to hoodoo the federations that have been combined against him, and he admits the truth. Ask him why he doesn't join up with a 'live affair that will emphasise his power, and he sorrowfully admits that he has helped several associations to build up funds which are being used for the benefit of their officials, and that for himself, there is no help.

TRULY are "the prospects of the gentlemen in the merchant service . . . hopeless as things are." And the admission is no less sad because it is altogether his own fault. Too many of him will waste a "fiver" in chasing a frock over dubious ground, even while he will refuse thirty shillings to enable earnest workers to make the said "fivers" more in evidence. "The 'Gentleman' Sailor!" He might come—by and bye. Pigs also might fly—but they are unlikely birds?

The *FEDELE PRIMA VESI*, previous to her salvage operations undertaken by The Bute Dry Dock, Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd.



The *FEDELE PRIMA VESI* with salvage operations a success

WITH REFERENCE TO THE RAILWAY RATTLE.

AS our readers are already aware, the Midland Railway Company issued, on Friday last, a manifesto to its wages-staff, and although we realise that there is no need for us to reproduce that circular letter, we yet feel that a passing glance thereat will be justifiable. Particularly in view of the fact that, under the heading of "More of the Railway Rattle," we forecasted, in our last week's issue, almost the identical terms which were used. Needless to say, we had no inside information—as this item is usually considered—and as we had printed our remarks some couple of days before the railway company's circular was made public, the coincidence is all the more apparent?

As an example of the manner in which THE MARITIME REVIEW is in line with the directorates of the railways, we will quote from the Midland manifesto already referred to:

> The first necessity for safe and efficient railway service is the maintenance of discipline, and although Mr. Bell disclaims any intention to interfere with matters of discipline, experience has shown that, notwithstanding the intentions, interference will follow if the Amalgamated Society is made the intermediary between a railway company and its men.

OUR remarks last week, lilted along as:

> In this connection, a local contemporary has been spreading itself editorially on the subject. Among other more or less touching items, our friend says: "If the A.S.R.S. used the recognition, as it is used by the Miners' Federation, as an excuse for the repeated petty strikes in order to compel non-unionists to join them, then the safety and its efficiency of the systems would be seriously imperilled." "If!" Of what use is it to split straws in any such ridiculous manner? Human nature is the same all over the world, and the power to do ill deeds, ever make ill deeds done—especially when the doers thereof would be a horde of uneducated men, who are prone to listen to the rhodomontade of anything that can chatter.

IN other words, and "notwithstanding the best intentions," interference would necessarily follow if the A.S.R.S. is made the intermediary. How can it be otherwise? If the Society is to justify its existence, and the money which is paid into its coffers, it simply must interfere. And we maintain that any claim to the contrary is hardly worth the paper on which it might be written. As the thin edge of the wedge, this much-talked-of "recognition" is all very fine and large, but if it is allowed to prevail, then, as we have previously remarked, "heaven help the traveller."

QUOTING further from the manifesto under consideration, we get: "A railway differs from ordinary commercial industries, which can be suspended in the event of a strike. It must be kept going. The places of strikers must be promptly filled in order to carry on necessary traffic, and, owing to the popularity of the railway service, by reason of its permanence and certainty, and of its attendant privileges, applications for employment are, as a rule, numerous."

OUR words in connection with the foregoing were: "In plain language, a railway system may not be carried out on lines which (in the absence of something better) are good enough in a dry-dock, or a paint-store, say. With trouble at a given dry-dock, or paint-store, then, it has merely to wait till the clouds roll by, when a re-start may be made—if liquidation hasn't been brought about meanwhile. But if the railways of the country are to be run on so-called trades union lines, heaven help the traveller."

AND when all is said on this subject, will it be pretended that the public, once it has tasted the mad delights of a disorganised railway service, will give the strikers any assistance? Of course, the irresponsible chatterers who make one journey per annum—and that when they are more or less filled with the milk of human kindness, seeing that they are off on their usual "fortnight"—are willing enough to preach "no surrender." Fatuously enough, those good souls believe that as it is now the winter season, when holidays are distinctly "off," a strike would make but little difference to themselves.

NEEDLESS to say, this is the contingent upon which the agitation grows. But once the strike were an accomplished fact, and factories were closed down because of a lack of raw material; when the necessities of life started to reach war prices; and when each district would be practically cut-off from every other district; then, we have an idea that the present shriekers of "no surrender" will be among the first to advise the railwaymen to quit fooling; to return to their work; to bury, or otherwise dispose of their agitators; to seek redress in a constitutional manner; and failing this latter, to get out of railway work, thus enabling a new set of hombras to sample the "terrible privations" which are now so widely prattled of.

NOBODY wishes to suggest that a railwayman's life is a bed of roses. It isn't, for he has disabilities, and grievances, seeing that he is distinctly human. But then, it has taken the agitating brigade more than a quarter of a century to convince the combination which is now under the A.S.R.S. flag that those grievances exist; it will probably take another quarter of a century of agitation, before the remainder of the cult are convinced of what is supposed to be so obvious. That is, railwaymen have come; have listened to the words of the agitator who is no longer a railwayman and should therefore be outside the pale of the work; and have gone.

MEANWHILE, and as the result of strenuous efforts that way, the number has fluctuated along at any number of differently-stated figures. At one time, the total is big, at another it is all too small for working purposes, and if, as a result of the present colossal advertisement on free lines, the number rises into something approaching a majority, what about it? After the agitation is completed, and has died a natural death, the rank and file will be in need of precisely the same amount of persuasion, as they have needed during the past twenty or thirty years?

IT isn't as if the question were of national importance. If the railways—as obtains with the sea service—were in the hands of a horde of aliens; if, at no very distant date, a national disaster would incontrovertibly follow; then, we could understand that the advent of a patriotic soul who meant clean, straightforward business, should be hailed with acclaim and every token of respect. But the railways are in no such parlous state; there are probably two Britons ready to fill every vacancy which might be made in the ranks of those who are asked to throw up the fruits of years of toil; and although there are inevitable grievances about, nobody concerned is by way of "going under" on that account?

FURTHERMORE, if Mr. Bell is really in earnest in his desire for peace, why doesn't he give indisputable evidence of the number of men who are supposed to be behind him at the present juncture? The directors of the Midland Railway Company "do not believe that Mr. Bell represents the majority of the Midland staff." For that matter, neither do many others? It is very certain that but few who have studied the situation will believe it, for if the A.S.R.S. really had the bulge, we may take it for granted that, with a loud flourish of trumpets, the fact would be thrown out upon the world.

TO-DATE the numbers have not been authenticated. Why? Is it for the reason that an ounce of fact in this connection would show conclusively that the whole amitation is little better than a questionable try-on? If Mr. Bell seriously acts on the behalf of a majority of railway workers, he is worthy of attention on that account; if he doesn't represent the majority, why all this old chowder? In countries the size of Britain, the majority carries the deal, and without any beating about the bush or through spinning fairy tales. Personally, we believe that if the A.S.R.S. had a majority that could be demonstrated by a show of the essential books, the world would have been given a taste of that item, long ago.

CONCERNING TENDERS.

FROM time to time, we have commented on the suicidal policy which is followed by local ship-repairing firms, when tendering for work that comes to the Bristol Channel. Apologists for the greatest sinners in the making of impossible tenders, offer all manner of excuses for the phenomena, and assure us that different conditions may never be successfully hoped for, under existing circumstances. Precisely what "existing circumstances" is meant to cover, is left largely for the imagination of the individual concerned.

IT might mean original sin, it might mean simple backbonelessness, it might mean neither. Unkind persons have been heard to declare that it has more to do with crass ignorance of the requirements than anything else, and that the indubitable result of all idiotic tendering, is either a passing through the hoop which binds financial disabilities, or a sojourn in the hospital set aside for the uses of the mentally infirm. With regard to the causes, we have no concern, and we are satisfied to interest ourselves with effects.

AT the same time, we wish it to be understood that the shiprepairer by no means owns the copyright for peculiar tendering. The local printer would appear—if we are to judge by results—to be a past master at the business, and if "difficulties" in this direction were thrice as prevalent as they undoubtedly are, we, for our part, shouldn't be at all surprised. As most of our friends are already aware, the proprietors of THE MARITIME REVIEW are also by way of being printers, in the fullest sense of the word.

THAT is to say, they are in a position to cater for the printing wants of the million, and without having a care or thought of it being necessary to take their hats off, so to speak, to any other exponent of the art. Our admirers have assured us that we have done more locally toward raising the printing trade into a fine art, than any other dozen printeries combined. Of course, we accept the praise with becoming modesty—and then hustle around for more of the stuff to occupy our attention.

HOWEVER, in addition to being high-class printers, we are also averse to having our business interfered with by a number of doubtlessly well-meaning souls who assure us that they represent a "union;" and when we supply up-to-date plant; a thoroughly sanitary factory; know that our employés enjoy the highest remuneration; —well, you needn't wonder that we are in a position to turn out the best work? Or that we have no particular amount of dealings with those so-called unionists?

BUT in a city which is more or less run by the labour-vote; where solid business men tell you frankly that they have no patience with its so-called municipal work; and that they wouldn't be found sitting in its council chamber, no, not for six-and-eightpence a time; well, you can readily understand that the Maritime Review, Limited, isn't eligible for the printing for which it pays, in rates, its due share? You can. But then, it isn't only because we are non-society that we are out of the hunt for the Corporation's favours. That is only one of our disadvantages.

IN addition to that non-society trait, we are antagonistic to the thought that we should be looked upon as universal benefactors, or that we are willing to keep our plant employed, purely for the satisfaction of posing as "corporation contractors," and all that sort of more or less fatuous thing. No, we pay our way, and as a natural consequence, we must make a profit on our work. In other words, we do not come to the Docks merely for our health's sake; or to hear a number of highly-respected people sing us songs of Araby. It isn't our *forte*, by any manner of means!

NEVERTHELESS, a number of the local patriots who affect to be alarmed at the trend of the Socialism of the day, keep sedulously clear of our estimating clerk, where, if they really were alarmed at the Socialism referred to, they would support those who have the courage to expose its vulgarisms and impossibilities, which—and in spite of the grammar—"is us!" Anyhow, a number of the "elect" have been tendering for the Corporation work—some of them have obtained it. A consideration of the resultant figures should convince you that not only the shiprepairer is riding for trouble.

AS we have no intention of giving a free advertisement to the good souls who succeed in posing as tenderers for the work under discussion, we are going to tick them off in alphabetical form; and with the distinct understanding that A is not necessarily the best exponent of the printers' art in the group; or that H is the worst. On the contrary, for H might easily be better than A, and C better than H. Very well. The Corporation needed a given number of printed forms for its annual use, and said so in its specification.

NEEDLESS to say, each tenderer received the same specification, would have to supply the same class of paper at practically the same rate of purchase money (the credits of the various concerns might vary a fraction), and as they belong to "the society," would each have to pay the same rate of wage. Presumably, too, and seeing that all are printers, they would each know their business, would be bound by the same conditions, and should therefore approximate somewhat to each other, in the matter of price? They should, for even "society" houses are considered as human—supposing some of them are a bit on the edge of weak-kneed?

ANYHOW, and as far as those printed forms were concerned, A quoted £700; B reckoned he could do it for £501; C was somewhat dubious, so quoted £638; D was persuaded that (to him, at any rate) the job was worth £593; E (and possibly for the reason that he believed it might pay him to sub-let it?) plumped for £606; F was quite clear that £547 met the case; while G (in a whole-souled intention that he wouldn't appear among the "cheap and nasty" lot) courageously tendered the whole of £737. Naturally enough, the £501-man—as being lowest—got the work.

MAKES you wonder, doesn't it? The mean of that one set of prices—and disregarding fractions—amounts to £617, yet one capable printer was £120 above the mean, and another (presumably) equally capable printer was £116 below that mean. The range between highest and lowest—and on a job that went for £501—was £236! Is it ridiculous, fat-headed, simply silly, or what? Next, let us consider the "Corporation minutes" in the same bunch of orders. In this instance, A wrote £703; B wanted £416; C could easily do it for £464; while D (poor fellow) had to decline; E considered that £476 would meet the case; F plumped on £408; but H (a new chum) quoted £337—and got it, subject to some inquiries as to satisfactoriness, etc.

IN this instance, the mean of the prices rendered was £466. The highest tenderer was £237 above the mean, and the lowest £129 below that mean. If the highest tenderer's was a fair price (and he tendered as an old-timer at the job, and therefore as being *au fait* to its possibilities), where will poor H come in, if those inquiries are satisfactory? No, it isn't a conundrum, and you needn't bother about plunking it into a "limerick." We have our own ideas on the subject. So have you. Thus we leave it right there. At the same time, don't be surprised when your various printer friends give you a wide range of choice in the matter of price. Remember too, that the lowest tender isn't always necessarily the cheapest—which is sort of subtle.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *October 23, 1907.*

AGAIN we have to admit that, for the period under review, the coal market has shown but little sign of improvement over the conditions which have obtained for some weeks past. Indeed, the irregularity which has been in evidence for quite a while continues, and although during the earlier days of the period under review, a steadier feeling was somewhat noticeable, the vagaries of the weather soon knocked all that on the head.

THE pessimist is about in quite big amounts of course, and he is dead sure that it will take little short of a miracle to lift the market out of the rut—or rot, he styles it—which has manifested itself so much of late. But then, the pessimist, like the poor, is always with us. So much so that the remainder of the community is inclined to discount him, and all his preachings!

STILL, the weather did knock calculations all awry, for in view of the big charterings which have recently been made, a grand clear out of old stocks was anticipated. But then, old Boreas has a playful knack of capsizing the undertakings of the colliery man—presumably by way of getting a bit of his own back, for the unamiable manner in which steam has displaced sail?

YES, charterings on a large scale were responsible for much of the optimism that was about over last week-end, and needless to say, that optimism came about as a touch of the wish being father to the thought! Anyhow, bad weather came along in quite appreciable amounts, and the tramp of commerce is just as helpless when Neptune is not inclined to be propitious, as ever were those white wings that never grew weary.

IN any case, tonnage arrivals over the week-end were disappointingly few, and the market suffered in consequence. Quotations, such as they are, must be taken with a pinch of salt, for a man will hurl a quotation at your head, with all the sternness for which he is noted, but directly you whisper that this is for spot loading—well, then sirs, the sternness is switched off, quotations are banged, and you can romp away with a soul-satisfying concession on your offer.

UNDER those conditions, then, you will not be surprised to note that stoppages at the collieries are becoming disappointingly frequent, or to read that they are likely to become more frequent in the near future? At the same time, the bottom has by no means dropped out of the boom. Not at all! And for November loading—well, the exponents on both sides of the deal are inclined to wait. You see, both of them feel that one never knows what will turn up—and they don't!

MEANWHILE, the Egyptian Railways' contract has been placed with two local firms, at prices—well, they won't say! The P.L. and M. contract has been placed for 200,000 tons (100,000 large, and 80/100,000 tons small) at 29.40 francs, and 25 francs, c.i.f., respectively. Calculating freight at a reasonable average, the prices represent a considerable discount on collieries quotations over 1908.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. od., 18s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od., 17s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.
Best Newport ,, ...	17s. od.	17s. od.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.
Ordinary Rests ,, ...	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Best House Coal ,, ...	20s. 6d.	20s. 3d.	20s. 3d.	20s. od.	20s. od.	19s. 9d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. od., 19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 3d.	14s. 3d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. od.	16s. od.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 6d., 16s. od.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.
Smalls:-						
Best Cardiff ...	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ...	10s. 9d.	11s. od.	11s. od.	10s. od.	10s. 9d.	10s. 6d., 11s. od.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s 4½d	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. od., 10s. 6d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. od.	10s. od.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d., 12s. 9d.
Foundry Coke:--						
Special ...	27s od.	27s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.	26s. od.
Ordinary ...	24s. od.	24s. od.	23s 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od.	23s. od.
Furnace Coke ...	21s. od.	21s. od.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. od., 21s. od.	20s. od., 21s. od.
Patent Fuel. ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	29s. od	29s. od.	28s. od., 30s. od.	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. od.	28s. od.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *October 23, 1907.*

THERE is little that is new to report in connection with the market in the kindred trades for the past week. Prices show no material change, and can be considered as ruling very steadily at their last levels. For any business in the near future quotations are still firm, but there is not a deal of demand—that is to say of a new nature—about for forward shipment; and firmness is not quite so pronounced as has been the case recently. Nevertheless Collieries have a sufficiency of engagements to enable them to maintain the present figures, for a little time. At the moment, Coals are fuller in supply, due to lack of available tonnage, and this is giving prices an easier appearance; but, on the other hand, buyers find it difficult to get any concession on the quoted figure, except for business which happens to suit a particular colliery's stem.

ANTHRACITE LARGE is generally a steady Market. Superior qualities are well stemmed, and values are firmly upheld. Inferior sorts are rather more plentiful for the reason aforementioned. There is, however, no weakness. MACHINE MADE COALS are as firm as ever they were, and the difficulty is to get the stuff, so satisfactory is the demand. CULM AND DUFF keep in an easy state, and prices are marked 3d. down in some cases, possibly a trifle more for business which suits the stemming arrangements.

STEAMS show no improvement, but on the other hand are much weaker, more especially for prompt shipment. There is very little demand, and Coals are being freely offered at lower prices this week. This market looks like being easy for some time.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	29s. od.	29s. od	28s. 6d	28s. 6d.	28s. od., 29s. od.	28s. od., 28s. 6d.
Seconds do. ...	27s. od.	27s. od.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. od., 27s. od.	26s. 6d., 27s. od.
Big Vein Large ...	24s. od.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. od., 24s. od.	23s. od.	23s. od.
Red ,, ,, ...	19s. od.	19s. od.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. od.	18s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	29s. od.	29s. od.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. od.	29s. od.
,, ,, Nuts ...	30s. od.	30s. od.	29s. 9d.	29s. 9d.	29s. 6d.	29s. od., 30s. od.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. 9d.	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Rubbly Culm ...	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. od.	9s. od.	8s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. od.	6s. od., 6s. 6d.
Patent Fuel:—	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ...	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. od.	19s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	18s. od.	18s. od.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.	17s. 6d., 18s. od.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d	15s. od., 15s. 6d.	15s. od.	15s. od.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	13s. od.	13s. od.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :–

Week Ending, October 23, 1907

(N) denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Colombo, *Drumcondra*, 9s. 6d.

WESTWARD, Etc.

Cape Verdes, *Kurrachee*, 4,400 tons, 8s.
Steamer, 1,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
New York City, 4,600 tons, 8s.
Rio de Janeiro, *Bishopsgate*, 4,400 tons, 15s.
Usher, 4,500 tons, 14s. 4½d.
Las Palmas, *Ariel*, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d. option St. Vincent, 8s.
Teneriffe, Steamer, 5,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Manaos, *Thordisa*, 2,700 tons, 18s. 6d.
Dakar, *Runswick*, 9s. 6d.
Barbadoes, *Homewood*, 2,700 tons, 10s. 6d.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Clumberhall*, 5,200 tons, 8s.
Genoa, *Pandosia*, 4,600 tons, 8s. 4½d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Polynesia*, 2,6/2,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " Steamer, 4,800 tons, 8s. 4½d.
" " Steamer, 3,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Hermod*, 2,000 tons, 8s. 6d. (s).
" " *Jose Martinez de Pinillos*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Chiswick*, 5,000 tons, 9s.
Penarth, 4,600 tons, 8s. 9d.
Rosslyn, 5,300 tons, 8s. 10½d.
Ontaneda, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Folmina, 5,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
Pasquale P., 3,200 tons, 9s.
Asimina, 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Kate, 3,600 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt.
Elswick Grange, 5,800 tons, 8s. 9d.
Illtyd, 2,200 tons, 9s. 350, spot.
Or Spezzia, *Lorenzo*, 3,100 tons, 8s. 9d.
Savona " *Kilmorack*, 2,600 tons, 8s. 9d.
Alexandria, *Dunraven*, 4,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
Reresby, 3,600 tons, 8s.
Polurrian, 4,000 tons, 8s.
Ada, 3,800 tons, 8s. 700.
Start, 3,100 tons, 8s. 6d.
Spezzia, Steamer, 6,500 tons, 7s. 3d. f.d. 600.
Naples or Leghorn, *Snowdon Range*, 4,400 tons, 7s. 9d. 800.
Algiers, Steamer, 4,500 tons, 8 fcs.
Crimea, 2,200 tons, 9·25 fcs. 800, (c. or N).
Murcia, 3,400 tons, 9·50 fcs. 600, or 9·25 fcs. if 800, (N).
Marseilles, *Gorbea Mendi*, 3,900 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Arvonian, 4,500 tons, 10 fcs. (s).
Santanus, 2,600 tons, 10·25 fcs. (s).
Lewisport, 2,700 tons, 10 fcs.
Ross, 4,000 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Venice or Ancona, *Panaghi Vagliano*, 4,400 tons, 9s. 6d. spot.
" " *Cairngorm*, 4,600 tons, 9s. 6d. ppt.
" " *Siam*, 6,700 tons, 8s. 7½d. 500, 10d.
" " *Matlekovits*, 2,200 tons, 10s. 6d. coal, 11s. 3d. fuel, (s).
Sir Richard Grenville, 3,300 tons, 10s. 3d. coal, 11s. fuel, (s).
Ancona, *Recta*, 3,500 tons, 10s.
Constantinople, *D. Negropontes*, 3,700 tons, 7s. 9d.
Smyrna, *Scarsdale*, 3,000 tons, 8s. 600.
Barcelona, *Daggry*, 1,200 tons, 9s. 6d.
Sagamore, 3,100 tons, 8s. 9d.
Tarragona, *Valencia*, 1,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
Nice, *Atlantis*, 1,200 tons, 9s. 6d.
Arzew, *Harald*, 4,200 tons, 8·50 fcs. coal, 9·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Valencia, *Vestmandrod*, 1,100 tons, 8s. coal, 8s. 9d. fuel, (s).
Piræus, *Cornikos*, 3,600 tons, 7s. 9d.
Portland, 3,000 tons, 8s.
Messina, Steamer, 1,650 tons, 9s.
" and/or Catania, *Tarragona*, 2,500 tons, 8s. 9d. one, 9s. 1½d. if two ports discharge.
Frascati, 2,800 tons, 8s. 6d. 400, 10d.
Catania, *Cousins Arbib*, 2,650 tons, 8s. 6d. coal, 9s. 3d. fuel, 500, (s).
Leghorn, *Tockwith*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 6d. ppt.
Cadiz, *Crimdon*, 2,200 tons, 6s. 9d.
Bari, *White Jacket*, 3,700 tons, 8s. 7½d.
Tunis, *North Gwalia*, 2,800 tons, 11 fcs. 300.
Gibraltar, *Uto*, 1,600 tons, 6s. 9d. (N).
Armourer, 700 tons, 7s. 3d.
Jessie, 3,000 tons, 7s.
Mark Lane, 3,000 tons, 4s. 6d. net.
Malta, *Peeress*, 2,600 tons, 7s. (N).
Vigo, *Josefita*, 900 tons, 6s. two consecutive voyages, commencing Oct. 28.
Lisbon, *Alice*, or sub., 1,800 tons, 6s. 3d. 250.
Vesta, 2,500 tons, 6s. 3d.
Veloz, 2,000 tons, 6s. 3d. 300.
Elizabeth, 750 tons, 6s. 7½d. 300.
Collivaud, 1,800 tons, 6s. 6d. 300, ppt.

BALTIC, Etc.

Stettin, *Dan*, 2,700 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Dordrecht and Helvoetslius, *Diana*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d.
Aalborg or Aarhuus, *Frank*, 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d.

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Getso*, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Discovery, 3,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Garth, 1,800 tons, 6·12½ fcs.
La Laja, *Auckland Castle*, 1,300 tons, 8s. 6d. (N).
St. Nazaire, *Cairnstrath*, 3,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. (c. or s.)
Northumbria, 3,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. spot.
Gorliz, 2,500 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Pomaron, 1,950 tons, 6·25 fcs. spot.
Josephina, 2,000 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Chantenay, *Cierbana*, 1,700 tons, 7 fcs. (P.T.)
Bordeaux, *Faedrelandet*, 1,900 tons, 6·50 fcs. option Nantes, 6·75 fcs. two voyages commencing Nov. 1. (P.T.)
Steamer, 2,000 tons, 7·25 fcs. (c. or s).
Charente, Steamer, 200 tons, 7·25 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Ragusa*, 1,800 tons, 7·37½ fcs. (s).
Resolution, 3,000 tons, 7 fcs. ppt. (N).

COASTING, Etc.

Cork, Steamer, 550 tons, 5s. (N).
Waterford, *Buffalo*, 270 tons, 5s.
Ballinacurra, *Fred*, 300 tons, 6s.
Portland, *Tees*, 2,000 tons, 3s. 6d. (Admiralty).
Elterwater, 1,700 tons, 3s. 4½d. "
Portsmouth, Steamer, 550 tons, 5s. 3d.
Muriel, 2,700 tons, 3s. 4½d. (Admiralty).
Devonport, *Greenhill*, 2,800 tons, 3s. 3d. "
Bremerhaven, *Sigurd*, 3,000 tons, 5s.
Bergen, *Elemore* or *Sindbad*, 1,200 tons, 8s. f.d. and free of address.
Rouen, *Spes*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 3d.
Rosella, 1,780 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Lucy Anderson, 1,500 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Electra, 600 tons, 6s. 9d.
Airmyn, 600 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Caen, *Springbok*, 950 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Malo, *Skipjack*, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Cherbourg, *Bishop Rock*, 580 tons, 7s. (s).
Dieppe, *Swan*, 950 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Havre, *Perseverance*, 1,300 tons, 5s. 7½d.
Automaat, 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d.
Gazelle, 750 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Blanche Rock, 550 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Carn Brea, 2,200 tons, 5s.
Congress, 1,450 tons, 5s. 6d. option Dieppe, 5s. 9d. (s).
Brest, *Carn Marth*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d.

HOMEWARD.

Almeria to Cardiff, Steamer, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Castro to Newport *Earl of Dumfries*, 2,200 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bilbao " " *Abasola*, 1,000 tons, 4s. 4½d.
Alemania, 3,000 tons, 4s. 9d.
Bordeaux to Port Talbot, *Faedrelandet*, 1,900 tons, 6s. 6d.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on October 10, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

21,014/06—PRESTON AND RALSTON—***Improvements in the method of and apparatus for discharging and charging ballast water on board ship and in discharging bilge-water, and for other discharging and charging purposes.***

According to this invention against the side of a bulkhead is provided a water-tight casing wherein is placed a rotary discharger, having its inlet in communication with and below the level of the water to be discharged. Between the discharger and the bottom of the ship is a sluice valve which can be opened and closed by a toothed gearing. To fill the ballast tanks the discharger is worked by a compressed air motor as for discharging, but the air and exhaust are connected in the reverse way to the air supply and to the exhaust by means of a four-way cock.

21,660/06—MARSHALL—***Improvements in rock drilling machines.***

This invention relates to improvements in the valve and piston of a rock drilling machine. The valve which is cylindrical in cross section is made without any central hole, rotary movement being prevented by a horse-shoe-shaped yoke securely fixed inside the bore of the valve chest. The annular recess of the piston is made of varied depth to give a smaller effective passage between the bottom of the recess and the cylinder wall at the forward end of the piston thereby reducing the tendency to cushion the blow.

23,680/06—HUNTER—***Improvements in or relating to ships.***

The object of this invention is to provide a seaworthy ship which shall be adapted to pass through canals having lesser available dimensions than those of the ship. The width of the main portion of the hull is determined by the available width of the canal and on the sides of the main portions of the hull are disposed side portions which are adapted to form ballast tanks when in use, and to be detached and floated when it is desired to take the vessel through the canal.

25,905/06—HOSKINS—***Improvements in detachable lee-rails for ships and other berths.***

The object of this invention is to provide means for fastening detachable and reversible lee-rails to the fronts of berth frames, and to facilitate their application and detachment. For this purpose split couplings, the two parts whereof are secured together by means of an union engaging with portions of both split parts, are carried by the foot ends of the lee rails and are adapted to engage the front members of the berth frame. Relative longitudinal movement between the coupling and the frame is prevented by collars or projections on the one part engaging with circumferential grooves on the other part.

4,037/07—BLIEDUNG—***Improvements in automatic coaling apparatus for bunkers and like spaces.***

This invention relates to coaling apparatus of the type in which the coal is fed by means of scrapers attached to endless chains passing over pulleys to a series of apertures under the chains in the top of the bunkers. By the present invention the endless chain passes around a plurality of horizontal rollers, and is thereby guided over a large area of the bunkers so that a series of apertures out of alignment in the top of the bunker may be fed by means of a single conveying apparatus.

8,446/07—SCHNEIDER—***Improvements in or relating to auto-mobile torpedoes.***

This invention relates to auto-mobile torpedoes, and has for its object the provision of a warhead, which instead of disappearing is intended to collapse at the moment of impact after the manner of an accordian its folds actuating the percussion mechanism only when the charge is close to the object struck. The torpedo is provided in front of the charge with a metallic cone adapted to be collapsed under the influence of impact, and forming a casing and protection for the striker operating mechanism, which is thus actuated only when the cone is collapsed. The operating mechanism consists of a metallic hoop pivoted to the front wall of the charge chamber, and normally separated therefrom by springs the approach of the hoop towards the wall and the rocking of the hoop producing the release of an arrangement for retaining the striker.

9,179/07—LEON—***Improvements in or relating to submarine mines, torpedoes, and the like.***

This invention consists in providing means for admitting water to submarine mines when the depth of immersion is too small, and for driving out water when the depth is too great. Within the mine is provided a depth regulating chamber communicating with the space outside, and connected through a conduit with a compressed air receptacle, the connection between the two chambers being controlled by a valve, controlled in its turn by a device operated by the water pressure in such a manner that as the mine ascends or descends, water is admitted to the depth regulating chamber or forced therefrom.

These applications for patents, are until November 25, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

This application for the registration of Trade Mark was published on October 16, and is open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending November 16.

Class 4—***Coal and coke.***

295,634—GRANBURNE—***Coal and coke***—E. A. Stevenson, Queen's Road Station, Sheffield, Coal Merchant, August 19th, 1907.

Device of ship with an anchor and S.C.C. on a shield beneath, and scroll work with Seaborne Coal Company inscribed on it.

295,998—***Coal***—The firm trading as Seaborne Coal Company, 54, Westbourne Grove, London, W., Coal Merchants, September 2nd, 1907.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

The Maritime Review

CANDIDE ET SECURE

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 194. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1907 THREEPENCE.

JOHN BULL'S REPLY TO FRITZ!

FRITZ: "Ogscuse me, Mistare Bool, but I vause forget me dat you hab *dot* up der sleeve, yah!"

NOTICES.

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THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the PUBLISHERS, or through NEWSAGENTS.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Cartoon—John Bull's Reply to Fritz!	177
Maritime Murmurs	178
S.S. "Grindon Hall," Cardiff "Hall" Line	181
More of the Railway Rattle!	182
"The 'Gentleman' Sailor"	183
Mixed Metaphors	184
"Chiefs" We Have Known—No. 4	185
Training Dodges	186-187
"Shipping Federation, Limited"	188
Concerning Certificated Officers	189
Cardiff (and other) Coal	190
Coal Freights and Fixtures	191
Patents	192

MARITIME MURMURS.

Docks Cardiff.

Thursday Afternoon.

A Cardiff shipowner has just been into these offices, and after beating about the bush for some little time, ultimately asked us if we were open to accept the command of a new steamer that was about to be chartered for a port on the Spanish Main. We quite understood that this couldn't possibly be an instance of where the shipowner was looking for an investing skipper. That shipowner man mightn't be unduly noted for his perspicacity, but we are willing to bet that he knows enough of life to understand that a struggling journalist is quite the most unlikely man on earth to be in possession of the wherewithal for an investment. Why, then, did he offer that command? Was it for some sinister reason, or merely because he pitied our arduous life, and wished to give us a chance to earn a few pounds, even while we were recuperating for a fresh onslaught on our chosen work? For our part, we were inclined to give it up—and the suggested command, which we did. Looking sorrowfully in our ingenuous face, that shipowner said that our refusal grieved him more than he cared to say, and wouldn't we reconsider our decision? If it were merely a question of a handful of pounds per month, that needn't stand in the way, and then we exhorted him to explain the seeming mystery. Said he: "If you will accept the command of our new steamer, we have an idea that you might think up a scheme whereby you could succeed in shanghaieing Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P. The world appears to be tired of his mouthing. Won't you save us?" People, we are thinking about that command. Don't be surprised if we accept it.

Wonders will never cease! The load-line question between Britain and Germany has been amicably settled—as far as the representatives of the shipping industries of both countries are concerned. It will be remembered that eight delegates (we beg their pardon, "representatives," and admit that delegates merely belong to an "union") undertook to thresh the matter out, and now, after many vicissitudes and much tribulation, a complete agreement has been arrived at. True, the good people are not yet out of the wood, for their tentative understanding has to be ratified by the respective Governments involved. Those Governments might agree, they might not. One never knows what to expect, when a handful of shipping men undertake Departmental work on their own. But if ratification does come about, the new rules are to apply to all vessels laid down after January 1, 1909—a sufficiently long time ahead?—and if desired, old ships may be brought within the same pale. Otherwise, vessels laid down up to January 1, 1909, will be marked with the existing freeboard. The results of this hard-fought campaign are considered to be of great importance, although we cannot truthfully state why it should be so; some folk also incline to the belief that the jape could be worthily copied by other nations; we are satisfied to say that the said results show that a better understanding is manifesting itself, between the shipping folk implicated. Long may it continue.

From time to time, we have called attention to the sinful method obtaining here, locally, in the matter of carting high explosives through the streets, to the danger of the whole community. As a case in point, we instanced that burst-up to which Johannesburg was subjected, 'way back in the eighties. Recently, there was a similar burst in Ontario, when the town of Essex was more or less wiped from the map, in consequence of a car-load of dynamite exploding on a railroad siding. The Michigan Central Railway Company was sued for damages, and at Toronto one day last week, Judge Riddell fined the Company £5,000 for negligence. Viewed in some lights, a fine of £5,000 is large, but one is naturally inclined to wonder how many times £5,000 would meet the case, if Cardiff were to be wrecked in similar fashion? In the words of the Judge referred to, "The best way to prevent similar occurrences is to make it more costly for the railway companies to violate the law than to observe it." That might be right enough—in Ontario. In Cardiff, it would be better to see that a law made it impossible to take the risk. Truly are these occurrences "crimes and not accidents." But what is the Cardiffian going to do about it? Will he wait until he is blown to a somewhat insecure seat on the lower limb of the moon, or will he accept his responsibilities, and forbid the carriage of explosives through his streets?

We knew it would come! The hoodooing of the "wireless" business in wartime. Here are we with a "wireless" installation recently laid out on commercial lines, when along comes a "made in Germany" quifflet which is going to neutralise its efforts! It is a peculiar fact, but a certain electrician forecasted this "marvellous" feat to us, some three years ago! He assured us that the instruments used in the "wireless" arrangement are so delicate—highly strung, he said—that the merest bit of outside influence may be calculated to destroy their commercial utility. If there is any truth in the assertion, then the new industry would appear to be doomed to disappointment? If a "revolving tower emitting half-a-dozen different currents of electricity" can spoil the signals in time of war, what is wrong with the idea for the use of the cable companies in time of peace? That is to say, as the Marconi Company is prepared to cut the cable companies' rates, will the latter reply with the installation of some of those "revolving towers?" It would certainly pay them so to do? Of course, a better plan would be for the wireless people to agree with the submarine people, in which case—as usual—the commercial man would be between the devil and the deep sea!

According to Governmental ideas—and as portrayed in one of their periodical Blue Books—Britannia continues to rule the waves, if only in a mechanical manner. We are told that the merchant fleet of the world consists of some 21,000,000 tons—or about enough to carry off, at one hit, the whole of Cardiff's yearly output of seaborne coal!—and of this by no means small amount of vessel, Britain owns some 10,000,000 tons. That is all right, and everybody under the flag should be duly satisfied. But then, good people, figures may be made to prove anything—aye, or nothing. We aren't disposed to cavil about the tonnage, and its share in the ruling referred to; and mainly because this is but one side of the undertaking. The smallest side, too. We have already called your attention to the amiable manner in which Mr. Lloyd-George was allowed to increase that tonnage total to the extent of about a million tons, and with just a stroke of his pen. For that matter, and if foreign competition should again press this country too hardly, it would be just as easy to add another million tons of shipping to the total, and inside of one sitting of Parliament. Sink the vessels deeper into the pickle, and the thing is done!

But when it comes along to the manning of that fleet of vessels, it is impossible to create a seaman in one night. It takes years to successfully work that phase of the business, although judging by the Government's efforts in this direction, you will be forgiven for thinking otherwise. Therefore, it will be as well if we let up on that "rules the waves" idea, even while we ask ourselves if there is any justification for the claim. Getting into the mere ship-figures of the argument, we find that while under the British flag, the grand total is 10,340,589 tons, the next best competitor (the United States) has merely 3,384,002 tons, and the vast majority of which is engaged in her own coastal and inland-water trade. So far in the race for maritime supremacy, this country has but little to fear from the United States. As far as our beliefs go, there will be less fear in future, and shipping subsidies notwithstanding. The United States is in exactly the same position as are the exponents of shipping in this country. Neither of them can produce a sufficiency of home-made seamen—at rates of pay that are offered to, and accepted by the foreign adventurer.

The latter individual merely looks upon his spell in a British ship as an episode, and for that reason is willing to sail for little or nothing. Indeed, he will ship for nothing—if, finding himself in a hard-up boarding house, he is faced with the dire necessity of shipping or taking to the road. Needless to say, this class of seaman is of little avail to the country which foolishly employs him. That he is thus employed, and under the conditions suggested, may be proved by a short consideration of the conditions prevailing in any shipping port. Obviously, if Mr. "Bordinsmaster" is for ever assuring "Yon" that if he cannot get a ship he must get a steamboat, or failing that must get out of the house—well, human nature will come in with striking force, and "Yon" will ship in anything, at any rate of pay. The harpies who batten on him will romp off with the major portion of his advance note; and "Yon" will desert at the first port of call, to be replaced by others who are being exploited on the same lines. There is no getting away from these unpleasant facts, and in the meantime, the whole service is rapidly passing over to this class of waster.

Continuing with our consideration of the Blue Book however, we note that Germany is a good third in the race—really, and from a general point of view, the Teuton is second—with 2,081,205 tons to her credit. In other words, our chief rival is second in ships, and first in men, for everybody knows that the British Mercantile Marine contains more Teutonic sailormen than it does English. As the Fatherland sees its way to "go in" for shipping, on lines approximating with its enterprise in other industries, those Anglo-German seamen will go home, and, choc-a-block filled with English notions, will be prepared to play Old Harry with the Briton's chances of continuing his wave-ruling game. It must not be forgotten, too, that Germany's phenomenal increase has been brought about in comparatively few years. While Britain's traditions go back to Alfred the Great, Germany's do not exceed half-a-century, so viewed dispassionately, there is matter for much misgiving in that Blue Book. And in this connection what shall be said of the fact that Germany rules where really big steamers are concerned? The Fatherland owns no less than 254 ships with a combined tonnage of 1,535,426, while Britain's best is 245 ships with a tonnage represented by the figures 1,313,902.

And "Happy Japan." Where comes in the handy little fellow that is giving such a good account of himself and of his stewardship in modern times? Well, as his share of the world's carrying vessels, he romps in with no less than 1,041,311 tons, or well on to double the amount owned by subsidy-loving France, and nearly three times as much as subsidy-loving Italy. All of which goes to show, that it is impossible to make a seafaring nation by meretricious methods: that to work up a viking breed they must be born. Writing of Vikings reminds us that Norway is about on a par with *la belle France*—as far as a mercantile marine is concerned: and yet we venture to suggest that but few of our readers would incline to the belief at first hand, and without giving a thought thereto. True, a large quantity of Norway's tonnage is made up of good old has-beens sold from under the red ensign: but a by no means inappreciable amount of that tonnage is represented by some of the finest steamers which the British builder is able to turn out of his yards. And in a commercial sense, and a Free Trade country, it doesn't matter a toss as to whether your ship is old or new. As long as she has "a class," she is eligible for anything that offers.

If sea-carriage were regulated so that the better ships should earn the higher freights, this "sold foreign" idea wouldn't matter so much; but that regulation does not apply, for it is a common sight to see an old clumbunker of a thing running off with the "fancy" freight, while the modern vessel has to be satisfied with the scrapings of the freight market. Like kissing, chartering all too frequently, goes by favour. It is all very pretty too, to say that when compared with Germany, and in the matter of tramp tonnage, Britain is immeasurably ahead; but that "immeasurably" doesn't amount to much, in these days of rapid construction. Thanks to her eighty or ninety years of peace at sea, Britain has had a second-to-none chance of consolidating her position. That she has done so to a very great extent, goes without saying. But at the present moment, and thanks to giving her cargo-carrying fleet over to the tender mercies of the alien, she is by way of undoing all that past generations of stalwarts have done. The Blue Book already referred to, is more or less filled with a cock-a-hoop tale about the substantial increase which has taken place in British seamen. In the Blue Book, that increase might be apparent; but in the forecastles of the merchant vessels, you may take it from us that no such thing applies.

Placed in actual figures—the lumping in the liners where British seamen abound—the Government claim is that foreigners are only to the extent of a 20.22 per centage. Could anything be more ridiculous? If fore-mast hands alone are considered, then, we are seriously of opinion that the percentage through and through, will be quite 90 per cent. of the whole staff employed. We know that officers and engineers are, as yet, mostly British; but in a crew of twenty-seven hands, and where seven only are British, (this is the usual amount, don't forget) is the percentage 20.22? Of course, not, and these Blue Books would appear to be faked up with intent to deceive? What is wanted, is a percentage of the sailor-ratings. Never mind hiding uncomfortable facts behind navigators and engineers. For it must not be forgotten that the sailor of to-day, is the navigator of, say, next year. If your officers pass away, who is going to take their places? Echo answers, who, and has been engaged at the trick, for quite a number of years. Under these circumstances, are Blue Books worth the paper upon which they are printed; and wouldn't it be an economy to the taxpayer, if their production were postponed until a happier and more open showing were possible?

We note that yet another prospectus has emanated from the firm of Messrs. Edward Nicholl and Co., Bute Street, Cardiff. This time, the Cardiff "Hall" Line is receiving the addition of a more-ambitious vessel to be known as the *Haigh Hall*, and, if we may judge by the past, is to go forth into the chartering world as the earner of a steady ten per cent. dividend paid, and a substantial amount put to reserve at the completion of each voyage. That our readers may glean some little insight into the proportions and general appearance of the steamers of the Cardiff "Hall" Line, we are reproducing on following page, a good illustration of one of the earlier boats—the *Grindon Hall*. As we have already remarked, the *Haigh Hall* will be bigger, but in general appearance, and all-'round handiness, there will be little to choose between her and the vessel reproduced opposite. Especially in the matter of dividends! One of these odd days, Messrs. Edward Nicholl and Co., might be reasonably expected to give the Cardiff Registry its first turbine boat—the firm is certainly enterprising enough. What about it, you hustlers? Are you going to live up to what is expected of you?

Drat the telephone! It is a splendid idea at times; at others, it is a distinct nuisance! Just as we were in the middle of an elaborate calculation as to—but never mind! That would be giving away our points! Anyhow, a benighted friend of ours rung us up to ask if we could oblige with the correct time of high-water at Bargoed, to-night! You know Bargoed, don't you? It is euphemistically-styled as being up the hills, and for that reason we are inclined to say things to our friend—especially as he is more or less interested in a local dry dock that is somewhat famous for its up-to-date, and smart staff of officials. Still, we had a haunting fear that as he was obviously intent on pulling our leg—which is a wicked pastime at any portion of the week, but doubly so when we are wrestling with the beauteous matter which is being prepared for your weekly consideration—we dissembled a bit; said we would look in the time-table, later on, and would 'phone him the result. That appeared to be alright, and just as we were waxing confidential to our wily friend, he remarked, *apropos* of nothing (as we thought), "Do you read the *Shipping Wonder*? We admitted that we did, on occasion, and that we had a very pronounced admiration for its contents—especially where shipping items were concerned. We also asked, Why?

That was where we got up against the real Simon Pure. It was a "shipping" item with which our friend was filled. Said he: "Look in last Wednesday's issue, page 6, second item on right-hand corner, and then admire it. So long! Burr-r-r-r!" The latter sound of course, was the "ring off." Well, we sported a penny, and after our messenger had returned with the coveted copy, we feverishly turned to the spot indicated, and read:

Speaking at a meeting at the Plasnewydd Hotel, Bargoed, on Tuesday, held for the purpose of considering the erection of a town clock, Councillor F. Lewis said he was proud of Bargoed Colliery, and only that day they had visitors from the Admiralty.

The meeting decided to go in for a clock for the Pier-head Tower. . . ."

and now we are wondering what is the depth of water on the cill at Bargoed Docks? Pier Head Tower, and at Bargoed, is good, and if the Bute Docks officials aren't now shaking in their shoes, well, they ought to be. When a real 'live councillor puts it on record that he is proud of a given colliery; when visitors from the Admiralty are *de riguer;* when the good people there are ready and willing to plunk in a new clock on the "Pier Head Tower"—well, how long d'ye think it will be, before Lewis-Hunter cranes, and hydraulic ore-and-general-merchandise facilities are erected? True, most people provide the facilities before lushing themselves up with a clock for their "Pier Head Tower." But this happened at Bargoed—or so the *Wonder* declares!

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

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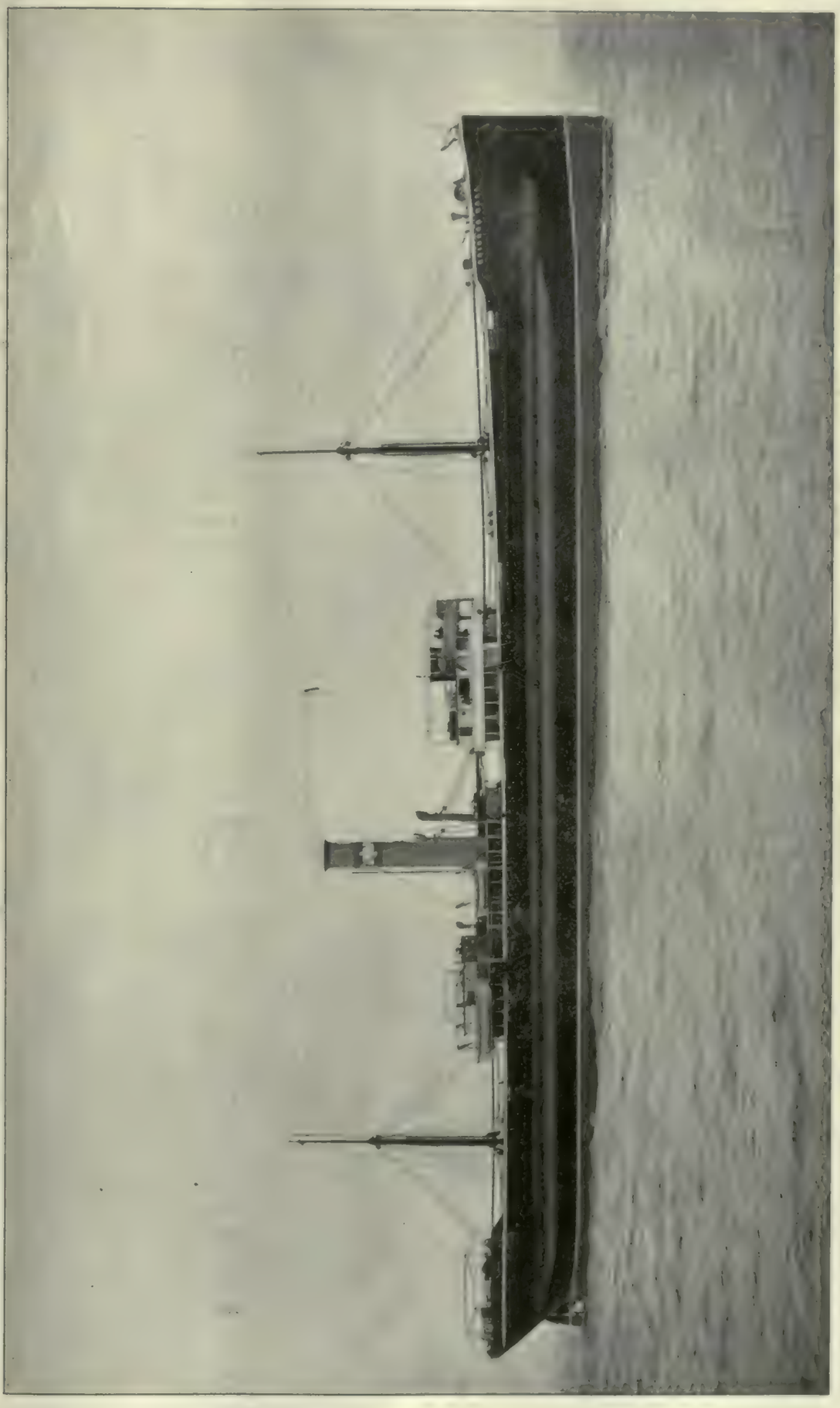

S.S. "GRINDON HALL"—CARDIFF "HALL" LINE.

The Maritime Review,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1907.

MORE OF THE RAILWAY RATTLE.

THERE you are, good people, the railway rattle isn't a "Bell agitation," for the great speaker says so, himself. When a man assures you that his agitating flink is not a personal affair—well, you feel that you have to believe him, what? Especially when he is a man whose truthfulness may not be successfully questioned? Yes, sirs, and now that Mr. Bell has been quoting Scripture; has disavowed all personal responsibility in the sustained agitation which has supplied us with writing matter for quite a while; and is busy counting up the votes which are going to definitely decide whether the world shall continue as of old, or whether an industrial earthquake shall fizzle up that "recognition;" well, you are fairly clear upon the subject?

THESE be troublous—and educated times. So much so, that one harks back to the days of one's youth, and thinks up pathetic bits of history. Moreover, it is only by the past and its ramifications, that the future may be approximated. Thus it comes about that if a venerated Queen of England who, at the point of death—there or thereabout—suggested that a *post mortem* examination would find the word "Calais" engraved upon her heart, what, at this late date, are we to do about it? History is silent as to whether the Sawbones of that far-back era went prospecting for the engraving. Perhaps they took it for granted—like the public takes a quantity of agitating rant which is going about?

BUT as we have no wish to appear disloyal on the matter, we are willing to believe that the word "Calais" was there as scheduled; and now we are wondering if the words "Lord Claud Hamilton" will be found (if anybody looks for it, that is) on the stilled heart of the presently great Mr. Bell? For a lady, "Calais" mightn't have been a lengthy word to get in on one heart: but we have our own ideas as to the possibility of plunking three words on a heart—unless they are put in very small caps. Of course, Mr. Bell has a fairly big heart, or he couldn't have worked his advertisement in the able manner which has undoubtedly applied therewith.

STILL, there is the possibility, and judging by the amiable manner in which Mr. Bell has been saying things up against Lord Claud Hamilton, we are inclined to believe that the engraving should be a spot job, directly. One thing strikes us as being indicative of the end: Mr. Bell is going into slang, and that is a bad sign. Hitherto, he has conducted his *pour parlers* on strictly gentlemanly lines, and kept clear of the vernacular, as much as possible. For instance, he didn't prattle of shillings as "bobs," and things of that nature.

TRUE, the gentlemanly trait was most in evidence when the railway "magnates"—why "magnates?"—were treating the agitating gentleman with more or less contempt. As soon as the said "magnates" took a hand in the discussion; when they issued manifestos "on their own," in a manner of writing; well, that is when Mr. Bell appeared to lose his rhetorical powers of speech, and dropped down into the language which might have been his, when acting as guard; and when a nimble "bob" might have been potential in the reservation of a "corner first smoking?" We like to be clear on these little points.

ANYHOW, Mr. Bell—in one of his rhetorical bursts—undertook to tell his hearers about one Isaiah who appears to have had the journalistic trait fully developed. That is to say, the deceased gentleman wrote a "book," and it is now collated for the use of those who like to "quote Scripture." Of course, it is fairly well understood that, on occasion—and when it suits his little game—the Enemy of Man has been known to "quote Scripture." Be that as it may, the latest edition of the Friend of Man (the Railwayman—or portions of him) has been quoting out of "Isaiah."

WE are not inclined to split straws about the precise words used by the old-time scribe, but in effect it amounted to "let us reason together." It is good counsel, you know, and as long as both sides of the "together" are in possession of good sound commonsense, the possibilities are all on the side of benefit to the race. But, according to Mr. Bell's reported beliefs, there is no commonsense in Lord Claud Hamilton. The trait has been deleted, has gone, has mizzled, has vamoosed, or—it never existed.

UNDER the circumstances, then, of what use is it for Mr. Bell to prattle about "reasoning together?" Isn't the suggestion absurd in the last degree? It must be, for nearly everybody now realises how (to Mr. Bell) utterly silly Lord Claud Hamilton appears! His lordship couldn't be supposed to "reason" with the paid agitator, for on his own showing, that agitator has most of the commonsense—aye, and the other sorts for that matter.

THIS feature notwithstanding, we venture to state the opinion that in latter-day stump oratory, but few men have "fallen to pieces" more readily than this Mr. Bell. As long as he had the matter all his own way, he strutted around with any quantity of capital I stuff ready for the Press. Indeed, we were beginning to think that at last, a hero from the lower ranks had been born. But what a fall is here! Directly the railway bosses take the field in earnest; as soon as they show their hands—well, let us ask you in plain straightforward language: Hasn't Mr. Bell fallen to pieces—metaphorically, of course?

FOR instance, and when he is getting hard hit by Lord Claud Hamilton's remarks, the "great Bell" is hardly bold enough to style his lordship a liar; but——! The dash is so sweetly suggestive of the cult which, having no case, is yet inclined to abuse the other side? Of course, there is no "reasoning" in this particular phase of the undertaking. Reasoning, that is to say, as the man in the street will understand the word. David said in his haste, that all men are liars (hang it all, the Bell example of Scripture-quoting is infectious, and we never thought that we should descend in this manner!); and although David "flourished" quite a while ago, we yet believe that if he were to bob up for a day or two, he would see no reason to deny his first impressions on the subject.

THIS being so, what is wrong with the assumption that Lord Claud Hamilton is by no means the only sinner in this respect? But when Mr. Bell got off upon the faking up of loyal addresses, he was most amusing—and informative. Said he: "You can always get these things. Any chap will do it if he thinks that he has a chance of getting a better job and in order to jump over another fellow's head." Query: Is Mr. Bell a chap? Did he speak from personal experience, or is it merely one of the methods adopted by the A.S.R.S. when "out" for corroborative statements?

IT strikes us that the members of the A.S.R.S. have but small reason to thank their agitating friend in this connection. "Any chap" is somewhat sweeping, and as there is quite a number of "chaps" in the "society," may they be procured for the faking up of loyal addresses, providing they have a "chance of getting a better job and in order to jump over another fellow's head?" Seems to us that Mr. Bell has but a poor opinion of you as a body of men, railway servants. Almost as poor an opinion as we have of Mr. Bell!

"THE 'GENTLEMAN' SAILOR."

IN connection with this subject, and in *Shipping Gazette* of Wednesday of last week, Mr. W. Clark Russell again returned to the charge His remarks are so pregnant with interest to the shipping community: are of so much importance to the nation; and are so filled with undeniable fact, that we make no apology for reproducing them here. The more so, as we have consistently pleaded the same cause; have pointed the same moral; and have therefore been subjected to a certain amount of opprobrium from those who merely give a little superficial consideration to this, the gravest national danger of modern times.

AT the same time, we are proud to realise that thinking shipowners side with us; that they recognise our disinterested Imperialism; and that they accept our strictures as being dictated by high patriotism. Not the patriotism which aims at carrying the mob with us, the sort which depends on the hand-clapping and "hear hearing" of a crowd of sensation-mongers: but the brand which is dealt with in the privacy of the study, clear of the foot-lights' glare, and where faith in one's single-heartedness alone helps to cheer. However, we didn't start out to write of our own efforts; we wish to give you an opportunity of scanning those that are favoured by the veteran writer whose pen has ever been at the service of those who are unable to defend themselves—Mr. W. Clark Russell, to wit.

HERE, then, is the major portion of his remarks already referred to:

"The moral pointed by the establishment of the London Shipping Federation seems to be this:—That when critical collisions occur between two interdependent interests, both of which are of vital importance to the well-being and continuance of the State, the economic law must be neglected, that a moral law may be asserted—a law, I mean, founded by human judgment upon human justice. The economic law of supply and demand is artificial, and may be capriciously adjusted to any standard. The sailor has a right to complain that, having regard to the purchasing-power of money, his wages have not increased throughout a whole century. In 1800 he shipped for 35s. a month, and in 1907 he ships for £3 10s. to £4. It can easily be shown that 35s. in 1800 purchased as much, if not more, than is now to be obtained for 80s.

"Your readers would not thank me for bestowing upon them the tediousness of the story of the battle between Wilson's union and the tramp shipowners. The real, perhaps the only, sufferer was the English sailor or fireman. What with the sustained pressure of the union on the one hand and the rigidity of the Federation on the other, Jack, who stood between, was crushed. He was squeezed out of his calling.

"What ensued? The shipowners went abroad for crews. They moored vessels full of live aliens in rivers, and fed their forecastles from these tanks. The union finding no head-money left among British sailors, also went abroad and supplemented the labours of the immigrant Federation by importing mariners from the slums of the Continental ports.

"The effect of this fight is visible in the tramp of to-day as she comes and goes. She is "manned" by foreigners. The captain is not always an exception. Nor is the mate. Do we find in this typical tramp a cause for national alarm? Those who reflect do. You may build Dreadnoughts and multiply your sea power; but when you consign your commerce to the custody of the foreigner you are already in the hands of the enemy, and he will bag you as certainly as the hour strikes in which he lets fly his first shot.

"We hear of the 'shortage' of merchant service officers. The owners look up and down and around for the cause. It is under their noses. 'The labourer is not worthy of his hire,' nor of his bed, nor of his board—his bunk-board! The pay is so microscopic, you might calculate it as the Japanese yen is—in sixteenths of a farthing. The treatment degrades, whether at the hands of captain or owner. Illiterate skippers object to educated young gentlemen as 'officers.' Unlettered vulgarity is invariably antagonistic to breeding and culture. It is the case of poor old Dr. Faustus: burn your books or the rabble will believe you are in league with the devil.

"Will the shipowners induce the sons of gentlemen—I beg pardon, the respectable youth of Britain—to join the tramp service? A parent or guardian might reflect thus: The trampist is under no restrictions save those laws which (often futilely) prohibit him from drowning his crowd in ships awash to the covering board or of freightless bubble buoyancy. He is under no compulsion so to man his old crock as that she shall not stagger into a dead halt in mid-ocean for lack of hands. Is a look-out on the bridge, varied by a spell with a needle at a weather-cloth, followed (all in one watch) by helping two foreigners out of the four of the tramp's deck complement to paint the inner bulwarks—is all this captivating enough to suggest a romantic career to a young fellow who must pass examinations neither light nor cheap to qualify him to kick a 'Dutchman' from the wheel for starboarding instead of porting, as he was ordered?

"But if the country allows the trampists to repel by all audacity of mean wage, by all vulgarity of ill-usage, by all neglect of manly and valuable professional aspirations, the scores of young British-born men whose presence in a ship would do honour to the most exalted flag she could fly, what is to become of British commerce when the enemy opens fire? We think of our Navy: Are you a seaman, have you ever travelled into remote regions of the globe, have you ever been associated with such foreigners as nowadays work our cargo steamers, not to know by conviction, as sure in intuition as the lesson got from bitter experience, that a British merchantman wholly in possession of a foreign crew, from captain to trimmer, could no more be relied on to fulfil her mission as a food bringer than we could depend upon a British man-of-war wholly manned by foreign mercenaries fighting an enemy of whose Sovereign many of the crew might be subjects.

"There is but one remedy. It lies in an enactment which shall provide that no registered British ship shall be held seaworthy unless her master, mates, and engineers be British or British Colonials, or British subjects by naturalisation. Further, that she shall carry two British for every two foreign sailors.

"What would be the effect of such an act? It would oblige owners to render the sea life more attractive than it now is in pay, treatment, and accommodation by compulsion of the employment of British officers. A higher standard would be established, a superior class would appear. The safety of the realm would be promoted to a degree inaccessible, as the merchant tramp service now stands, by the creation of a fleet of warships of thrice the power of the navy of to-day. In the hurry and horror of war we should find comfort in the reflection that our food-carriers, though distributed over the oceans of the world, were in the hands of our fellow countrymen, who recognising the deep significance of their mission, would play their part as British sailors.

"With such an enactment as I have suggested in force, the Brassey and all other schemes which propose the training and teaching of young gentlemen for the bridge and British boys for the deck and engine-room, would cease to be questioned.

PERSONALLY, there is but one item in the foregoing with which we are prepared to cavil. Our friend suggests as a panacea for the ills portrayed in his letter, "an enactment which shall provide that no registered British ship shall be held seaworthy unless her master, mates, and engineers be British or British Colonials, or British subjects by naturalisation." With all due respect to the veteran sailor, we yet believe that the naturalisation idea should be deleted. Our belief, too, is based on a practical knowledge of the subject—a knowledge gained by a life-time at sea, and by intimate association with shipping matters on shore.

IT has been abundantly proved that the Government cares but little for the actualities of the subject, for in a wild endeavour to square its circle of shipowning opposition, it enacted that a Briton by naturalisation could graduate by the simple expedient of paying six-shillings over a shipping office counter. Obviously, then, such "naturalisation" doesn't amount to very much? Moreover, such an enactment will certainly play into the hands of the very people who are in greatest need of *force majeure* in this direction.

NONE but shoddy shipowners need legislation on any count. Reputable men—realising their responsibilities, and knowing that a stable mercantile marine alone will help them as shipowners—need no legislation. The law is essential for the guidance of the rotters. The latter, then, would think lightly of lending an alien six-shillings, if by so doing, the foreigner's navigating knowledge would enable him to pass a Board of Trade examination, and incontinently ship for half the wages that would be considered proper for a Briton.

THIS being so—and we are of opinion that all thinkers will admit the truth of our remarks—let us accept Mr. Clark Russell's suggested enactment; but let us put a full-point after "British Colonials," deleting the remainder of that sentence. Seriously, such an enactment would remove all further trouble about the dearth of officers. The country has plenty of willing lads, but they simply will not condemn themselves to a life at sea, where competition with foreign riff-raff will paralyse their best energies. It's all plain enough, and decent shipowners will raise no objections. We know, because they have assured us to that effect.

MIXED METAPHORS!

THE railway rattle is giving birth to a number of feeloovious expressions. It is also bidding fair to capsize the historical value of many hitherto-unassailable facts. For the matter of that, its various champions are working off a number of metaphors which belong to the mixed variety. So far in the merry game, we have refrained from commenting on the doings of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen. But not for the reason that we considered them beneath notice. On the contrary, for we have ever contended that the drivers and firemen are the be-all and end-all of the railway servants—as far as the public is concerned.

WHY we held over our remarks, was solely to see if the glamour of Mr. Bell's yarns would seduce the men who are actually responsible for the public safety. In short, we wished to note if the drivers and firemen would "come back" on us. We had staked a bit on the assumption that they would have none of the old chowder which is supposed to be good enough for the good souls who smash our baggage, and who spin us fairy tales as to the train we should have travelled by, but didn't. Well our money appears to be all right, and we don't mind coming out a bit on the A.S.L.E.F., so please read on.

ON Sunday last, as ever was, the secretary of the society referred to, held a meeting at Harlesden, and in the course of his remarks, said some very 'cute things. As an instance of what we mean, let us quote: "There is a man amongst us who aims at being the Napoleon of the railway world, who wants to lead us on to a conquest with him at the head of it, and he does not care how many he leaves in the trail behind to suffer the misery and anguish that would follow once they took an active part in doing the companies down." Here we leave the quotation business for a period, and solely for the reason that the words of Mr. Albert Fox strike us as being right on the nail—if you don't mind our method of putting it.

So convinced are we of the truth of the quoted words, that we have ever expressed the same opinion—albeit in slightly different words. At this late date in the history of the alleged struggle, the looker-on must be convinced that Mr. Bell's is a vaunting ambition that will o'erleap itself. Without bothering at the moment with the correctness of the Napoleonic metaphor, we will repeat what we have frequently written: The present is no time for a Napoleon. Firearms and poison are both too cheap and too comeatable. In an ignorant and superstitious age, a Napoleon is possible, for history has proved the fact. To-day, however—well, we have our doubts.

WE do not mean to insinuate that when a man becomes too mouthy he will be necessarily destroyed. Not at all. But the wisdom of a sudden simmer-down will be impressed upon him, and we may take it as a foregone conclusion that the simmer will eventuate. Some people—and mainly because they follow a path which is remote from that followed by the many—are allowed, for a season, to play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as make the angels weep. But don't let us forget that angels weep easier than bad, hard-cased, and irrepressible man! Indeed, while the angels are doing the weeping act, man is generally engaged upon a laugh. But even laughter becomes cloying—if one gets too much of it.

AND thus it comes about that when the antic-player is becoming warmed up to the importance of his home-made superiority—well, that is generally when the order to simmer-down permeates the ambient air. Continuing with the Fox quotation, we get: "In order to give one man this Napoleonic position they, like Napoleon's followers, would be left in the bloody track. What had they to strike for? Because Dick Bell told them"! There's a familiar manner in which to refer to a possible Napoleon! Makes us wonder if the great one's contemporaries were in the habit of styling him Nap Bonaparte, and if the great warrior-man liked it?

BUT the truth of the contention, to our mind, is incontrovertible. All hands engaged upon this little worry, are threatening to strike, "because Dick Bell told them." That naturally leads us up to the point of asking why "Dick Bell" tells them to strike. We know that in the main, the reason is alleged to be for the amelioration of the workers, although "recognition" of the society is placed right in front of the game. Under these conditions, then, aren't the men being told to strike, so that "Dick Bell" shall be "recognised" as something new and powerful?

To the present moment, has the world suffered any very serious loss, because Mr. Bell has languished in a more or less unrecognised position? We trow not, for there are very many millions of men (to say nothing of thrice as many women) who do not care a cheap and inconsequent swear-word whether Mr. Bell lives or dies. To the few strenuous souls who pose as "the executive" of the A.S.R.S., their boss man might reasonably be supposed to loom tall. But then, how many of us are in sympathy with the executive, or have any interest in its manifestations? Mighty few?

THIS being so, why should we allow all this "Bell-talk" to occupy so much of our time and attention? Why should we allow commerce to be tied up pending a settlement—or a lesson to the malcontents? And when Mr. Albert Fox talks about this "modern Napoleon," doesn't he glorify Mr. Bell in a manner that is altogether uncalled for, and which the circumstances do not justify? Napoleon didn't "mouth" his way to opulence and power. He fought for his spurs; risked his life in the early days of the struggle, and before his genius proved to his followers that he was the right man to lead.

PERSONALLY, we are of opinion that the real Napoleon's bones must turn over in their French resting-place, when a paid agitator is likened to the Man of Destiny. As we have already remarked, we do not believe that Napoleon would get much of a run for his money these days. We candidly believe that he would be "sniped" at the very first manifestation of his ambition to paint the world incarnadine. At the same time, Napoleon has lived; he worried a world; and died in exile! We are wondering if Mr. Albert Fox was inclined to be prophetic on Sunday, last?

ANYHOW, we have it on the word of their secretary, that the drivers and firemen are not to be lured into the trap; that they know their employers will adjust all outstanding matters of opinion as time serves; so viewed in any light one cares to adopt for the purpose, the Napoleonic status of "Dick Bell" would appear to be ruled off indefinitely? In fact we are wondering if "Dick's" bad temper isn't more on account of this staunchness on the part of the drivers and firemen, than because of anything the directors have said in their manifestoes?

WHEN matters are pursuing a pleasant and contemplated path, bad temper is altogether unnecessary. Until the directors showed their hand, "Dick" was veneered over with gentility. Coincidentally, too, the drivers and firemen hadn't definitely decided as to their course of action—at least, they had decided right enough, but hadn't published their decision. With the double blow, comes a removal of the suggested veneer, and "Dick" now appears to be a very ordinary individual? Another idyll of our youth dispelled; more clay feet about upon the landscape! Woe is us, Alanna!

"CHIEFS" WE HAVE KNOWN—No. 4.

"THE CANTANKEROUS CHIEF."

AS a study in human peculiarities this "chief" is distinctly interesting, not to say amusing: but as a shipmate he is a colossal failure. There appear to be innumerable causes which have conspired together for the making of what sea-going people aptly term "a cantankerous chief." He may be a first-class engineer, and trustworthy to a degree in everything appertaining to his duties—he may be, observe—but somehow he seems to have been warped mentally, and has consequently made up his mind that he will take everything in life "cantankerously."

As a rule, his bark is immeasurably worse than his bite, and his shipmates soon learn the fact: yet, notwithstanding this knowledge, they never "cotton" to the man. This failure of his shipmates—in the "cotton" business—tends to accentuate the "cantankerous" trait in the "chief," and he eventually becomes unbearable. Left more or less to himself, because of his peculiarity, he naturally has time to review his so-called troubles, and consequently they become very real things to him, until at length he is prepared to swear that everybody's hand is against him. If his "second" happens to be a bit chummy with the mate, this "chief" at once concludes that the subject of conversation between them is his own ill-used self. That conclusion drives the poor fellow still further into the regions of "cantankerosity."

THE "Old Man," if he forgets himself so far as speaking to this "chief" is concerned, is accredited with having sinister designs on the peace of mind, or towards securing the "sack," of the "cantankerous" one. If the mate happens to pass the time of day, the "chief" at once withdraws himself into his crooked interior, with the assumption that the mate is only civil for the purpose of serving his own ends. If the second mate smiles at the "chief," he at once imagines that the guileless officer has been sent by the enemy—the "Old Man"—to find out all he can about the "chief's" possible failings. If the "second" offers a suggestion on matters mechanical, the "chief" is at once suspicious that the poor "second" is trying to work him out of his job. If the "third" trys to be boyishly friendly, the "chief" will have none of it, for the same reason which held good in the case of the other officers. In fact, he is an absolute trouble to himself and a source of amusement—at first, that is—to all his shipmates.

AFTER a time the amusement becomes monotonous, and then, very naturally, the executive really do all that the "chief" has erstwhile blamed them for—albeit, in the past they were entirely innocent of any such notions. Under such circumstances it will be readily believed that this "chief" *is* a colossal failure; in fact, if there is a word more significant of immensity than "colossal," then that word should be used in connection with the failure of this kind of "chief." He joins a steamer in dock, and she happens to be undergoing repairs from the hands of shore fitters. The "chief" at once makes himself objectionable to these fitters, by insinuating that all their work is little short of scandalous. He says he has never seen such shoddy work in all his career, and if that is the way Messrs. ——— carry on the repair work of the machinery entrusted to them—well, a paucity of dividends to the shareholders need be no matter for surprise.

After a tirade of the above description, the shore-going fitters, in their own sweet manner, will insinuate that the "cantankerous" one had better go—well, they tell him to go to various places, and for various reasons, each according to his own particular ideas of the fitness of things. The "cantankerous" one is then insulted—it's a chronic state with him, by the way—and wants to make trouble for the wicked fitter men. He may succeed, and he may not—generally the latter, because the charge-man is always good at "spotting" the "chief" we write of. He gets to sea eventually, and at the first meal-time commences sniffing around at the "grub." He threatens to kill the mess-room boy—by at least a dozen methods—if an instant change does not take place in things generally.

IF the poor little boy is *very* young, and, therefore, asks what he has to alter, the "chief" gets his monkey up—he is always a terror to the boy; means to make *him* go the right way, anyhow—and possibly says something to the lad that he would not like another man to say to his own boys—if he has any. The "Old Man" is always undergoing hypothetical interviews from the "chief" concerning the thisness of the thus, but these interviews seldom materialise. In the engine-room at sea this "chief" is the same chronic nuisance that he is elsewhere. The cotton-waste is being thrown about in a most disgustingly reckless manner; the oils are being used indiscriminately; or else the "second" and "third" are too lazy to use sufficient, as the case may be.

THE engine-room is simply like a a well, like anything but what an engine-room should be like, because of the dirt; or else the "second" and "third" are twitted as possessing ideas that an engine-room is a kind of glorified-music-hall-on-salt-water, and needs to be tidivated off accordingly! What the engine-room ultimately becomes under such encouraging (?) encomiums from the "boss" thereof may be easily imagined. In the stokehold the same state prevails. The firemen are either too infernally lazy to successfully fire a soup kitchen, or else they are credited with the belief that coal costs nothing, and that a premium will be paid to the man who succeeds in getting away with the largest quantity of fuel in the shortest possible time. Then the gentle fireman intervenes with "Rats!" or some equally impertinent and insinuating observation.

As a matter of course, the "chief" is insulted by these aspersions, and begins to talk about the terrors of the Law, as represented by the log-book. Then the fireman smiles indulgently, and asks: "Wher've you bin gettin' it, Chief? Give us a rest while yer goes an' soaks it a bit!" Any kind of "chief" on hearing such amazing impudence would be naturally credited with a desire to take measures for the punishment of the offending party, therefore no surprise need be entertained that this "chief" does so. But this one is satisfied with "taking measures" alone—because his bark is worse than his bite, as we said above—so that the blissful state into which that stokehold eventually develops may be imagined. Pity the poor "second" and "third" when they have to work those firemen who have been insulting the "chief" with impunity.

IT is only fair to add, though, that the "second" and "third" generally manage to counterbalance the ill-effects of the "cantankerous" one—even if a 7-8 spanner has to be requisitioned for the purpose! This "chief" is an adept at causing friction between deck and engine-room. In the matter, say, of giving the mate the water on deck for washing purposes, he is a dandy. The mate is only supposed to come at stated intervals; the water must not be allowed to run away on deck; the ship is always in need of washing, so the "chief" says; and if the mate at length suggests that it is highly probable the "chief" will get washed, if he does not indulge in less cackle--why, there is a stronger current of "cantankerosity" switched on for an indefinite period.

YES, this kind of "chief" *is* a failure, and, in the interests of truth, we are bound to admit that he is also—well, several varieties of things more pronounced than simple failures. He gets into a foreign port, and the discharging commences. The stevedore has the life worried out of him, because his men are—according to the "chief"—driving the winches twice as fast as is at all necessary or conducive to the well-being—mechanically—of the said winches. Then, again, the stevedore is asked if he has ever figured out the cost of driving those winches so heartlessly; that the waste of steam is enormous; and that consequently the coal bill will be adversely affected. The stevedore probably gives him the native equivalent of "Go to h——!" and "takes it out of those winches"—and the donkey boiler—more than ever!

IN bunkering, the "cantankerous" one is equally a nuisance, for he wants the earth, and the fulness thereof—figuratively—in the way of personal favours. As, unfortunately for the "chief," the bunker-man is frequently built the same way, with perhaps an additional want of the waters under the earth—well, the "chief" once more exemplifies what we have said all through, and that is, "a cantankerous chief is a colossal failure." Think it all over, you Johnnies with the same leanings, and—profit by it! It is much to be feared, however, that if you have grown-up to the whisker age it will be too late. The cantankerous man is like the leopard as regards his spots, or like the laws of the Medes and Persians, which were unalterable. But we mourn for you, nevertheless.

TRAINING DODGES.

SOMEHOW or other, we cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the good souls who are responsible for the shipment of lads per the *Port Jackson*, know a thing or two with reference to judicious advertisement. We do not go so far as to suggest that they would figure as successful advertisement agents on a general scale, for a large endowment of brain is essential for that business—if success is to smile upon the efforts. But when it comes to booming their own particular adventure well, we are inclined to think that the parties interested are there or thereabout.

STILL, we see no reason why a quantity of Pecksniffian attention of all and sundry to the doings of this "noble society;" then, we feel we have a right to ask a few questions. For instance, why is the particular arrangement in question a "noble society?" Is it for the reason that a number of well-meaning, but possibly misdirected noblemen adorn its meetings, and figure more or less largely on its literature? If this is the reason, then, we have no sort of objection to its being styled a "noble society."

BUT if the qualifying word is supposed to be on account of its work, and of the potential good that work might possess, then we say right out that the contention is all humbug. We quite understand that the M.S. has invested

S.S. "ATHENIC" IN BARRY GRAVING DOCK.

cant should be thrown around this money-making scheme of training young fellows for a profession which but few of them will follow for keeps. Of course, those who are in the know realise that but few of the young hopefuls who have enacted this phase of the "sail away" idea, will develop into regular sailormen. Under existing conditions, such a result is hopeless, and we have consistently called attention to the fact.

THE Marine Society is probably no worse—certainly it is no better—than any other philanthropic combination of well-meaning people who, while going in for any amount of gratuitous advertisement for themselves, yet succeed most admirably in making the public pay for their various experiments. As such, we have no fault to find with the Marine Society. It has as much right to wobble along on its self-appointed task as has, say, the Navy League.

BUT when cunning little letters find inclusion in the columns of our contemporaries; letters which call the funds, but when it is remembered that the said money has been "put up" by the public at one time or another, where is the nobility? Again, when the M.S. undertakes anything in the new and strange idea—such as shipping a cargo of raw youths for a tuition dodge—does it manfully anté up the needful out of its own funds, and in the event of there being a shortage, do the noblemen involved club together and foot the bill?

NARY a time. The Society makes no bones about its alleged claims on the public, for it appears to be willing to insert a bumming epistle in any news sheet that will give the space for nothing. Not only so, for some of its admirers will drop into print with eulogistic remarks about the "noble society;" will promise to do their best in the matter of a subscription or so; and soulfully hope that others who do not write to the papers will do the same. That is all right and is quite in line with ordinary business principles.

So much so, that if Marine Society would acknowledge

right out that it is a business concern; that there is no pretence at philanthropy in its workings; that it cannot reasonably expect to enjoy itself on its own lines unless the public responds to its appeals for help; well, under any of those conditions, we should certainly say, "Heaven bless you our friend. Go in and win. Bum all you can, for nothing is done without a sufficiency of the root of all evil, so—there you are."

And what good purpose does the Marine Society serve? Good purpose that is, outside of the good involved in advertising its manipulators, and paying its clerical staff? Well, it sends for example, a number of youths away on the *Port Jackson*. The endeavour costs money, for which, in great measure, the public pays. But considered in a practical light, is there a semblance of hope that the money so expended will be spent for other than just for fun? Will anybody believe that a *voyage de luxe* in the *Port Jackson* is a fair criterion for what those lads will have to encounter, once they leave the gilded beauties supplied by the Marine Society—and thanks to a charitable public?

Certainly not, and the very education that is accorded to the lads will be used later on, in persuasive eloquence to debar other well-intentioned lads from indulging their bent for a sea-life. Compare the holy drop in comfort that would be in evidence, were those boys to leave the *Port Jackson* and sail away in a Cardiff tramp of the common or garden variety! Having compared, say if there is any sense in supposing that those lads will continue at sea for a livelihood. We all know that they will not. It's against human nature.

Now, if all vessels were on a par with what obtains on *Port Jackson*, then, her experiment would have a certain amount of justification, from which admission you will see that we are willing to acknowledge that Marine Society receives value for that expenditure of public money which has been subscribed to its funds. The value of the money is there, but the value of the experiment is a negative quantity. Fancy a *Port Jackson*-trained-lad developing into a third officer on a liner if you like, and being in receipt of £6 per month—if he is lucky!

Thirty shillings per week as third officer on a liner; thirty-five as second mate on a tramp—and after a *voyage de luxe* in the *Port Jackson!* Eugh! It makes us tired—all this cant, and humbug about "noble societies." You see, we have been there, while the majority of good people who administer Marine Society funds, have merely heard about it all, and from interested persons. If Marine Society really wishes to earn the encomiums of the nation, let it use its best endeavours to bring the sea-life into line with modern conditions.

For example, some little while ago we visited a passenger boat sailing from the North. She was a magnificent specimen of the shipbuilders' art, and was a credit to her owners. As a passenger steamer, that is. Otherwise, we are not so sure. Anyhow, we had occasion to seeshay along to the berthing-space that was apportioned to the "officers." How did we get there? Well, through a quantity of cowdung, for the cattle were berthed on the same floor so to speak, and the aroma from the beasts permeated every inch of atmosphere in that quarter.

That was a really first-class passenger boat! As far as the tramp is concerned, matters are a thousand-fold worse, and yet in face of this, Marine Society will bum money from the public to enable a number of callow youths to be filled with notions *de luxe* on a Port Jackson! Do you wonder that we feel disgusted? Or that we stigmatise the whole undertaking as a chunk of high-class nonsense? The society might mean well, but we maintain that its administrators can know but little of the real facts of the situation, or they wouldn't waste their time, and the public's subscriptions, in these Alice in Wonderland cruises.

General view of S.S. "Gothic" in the Bute Dry Dock.

"SHIPPING FEDERATION, LIMITED."

THAT we are by no means alone in our disapproval of this precious "federation" and its tactics, is amply evidenced by the following (and which we "lift" from the columns of *Shipping Gazette*):

SEAMEN AND COMPENSATION.

"JUDGE'S CRITICISM.

"At the Goole County Court, yesterday (October 23), an application under the Workmen's Compensation Act was made to Judge Cyril Dodd, K.C., on behalf of a seaman named Edward Rudolph Gerard for an award of £1 a week compensation for injuries from Messrs. Sollas and Sons, shipowners, in whose employ the man had been.

Mr. Burniston, the applicant's solicitor, said Messrs. Sollas and Sons had referred the matter to the Shipping Federation. Although the man had received compensation for a time, the Federation had in correspondence denied everything, and had gone behind his (Mr. Burniston's) back to get at the man. The Federation were not represented that day,

His Honour: What is the name of the body that does these things? They are worth noting.

Mr. Burniston: The Shipping Federation.

His Honour: A federation among ships?

Mr. Burniston: No, among owners.

His Honour: Then the owners should know what the Federation does in these compensation cases. Here I have only one side before me; but on paper the Federation object to all you say, yet they do not come into Court. You may be wrong, but you have challenged them, and all they do is to deny on paper what you are doing. I direct that an agreement be registered by which £1 a week is due to applicant, and as you have had a case of considerable difficulty, taxation of the cost of all the correspondence must be allowed."

THAT is how the "mean confederacy" as suggested by Mr. W. Clark Russell, gets its fell work in, and emphasises that its whole care is for the "poor sailor!" The Judge referred to in the foregoing quotation, was of opinion that Shipping Federation, Limited, is "worth noting." That, presumably, is a judicial method of putting an unsavoury fact. Frail humanity which may not aspire to judicial seriousness; which still retains a quantity of original sin, or inherent cussedness in its composition; such humanity then, might be forgiven for saying that they would like to more than "note" such pifflers.

To shanghaie them would be to waste some goodly effort, for when a man (or men) is simply shanghaied, there is ever a possibility that he will come back—and that is a catastrophe which, in this case, should be avoided if possible? In this instance, too, and although the man had been in receipt of compensation for some time, when setting the thing out in a literary style, the dear "federation" denied everything. How very federationey! That, in our opinion, is quite in line with its usual methods of procedure.

INDEED, it is because of this proneness to dodge facts which do not redound to its own credit; to drift down a metaphorical stream of placid waters that have emanated from its own especial reservoir; to affect a sublime perfection where, alas, imperfection is about in quite big collops; these are the reasons why we fail to see the good in "federation" which its sycophantic writing friends pretend is so self-evident. We are no better than our fellows, when all is said, but we make no pretence to a heaven-sent belief in the virtues of a concern, merely because they are good enough to "support" us to either a greater or lesser extent.

BUT it will be noticed that in addition to denying everything in connection with the claim of the damaged sailorman, Shipping Federation is credited ('tis a credit, in this instance, observe) with having gone behind his solicitor's back "to get at the man." You, who have a soul above such conduct, might be inclined to think that there is a mistake in the report. But we who have been favoured with correspondence from this same source; who—as masters of steamers have been told that if we again "went past" the federation in engaging a crew, our conduct would be brought to the notice of our employers with disastrous results to ourselves; well, you can readily understand that we know something about the push, from inside knowledge?

AT that time, you understand, the sapient bosses of the said push looked upon us as mere ship-master fellows; as pawns in the game of chess which they were playing with shipping shareholders' money; they, clever Dicks, lacked the business training which should persuade every man to write as to at least an equal; and they couldn't see that without the shipmaster, their own little snuggery would be bursted in a week. As we have frequently told you, too, they then ran a "benefit scheme." Their treatment to the sailorman referred to in the quotation above, should convince you as to the beauties of their "benefit scheme?"

IT should also convince you that the sooner this "federation" is laid away, the better will it be for the British mercantile marine, and after it, the nation at large. There is a pressing need at the moment—a need that is recognised by all thinking men—that the sea service should be made attractive to the youth of the nation. One of the greatest unattractivenesses is this Shipping Federation, Limited, and with its burial, would come in a bit of sunshine that would do much to ease the situation.

YOU see, sea-farers to-day, are favoured with the same amount of education which is doled out to the 'longshore lad. Both of them, up to the time of commencing a business career, start equal. There is no longer a plethora of ignorant, and superstitious lads taking to the sea, for the few that undertake the job, have been educated in a manner that was at least equal to that obtaining with the bosses of Federation. Under these circumstances, then, they quickly dip to the stays. So quickly, that one voyage, there or thereabout, is amply sufficient.

PROFESSIONALLY, they are badgered by the irresponsible old ladies-in-pants who officiate at Whitehall; in a business consideration, they are badgered by similar ladies-in-pants who write prosy screeds from St. Mary Axe; their actual bosses treat them with more or less abrupt consideration; so between the lot of them, the sailorboy is a dying-out affair. Small wonder that his Honour, Judge Cyril Dodd, K.C., should remark, "Then the owners should know what the Federation does in these compensation cases."

THE trouble of the matter is, that the owners give a careless belief to the Federation, and most of them "belong to the thing because it is fashionable, and might be handy in a dispute." We have often wondered if shipowners have ever taken the trouble to size-up the actual and individual benefit which has resulted, from all the tonnage-money which they have paid into Federation's account? We venture to say that if they were to take that trouble, there would be a quantity of secession from the federated ranks.

TIMES are admittedly hard, and in view of the paucity of good result which is derivable from the efforts of the Federation; in view of the additional dividend which would be available if Federation were left to pine in soulful solitude; in view of the resultant good showing that would figure in future prospectuses—why, oh, why, you shipowning people, don't you throw the Federation overboard? Is it of any practical use to you? Cannot you carry on your business without it? Are you pleased at the stultification which follows on a Judge remarking that "the owners should know what the Federation does in these compensation cases?"

FRANKLY, is it of any avail for you to anathematise Wilson's "union," when your own "union" will give rise to comment such as we have reprinted as coming from the mouth of his Honour, Judge Cyril Dodd, K.C.? Truly was it correct when a veteran sailor-writer assured us that "between the Federation and Wilson's 'union,' the British mercantile marine has gone to Hades."

CONCERNING CERTIFICATED OFFICERS.

IN our last week's issue, we hazarded the question, "Ought certificated officers to be periodically examined, and should those who fail the modern tests be disqualified." Well, sirs, we have started an avalanche around our ears, and no mistake! To judge by the tenour of the majority of our replies, the winning of a certificate with some good souls, is the one supreme effort of their lives; an effort which leaves them panting on the beach; and which precludes them from being able to seriously consider any further subject on earth—or under it, for that matter!

WHY this should be so, we understand fairly well. There are many more of Mr. W. Clark Russell's "'ard 'atted" brigade about, than those who are outside the fence realise, and any attempt to make them toe the line in accordance with modern usage, may be calculated to receive a fairly-good quantity of objurgatory language. This is only as we expected, but the mere asking of a question should surely be no excuse for the number of "cuss-words" which have already reached us, and which, we have no doubt, will reach us in greater profusion as the days pass.

THAT we have touched a sore spot, is amply evidenced, and in view of the fact that we have no more than a looking-on interest in the business, although having been through the mill—as the phrase runs—it naturally follows that we are in a position to accept the various opinions that amble in, with an unprejudiced mind. For a start, and in accordance with our promise to respect any expressed desire for anonymity, we give the opinions as written by a well-known London shipowner:

"In answering your question one is compelled to ask why a Board of Trade examination is considered essential. If it is in the interests of the commercial community, then there can be no two ideas on the subject. For me to engage a man as master who passed at a time when education was more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and to put him in charge of a vessel which carries two mates of latter-day training is, obviously, to court trouble. The mates will have but little respect for the estimable though ignorant old-timer; the latter will be for ever inclined to score off what he is pleased to term the lack of practical ability as evidenced by the former. In the result, I, as the employer, stand to lose. A house divided against itself shall not stand, and presumably the same thing applies with a steamer?

"That a steamer under the conditions suggested is divided against itself, goes without saying, and experience has taught me that for crass intolerance of a younger generation, the old-time shipmaster would be hard to beat. Reared in an atmosphere of nautical procedure which ceased to apply very many years ago, he is simply incapable of assimilating latter-day facts; and his younger colleagues, who have been reared according to prevailing ideas, are, as you would remark, 'up against him at every turn in the road.' That such a set of conditions do not make for commercial supremacy, is self-evident. Therefore, if a Board of Trade examination is by any line of reasoning essential, isn't it worse than a mistake to admit a number of old-time exponents of a forgotten game, to work side by side with modern men who, at great expense, have been taught to play the game as we presently understand it?

"I maintain that it is worse than a mistake. It is a crime. Under the circumstances then, and supposing a Board of Trade examination is essential to commercial prosperity, the known ability of each navigator should approximate to a given standard. As things are at present, I think it will be conceded that the less said about that standard the better. Perhaps I should put it differently. The standard is satisfactory—if we consider that which applies at the moment. With that which applied when a goodly number of shipmasters obtained their warrants—then, when that standard was abrogated as not being sufficiently extended for modern conditions, I think it will be admitted that those who passed under it should have been replaced, or brought into line?"

THERE you are! It's a big indictment, and at this juncture we shall have nothing to say, either one way or the other. On this occasion, ours is a case of not having to reason why, ours but to print and sigh. At the same time, we might remark that there is a great similarity between the opinions tendered by younger members of the profession. As a case in point, we will now give you the outpourings of a stricken soul who has been found efficient on modern lines, and who (writing from Liverpool) says:

"If you take the opinions of the older and supposedly more practical exponents of the navigators' art, you will have to admit that we young fellows ought not to be allowed to live at all. But for my part, I would be willing to pass periodically, if by so doing I could depend on obtaining a ship through merit. In fact, such a stipulation would be an incentive, for where to-day, anything that walks and that holds a certificate (obtained any way) may, as long as it has a thousand pounds, obtain a command, under the suggested conditions, merit would certainly get a look in. We all realise that merit has nothing to do with the business now-a-days. Family pressure, shareholders' favour, personal investment, anything save merit will win a command, so of what use is it for we youngsters (I am twenty-seven years of age, by the way, and hold an 'extra ticket') to endeavour to qualify on present Board of Trade requirements? If periodical passing was insisted on—and always providing that the examination were based on practical lines such as exist in actual practice—nepotism would receive its death blow, while investing ability would go by the board. I take it that the man who will not prove that he is fit for modern employment, should not have it. Sorrowfully I admit that a large percentage of the whales who now ply their forgotten art as masters, could not pass a second mate's exam. as worked-up to-day. Is that fair play to us who happen to have been born later, and must therefore learn something of a navigators' business before being granted a ticket?"

WE give it up, our friend, and for reasons that have already been stated. This is not an instance of where our opinion counts. The "whales" have it—all their own way. Glasgow opinion is represented as:

"Where men have practiced over a period when but little real alteration has been made in the examinations, I believe that a periodical examination is unnecessary. But where a man knows no more than was necessary in the days when an amplitude was the last word in the curriculum, he should certainly 'come up again,' or stand down for ever. The man who will not keep himself in the forefront, has no right to expect to be boosted there. Competition is so keen to-day, that none but the better men should be eligible for the better positions, and if the Board of Trade considers that a standard raised many points above what obtained some years ago should be in force now, it should also fall upon them to see to it that applicants for present day jobs are qualified according to Board of Trade ideas. That there would be a clearing out in the ranks of the shipmaster if it were insisted on, nobody will attempt to deny. As things are at present, there is too much of that as explained in THE MARITIME REVIEW last week: 'Haze your mates, and pick their brains. When they do anything smart, take over the credit; if you personally make a hash of things, put it on the mates.'"

FOR a start, then, we think you will admit that the quoted replies are fairly good. If those of our objugatory friends really wish to be given serious attention, they must endeavour to show by their writing, that periodical examinations are not essential. Judging by some of the samples which are before us, a kindergarten would be better suited for many of the good souls; and instead of the language used being that of Eden, it is strongly reminiscent of our forecastle-head days! We have a fairly comprehensive repertoire of cuss-words ourselves—but we don't use them when writing to strangers whose only wish is to do us good. *Verb. sat sap.*—which, being interpreted for the benefit of you gentlemen who object to a periodical examination for obvious reasons, means, "a word is enough to a wise man." Let us hear further an' it pleases you.

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *October 30, 1907.*

VIEWING the situation dispassionately, there is but little of the new and strange obtaining with the local coal market at the moment. For the matter of that, the same absence of excitement has obtained right along through the week. In other words, improvement in the local staple since our last, has been non-existent. Weakness continues; bluff flourishes; and tales of happier days to come, are still to the 'fore.

THAT weakness is most in evidence where prompt business is concerned, for needless to say, there is still an overdose of free coal scattered about over the landscape. So much so, that those who are in a position to go in on prompt loading—well, they are also in the position which gives them most of the favours.

UNDER these circumstances, you will readily understand that in the matter of quotations, the word nominal fits in with depressing strength. Quotations are all nominal, for the true touchstone of value—if we may put it thus—is when the buyer meets the seller, with a definite and prompt proposition to lay in front of both. Seller—on those occasions—will pretend that he is a most hard-hearted individual; but, bless you, he doesn't mean it. It is only his little way, and the buyer fully appreciates the fact.

IN the matter of tonnage supplies, and satisfactory to relate, these have been considerably better, for chartering during the week, has been pleasingly active. Naturally, this has helped the stem-lists, which are becoming full in consequence. But this week's chartering is not calculated to ease the present situation anything to speak of, or to run off with the plethora of coal which is so painfully in evidence.

MOREOVER, and in spite of better charterings, there is still room for very much more of it, and as already remarked, collieries have in no measure benefitted from that which has already passed this week. In so far as the demand is concerned, this has shown anything but a material increase. Indeed, both sides of the juggle are sitting on the fence—and apparently mean to continue there until something out of the common happens. This for prompt business.

WITH regard to forward shipment, inquiry is about in quite big lots, but naturally enough, inquiry doesn't constitute all of a coal market. Those good people will go on enquiring for quite a while, and a number of sellers are beginning to anathematise the would-be buyer's inquisitiveness! The seller declares that most of the alleged inquiry is mere curiosity; the inquirist assures the seller that the questions are asked, principally, to see if seller has yet developed sense!

IT'S a giddy whirl, our friends, and let the fact not be forgotten. Indications are still in favour of the belief that prices will continue relatively high, and that the present "flop" is only temporary, and for purely local reasons. We shall see? Yes.

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 0d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d
Second Ditto. ,, ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d	16s. 6d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ...	15s. 9d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 3d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d	14s. 9d., 15s. 3d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d, 15s. 3d.
Best House Coal ,, ..	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.	19s 0d., 19s. 6d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ...	19s. 9d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ...	14s 9d.	14s. 9d	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 3d., 14s. 9d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 0d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 0d., 16s. 0d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.
Smalls:						
Best Cardiff ..	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 0d., 11s. 6d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 0d.	11s. 3d.
Seconds ..	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 3d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 3d.	10s 0d.	10s 0d	9s. 9d.	9s. 6d., 10s. 0d.	9s. 9d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d	9s. 6d.	9s 3d., 9s. 9d.	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.
Seconds ...	9s. 3d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	8s. 6d., 9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 0d	10s. 0d.	9s. 6d , 10s. 0d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 9d.	9s. 9d.
,, No. 3 ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 3d.	12s. 0d., 12s. 6d.
Foundry Coke:						
Special ..	26s 0d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	23s 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	20s 6d.	20s. 9d	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.	21s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	28s. 0d	28s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	26s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.
All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *October 30, 1907.*

THE market in this direction has not shown any great activity for the period under review, but on the contrary has been rather quiet. Tonnage arrivals have not been up to normal, and with stems put out of gear, coals have been offering more plentifully. Prices in the Anthracite section have been about maintained, but there are some gaps here and there for spot shipment, which have enabled buyers to book at under recent quotations.

IN the matter of forward business there is very little doing, and the market for accumulations of this description is easier. The indication is rather in favour of an easier market than otherwise, and that prices have about reached top. ANTHRACITE LARGE is slightly easier, but MACHINE MADE COALS continue to show their accustomed firmness. CULM and DUFF are much about the same, and can be considered as steady.

STEAMS continue in an easy condition, and prices, especially for prompt shipment, continue weak. For next month, sellers are asking higher figures with, however, little success at the moment. Bunker qualities are unchanged.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large	28s. 6d.	28s. 6d	28s. 3d	28s. 3d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 9d.	26s. 9d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 0d., 23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.
Red ,, ,, ..	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 9d.	28s. 9d.	29s. 0d.	28s. 6d., 29s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.
Duff ...	6s. 6d.	6s. 6d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 9d.	6s. 6d., 7s. 0d.	6s. 6d., 7s. 0d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 9d.	18s. 6d., 19s. 0d.
Seconds ,, ..	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 0d.	15s. 0d.	14s. 9d.	15s. 0d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, October 30, 1907

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, P. T. Port Talbot, loading

EASTERN, Etc.

Bombay, *Euphorbia,* 11s. 6d.
Seychelles/Killindini/and Zanzibar, *Breconshire,* 5,000 tons, 15s. Admiralty.

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Rangatira,* 6,000 tons, 15s.
Bahia Blanca, *Crusader,* 13s. (c. or N.)
Rio de Janeiro, *Dromonby,* 4,700 tons, 17s. fuel, (c. or P.T.)
Steamer, 5,000 tons, 14s. 6d.
Las Palmas or Teneriffe, *Ripon,* 4,100 tons, 7s. 7½d.
" " *Sidra,* 3,500 tons, 7s. 6d.
Lord Roberts, 7s. 6d.
Madeira, *Hornsee,* 2,300 tons, 7s. 3d.
Buenos Ayres, Steamer, 4,400 tons, 15s. 6d. (N).
Steamer, 4,600 tons, 15s. (N).
Teneriffe, *Antigua,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Belfast, 3,800 tons, 7s. 6d.
Pernambuco, *Atbara,* 3,500/4,000 tons, 15s. 4½d. 200.
La Plata, Steamer, 5,200 tons, 14s. 6d.
Dakar, *Millwall,* 3,400 tons, 10s. 6d. ppt.
Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, *La Blanca,* 5,000 tons, 13s. 6d.
Rosario, *Emma,* 3,000 tons, 15s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Adelina Patti,* 4,300 tons, 8s. 3d.
Achlibster, 6,200 tons, 8s.
Milicent Knight, 5,000 tons, 8s.
Rosemount, 4,800 tons, 8s.
Genoa, *Camrose,* 3,250 tons, 8s. 9d.
Kingsway, 5,500 tons, 8s. 9d.
Maria, 3,200 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Livietta, 3,500 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Steamer, 3,500 tons, 8s. 4½d.
Chulmleigh, 6,000 tons, 8s. 6d.
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Attiki,* 4,700 tons, 8s. 7½d.
" " *Grof Tisza Istvan,* 4,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " Steamer, 4,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " Steamer, 3,100 tons, 8s. 6d.
Alexandria, *Farringford,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 700.
Eolo, 5,000 tons, 8s. 9d.
Constantinople, *Anna Moore,* 3,700 tons, 8s.
Algiers, *City,* 4,200 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Barcelona, *Begonia,* 4,000 tons, 8s. 9d. 400.
Steamer, 3,000 tons, 8s. 9d. 400.
Marseilles, *Provincia,* 4,000 tons, 9·25 fcs.
Steamer, 4,400 tons, 9·50 fcs.
Enosis, 5,000 tons, 9·25 fcs.
Deux Sevres, 3,100 tons, 9·75 fcs. coal, 10·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Steamer, 4,000 tons, 10·50 fcs. ppt. (s).
Silver Wings, 4,400 tons, 9 fcs.
Hispania, 2,800 tons, 10 fcs. (s).
Fernlands, 2,600 tons, 9·25 fcs.
Palermo or Catania, *Cairnryan,* 2,250 tons, 9s.
Carrara, 3,000 tons, 9s.
Naples, *Mab,* 3,800 tons, 7s. 10½d. 1,000.
Grampian Range, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 1,000, (c. or P.T.)
Langdale, 7s. 10½d. 1,000.
Marsala, 2,400 tons, 8s.
Or Torre Annunziata, *Marsala,* 2,600 tons, 8s. 800.
Leghorn, Steamer, 4,000 tons, 7s. 9d. 700, 6½d.
Fiume or Trieste, *Torridge* or *Chulmleigh,* 6,000 tons, 9s. 6d.
Piræus, *Athina,* 3,700 tons, 7s. 9d. 650.
Lydie, 3,800 tons, 8s. (c. or N).
Eugenie, 2,400 tons, 8s. 3d.
Tunis, *Knud II,* 2,550 tons, 11 fcs. coal, 12 fcs. fuel.
Chatburn, 2,400 tons, 11 fcs. coal, 12 fcs. fuel, (c. or N).
Varna, *Ludwig Groedel,* 4,000 tons, 9s.
Smyrna, *Pendarves,* 3,500 tons, 8s. 3d. 600. (c. or N.)
Salerno, *Brenner,* 2,100 tons, 9s. 1½d. 300, (N).
Catania, *Zoo,* 2,250 tons, 8s. 6d.
Civita Vecchia, *Cornubia,* 2,200 tons, 9s. 6d. (s).
Venice or Ancona, *Olance,* 4,200 tons, 9s. 9d. (s).
Valencia, *Cymrian,* 1,200 tons, 7s. 6d.
Sulina, *Trevalgan,* 3,000 tons, 9s.
Porto Empedocle, *Jasper,* 1,700 tons, 10s. 3d. (s).
Sicilly, Steamer, 2,150 tons, 9s.
Brindisi, *Dalegarth,* 2,800 tons, 9s. 500
Seville, *Elorrio,* 1,650 tons, 7s. 7½d. (s).
Arendal, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Nice, *Grib,* 1,700 tons, 9s. 6d. (s).
Warwick, 1,700 tons, 9s. 3d. (s).
Gibraltar, *Valencia,* 1,100 tons, 7s.
Arnfrid, 1,950 tons, 7s.
Vesta, 1,400 tons, 7s.
Lisbon, *Marna,* 1,000 tons, 6s. 7½d.
Redruth, 3,300 tons, 6s. 6d. 300.
Ben Clune, 2,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Alice, 1,800 tons, 6s. 6d. 350.
Vigo, *Thor,* 2,200 tons, 6s. 10½d.
Cadiz, *Larpool,* 1,300 tons, 7s. 3d.

BALTIC, Etc.

Koenigsberg, *Alekto,* 650 tons, 9s. (s).
Zeebrugge, *Odin,* 1,400 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).

BAY, Etc.

La Rochelle, *Ingoldsby,* 1,650 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Castro Alen, 1,800 tons, 6·12½ fcs.
Muriel, 2,700 tons, 6·50 fcs. (s).
St. Nazaire, *Altair,* 4,000 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Rhio, 3,700 tons, 6·25 fcs.
Carranza, 3,300 tons, 6 fcs.
Nantes, *Camargo,* 2,800 tons, 7·25 fcs. coal, 7·75 fcs. fuel, (s).
Mary Lohden, 1,800 tons, 6·50 fcs.
La Pallice, Steamer, 4,800 tons, 5·50 fcs.
Charente or Chantenay, *Pro Patria,* 1,100 tons, 6·50 fcs.

COASTING, Etc.

Greenock, *Cairngorm,* or sub., 400 tons, 5s. net.
Ruby, 400 tons, 5s. net.
Depots, *Burton,* 5s. 3d.
Guernsey, *Ashford,* 450 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell,* 1,300 tons, 5s. 6d. (s).
Dieppe, *Glassalt,* 750 tons, 6s. 6d.
Zelandia, 1,400 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Swiftsure, 1,000 tons, 6s.
Henry Brand, 900 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Augusta, 550 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Havre, *Sheaf Field,* 2,200 tons, 5s.
Southmoor, 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d. (s).
Steamer, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d.
Castleford, 2,400 tons, 5s.
Ely Rise, 1,500 tons, 5s. 6d. option Dieppe.
Trouville, *Sea Spray,* 650 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
St. Andre, 1,400 tons, 6s.
Springbok, 900 tons, 6s. 6d. (B.F.)
Fecamp, *Ormerod,* 650 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Rouen, *Odensvold,* 1,500 tons, 6s. 3d. (s).
Acacia, 1,300 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Juno, 700 tons, 7s. (s).
Lucy Anderson, 1,500 tons, 6s. 6d. (s).
Honfleur, *Eleanor,* 1,700 tons, 6s. 6d.
Horn, 700 tons, 6s. 6½d. (s).
Caen, *Congress,* 1,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Ouse, 950 tons, 6s. 6d.
Perseverance, 1,400 tons, 6s. 3d.
Congress, 1,300 tons, 6s. 3d.
Dunkirk, *J. Y. Short,* 3,000 tons, 5s. (P.T.)
Boulogne, *Rosella,* 1,700 tons, 6s. (s).

HOMEWARD.

Bordeaux to Cardiff or Barry, *Gwendoline,* 1,900 tons, 7s. ppt.
Bilbao to Newport *Rapido,* 2,000 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Bilbao to Briton Ferry, *Rocio,* 1,700 tons, 4s. 10½d. ppt.

PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on October 17, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

20,973/06—MANNING—***Improvements in and relating to marine propulsion.***

According to this invention, which relates to propelling mechanism for vessels, a recess is provided in the centre of the vessel and within this recess are mounted a series of blades to which a reciprocating motion is given by means of a crank shaft, whereby the blades will have a movement in the direction of the stern when immersed and in the direction of the bow when above the water line for going ahead, and in the opposite direction for going astern. Three shafts arranged in parallel may be provided each having six equidistant blades.

22,960/06—PARKIN—***An improved means for conveying or transferring coal or other mineral substance from the face or underground workings of mines.***

According to this invention coal is transported from the working face of coal mines along the galleries by a movable conveyor placed in the gallery over rails whereon tubs are adapted to run, the receiver end of the conveyor being placed close to the working face, and the delivery end located over the tubs. The tubs which pass beneath the conveyor are provided with two sets of rails, the down line being directly underneath the conveyor which is provided at its delivery end with a shoot which delivers the coal into the tubs on the down line.

24,015/06—BRANDT—***Improvements in the construction and arrangement of the mail cabin in connection with ships.***

This invention relates to ships mail cabins of the kind in which the cabin is adapted to be automatically separated from the ship and floated in the event of the sinking of the vessel. According to this invention the cabin is situated upon the main deck, and held in place by pillars rising from the deck, and provided with anti-friction rollers for smoothly guiding the cabin in its separation. The pillars are detachably secured to the deck, so that on their being loosened the cabin can be freely washed overboard. To keep the cabin afloat should the external bottom be injured a false bottom is provided, and the space between the two divided by diaphragms.

27,720/06—HAHN—***A new and improved device for coupling mine trucks.***

According to this invention, which relates to a coupling device for mine trucks, a chain link is provided with a gap for the insertion of the coupling links of the trucks to be coupled. This gap is normally closed by one arm of a double armed lever centred in one end of the link, the other arm being influenced by a spring which tends to press the arm into a cavity left in the other end of the link, that is to hold it fast in its closing position.

29,576/06—HOLLINSHED—***An improved bow protector for vessels.***

This invention relates to a bow protector for vessels. A protector is provided for the stem of the vessel and also for the bow portion of the keel, the protectors being adapted to be detached from the vessel in the event of the latter running aground. The stem protector is formed of a plurality of flexibly jointed steel plates which provide a structure that can only be bent rearwardly under great stress. The protector for the nose of the vessel consists of a flexible bag so shaped as to lie against the sides of the vessel, and having under its central portion a steel shoe fitting on the front of the keel. The protector also has a false keel provided with anchor points.

5,094 07- - MACDONALD—***Improvements relating to cleaners for ships' hulls and the like.***

According to this invention a number of batons of wood are connected by means of a flexible joint, each baton being provided with two electro-magnets. Wire bushes of steel or iron form the pole tips of the magnets. Magnetic contact being obtained by carrying the bristles right through the wooden support so that they press against the core to which they are attached. The apparatus may be moved about by means of winches.

11,847/07—BANKS—***Improvements in means for throwing life lines.***

According to this invention which relates to a device for projecting life lines, a cartridge is fired and a projectile and a length of coiled wire are ejected therefrom. When the coiled wire has been fully unwound it exerts a pull on a plug in the cartridge and allows a line which is connected to the wire to be payed out. By paying out the wire before the line is uncovered, the danger to the wire from burning or scorching from the products of combustion is avoided.

6,077/07—CLOUGH AND WILLIAMSON—***Improved means for projecting and anchoring life lines.***

This invention relates to that class of apparatus for projecting and anchoring life lines in which flukes are hinged to a hollow projectile, and connected by links and a central drawbar through suitable gear to the line in such a manner, that upon firing the gun, the line acts on the drawbar to throw the flukes outward. According to this invention the drawbar is connected to the life line by projections upon the drawbar passing through slots in the projectile, and adapted to engage a slotted member slidable upon the projectile and to which the life line is attached.

These applications for patents, are until December 2, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

TRADE MARKS.

These applications for the registration of Trade Marks were published on October 23, and are open to opposition by interested parties during the period ending November 23.

Class 4—*Including coal.*

296,080—Device of a Motor Car—All goods included in this class. Goodlass, Wall & Co., Ltd., 42 and 44 Seel Street, Liverpool, Manufacturers. September 5, 1907.

Class 20.

296,183—DIOLIT—Explosives or blasting substances and gunpowders. Castropher Sicherheitssprengstoff Co. Hohestrasse No. 2, Dortmund, Westfalen, Germany, Manufacturers. September 9, 1907. Address for service in the United Kingdom is c/o Haseltine, Lake & Co., 7 and 8 Southampton Buildings, London.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

THE MARITIME REVIEW

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Yearly prepaid Subscriptions (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad, 21s.

VOL. XV.—No. 195. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1907 THREEPENCE.

THE GREAT NAUTICAL PRESTIDIGITATOR!

THE DRUMMER: "Walk up gentlemen. Admission Free. Steamers made (light up that other naphtha lamp. Joe!) while you wait."

(By the Orchestra:

Ta, ra, ra. boom-de-ay.
Let's 'make' ships while we may;
We know they will not pay.
But—ta, ra, ra, boom-de-ay!)

NOTICES.

ALL LITERARY COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed—THE EDITOR, THE MARITIME REVIEW, CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.

THE MARITIME REVIEW is published every Friday, and can be obtained direct from the **PUBLISHERS**, or through **NEWSAGENTS**.

Prepaid yearly Subscription (post free): At Home, 15s.; Abroad 21s.

Remittances, to be made payable to **THE MARITIME REVIEW, LTD.** together with all **BUSINESS COMMUNICATIONS**, must be addressed to **CLARENCE ROAD, DOCKS, CARDIFF.** Telegraphic Address:—"Review, Cardiff." Nat. Telephone:—No. 1019.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CARTOON—THE GREAT NAUTICAL PRESTIDIGITATOR!	193
MARITIME MURMURS	194
SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET—No. 5	197
THAT WONDERFUL BALLOT—AND ITS LESSONS	198
MUDDLING THROUGH	199
CONCERNING CERTIFICATED OFFICERS	200-201
RAILWAYMEN'S GRIEVANCES?	202
LLOYD'S ANNUAL REPORT	203
MARITIME (AND OTHER) MONEY MATTERS	204-205
CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL	206
COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES	207
PATENTS	208

MARITIME MURMURS.

DOCKS CARDIFF.

Thursday Afternoon.

IT isn't all beer and skittles being a judge, these days. At least, that is the opinion to which we have arrived since reading of the terrible "slating" to which Judge Bryn Roberts has been subjected, by Messrs. Watts Morgan and C. B. Stanton. What's that? You have heard of the judge, but have no knowledge of the others? Well, well, and this is fame! However, we'll explain. Seeing that you realise that Judge Bryn Roberts is a county-court judge, nothing further need be said on that part of the explanation. But the others—well, among other things, they are "miners' agents." Eh? What's a "miners' agent?" Good heavens! Don't you know what a "miners' agent" is? He is well, then—yes—ahem!—a "miners' agent?" Yes, of course, he's a "miners' agent." We thought everybody would know that. Eh? Oh, dear no, he doesn't deal in miners. Isn't that sort of an agent. Has but little in common with the commercial man anyhow, for his training has been somewhat against any such thing. What does he do for a living? His isn't an ordinary living. He is paid a honorarium, because he is something of a stipendiary orator. Some people style his remuneration a stipend, others declare it is a waste of good money—but the latter kind of folk are rude, and have no humour anywhere about them.

WHAT does the "miners' agent's" work consist of in the main? Oh, he organises things; struts around even as does the boss of a dime museum; addresses meetings; shouts and waves his arms; and sometimes—when his audience is sort of unappreciative—he simply stands on the platform and abuses 'em like all that. Considered generally, a "miners' agent" is the example and aim of every youngster in coal-ville. Where, in the United States, each youngster is assured that he is a possible President of the Republic, in coal-ville the lads are assured that if they attend chapel, keep their noses clean, learn extensive words, and develope a thick hide, then, they will surely graduate as "miners' agents," and never again experience the need of work. Work, that is, of the usually accepted type. If we had our time to go over again, we would see everybody jiggered before we would have had anything to do with journalism. We should have plunked our youthful talents on a "miners' agent's" job, and having attained it, we should have joined in the chorus against county-court judges who give their decisions against members of the particular combination of which we were agents. That is what we should have done, and let the fact not be forgotten. A "miners' agency" is a ripping berth, and we don't care who knows it.

BY this time, perhaps, you will have got hold of the gist of what we are concerned with? If not, we don't object to some further explanation. You understand that the last par was by way of general explanation; henceforth we will particularise. It's this way: Some claims for compensation to miners recently came before Judge Bryn Roberts—than whom, according to popular belief, no more impartial or fair-minded cadi could be found—and his Honour, purely on the evidence brought before him, non-suited the complaining miners. Now, in a country where Justice is a recognised affair, you would naturally suppose that this ended the séance? But it didn't. Not by a very great deal, for when the miners interested were massed up after the manner obtaining in these little affairs, Mr. Watts Morgan already referred to, and when dealing with one of the rejected compensation items said, that this was "one of the most scandalous cases that had ever been tried by any legal tribunal in the world." It's all right, we suppose, and as far as we know, Mr. W. Morgan has had a wide experience in these matters all over the globe?

ALL the same, we are wondering how the gentleman would get on, if he were to rant after that drastic manner under the regime of one Abdul of Turkey, or the Czar of All the Russias? Eh, good people, that is where Mr. W. Morgan would be by way of picking up a pointer or so concerning "legal tribunals!" Still, when a miners' agent lays himself out to consider the scandalosities of life, it isn't for mere newspaper folk to offer a word on the subject. Even when Mr. C. B. Stanton remarks that "he thought the judge had shown the most questionable leanings towards the companies" in the same cases, well, what can any of us say? Mr. Stanton is allowed to think what he likes, although it mightn't be always considered safe or expedient to give the

thoughts a showing in succinct language, and for our part, we very much question whether anybody of any moment will care a toss as to what the same gentleman thinks, or otherwise. One of these days, it might be essential for poor suffering humanity to obtain a permit to breathe from these well-meaning demagogues; but fortunately for the world, generally, that time is not yet.

At the same time, we are not clear as to why our local contemporaries should go out of their way to give these "miners' agents" too much of a show, or to ask them why they indulge in such fantastic tricks. In our opinion, the more these capital I tales are allowed a run, the sooner will the thinking portions of the mining community see the humour of it all. And, friends, if once those miners see the humour of the situation, there is going to be trouble around on the heath. Hitherto, the workers have been fed up with a quantity of threats about having to "appear before the district" in certain eventualities; the threat has frightened them, as the mysterious ever will frighten; but once the crowd realises that they are the district: that they supply the money for all the antics; that without them, the other fellows would have to work (and in the near future all this will come to pass); well, you can see the point, of course. There was another threat aimed at the defaulting unionists, too. A number of them are disinclined to put up their doles for the maintenance of their "agents" and other items. This failure is one of the seven cardinal sins, and if those unionists don't pay at once, they risk being written up all over the district, as "blackleg non-unionists." Heaven save us! Those whiteleg unionists "agents" appear to be possessed of peculiar ideas. Frankly, we'd rather be agent for somebody's tea, or for a sewing machine—aye, or a gramaphone!

Our Geordie friends must be feeling proud over the performances of the *Mauretania*, while the Clyde men must be feeling equally dour about it all! The Tyne "terror" has been cavorting around the coast at an average speed of 27·36 knots per hour—or over thirty-one miles; and in view of the fact that she can keep this going with no stops at intervening stations, it must be admitted that "as fast as an express train" will soon be obsolete, for the words will have to be (when speed is considered) "as fast as the *Mauretania!*" Anyhow, and judging by present indications the latest "crack" will be the fastest ocean-going steamer on earth (or should it be water?), and we are wondering what the American hustler is going to do about it? Somehow or other, this poor, effete old Britain is still in the running when a really big, and serious "lick creation" undertaking is on the boards. Naturally enough, Herr Fritz intends to go one better—at some time in the dim vistas of the future: meanwhile the honours are with the Briton, and moreover, they are likely to remain there for quite a while. To go one-better than seventeen knots is not an arduous business, but to beat twenty-seven knots—well, sirs, that is altogether another proposition. We are wondering if that is why Herr Fritz is satisfied to say that, in future, he will be pleased with merely the biggest, and let who will own the fastest?

And as far as the biggest is concerned, finality is nearly reached there. At least, until some revolutionary tactics are brought to bear on dock accommodation. It will be useless to build a steamer that will be so large, that she will have to discharge her passengers from somewhere in mid-stream—and that is what the craze for "big ships" will soon amount to. Even as things are at the moment, dock accommodation is nearly out of the question, and we are seriously of opinion that too little attention has been paid to this phase of shipping economics. It is quite correct to cater for the wants of the majority, and that majority although approximating into something big as we used to consider the matter—is fairly-well attended to: but the nation which intends to go in for the ultra-big: that wishes to put all other nations in a sort of nautical shade: then that nation needs to spend very many millions on docks that are in line with modern shipbuilding thought. Here is a chance for the Londoner! Why not scrap his present holding in docks; fill them all in and let them as allotment gardens for the use of the supporters of the London County Council men: and starting *de novo*, lay himself out to plan up a dock system that shall be good enough for all requirements that might happen along over the next half-century? By that time, ships will be obsolete. We shall have shipped our wings—either for above or below!

The stowaway business would appear to be anything but in a languishing state. We note that a poor, and alien sailing ship recently unearthed—or unholded—some ten of the gentry on a passage to New York. The Old Man—after the usages of the sea profession—put his supernumeraries at work on the ship, and of course, between them, they put away a decent quantity of food. That was all right, and the skipper appeared to think that if he worked those stowaways pretty hard, and they only cost him their keep, he would stand to win on the deal. Things pursued this beatific course for many days. Until the poor old sailing ship had been turned into a thing of beauty—if only of the passé kind: so, when she had been hauled up for entrance into New York harbour; the last dab of paint had been applied; the last bit of iron-rust removed from her fittings; and, as the national emblem was "broken" at the monkey-gaff; that Old Man was sort of shaking hands with himself. He concluded that now the day was over, and night was drawing nigh, all his little stowaways, to the shore would fly. Flying is, of course, to be viewed in a metaphorical light.

So far, so good. But that alien skipper was adrift in his summing up of the situation. He had yet to learn that the immigration officers at New York, are a singularly hard-cased lot of hombras; men who are altogether devoid of sentiment, and who are usually too busy to admit of their wasting any time in the study of pretty ships, and alien stowaways who have helped in bringing about that prettiness. To their practical minds, the ten stowaways merely appeared as a number of dead-beats, who had bummed a passage across the Pond; who intended (if possible) to land without any further means of subsistence: and who, in consequence, were undesirables of the most pronounced undesirability. With all this in front of them, that skipper was told, in fairly plain words, that if the said stowaways effected a landing under cover of night (and the dirt of an accumulated number of days at sea on a short allowance of water) the Old Man would be mulcted in a ten-fold fine which had been prepared to meet cases of this kind. Trouble began to wobble around that beautiful sailing ship in quite big amounts, and the Old Man—for possibly the first time in his life—was inclined to use hard language up against the land which is covered by the ger-lorious Stars and Stripes.

What could be done? Nothing—very much. The stowaways were informed of all the dire calamities to which

they would be suspected if they were fool enough to venture on shore; and then the Old Man sat down to reckon up the possible cost of those ten men of the sea, supposing he had to keep them around on full wages until the ship returned to her Native Land. As an alternative, he wondered if it wouldn't be cheaper for the owners to pay their passage back to England—where any kind of dead-beat is welcomed by a paternal Government; and especially as the Atlantic rate-war made such a matter possible, and fairly-cheap. There was one other method of settling it on an open basis, and that was to supply each of the ten with the stipulated admission fee—but that would break everybody's heart! According to last advices, the Old Man was betwixt and between-like. It appears not to have occurred to him to shunt the ten men on his articles as sailormen, in which case they could have jumped ashore on arrival, and would then have figured as deserters. As such they would then have been available for the kindly attentions of the first hard-up boarding-house man that came along; and who would soon deport them on sensible lines—as sailors for which the regulation "blood money" had been paid in silver dollars. Some of these old skippers need a lot of explanation, don't you think?

But seriously, why doesn't the American Government move on sensible lines in these instances? No sane skipper takes away a crowd of stowaways as an example of premeditated purpose. They are always accidental, and as such, the Old Man should be relieved of responsibility. Such a relief is easy enough, for by institution of a labour colony, stowaways could be made to work for long enough to clear off their liabilities, and when sufficient ooftish had thus been earned, their passage back to their own kith and kin, could be generously defrayed. As things are at present, a shipmaster has to "work the oracle" on lines which should not obtain, and for the purpose of screening himself and safeguarding his bread and butter. Let us give you a case in point. A skipper—who shall be nameless—had the misfortune to find four stowaways while *en route* to the same New York. He knew that trouble would eventuate on arrival, and that the men would be condemned to stay on board. Without faking his bill of health, he couldn't very well pass the men off as members of the crew, so he had to admit that they were stowaways, and that he was willing to have them treated as such.

That was all right, and after a few words of sympathetic encouragement from the immigration gentlemen, matters simmered down to an apparently easy level. The Old Man interviewed his unbidden guests, and asked if they had any abnormal longings to find themselves under the protection of the American Eagle. They had—some. Would they agree to sign on at a shilling a month, as probationers? They would—and did. After a week in New York, then, the steamer sailed away for Port Royal—let us say, as that is a spot where "fossil bone" is shipped—and the bill of health on this occasion, made it fairly clear that at least one British steamer was decently manned. In other words, she carried four "firemen" in addition to the crowd which figured on the original bill of health from Liverpool. That was all right, and on the second day after leaving New York, those "firemen" had wickedly deserted: had become merged in with the population of the smartest, and only really-free country on earth; and the Old Man sat down to count up the cost, and to smile complacently at the steward who told him the men had skipped. The cost worked out thus: Seven days in New York, and two days reaching the exact spot where the "desertion" materialised, equalled nine days.

Nine days for four men would equal 36 days for one man, and as one man's "keep" was assessed at nine-pence per diem, then thirty-six sheepences totalled 27s. Beginning to see the joke? So did that Old Man! He admitted that he was vexed about carrying those stowaways for nothing—but they came in handy in New York, and were also handier during the run to the phosphate port. In the result, then, that skipper person sequestered the services of four men at a cost to his owners of 27s for nine days' work; and the gentle stowaways ultimately became American citizens, even as they had intended in the beginning. It's funny, isn't it? But when you come to think about the matter with an open mind—and supposing you know your business—it isn't essential to lay awake o' nights, thinking up a scheme to hoodoo some very smart immigration people, what? You may safely take our word for the truth of the statements, for we happened to be there in a capacity which need not be entered into too fully at the moment. We are modest people—a feature which you will have noticed, many moons ago. Very well. Here endeth our lesson on the gentle stowaway, and it is given as a further proof that when you are out for real shipping items, you cannot do better than seek them in the columns of The Maritime Review. We have "been there," don't forget, and do not glean our tellings from a number of half-soaked, and wholly discredited sailormen who are on the beach.

The *Mattino* (a Naples journal) has been overhauling national matters to its own satisfaction, albeit somewhat to the disadvantage of its compatriots. After bewailing the more or less invertebrate conditions which obtain in Italy, our contemporary says, "Not so with other nations. The policy of England is the same to-day as that of Queen Elizabeth, and the latest Asiatic Treaty signed at the British Foreign Office is a direct development of Cromwell's Navigation Act." Is it? For our part, we much doubt it, and writing of policy, there are all too many Britons who are prepared to declare that the Government doesn't bother with a policy! It muddles through, and that is mainly all there is to say about it. Indeed, and if our contemporary will take our word for the truth of the situation here, at present, the trouble synchronised with the repeal of old Noll's Navigation Act. That same Act made the British Empire, and brought it along to a phase of being which was at once the admiration and envy of the world. In a weak moment, however, and for the reason that the seafarer has no word to say in the making of the laws which he must obey, the said Act was repealed; and as yet, but few people realise that this was a modern instance of killing the goose which laid the golden eggs. The awakening might come in time to save the situation. We hope it will. But Italy is by no means the only spot of earth where invertebrate politicians are ruining the traditions of ages. Take that from us, *Mattino*.

A powerful steam fire engine for service on the South Indian Railway is being shipped from London, this week. It is a Merryweather machine, of the double cylinder "vertical Greenwich" pattern, capable of delivering 450 gallons of water per minute. Pole and sway bars for horse draught are fitted and the engine is replete with all working accessories, including also 400 feet of extra double substance canvas hose.

SKIPPERS WE HAVE MET. No. 5.—"THE RELIGIOUS SKIPPER."

THE difficulty in being honestly religious is equally as great on the world of waters as it is on *terra firma*. That it really is difficult in both places will, we presume, be conceded at once, and without the raising of any dissentient voices. Difficulty notwithstanding, however, there are a few seafarers who manage to live up to the tenets appertaining to those who aspire to what has been named "the higher life." We feel compelled, in the interest of truth, to admit that the successful few seldom, if ever raise their social status—nautically, that is—much above quarter-master or lamp-trimmer. Also, that it has been given as a reason for this latter fact that "it is a physical impossibility for any responsible and healthy person on shipboard to continue religious, even supposing that he commences life at sea in that happy condition." That reason, taken logically, seems to carry a fair amount of conviction with it.

FOR instance, we will take the skipper as a "responsible" person, and also take a short study of his business connections. In handling his crew he must be continually exercising diplomacy. Nautical diplomacy—like most other varieties—consists principally of lying. Lying is not conducive to religion. In loading, say, a general cargo, he promises each shipper the best position and that his goods shall be shipped at once. This being manifestly impossible, some of the promises, at least, are—diplomatic perversions of the truth, and occupy the same position, from a religious-making standpoint, as lying *pur et simple*.

LATER on, carelessness or incompetency may cause serious damage to that cargo, but an "extended protest" says distinctly that the said damage was the outcome of exceptionally bad weather—so bad, in fact that it is often a matter of wonder that the sea itself was not blown right ashore—which is more lying and more anti-religious. Again, a little bad weather does come along, and in its passage takes a bunker-hatch tarpaulin with it, which the log-book records as: "Hatches stove in, boats destroyed, winches strained, etc.," which is felony—and felony is *not* conducive to religion. Perhaps, through past successes in the fore-mentioned, a suppositious "stranding" is logged, with all its attendant expenses. This, again, is felony, and (if found out) is more conducive to gaol than religion. And so on, concerning the "responsible" person.

NEXT, we will take a look at the "healthy person" alluded to above, just to see what his chances are—of becoming and staying religious. We will suppose that he has been to sea for three months, and has lived regularly on three meals *per diem*. He has breakfasted each day at the same hour; has dined and had his tea with the same regularity. He has worked just sufficiently to enable him to keep healthy, and has slept regularly to the same end. At the end of three months he comes ashore in perfect condition physically and having a little money, the most of all evil which he straightway plants with intent to make it grow (less).

AFTER a very brief struggle generally he is thoroughly convinced that religion never was meant for a man who has been cooped up for three months on a ship, with only a number of male things to look at—and acts accordingly. From the above it will, no doubt, be apparent to all that the words "religious skipper" are "anti-sarcasm." The man who has earned the title among his professional brethren is looked upon by them with absolute disgust. His pretended sanctity succeeds in bluffing only himself in most cases—for the simple reason that the man who thus masquerades is more or less a fool. Cunning of the lower order he undoubtedly possesses, but intelligence very rarely. Being more or less a fool, he is generally transparent; therefore easily to been seen through. We said above that the "religious skipper" only succeeds is bluffing himself. That was incorrect, because once in a way he manages to bluff his owner.

WE have in mind one specimen who has succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of his owner for many years. So much so, in fact, that although the owner referred to likes to pose as a "cutter," his "religious" captain has succeeded in bluffing a nice little block of real estate for his own uses in a provincial town. Bearing in mind the fact that this skipper's wage is £18 per month, that he has an expensive family, and has been a "religious" skipper but a few years—why "religion" pays in his case. Especially when his non-religious *confrères* are continually being "sacked," while he is allowed to stay on and to extend the superficial area of that block of real estate. This by the way.

AS a shipmate, the "religious skipper" is not a sucess. He generally carries a big slop-chest—purely from religious motives. He groans prodigiously about the inherent cussedness of Jack, and about his fearfully-pronounced ability in wasting his substance. He then goes on with his groaning, to the effect that as Jack *will* continue so to waste his precious metal, why in Christian charity it becomes necessary to provide a slop-chest, that he may not succumb to the severities of the various climes through which he passes. The slop-chest is provided, and generally nets about 300 per cent. for the "religious" one.

SHOULD Jack express any unwillingness to interview the steward, with intent to lighten that slop-chest, his "religious skipper" will, the first time that cold and wet weather is encountered, soon find some very unpleasant work for Mr. Jack to indulge in. After Jack gets his few old rags well wetted once or twice—and suffers the consequent discomfort—it generally follows that the steward is interviewed, to the ultimate benefit of the "Old Man." No bad debts in the nautical "dry goods" store, you bet sir. Not only is Jack expected to patronise this nautical Sheeny-man, but the officers also must do likewise, if they would be nicely treated by Captain "Religious."

IF the officers are too dense to see the resultant blessings following from a visit to the steward, the Captain will be very distant in his behaviour to them for a time. If this sending to Coventry, because of their sins of omission, does not eventually "fetch" the mates, Captain "R." will, on the first available opportunity, expatiate on the quality of his "dry goods." He will explain to those dense officers that he has succeeded in getting a splendid assortment of "store clothes" this trip, and that their cheapness is phenomenal! He will tell those mates, in a manner which is meant to be very confidential and condescending, that he has goods in the cabin—and for sale—far superior to that now worn by the mates.

IF the mates are fortunate (?) enough to "tumble," and buy something, why, it acts as a sop to Cerberus, and they are treated a little better, until such time as Captain "R." considers another "sop" is due. Ah! we know that "religious" man, you bet. Have been on the same ship with him, in fact! Then there is the tobacco. It costs the "religious" one 10d. per lb. "in bond," but he retails it at 3s. or 3s. 6d. per lb. He says that as the tobacco habit is sinful and dirty, he intends to make the price prohibitive! When the "boys" buy the stuff—willy nilly—the skipper throws his hands up in religious horror, and in a very impressive manner informs the mate that the devices of the Devil are fearsome to behold! The mate generally acquiesces to this, and registers a mental note to the effect that "When the devices of the Devil are used in connection with the efforts of the 'religious skipper,' then that they are fearsome to behold is an incontrovertible fact."

ANOTHER favourite move of the "religious skipper" is to pretend to have his meals with his officers. He causes the meanest of fare to be spread, and in a most unctuous tone beseeches a blessing of the Lord on "our humble fare." Strange to say, however, not even his "religious" fervour is equal to the effort of returning thanks for that "humble fare." After the "meal" is finished, the skipper retires to his own den, and fills himself with fare which is not humble, and without beseeching that desirable "blessing." The firm do not benefit by the captain's "economy." Oh! dear no! He invariably finds some poor souls in destitution at each port he touches at, and then, because of his benign nature, he sends food to such poor destitute ones.

THE food thus sent generally takes the form of tin'd goods or hams and cheese, so it would appear that the kind skipper supplies the bread-stuffs from the proceeds of the slop-chest! Of course the "religious skipper" has his detractors, and they are always on the "rampage," with intent to say unkind things about him.

. The Maritime Review, .
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1907.

. . THAT WONDERFUL BALLOT— . . AND ITS LESSONS.

WITHOUT pretending to follow the lead of the gentleman who is accredited with most of the *kudos* which hangs around the threatened railway strike, we yet have an overwhelming desire to "quote Scripture" when considering his ramifications in the world of strife. You'll perhaps remember that Mr. Bell talked about his one-time friend Isaiah, the ancient scribe who wrote a book so that modern people might be enabled to get behind it, when it suited their purpose? If you have forgotten the fact, it might not unduly matter, and you may take it from us on this occasion that Mr. Bell talked as explained.

THE burden of his song on the occasion referred to was, "come and let us reason together." To the time of writing, we have to admit that the wish was father to the thought, for the "us" implicated are still doing their reasoning at a distance from each other. However, that Isaiah quotation made us think up another for our last week's issue (which please see), and now that the wonderful ballot has been "declared"—we believe it is styled—we have yet another. The mountains were in labour, the mountains brought forth a mouse!

IN view of the result, you might be inclined to admit that our quotation is fairly apt? You see, and supposing we take Mr. Bell's own words for it all, there are some 310,000 railway workers eligible (but disinclined to join) the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants; but the merry little undertaking which wishes to boss that by no means small amount of fellow-citizens, appears to have no more than some 97,637 members—say, a little better than a quarter of the whole. In other words, there are no less than 212,363 blacklegs, against 97,637 whitelegs.

YET, in spite of this seeming fact, the whitelegs fatuously imagine that they have all the honours in the game. Why do we write the word "whitelegs?" Simply for the reason that non-Unionists are invariably styled blacklegs, and so that there shall be no favouritism in the matter, we have, after careful consideration, decided to classify the two camps into blackleg and whiteleg. It is only fair, for whenever a "labour leader" gets off on the stump, he invariably lards his speeches (save the word) with supposedly scathing bits of footling anent the blacklegs.

IF we belonged to neither camp, we shouldn't care a toss as to what they styled each other, but seeing that we belong to the overwhelming majority (at least, it would quickly be overwhelming if it would deign to take the whitelegs seriously), we object to allow the unionists to have the "fancy" names all their own way. Therefore, and in future, we shall use the terms blackleg and whiteleg, to distinguish the opposing forces. White will represent the gentlemen that swelled head has made more or less impervious to ridicule; and to whom real labour is more or less of a joke that must be paid for at highest rates for least work: black will continue, as before, to represent the workers in our midst; the men upon whose integrity and honesty of purpose, the Empire depends.

WE trust we have made the matter clear, and propose that we henceforth confine our remarks to that wonderful ballot and its teachings. In a manner that would have done credit to a Pinero (or a Bernard Shaw?), Mr. Bell dramatically staged his ballot-taking séance, and with a flourish of trumpets, declared that he would divulge the hefty seriousness of his new job on Sunday as ever was. A number of our contemporaries have let themselves go on the "folly" of this movement, so we suppose it is that, and nothing more. Personally, we were inclined to believe that most of the "folly" laid at the doors of our contemporaries, for taking these strutting agitators seriously.

WELL, the divulgence has come about; less than twenty-five per cent. of the potential railway servants of the land are willing to have a laze around over the wintry landscape; and the remaining 40-odd millions of people who pay for the railways and the railway servants' wages, are to have their chances in life humbugged about, merely because one man in 97,637 insists that he is taking no chances at a snubbing, having been already snubbed. Somehow or other, we believe that old jape about the British Empire being governed by the people for the people needs reconstruction.

THE said jape is obviously out-of-date; is finished with; won't hold the water it was wont to hold; and the reason is plain enough. If a mere 97,000-odd men are to be allowed to tyrannise over some 40-odd millions, then, we maintain that the time has arrived when a new set of rules should be boosted up as a Constitution. Moreover, we are inclined to believe that the 97,000-odd referred to are by no means the deepest-thinking portion of the community, or they would see the pitiful drivel which is thrown about at times, and by their seeming "friends."

FOR instance, the A.S.E. has a journal, and its able editor happens to be the Society's secretary. We have no quarrel with the journal in question, and should say no word about its whiteleg proclivities if other of our journalistic friends would undertake to quote the said journal sensibly. But when a pushing ha'porth of more or less brilliancy heads a paragraph as "Engineers Urge War," we naturally feel that we ought to read it—especially in view of the fact that the railway engineers themselves, urge nothing at all of the sort.

ANYHOW, this is what we read: "There is little doubt about the vote. It must be acted upon. Anything else, after the talk of the last month or two, would put trade unionism in a humiliating position." Concerning the position of trades unionism, we have nothing to say. Numberless people among the majority are beginning to think that the position of trades unionism could not well be more humiliating, than is that into which its paid servants have jambed it. But what we wished to know, is how many of the engineers urge war? The editor of their journal indulging in the pastime, is a very different affair to what would apply if the rank and file were to be acting the part of setter-on.

WHEN all is said, these setters-on talk (and write) as if they and their butties have a pagoda tree in their back gardens, and grain granaries in the union offices. None of them seem to appreciate the fact that with a wholesale tie-up of the carrying trade of the country, food-prices would be at war-rates in two days, and of what use would strike pay be under those conditions? Naturally, the chief sufferers in a railway strike, would be the railwaymen themselves. The remainder of the community would have at least one week's wages ahead of the strikers, and the latter would be among the first to turn and rend the firebrands who had made their position untenable.

THE plain facts are, that a railway strike is foolishly placed in line with any other strike, and the wire-pullers do not appear to have sense enough to realise that just at the time when this land had become too hot for them, and they wanted to light out for cooler climates, there would be no transit facilities left, so that they would perforce, have to stay behind to face the music. We don't say positively that it would be the Dead March in *Saul*; but we have ideas all that way. Personally, we are attaching but little importance to the much-talked-of strike. If it comes, we know that public sympathy will be alienated the first day, for you can't get the sympathy of the public when you are robbing it of its money, to say nothing of making it uncomfortable, and keeping it in one place.

[Since writing the above, we note that the suggested "strike" has been postponed by—yes, by Mr. Lloyd George! Ye gods!]

MUDDLING THROUGH.

THAT there is an altogether unnecessary amount of this trait in the administration of the Mercantile Marine cannot be truthfully gainsaid, and look where you will, you still find evidences of it about. For instance, in the matter of coal-trimming, and of which so much is intermittently heard, we venture to state that the muddle through idea is uncomfortably common. Why this should be so, is among those things which no fellah can understand, for when all is said, the trimming fraternity is a very small component of the community.

THEORETICALLY, every steamer which leaves a British dock is properly trimmed, and as a natural result, and as far as this phase of economics is concerned, each vessel is seaworthy. From a practical consideration, however, we much doubt if more than a comparative few vessels would come up to the standard which would be assessed by a committee of practical seamen. Of course, from the trimmers' point of view, the foregoing is rank heresy, but as we have already remarked, the trimming contingent is a small component of the community, and —they do not sail the seas in the vessels which they have more or less trimmed.

HITHERTO, the men who do not sail the seas in coal-laden vessels—either of the properly trimmed, or otherwise variety—have had but a poor showing, and for obvious reasons. In the first place, they have but little value as a political power, and less as supporters of any kind of journal—morning, weekly, or monthly. We have no doubt that it will come, ultimately, but so far in the struggle for supremacy, the "Harmsworth group" haven't chartered express steamers to carry their wares around the waters of the earth. Express trains form the top notch in this sample of enterprise.

WHEN floating bookstalls have been established at coigns of 'vantage the world over, the sailorman's interests will be attended to in the same sterling manner which obtains with the 'longshoreman. Meanwhile, THE MARITIME REVIEW has to hoe the row, more or less alone. As we already remarked, coal trimmers do not sail the seas in the vessels which they might, could, would or should have trimmed. On the contrary, rather, for directly the last wagon is dumped, the gang implicated commences to gather up its impedimenta, preparatory to going home to sleep.

THE hands on the ship, however, have to face the music—aye, be it bad or otherwise. The mere fact that they have just joined; that they know absolutely nothing about the vessel; have never seen her hatches, her holds, or her cargo spaces before; all this has nothing to do with the case. They are signed-on to go to sea; the trimmers are paid to trim; the money is paid in either instance; and there—for a time, at least—the matter will end. The vessel implicated will sail away; she is expected to come back; in the vast majority of instances she comes back, and apologists accept this feature as a proof that the trimming was properly attended to—was carried out on genuine lines.

ONCE in a way, a steamer comes back in another sense. Returns to be retrimmed. Then, does the apologist stalk around in heavy vein; calls all and sundry to witness that this is not a case of bad trimming; that the vessel was even like the foundation stones which are spread around in the glare and glitter of a beautifully-worked-up publicity, for her cargo of coal was "well and truly laid;" and that if the said boat hadn't rolled for forty minutes in the trough of the sea down at Lundy, there or thereabouts, this would never have happened.

IT never seems to strike the apologist that he is what is vulgarly spoken of as talking through his hat; that if a given steamer—in turning to come back to port for a retrimming séance—should wobble about in the trough of the sea for forty minutes in the vicinity of the Nash, say, she would incontinently run ashore; and that anyhow, if she had been properly trimmed, forty days in the trough of the sea wouldn't shift her cargo. You see, when a coal cargo is properly trimmed, there is but one way of shifting it without the aid of shovels. The blamed old crock has to turn right over. If she does that, then, you can bet that the good Welsh "smokeless" has had the shift of its life, for it will not again trouble anybody.

BUT in no other fashion may you coax it to turn sufficently to throw a ship on her beam ends. We know, because we have carried very many thousands of tons of the stuff, and under all sorts of conditions. For the matter of that, we have laid wallowing about with a broken tail-shaft, and although the coal cargo was but indifferently trimmed as a sailorman understands the word, none of it shifted. All of which goes to show that coal is by no means a tricky cargo to carry; that it needs but little stevedoring knowledge in its manipulation; and that these are facts for which the seafarer should be devoutly thankful.

FRANKLY, is anybody—with nautical knowledge—going to believe that a steamer is efficiently trimmed, if a mere forty minutes wobble around in a breeze and its consequent sea, is going to put her on her beam-ends, so to put it? Do we trim our ships for continuous fine weather and smooth seas, or do we rather declare that the vessels are trimmed so as to withstand the vicissitudes of sea-work? Is it to be taken as a foregone conclusion that with the advent of a broken steering-gear, a disabled engine, or broken rudder-frame, a coal-laden steamer must incontinently get on her bilges, with all that the term signifies?

CERTAINLY not, for when coal is trimmed, there need be no trouble in the minds of the sea-dogs who find themselves in the positions suggested—as far as a shift of cargo is concerned. Naturally enough, the apologist comes in in force. Assures you that the paucity of accidents to coal-laden steamers is proof that they are trimmed. Writing as sailormen we deny the imputation. The paucity of accidents to coal-laden steamers, is in spite of bad trimming—not because of good; and it speaks volumes for the modern builder, and draftsman, in that they can turn out such eminently suitable vessels, in face of the muddle through business to which they are subjected in this one instance.

OF course, there is a financial side to this coal-trimming affair, and we have frequently asked where the shipowner comes in, seeing that he pays his money, and takes his choice. To-date, he doesn't seem to bother his head unduly as to this phase of the deal. Presumably he is actuated by principles which dominate the coal-trimmer? Neither shipowner nor trimmer sail in the steamers involved, so that each of them are in a position to make the best of an admittedly bad job. It is bad to be compelled to pay for work over which you have no control; in a somewhat different sense, it is bad to be responsible for work which has been more or less scamped.

WE are constrained to write these remarks, because we remember that, on its own claims, the country is being run by a workman's Government. Under the circumstances is there anything the matter in asking the said Government to protect one contingent of workmen, against the malpractices of another contingent thereof? Such action on the rulers' part, would be justifiable and consistent, and we are wondering if Mr. Lloyd-George, in the gaps which happen between his jobs of muzzling "revolters"—either religious or industrial—could "cock an eye" over this long-standing grievance which subjects some couple of hundreds of thousands of men to the exploitation of a few hundreds? Laurels would surely follow such a course of action. To muddle through, inevitably means to muddle out—in the end.

Concerning Certificated Officers.

WHILE admitting to a very pregnant knowledge that discontent was particularly rife within the ranks of those gentlemen who go to make up the entity known as certificated officers, we yet have to admit that we are learning a few fresh points daily, in connection with this subject. From the excerpts which we reproduce on this page, it will be seen that our friends are great on the interrogation mark! Somehow or other they forget that, as yet, we are having nothing to say in this phase of life; that we are giving them an opportunity to spread themselves, in their own way—as long as that same way conforms to the usages of polite society.

IN this latter respect, we feel that some of our correspondents will admit that in charitably passing their "growls" to the oblivion of the waste-paper-basket, we are doing them the greater service. Language reminiscent of a Blue-nose second mate will in no wise assist the young men who are anxious to air their grievances in this, the first serious medium which has ever been offered to them. Furthermore, it is essential for us to keep repeating that although we have more than a nodding acquaintance with the subject dealt with; that we have been right through the mill; have worn the boots, so know where they pinch; at the same time, we have had nothing to do with formulating the conditions which presently apply?

UNDER the circumstances, then, why prattle "at" us as if we had worked up the impossible conditions prevailing? Far better for you young fellows to take a leaf out of our book, and to quit a life which is obviously impossible—before you become too old to "begin afresh." In our case, we feel that we have some justification in offering you advice—although so far in this particular contention, we are refraining. As things are running at present, you will merely exist until you are forty—there or thereabout—after which epoch, you will be thrown ashore to dodge around on the scrap heap.

SOME of you will look around for a nice little tobacconist's shop; others of you will go in for "stevedoring"; a few of you will pretend to keep a farm; and the remainder of you—well, in plain language, you'll starve. Personally, we are not altogether sure that you deserve a better fate. Circumstances, it is true, are against you, for in the majority of instances, you have lived so long out of the world (at sea) that you are unfit to enter again its sacred walks. At the same time, don't blame us. As children of a larger growth, you rail against the exploitation of a bonâ fide "union," even while you are led by the noses by other affairs which are neither one thing, nor the other.

AND now let us review our letters. We'll take the chosen ones alphabetically. Arbroath writes:

"Your shipowning correspondent hits it in the first try! 'For crass intolerance of a younger generation, the old-time ship-master *would* be hard to beat,' and that is the one great fact which spoils the merchant service. Instead of remembering that he was once a junior, and that at a time when competition—and a standard of efficiency—was very much different to what obtains in this year of sin, the average master seems to be filled with a belief that he is about all that counts in the service—until he gets near dock, and is making a bid to ship a straight face for the interview which will leave him as limp as a well-worn bucket laniard. At that time he develops a great love for the hitherto overlooked mates—especially if there is a docking job due. All the voyage, we are simply "Mister." Now, for a few brief days, we have a name. And I don't think I am more unfortunate in my experiences than other fellows. It's right enough that I sail with but one master at a time, but I can (and do) exchange confidences with dozens of others in a round trip. I've just left one such old curmudgeon as I write about. But with this difference: I chucked it; he was bought out by another investing genius; I got my few pounds that was due me; he is still haggling about his wages, while his investment—take it from me he couldn't give it away. Talk about periodical examinations—the sailor who sits for number one is a born ass!"

You might be constrained to consider the foregoing somewhat pessimistic—not to say far-fetched? It might be—again it mightn't. Anyhow, Arddleen (what part of Wales is that for a sailor, anyhow?) asks:

"Is it suggested to offer any more money for a periodical passing of the Board of Trade examinations? If so, it might be worth thinking about, and for helping along with all the might a fellow could work up. But if the same old pay is to continue; if the rotten conditions are allowed to stay on for ever; if the best jobs are to be sold and bought like loaves of bread; if the new idea is simply another notion to get all and give nothing; I, for one, intend to keep my ticket hung up at home where it is, while I struggle to raise leeks and things from the soil here which is no more stubborn than the breasts of some of the chapel-lurching gentlemen that I served up to a few months ago."

THERE you are, sirs. That is from a bit of dear little Wales, and we feel, somehow or other, a dash of admiration for the one-time sailor who plumps for raising market garden stuff, rather than raising Hades for an unappreciative employer! "Micky," from Ardfinnan will now oblige:

"Of what use is it to kick against the pricks? The Board of Trade shows plain enough that it knows nothing about the business with which it is entrusted, or, when raising that imaginary standard, it would see that the good old-has-beens came into line at once. If the Admiralty were to fix-up a fleet of warships made up of vessels built in 1860, and had a choice assortment of crocklets from every year and stage of construction down to date, people would laugh, and the hated foreigner will walk right over us? Yet that same dodge applies with the merchant fleet. It is 'commanded'—save the name—by as fine a job-lot of whales as it is possible to gather in one haul; in some, the masters take them around the world, and everybody is satisfied; in others, the mates do it and nobody is satisfied—not even the masters. Besides, anybody can see that the country has made up its mind to go to pot. Why try to put off the evil day? When the smash comes, we fellows can easily follow the crocklets to another land. They'll go right enough, and somebody will have to sail 'em. That will be our chance. Periodical examinations! Why? A modern lad could pass it without turning a hair; an old-timer couldn't under any circumstances. The modern youth may starve; the old-timer keeps his job because—mostly because he is an old-timer and has to act on old-time ideas. At length, the old-timer loses his job, and then he wishes he had pulled with the young stuff while the chance was with him. In the passing of the time between the epochs, the country is getting harder-placed everyday—and nobody cares a dump." (We have taken the liberty of altering that last word you'll observe, "Ardfinnan.")

IN a delightfully breezy style, Carlisle comes in with the following:

"Pass periodically, successes to keep their jobs, failures to keep hens—or white mice for use on submarines? Why pass periodically? Is present talent unable to keep pace with the flogging of log-books? Have underwriters developed sense, or cut their eye-teeth? Do alien *matelots* demand a higher style of diplomatic treatment than formerly? Will it take more education to successfully handle those certificated cooks when they come, and if so, how much? Does the present exam. ask what a skipper will

do, if faced with a mutinous but certificated slushy? And is it intended to offer educated-men's wages for the possibly educated men?

"Pass periodically? By all means, if it really works out that better men will then obtain the better berths; if an inefficient master will find himself relegated to a back seat, and a drunken mate will find it impossible to obtain an opportunity of worrying a decent skipper. But why pass at all? Is the examination any guarantee of knowledge? Does it protect the owner or the sailor? If a man passes with never one fault, is he of any higher commercial value than the man who bungles through with a mistake on every paper?

"Pass periodically? What does it really mean to pass a Board of Trade examination? Isn't it the result of a greater or lesser number of weeks' cramming, eked out with a high old time o'nights, and an eventual squeezing through on the off chance of being able to answer (somehow) a set of questions, the fellows of which the candidate will never see again?

"Pass periodically! Agitate for no passing at all. Give a free stem to anything that can walk. Throw the business wide open, and thus provide for a survival of the fittest. In any case, favour would be no more in evidence than it is at present. A man would have an incentive to work up a professional reputation. He would not be offered a berth as master because he was known to be 'orthodox.' And for 'orthodox' you must read imaginative. Merit would get him to the front—like it did before a number of old women that knew nothing of the circumstances had the impertinence to think up a 'certificate of competency'—which is nothing at all of the sort, being rather a certificate of servility. Pass periodically! Better open a fried fish shop, and use up past experiences for the delectation of possible purchasers."

SORT of takes your breath away, doesn't it? Makes you wonder where poor old "Carlisle" has been getting it? All the same, we are half-afraid that he puts his finger right on it; and we have a nasty, creepy, kind of belief that he has "been there," and so writes of what he knows, as against the prattle which is usual with this class of discussion.

HOWEVER, in an endeavour to add some little glimmering of hope to the ranks of the old-timers, Harlington, in a temperately-worded screed remarks:

"I am an old-timer, and although I'd rather handle a marlinespike than a pen, I feel that as an old admirer of yours, and as one who never misses his chance of struggling through with his copy of THE MARITIME REVIEW (which is then posted abroad to a son who had more sense than his father!), I ought to have a word in for my sort. I'll begin by admitting that it won't trouble me whether they make the rising generation pass periodically or leave them to rub along as we did. I've coiled away—because I am an old-timer. I've got enough to last me until the end of the watch, and although my next-door neighbour who is a sky-pilot dubs me a man of sin (blames me with killing his dog, which is wrong, for I only clubbed it, and if it died afterward that isn't my affair. Parsons should keep better sorts of dogs?), and if he happened to be a sailor would say that I 'made it out of the main hatch,' I am no worse than those I worked for. They made plenty out of the main hatch—and out of me.

"But why should any of us come up to pass periodically? As old-timers, we were young ourselves at one time, and although I honestly admit that we hadn't this particular trouble to contend with, seeing that there was no passing in the beginning, we had others. In fact, there will be troubles for each succeeding generation. If it isn't this, it will be that, and I know that while a man is winneling about the getting of a certificate of competency, he is leaving some other trouble alone. To my old mind, it appears a considerable sight more important to close up the ranks of those who go to sea against the foreign invasion, and although that has nothing to do with the question first asked by you, it appears to me to need some careful attention.

"And pinning my old pen to the passing idea, is a certificate of any use to anybody? I mean, isn't it merely ornamental? I want to explain my meaning. I came to grief some few years ago—had a little stranding up the Black Sea way. My mate was an extra certificated man, and was also a good man and officer. We never had any old chat about what kind of certificates either of us carried, and while he was allowed to act the mate, I was careful to be the Old Man. There was an inquiry—they styled it; both our tickets were passed over the table; both of them came back again; in all the talk, there was no question raised as to when I passed, or when my mate passed, and yet I don't mind admitting that the same mate had forgotten more about navigation and fancy work of that kind, than I shall ever know.

"But that same mate (whisper, he is a son-in-law, now!) admitted that he merely got his ticket to show what he could do; and that as far as he could see, it was like bringing a gallon of water to a man who only needed a pint. True, he is now master of a 7,000 ton steamer, and is receiving £20 a month; when he sailed with me the boat carried 2,300 tons, and I made—well, considerably more than that you bet! All of which goes to show that there are masters and masters; certificates and certificates; ways of making money and ways?"

IT does, and supposing our Harlington admirer hasn't thrown very much light on the vexed subject upon which we are engaged, there is no getting away from the fact that he has given the kind of elucidation that is worthy the attention of the young fellows. An extra ticket might be good enough in its way; but if it only enables a man to corral £20 per month on a 7,000-tonner, where aforetime, an ordinary certificate roped in double that amount in a 2,000-tonner—well, you can see the moral? Anyhow, it is obvious enough, and for that reason (as well as for those already explained) we pass on to others of our correspondents.

FROM Kingsley (Cheshire) comes the following:

"At least one good result would follow from the periodical passing: It would be more difficult for the possible impersonator. I have no intention of posing as an assistant prosecutor, and shall keep clear of giving points to a Department with which I have but small sympathy (how is it possible to sympathise with your own especial tyrant?), but I have often wondered where B.T. savvy came in, when anything in pants may go up for a certificate, and by simply passing its papers over a counter, be accepted for examination? The papers are examined, scrutinised, fussed over, and on end of a song made about them if red tape has been strained in any one particular, but the man—well, he can be anything, anybody, might never have been at sea for fourteen minutes, end even if he hasn't, you may bet your last shilling that the so-called examination will not unearth the fraud if one is attempted.

"Of course, it will be considered as wicked on my part to show up this little point. Some of the crowd will shriek about adding on burdens where already enough of them appear to be in existence. And that, anyhow, there is no chance of an impersonator taking a hand in the game. To all this I merely ask: 'Isn't there?' And without going into any particulars (perhaps I could, if I wished to) I will be satisfied to say that, judging by some of the whales I have sailed with, there must either be impersonators, or some of the examination-room bosses must be singularly devoid of humour. Anyhow, I am one of the crowd, am willing to come up and prove my fitness (from a Board of Trade standpoint, which mightn't be worth a toss from a nautical one), especially if by so doing, I shall stand a better chance of using my certificate as master, instead of posing as wet-nurse to an old fossil who ought to have been dead years ago."

PLAIN enough, isn't it? Plain, and to the point. So is that which comes from Trentham, and which, for this occasion, completes the tale:

"Why not pass periodically? Particularly if it means an uplifting of the service. Are we as sailormen immune from all the ills which adversely affect the remainder of mankind? Do our eyes never wax dim? Are our brains of that particular kind which the stress and strain of living never affects? Are we of such enterprising mould, that we can be depended on to keep *au courant* to the march of civilization, and of nautical progress? Do we never lag behind the procession, and thus never need the whip? If so, why examine us at all? Why pretend that, at one time in our existences, we are merely human, while at others we are something altogether different? Of course, we should pass periodically, and by that simple bit of legislation, half the ills under which we now linger would be wiped away. There is no scarcity of skippers. You could load a ship with them, any day. The scarcity is with junior officers. They keep clear because they see no chance of graduating into a command until heaven knows when. Make the prime old vested gentlemen prove their fitness from a Board of Trade point of view; the failures would then be weeded out; young men would obtain the promotion for which they have fitted themselves; and new blood would come into the service. Let the universal law apply. A survival of the fittest."

GOOD old Trentham! We kept his burst until last! Aren't we justified, you "unfit?" Eh, what. There is brain about in our profession, and no mistake! One of these days, it will be at Whitehall, and then there will be an alteration. Write us some more, please. Our cry is still "Let 'em all come."

RAILWAYMEN'S GRIEVANCES?

ACTUATED by a desire to learn from inside sources what is meant by the above term, we undertook an exhaustive inquiry among those who would be most likely to give us information on the subject. Candour compels us to admit that the result is altogether unsatisfactory, viewed in any light one cares to adopt. We are willing to admit, now, even as we have admitted in the past, that the railwayman's occupation is in no respect different to that which applies with other, and less favoured workers.

And we write the words "less-favoured," advisedly, which will be abundantly shown as we proceed. Meanwhile, we will remark that the railwayman has grievances, exactly as have the remainder of us. At the same time, the word "grievance" is a comparative affair: and in this respect, the railway worker compares more than favourably with the remainder of the working cult who are not railwaymen. It is distinctly human to wish for jam to put on one's bread and butter, and the better samples of humanity hustle around to get the said jam.

But in our serious opinion, the agitating fraternity that is making so much capital out of the furore which they, alone, have worked up, is intent on getting that jam at the expense of those who have agreed to work for their share of the comestible—jam being considered in a purely metaphorical sense, of course. In other words, the commercial value of the railwayman's services will not run to a plethora of the stuff of which we have written, so the agitator (as is usual with him) pretends that he is in a position to supply it, gratuitously.

We have no intention of extending our present writing to a consideration of the undoubted blessings which surround continuous employment, superannuation after a given number of years' service, holidays on full pay, travelling facilities on the cheap, and pleasant lay, clothing allowances, sick pay, and wet-nursing, generally; and mainly for the reason that our readers already understand these little items of beauty. Rather would we give you the actual results of our own independent inquiries.

As already remarked, these—especially on the side of the worker, himself—have been unsatisfactory, not to say disappointing. Indeed, the wonder to us is, that after so much newspaper controversy, the railwaymen that we have happened upon, show such a marked ignorance of their own conditions. Of a surety has there been enough "opinion" scattered around over the country, to enable every railwayman in the land, to understand every point which is kept at the back of the heads of the agitating cult.

The conclusion that one must come to, is that the grievances are very paltry, and that they are of such negligible quantity, that those who are supposed to be ground down under the heel of a despotic tyranny, do not trouble to keep themselves posted as to what their "champions" are prattling of. An average rendering of the words "all grades movement" is, that "We are going to see that everybody is treated alike. The directors have plenty of leavings from their tables. We are going to have the same. It is a sin and a shame that we should be kept out in the cold, while heaps of other people are nice and warm."

Going further, we were informed that although the informant didn't quite know what it is that "the society" is fussing about, every member thereof is satisfied that it is something good, and that unless "we" get it, there is going to be trouble. Asked why no precise information as to what is asked for could be given, we were assured that the subject was "too compulleecated for an or'nary man," and sorrowfully we admitted the force of the suggestion. Touching on the paucity of railwaymen in "the society," and in view of the quarter of a million or so that are not in it, we were gravely assured that the "society" was a new thing, and folk had had no time to understand its blessings, and things of that sort.

Remembering that the said "society" had been in existence for over a quarter of a century, we wondered where its officials had been, or where our informant had worked, meanwhile. Thinking that our friend had been detailed to some poky little side-show of a station, out at the Back of Beyond, we said so. With a full-chest-style-of-oratory, our friend informed us that he was a main-line-man; that he was no back-lane railwayman; that he had graduated in the thick of everything of a railway character—aye, and his father before him.

The last words suggested to us the possibility that we were seeking information from an impossible source; that when the son followed the father—well, the alleged grievances couldn't be so very much in evidence, after all? Shifting the venue, so to speak, we next approached an inspector. Frankly, he looked eminently fit for his work, and we decided, right away, that those directors and general managers knew a thing or two about railway work, all pretensions to the contrary notwithstanding. When a man looks the part he is committed to play, one has to admit that his stage-managers know their business.

Knowing their business, then, it is matter for no surprise to learn that they have an occasional smear of jam, on their matutinal bread and butter? Anyhow, we asked our inspecting friend if the prevailing talk of "grievances" had any justification—more than usually applies in other walks of life, that is to say. The answer came, sharp and incisive: "Grievances abound everywhere, and in all phases of labour, but compared with the worker generally, the railwayman has a soft time. Here and there, of course, hardships will occur. But they occur everywhere, and I have a pretty shrewd suspicion that the much-maligned directors could table quite a number of avoidable worries, if they felt like it.

"I mean, that if the travelling public could manage to be a little more thoughtful, a little more persevering, and a little more attentive to the teachings of *meum et tuum*, the directors would find half of their worries gone in one hit. But for some inscrutable reason, a railway is considered fair game by a large section of the public. Possibly the trait has extended to the fellows who are being gulled with the present agitation. Of one thing we may be sure, if the companies are pushed into the ditch, there will be enough of mud around in consequence, to put the fear of strikes, and an abhorrence of agitators who promise something-for-nothing, into the hearts of all concerned."

Here then, we felt that we were getting some showing of information, and pursuing the subject for yet a little further, our inspector-informant said: "Has it ever struck you as peculiar that railway-work is a family weakness, or otherwise?" We asked for an elucidation of the apparent mystery, and were told: "If there are so many terrible grievances about, why do fathers bring up their sons to the business? Why are there so many of one family in the employment of the wicked directors? You take it from me that railway-work is a snug little family affair, for you may easily find numberless instances of where a father and his brothers are 'on the line,' and after them, their sons, sons-in-laws, and other relatives.

"This should prove conclusively, that all talk of 'grievance' is a relative term, for if a father felt that his job were under par, he would hardly struggle might and main to get a vacancy for his son—and that is what is happening, continuously. An outsider has a number one difficulty to obtain entry with us; there are too many relatives of present employés on the register, awaiting the chance which, in some instances, never comes. Need more be said?" We thought not. What do you think? The "strike" is averted? M'Yes!

LLOYD'S ANNUAL REPORT.

AS usual, this report comes along replete with interesting matter. In fact, it is a direct proof that in the matter of shipping property alone, the Briton is still in front of the nautical profession, and that Lloyd's Registry leads the van. For instance, at the close of the year ending June 30, 1907, there were 10,285 merchant vessels, with a gross registered tonnage lumping into some 19¾ millions of tons, which had been assigned classes by the Committee of Lloyd's Register.

WE have no space for the detailing of that goodly quantity of tonnage, but will remark that the division thereof was: British, 6,825 vessels with 12,855,245 tons between them, while the foreigner, collectively, owns 3,460 vessels, with 6,869,483 tons. That the preponderance is still with the Briton, is self-evident. During the year dealt with by the Report, 789 new vessels were classed by the Committee, and the gross registered tonnage of that little lot, amounted to 1,484,722 tons. Under the circumstances, you can easily understand why freights are low, and why competition is so keen.

WE might remark, too, that of the amount of new tonnage mentioned, some 70 per cent. was built to U.K. order, while 30 per cent. was divided among our Colonies and the foreigner, generally. Therefore, the homeland is still "out" for shipping, and in spite of the fact that Mr. Lloyd George is able to create something like a million tons, at a stroke of his facile pen. We note that the present return of nearly 1,500,000 tons of new shipping, represents the greatest amount of tonnage classed during any one year in the history of the Society, so if Mr. Lloyd George had held his hand, what would that record have amounted to?

SAILING ships are not altogether dead to all appeal, for we learn that a poor 10,344 tons were added to the Register. This is but an inappreciable quantity, you'll admit—but it might have been worse. Personally, we are sanguine of being able to see the day when the sailing ship additions will lump into much greater figures. In the face of present conditions, it takes a large amount of trust to write the foregoing words; but those who live longest will see most!

ANYHOW, as far as types and sizes of vessels are concerned, the Registry's motto appears to be, let 'em all come, for ample scope for all kinds and classes is provided, and whether she be a "freak" ship, or one of the common or garden sort, the Committee of Lloyd's Register will find her a class that will give satisfaction to all concerned—or nearly so. Some people, you'll admit, are never satisfied!

NATURALLY enough, the bulk of the new vessels which have received classes as above, were just the ordinary knock-about cargo vessel. Not perhaps the class which the sailorman scornfully designates as a "flat-bottomed, wall-sided, and decks-awash abortion;" but the sort which, on occasion, can act even after Jack's lucid description. Of course, the sailorman, seeing that he sails the vessels, can hardly be expected to know a very great deal about their sea-going qualities.

BUT although the common or garden variety of tramp predominated, such marvels of marine architecture as the *Lusitania* and the *Mauretania* are included in the Register's 100A1 class. You'll remember the *Lusitania*, won't you? The record breaker, and three millions of specie carrier? The ship which, in herself, cost some million and a half, which carries a town's population, and which on her last outward trip yanked along some £3,000,000 for the good of the Yankee, and whose headman is in receipt of a salary that would disgust the manageress of a white shirt laundry. We like to point our moral as we run along. As the old lady said, on a certain memorable occasion: Every little helps!

IN the report under consideration, we read that "The directors of the Cunard Company are to be heartily congratulated on the gratifying result of their great national endeavour," and we hasten to admit that they are. In more ways than one, yes. However, 43 steamers of over 5,000 tons each have been classed by the Society since the issue of the last Annual Report, and the largest of these are:

	TONS
LUSITANIA - -	30,822
ARAGUAYA - -	10,537
ARAWA - - -	9,372
CASSANDRA - -	8,135
ORONSA - -	7,970
ORTEGA - -	7,970
ROHILLA - -	7,144

IN addition to the vessels already referred to, the tonnage classed during the year includes a variety of types to which the A1 class has been assigned. These vessels have been built for special trades, and number among them several for which a high rate of speed, or an abnormally shallow draft is required. Some of their names have already appeared in these columns—some of them have not; but in either instance, they are vessels for which the nation should feel thankful.

WITH reference to this special service work, it is interesting to learn that there are at present seven vessels building for the Channel Service. They are: Three twin-screw steamers for the London and North Western Railway Co.; one turbine steamer for the Great Western Railway Co.; one turbine steamer for the Isle of Man Steam Packet Co.; and two turbine steamers intended for work in the Tsugaru Strait, Japan. After this, let no man suggest that the turbine hasn't come to stay. Indeed, we asked last week, who was to have the honour of adding the first turbine steamer to Cardiff's Registry. The answer hasn't reached us, as yet.

CONTINUING with the special service type of vessel, it will be interesting to state that the Canadian Pacific Railway have two applicants for the A1 class of the Society, in the *Assiniboia* and the *Keewatin*, both built on the Clyde, and both intended for work on the Great Lakes; but as their length would prevent them from passing through the locks between Quebec and the lakes, arrangements have been made during construction, to facilitate the cutting of each boat into two parts on arrival at Quebec, after which the parts will be entered separately into the lakes, and rejoined.

IF this isn't up-to-date and enterprising, we should be glad to hear about it. As far as that goes, nothing appears to be too freaky or peculiar for the attention of the Registry—which by no means deals alone with deep-sea vessels. Plans have been recently passed by the Committee for the new suction dredger which is now being built at Birkenhead for the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and for the 100A1 class. This will be the largest dredger in the world, and her skipper will have as much right to be cocky as to the class of his vessel, as presently applies with the commander of the *Lusitania*, say.

THERE is much more of interest in the Annual Report which we have thus briefly considered, but seeing that we are at the bottom of the page, we must refrain from further comment. At a later date, perhaps, we might gossip with you about cable chains, surveyors, and the hundred and one items with which the Society concerns itself.

Maritime (and other) Money Matters.

DRAT the bank-rate! Double drat those panic-mongers! What with industrial wars, rumours thereof, bank crashes, and insecurity everywhere, is it any wonder that the good souls who really keep the Empire going (that is to say, the small investors) are exercised in mind as to what tomorrow will bring forth? And there is no need to wonder that the financially interested, are beginning to ask each other if it was altogether advisable to pitch-fork a number of amateurs into St. Stephens merely out of spleen. The "late Government" had diddled away with "protection"; had hedged with the crowd at large; to say nothing of with units among themselves; and then came the deluge!

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WELL, the deluge continues, for what with abortive Hague Conferences, dissatisfaction in the Colonies, unrest in India, threatened strikes at home, and a shortage of money everywhere—what has gone wrong with the world, anyhow? Is it all the result of having a number of apprentices as law-makers; is it a muss up of the invertebrate; a gathering together of the chaotic; or merely a recrudescence of original sin all 'round? We would like to know, because quite a number of people are asking us to propound the hidden mysteries of the situation.

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TRUE, there must be money about, somewhere, for some of our dry dock friends keep smiling, and we know they wouldn't smile if the root of all evil were more than ordinarily difficult of attainment. For the matter of that, a goodly number of the colliery people are smiling—and their smile is even of the kind that won't come off. Why is it? Is it because coal is "up," and by all appearances intends to stay there? Ask us another, for in these degenerate days, one is never safe in forecasting what a day might bring forth. We suggested that, above!

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HERE is this country running the gentle Gaul fairly close in easing the American financial situation. The *Lusitania* takes over some three millions of the stuff of which jerry o' goblins are made; the French brother sends over two-and-a-half millions; the Yankee brother prattles about the "God's country" that is his; assures all his friends that "Yewrop" is played out for ever and ever, amen; and in the interval, he sends his uncles, his cousins, and his other male relatives across with "schemes" that are going to enrich everybody—save the Britisher!

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IT'S a great game, isn't it? And although we are everyone of us certain that this old land is more or less finished up; that it merely keeps going through press of outside movement; we still have spare motor wheel concerns; salt mines (ominous affairs!); notion shops; oil "corners"; and heaven knows what beside, thrust in our faces (thanks to the morning paper) each day at breakfast-time. Now somebody must be making a pot of money out of these flotations, for the company promoter is seldom in the business for the good of his health alone?

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THAT is to say, most company promoters. We know that some of the crowd are anxious to assure us that their's is a universally beneficent dodge. We know, because we have read their prospectuses. But then, we have every right to please ourselves as to whether we "rise" to the bait or otherwise? In any case, we regretfully note that while industrials are being romped along for all they are worth, shipping ventures have been more or less shelved for some time past. True, there is a little doing in this connection—but not much.

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THAT is to say, a few of our shipping friends are weeding out a number of their old has-beens; are "selling foreign"; that, of course, is merely preparatory to the issue of a new batch of promises, for which keep your eyes open. When these promises materialise, see if the good people implicated haven't advanced with the times; note the new smooth-on cement that is used; having seen and noted, close up your cheque-book, and go out and see a lady about a dog. That is sterling advice, and should save you quite a pile of money—if followed.

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OF course, you won't follow it. The promising gentlemen will attend to that. They will lay their promises on in such thickness, that you will be forgiven for believing that a trowel has been used; and as is your usual wont, you will plump for the *Flopsy Dopsy* which *promises* a twenty-five per cent. dividend, even while you pass over some other affair which really pays the half of that amount per annum. When talking to your youngsters, too, you will solemnly warn them to beware of the wizard who promises new lamps for old; of the man who offers a quantity of something for practically nothing.

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AND having warned as suggested, you will go right out and place the best of a year's savings with the wizard, and the other man alluded to. But perhaps it is just as well that you do, for by this means you give everybody a chance to revel in the sunshine, for a time. But even so, there is no reason for you to send us a number of balance sheets, with the request (not always too politely worded) for our opinion on the matter. The requests to which we have alluded, seem to insinuate that the investments are our affair; that if it hadn't been for us, the money would never have changed hands!

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VERY well. Let it remain at that. We are used to it by now, and although the screeds in question do us no harm; they still assist the revenue to the extent of a stamp or so. That is mainly why we are patient. One trusting soul sends us along the particulars of an investment in a fifteen years old boat. The face value of the stock amounts to £500, and our correspondent pathetically asks: "What, in your opinion, would these shares fetch on the market. I mean, if I sell." Good sir, rest yourself in peace, and refrain from asking us unseemly riddles. "If I sell," quotha! You couldn't give it away, our friend!

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THE balance sheet which appears on the following page, should prove interesting reading for those concerned, as should also the directors' report from which we cull the following: "The net profits for the year, after providing £2,600 for payment of interest on debentures, amount to £19,313 0s. 7d. which, with the balance brought forward from last year of £15,571 14s. 4d., leaves to the credit of profit and loss account, the sum of £34,884 14s. 11d. From this amount, an interim dividend was paid in May last, amounting to £6,593 15s., leaving an available balance of £28,290 19s. 11d. (Pity there wasn't another penny?)

"Your directors recommend that this balance should be disposed of as follows: Final dividends to be paid on the 18th November instant, on the preference shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, less income tax; and on the ordinary shares 10s. per share (making 9 per cent. on those shares for the year) free of income tax: absorbing together £8,093 15s. £2,500 to be carried to credit of reserve working capital account. The balance of £17,697 4s. 11d. to be carried forward to next year." A nine per cent. dividend in these "tight" times, is worthy of sincere congratulations, which are offered herewith.

THE BARRY GRAVING DOCK AND ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED.

CAPITAL ACCOUNT, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1907.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Purchase Money and Expenditure on Works, Docks, Machinery, Plant, &c., to date	304,111 3 7	
Less Amount of Mortgage Debentures paid off out of Profits and cancelled	15,000 0 0	
		£289,111 3 7
By Share Capital:—		
15,000 Ord. Shares of £10 each	150,000 0 0	
2,500 Pref. Shares of £10 each	25,000 0 0	
		175,000 0 0
„ Premium on 2,500 Ordinary Shares at £6 per Share		15,000 0 0
„ Mortgage Debentures at 4 per cent. ...		65,000 0 0
„ Balance		34,111 3 7
		£289,111 3 7

REVENUE ACCOUNT, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1907.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Directors' Fees	750 0 0	
„ Salaries	2,277 0 0	
„ Rents	1,371 11 0	
„ Rates and Taxes	2,199 19 7	
„ General Working Expenses	5,550 11 9	
„ Bank Charges	1,609 3 7	
„ Fire and other Insurance	2,148 4 9	
„ Freight and Carriage	181 1 4	
„ Balance	21,913 0 7	
	£38,000 12 7	
By Gross Profit		37,994 7 7
„ Transfer Fees		6 5 0
		£38,000 12 7
To Interest on Debentures	2,600 0 0	
„ Balance	19,313 0 7	
	£21,913 0 7	
By Balance		21,913 0 7
		£21,913 0 7

BALANCE SHEET, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1907.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Cash in hand	106 12 11	
Bills Receivable	3,506 1 3	
Stock	10,104 6 1	
Work in progress	240 12 6	
Sundry Debtors	64,011 17 5	
	£77,969 10 2	
Sundry Creditors		34,488 8 7
Reserve Contingency Account ...		9,301 5 3
„ Working Capital Account	40,000 0 0	
Less used on Capital Account as per balance	34,111 3 7	
		5,888 16 5
Balance Revenue Account, September 30th, 1906	24,165 9 4	
Less Dividend paid, November, 1906	6,593 15 0	
	17,571 14 4	
Add Balance Revenue Account this date	19,313 0 7	
	36,884 14 11	
Less Interim Dividend, paid May, 1907	6,593 15 0	
Less carried to Reserve Contingency Account ...	2,000 0 0	
	8,593 16 0	
		28,290 19 11
		£77,969 10 2

CARDIFF (AND OTHER) COAL.

CARDIFF, *November 6, 1907.*

WHILE stating that there is but little change to be noted in the market for the local staple, and for the week under review, we have to admit that prevailing conditions are rather more inclined to the satisfactory side of the street, than were those which have obtained of late. That might appear as something of a cautious admission, and we readily admit the soft impeachment. With the market as it is at the moment, one has to be cautious, and that is a fact.

HOWEVER, the weakness of which we have monotonously written for a number of weeks past, has disappeared in part, and although it yet remains in a few instances which we could name, it is by no means general, and quotations are somewhat steadier in consequence. Steadier, and more firmly adhered to. All the same, it is as well to understand that this pleasant feature is not altogether on account of increased demand—although that has certainly helped.

NO, tonnage arrivals have worked the oracle for the seller. Those arrivals have been in much greater evidence, and as a natural consequence, the superabundance of free coal of which we have previously advised you, has been diminished. When stocks become depleted, and always assuming that there is something of a demand, then, you needn't be anything of a prophet to realise that prices will harden? And that is what is happening as we write.

INDEED, the alteration is so strong, that a number of the collieries that were lately bemoaning a scarcity of wagons, are now positively rushed for prompt stuff. At the same time, and considering the matter generally, it must not be forgotten that past accumulations will take some wiping out. They weren't of the ordinary kind, for they came to bank as the tail-end contingent of a most abnormal, and feverish "boom." Under those conditions, then, it will take a bit of time—and, quite a goodly number of steamers—to carry off those gathered up heaps of fine Welsh "smokeless" coal.

BECAUSE of the conditions explained, higher figures are not ruling for prompt shipment, but quotations are on the hardening side. In other words, and taking time by the forelock, the amiable seller imagines that he is now up against another good run; he sees his chance, and after the fashion of the lady in the song—he means to take it if possible! Small blame to him, we say, for when all is said on the subject, he hasn't an altogether rosy life of it. And when considering future commitments, the seller is more filled with optimism than is he when in front of a possible order for prompt stuff.

NEVERTHELESS, the majority of the transactions which have passed during the present week, are more or less on last week's basis. The hardening process obviously takes a bit of doing. As a matter of fact, there are plenty who declare that it will never appear this side of Christmas—hardened prices. We shall see. In our opinion, there will be a pick up almost immediately; meanwhile, actual prices are as subjoined list will show:

APPROXIMATE FIGURES FOR THE WEEK, ARE AS FOLLOW:—

(All quotations f.o.b. at the respective ports of shipment.)

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Best Cardiff Ad'alty Large	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Second Ditto. ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d., 17s. 6d.
Other Second Cardiff ,, ...	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.
Drys ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Best Newport ,, ...	16s. 9d.	16s. 9d.	17s. 0d.	17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.	16s. 6d., 17s. 0d.
Ordinary Bests ,, ..	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 6d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 6d.	15s. 3d., 15s. 9d.	15s. 6d.
Best House Coal ,, ..	20s. 0d.	20s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 6d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d.
No. 3 Rhondda ,, ..	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d	19s. 6d.	19s. 9d.	19s. 6d., 20s 0d.	19s. 6d.
No. 2 Ditto. ,, ..	14s. 9d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 6d.	14s. 9d.	14s. 7½d.	14s. 6d., 15s. 0d.
Rhondda 3 "Thro." ...	16s. 3d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 0d.	16s. 3d.	16s. 0d., 16s. 6d.
,, 2 ,, ...	12s. 6d.	12s. 6d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 6d., 13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.
Smalls:—						
Best Cardiff	11s. 3d.	11s. 3d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 6d.	11s. 9d.	11s. 9d.
Seconds ..	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 4½d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 3d., 10s. 9d.
Ordinaries ...	10s. 0d.	10s 0d.	10s 1½d	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.
Best Newport ...	9s. 6d	9s. 6d	9s. 9d.	9s. 0d.	10s. 0d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 3d.
Seconds ...	8s. 3d	9s. 0d., 9s. 6d.	9s. 3d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 6d.	9s. 3d., 9s. 9d.
Rhondda No. 2 ...	10s. 3d.	10s. 3d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 0d., 10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.	10s. 6d.
,, No. 3 ...	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 3d.
Foundry Coke:—						
Special ..	26s 0d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d., 27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.
Ordinary ...	23s. 0d.	23s. 0d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	24s. 0d.	24s. 0d.
Furnace Coke ...	20s. 0d., 21s. 0d	20s. 0d.	20s. 6d.	21s. 0d.	21s. 0d.	20s. 9d., 21s. 6d.
Patent Fuel ...	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
Pitwood (ex ship) ...	23s. 0d	23s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	22s. 0d.	21s. 6d.	21s. 0d., 22s. 0d.

All, less 2½ per cent. discount, with payment at thirty days, except where otherwise stated.

All quotations for large Coals imply Colliery Screened.

SWANSEA, *November 6, 1907.*

THE Market for the past week has been steady, and prices have been about maintained at last figures. There is no great lack of enquiry, but there is no briskness on the part of buyers in closing up business ahead. This may be for the reason that the slight easiness noticeable here and there, and for prompt shipment, is affecting forward quotations. These are certainly no lower in the giving than those which are alleged to be current, but the indication is rather towards an easiness, for there is certainly very little forward business of a positive nature about.

STEMS, however, are more satisfactory this week, thanks to increased tonnage arrivals, and for the time being prices are somewhat steady, with the demand and supply about level. ANTHRACITE COALS show no alteration, nothing having happened to warrant them to either improve or decrease value. MACHINE MADE COALS keep steady, the demand for these qualities being up to the average. CULM AND DUFF are easier for prompt shipment.

STEAMS are exhibiting a steadier tone, stems having received more attention. Quotations are now much firmer, and are being maintained for business ahead. Bunker sorts experience a satisfactory enquiry.

QUALITY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.
Anthracite:—						
Best Hand Picked Malting Large ...	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d	27s. 6d	27s. 6d.	27s. 0d., 28s. 0d.	27s. 0d., 28s. 0d.
Seconds do. ...	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 6d.	26s. 0d.	26s. 0d., 26s. 6d.
Big Vein Large ...	23s. 6d.	23s. 6d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 3d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.	23s. 0d., 24s. 0d.
Red ,, ,, ...	19s. 0d.	19s. 0d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 3d.	19s. 6d.	19s. 0d., 19s. 6d.
Machine Made Cobbles ...	28s. 6d	28s. 6d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.	28s. 0d., 29s. 0d.
,, ,, Nuts ...	29s. 0d.	29s. 0d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 6d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.	29s. 0d., 30s. 0d.
,, ,, Peas ...	18s. 0d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	18s. 0d.	17s. 6d., 18s. 0d.
Rubbly Culm ...	8s. 9d.	8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	8s. 3d., 8s. 9d.	8s. 6d.
Duff ...	6s. 3d.	6s. 3d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d.	6s. 0d., 6s. 6d.	6s. 0d.
Patent Fuel:—	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.	17s. 0d., 17s. 6d.
Steam:—						
Best Large ..	18s. 3d.	18s. 3d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 6d.	18s. 3d., 18s. 9d.	18s. 0d., 18s. 6d.
Seconds ,, ...	17s. 3d.	17s. 3d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.	17s. 9d.	17s. 9d.
Bunker ,, ...	15s. 3d.	15s. 3d.	15s. 6d	15s. 6d.	15s. 9d.	15s. 9d.
Thro' and Thro' ...	12s. 9d.	12s. 9d.	13s. 0d.	13s. 0d.	12s. 9d., 13s. 3d.	13s. 3d.

COAL FREIGHTS AND FIXTURES.

The representative fixtures for the week are as under :—

Week Ending, November 6, 1907

N denotes Newport, (S) Swansea, (P. T.) Port Talbot, loading.

EASTERN, Etc.

Aden, *Heathdene*, 9s. 4d.
Suakim, *Abbotsford*, 10s. 6d.
Colombo, *Barenfels*, 7,000/7,500 tons, 9s. 6d.
Horsley, 9s. 6d.
Suez, *Glendhu*, 5,500 tons, 11s. 6d.
Hong Kong, *Anglo Saxon*, 5,000 tons, 13s. (Admiralty).

WESTWARD, Etc.

River Plate, *Radiance*, 13s. 6d. with up river option.
Ben Lomond, 3,600/4,000 tons, 12s. 9d.
Beltor, 13s. 3d. ppt.
Pontop, 3,800/4,200 tons, 12s. 6d.
Rio de Janeiro, *Hillglen*, 6,200 tons, 15s. 6d. fuel.
Priestfield, 13s. 9d.
Las Palmas or Madeira, *Phyllis*, 3,000 tons, 7s. 6d.
Ingleby, 5,300 tons, 7s. 6d. 250, option Cape Verdes, 8s. 200.
Or Teneriffe, *Wathfield*, 4,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
Cape Verdes, *Duart*, 4,700 tons, 8s.
Raithwaite, 4,800 tons, 8s.
Port Limon, *Graf Stroganoff*, 4,000 tons, 10s. 6d. fuel.
Teneriffe, *Stagpool*, 6,500 tons, 7s. 3d.
St. Paul de Loanda, *Kincraig*, 14s.

MEDITERRANEAN, Etc.

Port Said, *Gladys Royle*, 4,300 tons, 8s. 3d.
Llangorse, 5,700 tons, 8s.
Dorothy, 4,000 tons, 8s.
Genoa or Spezzia, *Italia*, 3,600 tons, 8s. 7½d. (s).
/Savona/or Spezzia, *Natale L.*, 3,100 tons, 8s. 6d.
" " *Maria*, 5,400 tons, 8s. 3d. (N).
" " *N. Verveniotis*, 3,200 tons, 8s. 3d.
Alexandria, *Dunvegan*, 5,500 tons, 8s. 3d.
Reynolds, 4,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
Boynton, 3,200 tons, 8s. 6d.
Penare, 4,500 tons, 8s.
Algiers, *Amstel*, 3,100 tons, 8·50 fcs. (N).
Venice or Ancona, *Bessborough*, 5,800 tons, 9s.
Constantinople, *Treglisson*, 2,800 tons, 8s.
Tre———, 8s. option Zea, 7s. 9d. 600.
Valencia, *Elberfeld*, 1,000 tons, 7s. 6d. (s).
Marseilles, *Edmund Gustave*, 3,800 tons, 9 fcs. ppt.
Rokos, 4,000 tons, 9 fcs. option Algiers, 8·50 fcs.
Savona, *Oakby*, 2,200 tons, 9s. (s).
Naples, *Jozsef Agost Foherczeg*, 4,200 tons, 7s. 6d. 1,000.
Taormina, 2,600 tons, 7s. 6d. 1,000.
Seville, *Gimle*, 1,500 tons, 7s. (N).
Varna, *Pendennis*, 2,200 tons, 8s. 9d.
Alicante, *Emerald*, 650 tons, 8s. 3d. (N).
Torre/Civita Vecchia or Leghorn, *Adamton*, 3,500 tons, 8s. 7½d.
Brookby, 5,000 tons, 8s. 3d. 400, (C./N. or P.T.)
Torre Annunziata, *Haxby*, 4,000 tons, 8s. 6d. 400.
Bona, *Ragna*, 2,100 tons, 9 fcs. 350.
Barcelona, *Silurian*, 1,300 tons, 8s. 6d.
Bougie, *Prestonian*, 2,400 tons, 10·25 fcs. coal, 11·25 fcs. fuel, (s).
Golfo Aranci, *Porthcawl*, 2,300 tons, 9s. 9d.
Tunis, *Nil*, 1,850 tons, 11 fcs. coal, 12 fcs. fuel. (s).
Civita Vecchia, *Zarifis*, 4,000 tons, 9s. 1½d. coal, 9s. 10½d. fuel, (s).
Sarah Radcliffe, 2,800 tons, 8s. 6d.
Oporto, *Sigyn*, 1,200 tons, 6s. 4½d.
Messina, *Baron Innerdale*, 4,000 tons, 8s. 600, or 8s. 6d. if 300.
Bastia, *Conseil Pere*, 3,300 tons, 10 fcs.
Malta, *Diligent*, 2,700 tons, 7s.
Magda, 2,800 tons, 6s. (Admiralty).
F. D. Lambert, 2,800 tons, 7s.
Danube, *Edenhall*, 3,600 tons, 10s. 6d. coal, 11s. 3d. fuel, 13s. coke.
Steamer, 1,800 tons, 9s.
Corunna, *Invergyle*, 3,000 tons, 6s. spot.
Gibraltar, *Havlor*, 1,650 tons, 6s. 9d.
Earl of Dumfries, 1,800 tons, 7s.
Lisbon, *Elfie*, 1,500 tons, 6s. 6d. 250.

BAY, Etc.

Rocheforte, *Lemnos*, 1,900 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Nantes, *Dunsley*, 2,900 tons, 7 fcs. coal, 7·50 fcs. fuel, (s).
Chantenay, *Louise*, 1,800 tons, 6·75 fcs. (s).
Carn Brea, 2,200 tons, 6·37½ fcs.
La Rochelle, *Rosehill*, 2,100 tons, 6·12½ fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·37½ fcs.
Rocio, 1,800 tons, 6·12½ fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·37½ fcs.
Sirdar, 1,900 tons, 6·12½ fcs. option Rocheforte, 6·37½ fcs.
Bordeaux, *Ellaston*, 2,500 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Gwentland, 2,100 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Uriarte No. 4, 3,300 tons, 6·50 fcs.
Boucau or Bayonne, *Melrose Abbey*, 1,500 tons, 6·25 fcs. (P.T.)
Bayonne, *Belgique*, 1,700 tons, 7·50 fcs. coal, 8 fcs. fuel, (s).
Huelva, *Glenpark*, 1,300 tons, 7s. (s).
Santander, *San Salvador*, 2,000 tons, 6s. (P.T.)

COASTING, Etc.

London, *Greenhill*, 2,900 tons, 4s.
Hull, *Trader*, 300 tons, 7s. 6d. Copperas, (s).
Passage West, *Cumberland*, 450 tons, 4s. 4d. free dues, (N).
Belfast, *Mourne*, or sub., 250 tons, 4s. 6d. (s).
Cork, *Rosscairne*, or sub., 670 tons, 4s. 4d. free dues.
Falmouth, *Lavinia*, 500 tons, 4s. 7½d.
Bremerhaven, *Virasti*, 1,950 tons, 5s. 3d.
Honfleur, *City of Liverpool*, 1,100 tons, 5s. 9d.
Horn, 700 tons, 6s. 7½d. (s).
Gazelle, 700 tons, 6s. 9d. (B.F.)
Havre, or Dieppe, *Wallsend*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 6d.
Rouen, *Stock Force*, 750 tons, 7s. (s).
Walpole, or sub., 700 tons, 7s. (s).
Solent, 1,500 tons, 7s.
Vind, 1,850 tons, 6s. 3d. (P.T.)
Jason, 900 tons, 6s. 9d. (s).
Dieppe, *Rosebank*, 900 tons, 6s. (s).
St. Malo, *Speedwell*, 1,200 tons, 5s. 3d.
Caen, *Eltewater*, 1,700 tons, 6s.
Cherbourg, *Sheila*, 520 tons, 7s. 1½d. (s).
Calais, *Dunmail*, 1,400 tons, 5s. 7½d.

HOMEWARD.

Bilbao to Cardiff, *Rosehill*, 2,100 tons, 4s. 3d. ppt.

South Wales Coal Annual,

1907.

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PATENTS & TRADE MARKS

Relating to SHIPPING and the COAL TRADE.

Specifications published on October 24, 1907, together with an indication as to their subject matter, the title being printed in *Italics*.

21,677/06—WILSON AND THACKRAH—***Improvements in detachable bits and their holders for machine and hand rock-drills.***

According to this invention, which relates to detachable bits for rock drills, the shank end of the steel is constructed with a central hole adapted to receive the shank end of the detachable bit. The end of the holder is formed into two jaws adapted to grip the tapered shank of the bit. The exterior of the jaws is tapered in a forward direction, and is surrounded by a sleeve. This sleeve abuts on the bit around the forward end of the tapered shank, so that the former receives directly on its forward end the impacts of the bit when the latter strikes the rock, thus causing the opposing inclines of the sleeve and jaws to engage, and the jaws to grip the tapered shank more securely.

26,718/06—HIEGEMANN—***Improvements in or relating to mine shafts.***

This invention relates to a device for avoiding the shocks to which mine cages are subjected when reaching the bottom of a shaft. For this purpose at the bottom of the shaft is placed a float on a column of water, the float being provided with spring buffers on its upper side.

28,053/06—KINGS NORTON METAL CO. AND BAYLISS—***Improvements in the preparation of explosives.***

This invention relates to explosives, the object being to coat the particles with a metallic powder for the purpose of rendering the explosives more regular. For this purpose aluminium powder is mixed with oil or grease, and then mixed with the explosive in a drum which is rotated until the desired result is obtained, the amount of aluminium added depending from the time which it is desired that the explosion of a given quantity of the preparation shall take.

28,411/06—KELLY—***Improvements in ships' quadrants and tillers.***

According to this invention instead of forging ship's quadrants and tillers in one piece, they are built up in parts. In building a quadrant for steering gear with two arms, a solid piece is first made and sawn to shape with two short projections and a boss with the usual central hole to fit the rudder head. Each projection of the boss has secured thereto a double channel bar, which at the one end has its two flanges bolted to the projection, and its central web inserted in a projection therein, whilst at the other end its web is provided with thickening and stiffening plates. Both arms are made in the same manner. Tillers are similarly built up.

28,516/06—LEE—***Improvements in safety devices for colliery winding cages, hoists and the like.***

This invention relates to a safety device for colliery cages. When the cage is being hoisted its weight is transmitted through side suspension chains to vertical side bars which are raised in bearings, and thus compress springs interposed between the bottom cross-bar and the cage bottom. Angle levers are also lifted centrally removing the outer ends of the levers from contact with the guide ropes. In case of breakage the lifting strain on the vertical bars will be released, and the compressed springs will force the bars downwards. The angle levers are thus turned on their fulcra, and from a clutch which grips the guide ropes, thus securely binding the horizontal angle levers to the guide ropes, arresting their descent. As the operative parts are not attached to the cage, and are thus held to the guide ropes, the descending cage serves to depress the vertical bars still further, so that the whole weight of the cage is brought to bear upon the angle levers and exerts such a powerful wedging action upon the guide ropes that the cage is almost simultaneously arrested.

29,364/06—BROWN—***Improvements in or relating to safety detaching and suspending hooks for use upon mine cages.***

According to this arrangement, which relates to mine cage safety hooks of the "King" type, a locking bolt is arranged above the centre pin and immediately below the pin of the top shackle for locking the inside plates of the hooks.

29,664/06—SUCK—***Improvements in Grabs.***

This invention relates to grabs for coal hoisting machinery. According to this invention the lever system by which the jaws of the grab are operated consists of two parts latched together by mechanism which automatically engages upon the relaxation of the hoisting rope, the two parts being connected to close the jaws and hold them closed, and disconnected to allow the jaws to open and deposit the load.

1,059/07—BROWN—***Improvements in indicators particularly adapted for Marine signal systems.***

This invention relates to ships' electrical signalling devices of the kind in which sliding contacts are adapted to make electrical connection with the signals at the transmitter upon actuation of the controlling lever. According to this invention a series of contacts are controlled by the co-operation of a reversing lever and a throttle which actuates a sliding contact maker, one lever selecting a particular series of contacts and the other causing the movement of the co-operating contact along the series, and having for its object the indication in the pilot house of the position of the controlling levers of the engine.

These applications for patents, are until December 9, open to opposition by any person having a statutory right to oppose.

Copies of the specifications may be had from the Sales Branch of the Patent Office or through the undernamed.

NO TRADE MARKS THIS WEEK.

Compiled by Messrs. PHILLIPS & LEIGH, Chartered Patent Agents, 22, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Local Consultant: Mr. S. W. ALLEN, Engineer, of Cardiff Exchange, Bute Docks, Cardiff.

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